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GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

Of Literature and Art

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S. W. Kearny

Commander of the 2nd Division, U.S. Army, 1846-1847



Painted by Brockdon.

Engraved by P. Humphreys.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE WOMAN

Engraved by Humphreys, at the request of the author.





THE WIDOW OF NAIN.





WHAT'S A TEAR.

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MRS. SEGUIN,

COMPOSED BY

M. W. BALFE.

Presented by GEORGE WILLIG, No. 171 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

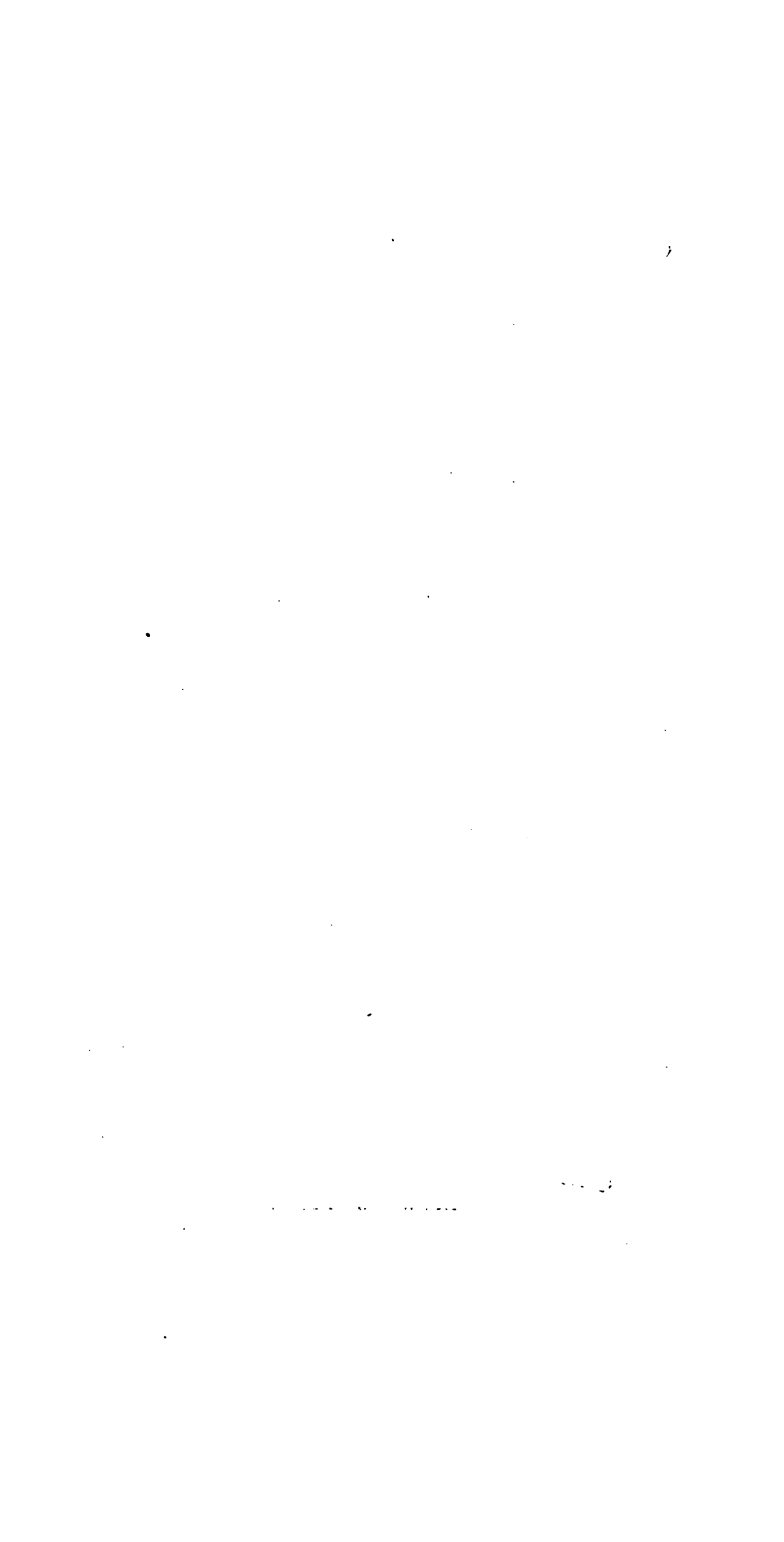
Larghetto Cantabile.

The piano introduction is in E-flat major (three flats) and common time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note E-flat, followed by quarter notes G-flat, A-flat, and B-flat. The bass line consists of eighth notes. The introduction is marked *dolce.* and *p* (piano). The tempo is *Larghetto Cantabile*. The introduction concludes with a *riten.* (ritardando) marking.

Con molto espressione.

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics "What's a tear? Mother dear! Look not thou in". The melody is in E-flat major and common time. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line as the introduction. The tempo is *Con molto espressione*.

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics "sor - row! As at dawn, from the thorn, Falls the dew my Mo - ther,". The melody is in E-flat major and common time. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line as the introduction. The tempo is *Con molto espressione*.





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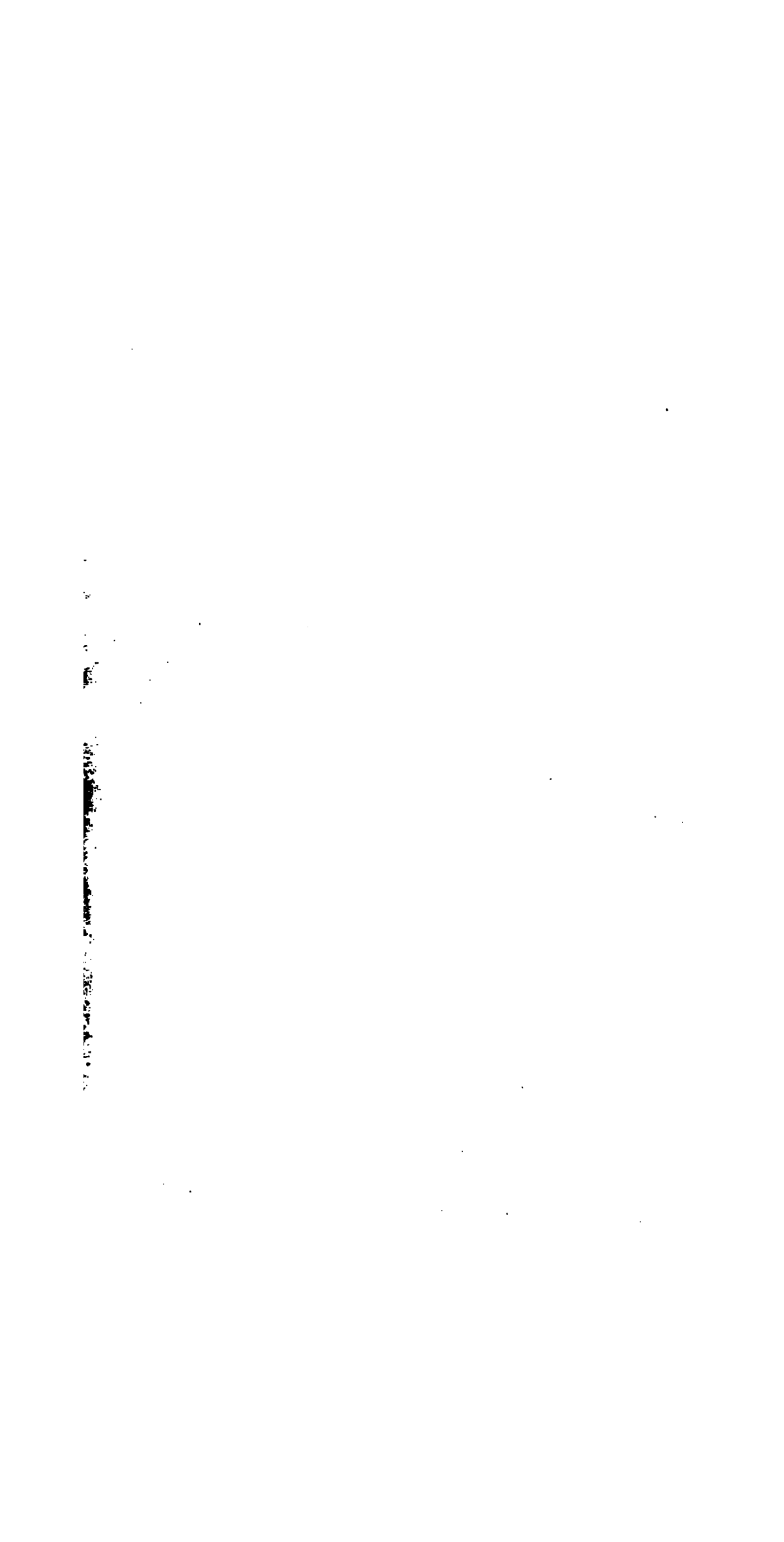
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Graham's Magazine





WHAT'S A TEAR.
A BALLAD,
SUNG BY MRS. SEGUIN,
COMPOSED BY
M. W. BALFE.

Presented by GEORGE WILLIG, No. 171 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Larghetto Cantabile.

dolce. *riten.*

Con molto espressione.

What's a tear? Mother dear! Look not thou in

sor - row! As at dawn, from the thorn, Falls the dew my Mo - ther,

WHAT'S A TEAR?

ritard.

Let this grief find relief, I'll not weep to - mor - row! His I'll be,

none shall see How I love a - no - - - ther, How - - - I love, - - love a -

no - - - - - ther!

dim.

SECOND VERSE.

As the rose, while it blows,
 Hidden canker weareth;
 Sigh shall ne'er whisper here,
 How this heart despaireth:
 What's a tear? Mother dear!
 His I'll be, Oh Mother!
 Though I die, since on high
 I may love another.
 How I love another.

JULY



G. R. A. H A M ' S

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1849



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Vol. XXXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1849.

No. 1.

A BIOGRAPHY

OF MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHEN WATTS KEARNY, U. S. A

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

Few men who have ever been in the service of the United States have enjoyed a more enviable reputation than Stephen Watts Kearny, or have left behind them more admiring friends. The recent death of this excellent soldier, and above all his distinguished services, covering a space of more than forty years, make his career at this time peculiarly an object of interest to the country.

Stephen Watts Kearny was born in the year 1793, in the town of Newark, New Jersey, in a mansion yet the property of his family. Though not prone to admit that the adventitious circumstances of birth add any real dignity to individuals, either in America or elsewhere, it may not be improper to state that the family connections of the deceased general were of such a character as to have entitled him to a prominent social position any where, he being a relation of the well-known Lady Mary Watts, and a connection of the gallant and noble General Alexander (Lord Stirling) of the revolutionary army. The grandson of an emigrant, who settled in New Jersey, before the revolution, the family of Gen. Kearny had always occupied a prominent position in society, and exerted much influence in his native state.

At the commencement of the war of 1811, young Kearny, then about eighteen, was a student at Princeton College. Contrary, it is said, to the advice of his friends, he obtained a commission from Mr. Madison, and reported for duty as a lieutenant in the 13th regiment of infantry, in which he was attached to the company of which the present very distinguished General John E. Wool was the captain.

With two companies of his regiment he was present at the gallant affair of Queenstown, and with Colonel, since Gen. Scott, was surrendered a prisoner of war. This was on the 13th of October, 1812. In this affair the companies of the thirteenth had been long opposed to the greatly celebrated and highly disciplined forty-ninth British infantry, a regiment which

had stood the ordeal of the Peninsula War, and had won laurels from the best troops of France. The forty-ninth had occupied, with heavy reinforcements of Canadian militia, a battery on a commanding position. The cannonade and musketry from this point was so severe that every commissioned officer was in the first assault either killed or wounded, and Col. Van Rensselaer, who commanded, was carried from the field unable to stand. Before he left, however, he ordered every man who could move to storm the battery. Three more gallant officers than those who carried his order into execution probably never lived. They were Captain Wool, Lieutenant Kearny, and 2nd Lieutenant T. B. Randolph, late of the Virginia regiment. By orders of Capt. Wool the two companies of the 13th, which originally had numbered but one hundred, all told, were extended and ordered to close upon the guns. This perilous manœuvre was executed with brilliant success, the enemy were driven precipitately from his guns, which were the first trophies to the United States of the war with Great Britain. This field was young Kearny's first arms, and was a brilliant promise of what was to be his future career. The battle was important to the United States, though, as is well known, Col. Scott and his gallant command of regulars were forced to surrender. To the English it was most disastrous, Major Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the captor of Detroit, a man thought worthy to compete with Wellington for the command of the British army in Spain, having been picked off by an American marksman. Throughout this trying engagement young Kearny sustained himself with the firmness which he maintained through life. When driven to the hill selected by the present Col. Totten as the strongest point, his perseverance was as distinguished as his impetuosity had been during the charge.

After the surrender, Kearny, with the other prisoners, was marched to the Canadian village of Niagara, where, it is said, they were scarcely treated with the

consideration due such gallant soldiers. There occurred a circumstance of thrilling character often told—the attempted murder of Col. Scott by the Indian chiefs “young Brandt and Captain Jacobs,” which, had it proved successful, would have made irreconcilable the war between Great Britain and the United States. It failed through the great personal courage of Col. Scott and the gallantry of Captain Coffin, an aid of Gen. Sheafe, but the would-be murderers were never punished by the British government. The recurrence of such scenes, and the probability of long confinement, exercised a most unhappy effect on the mind of Kearny, who saw as the consequence of his captivity (at that day there were no exchanges of prisoners) the ruin of his professional prospects. After a confinement of some weeks at Niagara, Kearny was with the other prisoners sent to Quebec. For a long time he continued moody and morose, until a circumstance occurred, which the present general-in-chief relates, that restored his wonted alertness. The prisoners were taken to Quebec in a vessel, and from the carelessness incident to this mode of travel, the idea of a possible escape occurred to Col. Scott. The plan was to overpower the guard, to march at once to the nearest division of the United States troops on the frontier, and take their conductors with them as captives. Col. Scott imparted this plan to Kearny, who at once entered into it with his whole soul. His energy returned, and he became again the wild subaltern who had led the first platoon of the thirteenth at Queenstown. Circumstances prevented this plot from being carried into execution, but it had gone far enough to show that the subject of this memoir had as much prudence as valor.

The prisoners at last arrived at Quebec, and their situation at once became most painful. They were confined in the old French castle, and were subjected to many indignities. This was before Niagara and Lundy's Lane, and countless other fields had taught the British army that the American soldiers were worthy antagonists. At that time the British army was filled with the aristocracy of the country, which could not conceive or imagine the true position of a country without a nobility. Countless trivial insults were daily given, and which galled to the last degree the forbearance of the prisoners. The following anecdote may explain what they were.

On one occasion, when the American prisoners dined at the garrison mess, an officer of the British staff arose, and with a pointed pomposity gave the toast, “Mr. Madison, dead or alive.” The faces of the American officers flushed with indignation, which was not diminished when they saw a young American lieutenant rise from his chair, and in the blandest manner, and with a most insinuating smile, give thanks for the remembrance of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. All thought him drunk or mad, as he proceeded to say, “he felt the weightiness of the burden imposed on him by the silence of his seniors, that he would not give thanks for the toast last drunken, but would give another in return. He was sure the officers of both services present would understand him when he gave ‘the health of his royal highness, the Prince

of Wales, DRUNK OR SOBER.’” If a shell had exploded under the table the surprise could not have been greater, and the danger of a collision became imminent, when the senior officer of the British army present, a man of tact and taste, interfered, and sent the person who had given the first toast from the table under arrest. This anecdote is variously told in the service, and sometimes is attributed to Gen. Kearny, and sometimes to the late Mann Page Lomax, major of artillery, who was at the time a prisoner in the castle of Quebec. It is perfectly characteristic of each of these officers, and whether Gen. Kearny be the hero or not, aptly enough illustrates this portion of his career. The American victories in the West, by which hosts of prisoners were acquired, soon placed the men of Queenstown in a different position, and they were exchanged.

Kearny was with Scott at the time the latter officer resisted the attempt to place in confinement the Irishmen surrendered at Queenstown, and ably sustained him in his energetic action in relation to this high-handed measure. He sailed in the cartel to Boston, and immediately on his arrival, proceeded to rejoin his regiment. He was subsequently stationed at Sacket's Harbor, where he acquired the reputation for discipline and soldiership which never deserted him. While at this post the British commander, Sir James Yoe, and Commodore Chauncy, were manœuvring for possession of the lake. On one occasion, when in possession of a temporary superiority, Sir James appeared in front of the harbor and challenged the commodore to a fight. This the latter refused, because he had no marines. When the reason was told Capt. Kearny, (he had in the interim been promoted) and a gallant officer of New York, a captain of artillery, named Romain, offered at once to go on board and serve as marines. The offer was not, however, accepted, much to the chagrin of Kearny and Romain.

Captain Kearny served through the war, and on the reductions of 1815 and 1821, was retained in the service with his old grade and rank. In 1823 he received the usual brevet for ten years faithful service, and was assigned to the command of the beautiful post of Bellefontaine, near St. Louis, and in that year accompanied Brigadier General Atkinson in his famous expedition to the Upper Missouri. This was before the introduction of steamboats into those waters, and the expedition was one of the most tedious imaginable. The boats were necessarily to be propelled by poles and oars against the rapid current of the Missouri, and not unfrequently by the tedious process of *cordelling*. This is done by extending from the capstan of the boat a cable, which is made fast to the shore, and thus the vessel must carefully be wound up until the rope is exhausted. Then a new rope is stretched, and the same tedious process undergone. Often, when in the midst of *rapids*, the cable would break, and before the vessel could be brought up, a greater distance than had been gained in a week would be passed over. In the course of two years they reached the Yellow Stone river, twenty-two hundred miles above St. Louis, and displayed the colors of the 1st and 6th infantry where the United States flag had never been seen be-

fore. The Sioux, the Pawnee, the Mandan, and Arickra, were made acquainted with the government, of which before they had but a vague knowledge, and the vast resources of that immense country for the first time revealed to the nation.

On his return Major Kearny received a full majority in the third infantry, and was removed to a new sphere, to the southern extremity of the Indian territory. While major of this regiment he established the post of Towson, on the banks of Red River. To reach this place, easy of access as it is at present, it was necessary to pass through what was then a wilderness of prairie, but which to the soldiers inured to the incessant storms of the Upper Missouri, seemed almost an Arcadia. After crossing the northern tributaries of the Arkansas, they were in the midst of the range of the buffalo, and the countless herds of wild horses which then abounded even there. The latter, not unfrequently, amazed at the novel sight of the marching troops, would dash up, as if to charge the columns, pause with as much unanimity as if they acted by command, encircle it, and tossing their long manes and forelocks, hurry out of view. New objects continually met his gaze, and the information then amassed was among the most valuable ever collected under the auspices of the government. On this march Major Kearny was accompanied by his accomplished wife, a step-daughter of Gen. M. Clark, of St. Louis, whom, about the time of his promotion, he had married. With the third infantry Major Kearny remained until the Black Hawk war, when almost all the troops of the country were concentrated in the country of the hostile Indians.

While a major of the third, an incident occurred, which, though often told, will bear repetition. On one occasion, while stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Major Kearny was drilling a brigade on one of the open fields near the post. The manoeuvre was the simple exercise of marching in line to the front. An admirable horseman, he sat with his face toward the troops, while the horse he rode, perfectly trained, was backed in the same direction, along which the command was marched. At once the animal fell, fastening the rider to the ground by his whole weight. His brigade had been drilled to such a state of insensibility, that not one of them came to his assistance; nor was it necessary. The line advanced to within about ten feet of him, when, in a loud, distinct voice, calmly as if he had been in the saddle under no unusual circumstance, Major Kearny gave the command, "*Fourth company—obstacle—march.*" The fourth company, which was immediately in front of him, was flanked by its captain in the rear of the other half of the grand division. The line passed on, and when he was thus left in the rear of his men, he gave the command, "*Fourth company into line—march.*" He was not seriously injured—extricated himself from his horse, mounted again, passed to the front of the regiment, and executed the next manoeuvre in the series he had marked out for the day's drill.

We are now, however, to see Major Kearny in a new and more important sphere of action.

During the whole of the last war with Great Britain cavalry was not once employed as a battle-piece, and

in spite of the great services of the horse which had been commanded, during the revolution, by Cols. Lee and Washington, and by Count Pulaski, this great arm had become most unpopular. Consequently, on the reduction, no skeleton even of a corps had been retained—the sabres were locked up, the saddles and horses sold, and the officers and men disbanded. The policy, however, of disposing the eastern tribes along the western frontier, and the rapid strides of emigration westward, brought the army into contact with the mounted tribes of the prairie, who evidently could never be overtaken or punished for depredations they at that time used to commit, by foot-soldiers, armed with heavy muskets, and laden down with knap-sacks and camp equipage. Of this evident proof had been obtained in the expedition of Gen. Atkinson, mentioned above, and other excursions which had brought the officers and men of the 6th, 3rd and 1st infantry into contact with the nomad tribes of the Camanch. If other demonstration were required, it was furnished by the events of the Black Hawk war, when it became necessary to raise a body of mounted gunnen for special service, which was done under the auspices of the present distinguished Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Dodge. These troops, called Rangers, did good service enough to induce Congress to authorize the levy of a strict cavalry corps called Dragoons. The whole army, with very few exceptions, was impressed with the necessity of this corps, for which the most distinguished men in their several grades of the service applied. On its organization, Major Kearny was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and on him depended almost exclusively the discipline, the colonel, Dodge, though a brave man, not having the military education or experience requisite to make him the active head of a new corps, in the details of which not only men but officers were to be instructed. Col. Kearny, during his long seclusion in the west, had been a patient student, and had made himself master of all the theory of his profession, and in a short time made his regiment one of the best in the world. Within less than a year after the first muster of the regiment, it was sent, under its colonel, as a part of the command with which the lamented Gen. Leavenworth marched to the Spanish Peaks. This disastrous march, in the course of which so many men and officers died, was most trying to a new corps, which had no guide to direct them. Here all the experience of the old world was at fault. Cavalry had there to march but from one hamlet to another, finding forage and grain everywhere. Here eight hundred miles of wilderness were to be overcome, and more than once the jaded horses were without even water. This proved the perfectness of the regiment, and the thoroughness of the discipline which induced the gallant and veteran Gen. Gaines to speak, in an official letter, of the first dragoons as "the best troops I ever saw;" and the officer who had defended Fort Erie, beaten back a victorious enemy at Chrysler's Field, and received the keys of St. Augustine, certainly knew what a soldier was.

In 1835, Col. Kearny visited with one wing of his regiment, the Sioux, on the Upper Missouri, and had the satisfaction at a council to reconcile the long animosity between them and the Sauks and Foxes. He

also made a long march to the head-waters of the Mississippi, visiting the village of Wabisha, and effecting a cessation of the trespassing of the British subjects, from the Earl of Selkirk's settlement at Pembina, on the territories of the United States. In July, 1836, he was made colonel of the first dragoons; and from this period a sketch of his services would be almost a history of the West, not one trouble on the frontier occurred in the settlement of which he was not instrumental; and with six companies of his regiment he was able to protect a line of frontier eight hundred miles long. Stationed at Fort Leavenworth, he made himself the idol of the West, and devoting himself to his regiment, made its discipline perfect. He had now acquired a high rank, and the qualities he had always possessed became conspicuous. Bland in his manners, but of iron firmness, kind to his juniors, his equals, or those nearly so, requiring the strictest obedience, measuring his expectations by the rank of the officer, his conduct became proverbial. To his men he was most considerate, so that they looked on him as a protector. It is believed that during the whole time he commanded the first dragoons no soldier ever received a blow, except by the sentence of a general court martial for the infamous crime of desertion. The lash disappeared, and though probably the strictest disciplinarian in the service, there was less punishment in his corps than in any other. About this time the system of drill of the dragoons was changed, and he was long engrossed in the instruction of his regiment, having the troublesome task of unlearning them all he had taught of the old system, from which the new one differed entirely in mode and principle of combination.

In the year 1839, the two Ridges, father and son, and Elias Boudinot, chiefs of the Cherokees, were murdered by a hostile clique of their own tribe, and there seemed imminent danger that a war would originate. Immediately on the receipt of the news of a possible collision, Col. Kearny determined to proceed to the scene. The officer of the quarter-master's department on duty with him being unable to furnish the requisite funds, the colonel provided them from his own resources, and after a very rapid march appeared with six companies of his regiment at Fort Wayne. Words can not express the difference between his companies and those in garrison at that post; the beautiful condition of the men and horses of the first, and the rough-coated nags and unclean condition of the men of the second. After the difficulty had gone by, he effected an exchange of garrisons, and with the neglected and abused left wing, proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, where, in a short time these companies became equal in discipline to the others of the corps. The companies of the Fort Wayne garrison which he took with him to Leavenworth, were those which, under the command of the gallant and lamented Capt. Burgwin, and the excellent soldier, Major Grier, did such good service, and so much distinguished themselves in the campaign in New Mexico against the revolters and the Pueblo and Navajo Indians.

In 1842, he was appointed to the command of the third military department, with head-quarters at St. Louis. There he remained until 1846, with the exception of

his long march to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in 1845. There is no doubt that this is one of the most extraordinary marches on record, both from its distance, its rapidity, and the fact that he passed among semi-hostile tribes nearly two thousand miles; crossed deep and rapid streams by swimming, gave protection to the immense army of emigrants *en route* to California, and returned without losing a man or horse.

In 1846, the war with Mexico began, and he was assigned to the command of the army of the West with orders to occupy New Mexico and California. To reach Santa Fe an immense march was to be undertaken across a country but sparsely furnished with wood and water, and where no supplies were to be met with or obtained until the enemy's country should be reached, and in all probability a battle fought and won. To accomplish this, precisely such a man as Col. Kearny was required. He was familiar with the service, and possessed the unbounded confidence of the people of Missouri, from which state the volunteers who were to compose the main body of his army were to be drawn. In a most unprecedented short time the men were enrolled, and all necessities supplied, and before Armijo, the governor of New Mexico was aware of his approach, the army was in the capital of the province. Like Caesar, Gen. Kearny might say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Immediately before the capture of Santa Fe, Col. Kearny had received his promotion to the grade of Brigadier-General, and abandoned to his successor the standard of a regiment he had borne from the Gulf of Mexico to the head-waters of the Mississippi, and which was to be the first flag of the army which waved on the shores of the Pacific. After obeying his orders, and providing for the future peace of the country, he proceeded to California, across a country where an army had never marched before, and which was considered impassable. Cold, a wilderness, absolute barrenness, were all to be overcome. Scarcely, however, had he set out on this expedition than he was met by an express, informing him that California was conquered. Relying on this, he sent back all his troops except one hundred men, and proceeded to the valley of the Gila. Of the sufferings of his men, of the almost starvation which forced them to eat the flesh of the emaciated dragoon-horses which had borne them so far we will not speak. When he emerged into the fertile country, it was not until after severe contests against immense odds, and until he had lost many favorite officers and picked men, to all of whom he had become endeared by participation in the dangers of a march across the American continent.

On the 2d of December, 1846, Gen. Kearny arrived at Warner's Rancho, one of the extreme eastward settlements of California. He there learned certainly what he had previously heard from a party of Californians, that the population had risen against the invaders and that Andreas Pico was near San Diego with a superior party, intending to give him battle. Though exhausted by a long march, and mounted on broken-down mules, Gen. Kearny hurried to attack him. On the night of December 5, he heard that Pico

was at the village of San Pascual, and on the next morning met him. At once a charge was ordered, which broke Pico's line and forced it to retreat. After a flight of half a mile, however, it was rallied and charged the head of the American force, and lanced many of the foremost men. A desperate hand to hand fight ensued, which resulted in the discomfiture of Pico, not, however, until Captains Moore and Johnston, and Lieutenant Hammond, and sixteen men had been killed, and fourteen persons wounded, including the general himself, and all the officers except Captain Turner, who, though he greatly distinguished himself, escaped untouched. The inequality of the contest was immense, when we remember that the Californians, the most superb horsemen in the world, were mounted on excellent chargers, while the dragoons were on mules which had marched from Santa Fe. The dead were buried; this sad duty, and the necessity of making further arrangements, detained the party all day. On the next day the march was resumed, but encumbered as they were, they were able to proceed but nine miles when the enemy charged them again. The needful preparations to receive them were made, when the enemy wheeled off, and attempted to occupy an eminence which commanded the route. From this, after a sharp skirmish, they were driven with some loss, and then Gen. Kearny encamped. As Pico evidently intended to dispute every pass, the general determined to remain where he was until reinforcements, for which he had sent to the naval commander at San Diego, should arrive. Four days afterward a force of marines, under Capt. Zelin, U. S. M. C. and of sailors, commanded by Lieutenant Gray, arrived, and with this force Gen. Kearny marched without molestation to San Diego, a distance of thirty miles. A difficulty about the command here arose between Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearny, which could not be settled in California, where the naval commander had far the superior force. It did not prevent their undertaking a joint expedition against Puebla de los Angeles, which was in possession of a strong Mexican force under Flores.

On the 8th of January the Mexicans were met six hundred strong, with four guns, in the face of whom the American force of sailors, marines, and the remnant of the dragoons, forded the river, and after a short, sharp, and decisive affair, drove them from the field. On the next day the enemy again appeared, and, as usual, were beaten, and on the 10th Puebla de los Angeles was occupied. At these affairs both the naval and army commanders were present, and the question of who was commander added somewhat to the difficulty already existing between them. At this time Lieut. Col. J. C. Fremont, then of the mounted rifles, commanded a numerous body of volunteers in California. Gen. Kearny ordered this officer to join him. This Col. Fremont did not do, but on the contrary, considered Com. Stockton as his commander. Consequently, when on the arrival of land reinforcements from the United States, Gen. Kearny assumed and maintained his command, he ordered Col. Fremont to accompany him home. Col. Fremont was subsequently arrested and tried for this dereliction of duty, found guilty of mutinous conduct,

and sentenced to be dismissed the service. A portion of the court which tried him having recommended the remission of the sentence, the President acquiesced, and he was ordered to duty, but immediately resigned his commission. The prosecution of the charges against Col. Fremont detained Gen. Kearny in Washington during a portion of the winter of '47 and '48, and was, doubtless, most painful to him, for no man in the army had previously borne a higher character for soldiership than Col. Fremont. The court martial fully sustained Gen. Kearny in every pretension, and but one person has been found in America to cavil at the sentence.

In the spring of 1848, Gen. Kearny was ordered to Mexico, whither he proceeded at once. All hostilities were, however, then over, and though he was in the discharge of his duty, his service there was uneventful. On the conclusion of the war he returned home, and was assigned to the command of the military division of which St. Louis is the head-quarters. He there had the proud satisfaction to receive the brevet of major-general for his services in New Mexico and California. He had, however, brought with him the seeds of an insidious disease which soon overcame his strength, enfeebled as it was by privations and trials of every kind. He died at St. Louis, October 31, 1848, leaving a wife and a family of young sons to regret him.

In the eventful career of Gen. Kearny he had always been distinguished as one of the best officers of his grade in the service. From a subaltern to the highest rank he rose, every step having been won by service. He was bland in his manners, dispassionate and calm. Quick and ready in forming his opinions, he yet did not act hastily, and when once he had decided, was immutable in his course. A great student and thinker, he never talked except when he had something to say, yet possessed a fund of anecdote and universal information rarely to be met with. In the West he was a popular idol, so that the whole population acquiesced in the apparently arbitrary steps he was often called on to take in the discharge of his duty. To his subalterns he was endeared by a thousand kindnesses, and to the whole army by respect and admiration. He left in all the army list no one superior to him in personal courage, science in his profession, or the minor qualities which contribute so much to make the soldier.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of his death, the Secretary of War, Mr. Marcy, published an order containing the following high tribute to his important services.

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington, Nov. 6, 1848.

The President with feelings of deep regret announces to the Army the death of Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearny, Major-General by brevet. The honorable and useful career of this gallant officer terminated on the 31st of October at St. Louis, in consequence of a disease contracted while in the discharge of his official duties in Mexico.

General Kearny entered the army in 1812 as lieutenant, and continued in it until his death—a period of more than thirty-six years. His character and bearing as an accomplished officer were unsurpassed, and

challenge the admiration of his fellow citizens and the emulation of his professional brethren. His conquest of New Mexico and valuable services in California have inseparably connected his name with the future destiny of these territories, and it will be ever held in grateful remembrance by the successive generations which will inhabit these extensive regions of our confederacy."

He was buried in St. Louis by the 7th and 8th regiments of infantry and a squadron of that regiment of dragoons which he had made so famous, commanded by one of his favorite captains, the present Col. E. V. Sumner, of the 1st dragoons. All the city of St. Louis accompanied the cortegé to pay their last tribute of respect to the general and the MAN.

I WILL BE A MINER TOO.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

ALL around me men are delving,
Deep within the troubled earth,
Searching for the darksome treasures
Hidden since creation's birth.
Wearying toil and ceaseless effort
Bring the buried ore to view;—
Though I be but feeble woman,
I will be a miner too!

Heart of mine! thou art a cavern,
Sad and silent, dark and deep—
In thy fathomless recesses
Spirit gnomes their treasures keep.
Gems of love, and hope, and joyance,
Bury there their flashing beam—
Wildier passions fret their prison
With the fierceness of their gleam.

Though unburnished, prized and precious,
To the enraptured poet's sight,
As the jewels, proudly flashing,
On the brow of beauty bright.
True, unto the sordid worldling
These are gems of little worth,
Yet, for thee, high-hearted poet!
I will strive to bring them forth!

Lamp of truth, my brow adorning,
Lighting up the weary way—
I, in pain, will probe my bosom,
Bare its treasures to the day.
Wearying toil and ceaseless effort
Bring the buried ore to view;—
Though I be but feeble woman,
I will be a miner too!

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTERS.

BY GRETTE.

I HAD but two; they were my only treasure,
Two lovely daughters of the imperial isle;
They gave my quiet hearth-stone every pleasure,
They gave my lone heart every sunny smile,
And to your land I brought them o'er the sea,
To hear the tones which tell of Liberty!

They were twin lasses; one was like the Rose,
With deep, dark crimson on its opening breast;
The other like the Daisy, when it glows
With evening's pearls upon its snowy crest.
And when they nestled near me lovingly,
They were like morn and quiet eve to me.

But she, the golden haired, is with the stars!
She, the blue-eyed, the fondest of the twain,
For her was opened heaven's glorious bars,
Just as the sun was sinking in the main,
And flowers less fair, each in its soft green nest,
On the far shore, had sunk like her to rest.

Upon the waves she died—the sounding waves—
The sands her pillow, and the weeds her pall;
And there the deepest, tideless water laves
The mortal part of half my little all;
And though I know her soul is bright above,
Still earth is desolate without her love.

She drooped from day to day—within my arms
I cradled her dear form, so slight, so fair,
And gazed with doating love upon her charms,

While my big tears were glistening in her hair,
Till o'er her upturned eyes the fringed-lid fell,
And soft she said—I know she said—"Farewell!"

She died without a moan, without a sigh;
A golden day had faded in the west,
And mother Night descending from on high,
Was hushing Nature to her dreamy rest;
And ere another day broke o'er the sea,
Deep rolled the waves between my child and me.

I chanted o'er her lays of her old home—
And she, the stricken mourner by my side,
Mingled her tears with ocean's moonlit foam,
And sent her wail upon the shoreless tide.
Oh! it was sad to hear that heart-wrung moan
On the wild sea, so vast, so still, so lone!

On my own native Scotland's hallowed ground,
In a low glen, from worldly din afar,
The stars look down upon the grassy mound
Where she is laid—my young life's morning star—
And in the trackless deep, the bud she gave
From her fond bosom, fills a briny grave.

And with this one, all that my heart has left,
I raise my altar where your heaven glows;
Here the lone pair, of all they loved bereft,
Would find in you, Bethesda for their woes.
They'll think of home, with memory's burning tear,
But turn to meet Hope's smiling welcome here!

JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

INTRODUCTION.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, good among the woody hills and romantic gorges sweep southwardly down from the bleak expanse of Dartmoor, one of those fine old English halls, dating from the reign of the last of the Tudors, so much of modern comfort with so much of architectural beauty. Many specimens of this building are still to be found scattered throughout the land, with their broad terraces, their quaintly edged porticoes, their tall projecting oriels, their stacks of richly decorated chimneys, and their bearings adorning every salient point, grooved and carved in the red freestone, which is their usual, as indeed their most appropriate material.

However, however, existed, it is probable, at that day, perfect in proportion to its size, or more admitted to its wild and romantic site, than the house of Widecomb-Under-Moor, or, as it was generally called in its somewhat sequestered solitude, the House in the Woods. Even at the time, that is a very rural and little frequented, its woods are more extensive, its moorlands its streams less often turned to purposes of stirring utility, than in any other tract of the counties; but at the time of which I write, all England was comparatively speaking an rural country; when miles and miles of forest where there now can scarcely be found acres; the communications even between the neighboring towns were difficult and tedious, and those in the country and metropolis almost impracticable; the region of Dartmoor and its surrounding lands was less known and less frequented, except by its inhabitants, rude for the most part and unlike their native hills, than the prairies of the West, or the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains.

A few gentry, and lords of manors who owned and had their castellated or Elizabethan dwellings scattered here and there, at long intervals, among an scenery of that lonely region, were for the part little superior in habits, in refinement, and in culture, to the boors around them. Staunch, and hard drinkers, up with the lark and abed before the curfew, loyal to their king, kind and liberal dependents, and devout before their God, they led a blameless lives, careless of the great rumor of which rarely wandered so far as to their ears, unknown to fame, yet neither useless nor honored within the sphere of their humble influence, marked by few faults and many unpretending

his general rule, however, the lords of Widecomb had long been an exception. Endowed with greater territorial possessions than most of their

neighbors, connected with many of the noblest families of the realm, the St. Aubyns of Widecomb Manor had for several generations held themselves high above the squires of the vicinity, and the burghers of the circumjacent towns. Not confining themselves to the remote limits of their rural possessions, many of them had shone in the court and in the camp; several had held offices of trust and honor under Elizabeth and her successor; and when, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles, the troubles between the king and his Parliament broke out at length into open war, the St. Aubyn of that day, like many another gallant gentleman, emptied his patrimonial coffers to replenish the exhausted treasury; and melted his old plate and felled his older oaks, in order to support the king's cause in the field, at the head of his own regiment of horse.

Thence, when the good cause succumbed for a time, and democratic license, hardly restrained by puritanic rigor, strode rampant over the prerogative of England's crown, and the liberties of England's people, fines, sequestrations, confiscations, fell heavily on the confirmed malignancy, as it was then termed, of the Lord of Widecomb; and he might well esteem himself fortunate, that he escaped beyond the seas with his head upon his shoulders, although he certainly had not where to lay it.

Returning at the restoration with the Second Charles, more fortunate than many of his friends, Sir Miles St. Aubyn recovered a considerable portion of his demesnes, which, though sequestered, had not been sold, and with these the old mansion, now, alas! all too grand and stately for the diminished revenues of its owner, and the shrunken estates which it overlooked.

It would not perhaps have been too late, even then for prudence and economy, joined to a resolute will and energetic purpose, to retrieve the shaken fortunes of the house; but having recovered peace and a settled government, the people and the court of England appeared simultaneously to have lost their senses. The overstrained and somewhat hypocritical morality of the Protectorate was succeeded by the wildest license, the most extravagant debauchery; and in the orgies which followed their restoration to their patrimonial honors, too many of the gallant cavaliers discreditably squandered the last remnant of fortunes, which had been half ruined in a cause so noble and so holy.

Such was the fate of Sir Miles St. Aubyn. The brave and generous soldier of the First Charles sank into the selfish, dissipated roysterer under his unworthy successor. He never visited again the beautiful oak-woods and sparkling waters of his native place, but frittered away a frivolous and useless life among the orgies of Alsatia and the revels of Whitehall; and died, unfriended, and almost alone, leaving an only

son, who had scarce seen his father, the heir to his impoverished fortunes and little honored name.

His son, who was born before the commencement of the troubles, of a lady highly-bred, and endowed as highly, who died—as the highly endowed die but too often—in the first prime of womanhood, was already a man when the restoration brought his father back to his native land, though not to his patrimonial estates or his paternal duties.

Miles St. Aubyn, the younger, had been educated during the period of the civil war, and during the protracted absence of his father, by a distant maternal relative, whose neutrality and humble position alike protected him from persecution by either of the hostile parties. He grew up, like his race, strong, active, bold and gallant; and if he had not received much of that peculiar nurture which renders men graceful and courtly-mannered, almost from their cradles, he was at least educated under the influence of those traditional principles which make them at the bottom, even if they lack something of external polish, high-souled and honorable gentlemen.

After the restoration he was sent abroad, as was the habit of the day, to push his fortunes with his sword in the Netherlands, then, as in all ages of the world, the chosen battle-ground of nations. There he served many years, if not with high distinction, at least with credit to his name; and if he did not win high fortune with his sword—and indeed the day for such winnings had already passed in Europe—he at least enjoyed the advantage of mingling, during his adventurous career, with the great, the noble, and the famous of the age; and when, on his return to his native land after his father's death, he turned his sword into a ploughshare, and sought repose among the old staghorned oaks at Widecomb, he was no longer the enthusiastic, wild and headstrong youth of twenty years before; but a grave, polished, calm, accomplished man, with something of Spanish dignity and sternness engrafted on the frankness of his English character, and with the self-possession of one used familiarly to courts and camps showing itself in every word and motion.

He was a man moreover of worth, energy and resolution, and sitting down peacefully under the shadow of his own woods, he applied himself quietly, but with an iron steadiness of purpose that ensured success, to retrieving in some degree the fortunes of his race.

Soon after he returned he had taken unto himself a wife, not perhaps very wisely chosen from a family of descent prouder and haughtier even than his own, and of fortunes if not as much impoverished, at least so greatly diminished, as to render the lady's dower a matter merely nominal. But it was an old affection—a long promise, hallowed by love and constancy and honor.

She was, moreover, a beautiful and charming creature, and, so long as she lived, rendered the old soldier a very proud and very happy husband, and when she died—which, most unhappily for all concerned, was but a few months after giving birth to an only son—left him so comfortless, and at the same time so wedded to the memory of the dead, that he never so much as envisaged the idea of a second marriage.

This gentleman it was, who, many long years after the death of the gentle Lady Alice, dwelt in serene and dignified seclusion in the old Hall, which he had never quitted since he became a widower; devoting his whole abilities to nursing his dilapidated estates, and educating his only son, whom he regarded with affection bordering on idolatry.

With the last Miles St. Aubyn, however, we shall have little to do henceforth, for the soldier of the Netherlands had departed so far from the traditions of his family—the eldest son of which had for generations borne the same name of Miles—as to drop that patrimonial appellation in the person of his son, whom he had caused to be christened Jasper, after a beloved friend, a brother of the lady afterward his wife, who had fallen by his side on a well-fought field in the Luxembourg.

What was the cause which induced the veteran, in other respects so severe a stickler for ancient habits, to swerve from this time-honored custom, it would be difficult to state; some of those who knew him best, attributing it merely to the desire of perpetuating the memory of his best friend in the person of his only child; while others ascribed it to a sort of superstitious feeling, which, attaching the continued decline of the house to the continual recurrence of the patronymic, looked forward in some degree to a revival of its honors with a new name to its lord.

Whatever might have been the cause, the consequences of this deviation from old family usage, as prognosticated by the dependents of Widecomb, and the superstitious inhabitants of the neighboring woods and wolds, were any thing but likely to better the fortunes of the lords of the manor; for not a few of them asserted, with undoubting faith, that the last St. Aubyn had seen the light of day, and that in the same generation which had seen the extinction of the old name the old race should itself pass away. Nor did they lack some sage authority to which they might refer for confirmation of their dark forebodings; for there existed, living yet in the mouths of men, one of those ancient saws, which were so common a century or two ago in the rural districts of England, as connected with the fortunes of the old houses; and which were referred to some Mother Shipton, or other equally infallible sooth-sayer of the county, whose dicta to the vulgar minds of the feudal tenantry were confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ.

The prophecy in question was certainly exceeding old; and had been handed down through many generations, by direct oral tradition, among a race of men wholly illiterate and uneducated; to whom perhaps alone, owing to the long expatriation of the late and present lords of the manor, it was now familiar; although in past times it had doubtless been accredited by the family to which it related.

It ran as follows, and, not being deficient in a sort of wild harmony and rugged solemnity, produced, by no means unnaturally, a powerful effect on the minds of hearers, when recited in awe-stricken tones and with a bended brow beside some feebly glimmering hearth, in the lulls of the tempest haply raving without, among the leafless trees, under the starless night—It

ran as follows, and, universally believed by the vassals of the house, it remains for us to see how far its predictions were confirmed by events, and how far it influenced or foretold the course of passion, or the course of fate—

While Miles sits master in Widecomb place,
The cradle shall rock on the oaken floor,
And St. Aubyn rule, where he ruled of yore.

But when Miles departs from the olden race,
The cradle shall rock by the hearth no more,
Nor St. Aubyn rule, where he ruled of yore.

Thus far it has been necessary for us to tread back the path of departed generations, and to retrace the fortunes of the Widecomb family, inasmuch as many of the events which we shall have to narrate hereafter, and very much of the character of the principal personage, to whom our tale relates, have a direct relation to these precedents, and would have been to a certain degree incomprehensible but for this retrogression. If it obtain no other end, it will serve at least to explain how, amid scenes so rural and sequestered, and dwelling almost in solitude, among neighbors so rugged and uncivilized, there should have been found a family, deprived of all advantages of intercommunication with equals or superiors in intellect and demeanor, and even unassisted by the humanizing influence of familiar female society, which had yet maintained, as if traditionally, all the principles, all the ideas, and all the habitudes of the brightest schools of knightly courtesy and gentlemanly bearing, all the graces and easy dignity of courts, among the remote solitudes of the country.

At the time when our narrative commences, the soldier of the Netherlands, Sir Miles St. Aubyn—for though he cared not to bear a foreign title, he had been stricken a knight banneret on a bloody battle-field of Flanders—had fallen long into the sere, the yellow leaf; and though his cheek was still ruddy as a winter pipin, his eye bright and clear, and his foot firm as ever, his hair was as white as the drifted snow; his arm had lost its nervous power; and if his mind was still sane and his body sound, he was now more addicted to sit beside the glowing hearth in winter, or to bask in the summer sunshine, poring over some old chronicle or antique legend, than to wake the echoes of the oak-woods with his bugle-horn, or to rouse the heathcock from the heathy moorland with his blythe springers.

Nor so, however, the child of his heart, Jasper. The boy on whom such anxious pains had been bestowed, on whom hopes so intense reposed, had reached his seventeenth summer. Like all his race, he was unusually tall, and admirably formed, both for agility and strength. Never, from his childhood upward, having mingled with any persons of vulgar station or unpollished demeanor, he was, as if by nature, graceful and easy. His manners although proud, and marked by something of that stern dignity which we have mentioned as a characteristic of the father, but which in one so youthful appeared strange and out of place, were ever those of a high and perfect gentleman. His features were marked with all the ancestral beauties, which may be traced in unmixed races through so

many generations; and as it was a matter of notorious truth, that from the date of the conquest, no drop of Saxon or of Celtic blood had been infused into the pure Norman stream which flowed through the veins of the proud St. Aubyns, it was no marvel that after the lapse of so many ages the youthful Jasper should display, both in face and form, the characteristic lines and coloring peculiar to the noblest tribe of men that has ever issued from the great northern hive of nations. Accordingly, he had the rich dark chestnut hair, not curled, but waving in loose clusters; the clear gray eye; the aquiline nose; the keen and fiery look; the resolute mouth, and the iron jaw, which in all ages have belonged to the descendant of the Northman. While the spare yet sinewy frame, the deep, round chest, thin flanks, and limbs long and muscular and singularly agile, were not less perfect indications of his blood than the sharp, eagle-like expression of the bold countenance.

Trained in his early boyhood to all those exercises of activity and strength, which were in those days held essential to the gentleman, it needs not to say that Jasper St. Aubyn could ride, swim, fence, shoot, run, leap, pitch the bar, and go through every manœuvre of the *salle d'armes*, the tilt-yard, and the *manège*, with equal grace and power. Nor had his lighter accomplishments been neglected; for the age of his father and grandfather, if profligate and dissolute even to debauchery, was still refined and polished, and to dance gracefully, and touch the lute or sing tastefully, was as much expected from the cavalier as to have a firm foot in the stirrup, or a strong and supple wrist with the backsword and rapier.

His mind had been richly stored also, if not very sagely trained and regulated. For Sir Miles, in the course of his irregular and adventurous life, had read much more than he had meditated; had picked up much more of learning than he had of philosophy; and what philosophy he had belonged much more to the cold self-reliance of the camp than to the sounder tenets of the schools.

While filling his son's mind, therefore, with much curious lore of all sorts; while making him a master of many tongues, and laying before him books of all kinds, the old banneret had taken little pains—perhaps he would not have succeeded had he taken more—to point the lessons which the books contained; to draw deductions from the facts which he inculcated; or to direct the course of the young man's opinions.

Self-taught himself, or taught only in the hard school of experience, and having himself arrived at sound principles of conduct, he never seemed to recollect that the boy would run through no such ordeal, and reap no such lessons; nor did he ever reflect that the deductions which he had himself drawn from certain facts, acquired in one way, and under one set of circumstances, would probably be entirely different from those at which another would arrive, when his data were acquired in a very different manner, and under circumstances altogether diverse and dissimilar.

Thence it came that Jasper St. Aubyn, at the age of seventeen years, was in all qualities of body thoroughly trained and disciplined; and in all mental faculties per-

fectly educated, but entirely untrained, uncorrected and unchastened.

In manner, he was a perfect gentleman; in body, he was a perfect man; in mind, he was almost a perfect scholar. And what, our reader will perhaps inquire, what could he have been more; or what more could education have effected in his behalf?

Much—very much—good friend.

For as there is an education of the body, and an education of the brain, so is there also an education of the heart. And that is an education which men rarely have the faculty of imparting, and which few men ever have obtained, who have not enjoyed the inestimable advantage of female nurture during their youth, as well as their childhood; unless they have learned it in the course of painful years, from those severe and bitter teachers, those chasteners and purifiers of the heart—sorrow and suffering, which two *are* experience.

This, then, was the education in which Jasper St. Aubyn was altogether deficient; which Sir Miles had never so much as attempted to impart to him; and which, had he endeavored, he probably would have failed to bestow.

We do not mean to say that the boy was heartless—boys rarely are so, we might almost say never—nor that the impulses of his heart were toward evil rather than good; far from it. His heart, like all young and untainted hearts, was full of noble impulses—but they were *impulses*; full of fresh springing generous desires, of gracious sympathies and lofty aspirations—but he had not one principle—he never had been taught to question one impulse, before acting upon it—he never had learned to check one desire, to doubt the genuineness of one sympathy, to moderate the eagerness of one aspiration. He never had been brought to suspect that there were such virtues as self-control, or self-devotion; such vices as selfishness or self-abandonment—in a word, he never had so much as heard

That Right is right, and that to follow Right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence—

and therefore he was, at the day of which we write, even what he was; and thereafter, what we propose to show you.

At the time when the youthful heir had attained his seventeenth year, the great object of his father's life was accomplished; the fortunes of the family were so far at least retrieved, that if the St. Aubyns no longer aspired, as of old, to be the first or wealthiest family of the county, they were at least able to maintain the household on that footing of generous liberality and hospitable ease which has been at all times the pride and passion of the English country gentleman.

For many years Sir Miles had undergone the severest privations, and it was only by the endurance of actual poverty within doors, that he was enabled to maintain that footing abroad, without which he could scarcely have preserved his position in society.

For many years the park had been neglected, the gardens overrun with weeds and brambles, the courts grass-grown, and the house itself dilapidated, literally from the impossibility of supporting domestics sufficiently numerous to perform the necessary labors of the estate.

During much of this period it was to the beasts of the forest, the fowl of the moorland, and the fish of the streams, that the household of Widecomb had looked for their support; nor did the table of the banneret himself boast any liquor more generous than that afforded by the ale vats of March and October.

Throughout the whole of this dark and difficult time, however, the stout old soldier had never suffered one particle of that ceremonial, which he deemed essential as well to the formation as the preservation of the character of a true gentleman, to be relaxed or neglected by his diminished household.

Personally, he was at all times clad point device; nor did he ever fail in being mounted, himself and at least one attendant, as became a cavalier of honor. The hours of the early dinner, and of the more agreeable and social supper, were announced duly by the clang of trumpets, even when there were no guests to be summoned, save the old banneret and his motherless child, and perhaps the only visiter for years at Widecomb Manor, the gray-haired vicar of the village, who had served years before as chaplain of an English regiment in the Low Countries, with Sir Miles. Nor was the pewter tankard, containing at the best but toast and ale, stirred with a sprig of rosemary, handed around the board with less solemnity than had it been a golden hanap mantling with the first vintages of Burgundy or Xeres.

Thus it was that, as Jasper advanced gradually toward years of manhood, the fortunes of the house improving in proportion to his growth, seeing no alteration in the routine of the household, he scarcely was aware that any change had taken place in more essential points.

The eye and ear of the child had been taken by the banners, the trumpets, and the glittering board, and his fancy riveted by the solemnity and grave decorum which characterized the meals partaken in the great hall; and naturally enough he never knew that the pewter platters and tankards had been exchanged, since those days, for plate of silver, and the strong ale converted into claret or canary.

The consequence of this was simply that he found himself a youth of seventeen, surrounded by all the means and appliances of luxury, with servants, horses, hounds, and falcons at his command, the leading personage, beyond all comparison, of the neighborhood, highly born, handsome, well bred and accomplished. All this, by the way, was entirely uncorrected by any memory of past sufferings or sorrows, either on his own part or on that of his family, or by any knowledge of the privations and exertions on the part of Sir Miles, by which this present affluence had been purchased; and he became, naturally enough, somewhat overconfident in his own qualities, somewhat overbearing in his manner, and not a little intolerant and inconsiderate as to the opinions and feelings of others. He then presented, in a word, the not unusual picture of an arrogant, self-sufficient, proud and fiery youth, with many generous and noble points, and many high qualities, which, duly cultivated, might have rendered him a good, a happy, and perhaps even a great man; but which, untrained as they were, and suffered to

run up into a rank and unpruned overgrowth, were but too likely to degenerate themselves into vices, and to render him at some future day a tormentor of himself, and an oppressor of others.

Now, however, he was a general favorite, for largely endowed with animal spirits, indulged in every wish that his fancy could form, never crossed in the least particular, it was rarely that his violent temper would display itself, or his innate selfishness rise conspicuous above the superficial face of good-nature and somewhat careless affability, which he presented to the general observer.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Jasper, no less than for those who were in after days connected with him, whether for good or evil, that, at this critical period of his adolescence, when the character of the man is developed from the accidents of boyhood, in proportion as his increasing years and altered habits and pursuits led him to be more abroad, and cast him in some degree into the world, the advancing years and growing infirmities of his father kept him closer to the library and the hall.

So that at the very time when his expanding mind and nascent passions most needed sage advice and moderate coercion, or at least wary guidance, he was abandoned almost entirely to his own direction. The first outbreaks, therefore, of evil principles, the germs of a masterful will, the seeds of fierce and fiery passions, and, above all, the growing recklessness with regard to the feelings and the rights of others, which could scarcely have escaped the notice of the shrewd old man had he accompanied his son abroad, and which, if noticed, would surely have been repressed, were allowed to increase hourly by self-indulgence and the want of restraint, unknown and unsuspected to the youth himself, for whom one day they were to be the cause of so many and so bitter trials.

But it is now time that, turning from this brief retrospect of previous events, and this short analysis of the early constitution of the mind of him whose singular career is to form the subject of this narrative, we should introduce our reader to the scene of action, and to the person whose adventures in after life will perhaps excuse the space which has necessarily been allotted to the antecedents of the first marked event which befel him, and from which all the rest took their rise in a train of connection, which, although difficult to trace by a casual observer, was in reality close and perfect.

The manor-house of Widecomb, such as it has been slightly sketched above, stood on a broad flat terrace, paved with slabs of red freestone, and adorned with a massive balustrade of the same material, interspersed with grotesque images at the points where it was reached from the esplanade below, by three or four flights of broad and easy steps.

The mansion itself was large, and singularly picturesque, but the beauties of the building were as nothing to those of the scenery which it overlooked.

It was built on the last and lowest slope of one of those romantic spurs which trend southerly from the wild and heathery heights of Dartmoor. And although the broad and beautifully kept lawn was embosomed in a very woody and sylvan chase, full of deep glens

and tangled dingles, which was in turn framed on three sides by the deep oak-woods, which covered all the rounded hills in the rear of the estate and to the right and left hand, yet as the land continued to fall toward the south for many and many a mile, the sight could range from the oriel windows of the great hall, and of the fine old library, situated on either hand of the entrance and armory, over a wide expanse of richly cultivated country, with more than one navigable river winding among the woods and corn-fields, and many a village steeple glittering among the hedgerows, until in the far distance it was bounded by a blue hazy line, which seemed to melt into the sky, but which was in truth, though not to be distinguished as such unless by a practiced eye, the British Channel.

The Hall itself and even the southern verge of the chase, which bounded the estate in that direction, lay, however, at a very considerable distance from the cultivated country, and was divided from it by a vast broken chasm, with banks so precipitous and rocky that no road had ever been carried through it, while its great width had deterred men from the idea of bridging it. Through this strange and terrific gorge there rushed an impetuous and powerful torrent, broken by many falls and rapids, with many a deep and limpid pool between them, favorite haunts of the large salmon and sea trout which abounded in its waters. This brook, for it scarcely can be called a river, although after the rains of autumn or the melting snows of spring it sent down an immense volume of dark, rust colored water, with a roar that could be heard for miles, to the distant Tamar, swept down the hills in a series of cascades from the right hand side of the park, until it reached the brink of the chasm we have described, lying at right angles to its former course, down which it plunged in an impetuous shoot of nearly three hundred feet, and rushed thence easterly away, walled on each side by the precipitous rock, until some five miles thence it was crossed at a deep and somewhat dangerous ford, by the only great road which traversed that district, and by which alone strangers could reach the Hall and its beautiful demesnes.

To the westward or right hand side of the chase the country was entirely wild and savage, covered with thick woods, interspersed with lonely heaths, and intersected by hundreds of clear brawling rills. To the eastward, however, although much broken by forest ground, there was a wide range of rich pasture fields and meadows, divided by great overgrown hawthorn hedges, each hedge almost a thicket, and penetrated by numerous lanes and horse-roads buried between deep banks, and overcanopied by foliage, that, even at noonday, was almost impenetrable to the sunshine.

Here and there lay scattered among the fields and woods innumerable farm-houses and granges, the abodes of small freeholders, once tenants and vassals of the great St. Aubyns; and, at about six miles from the Hall, nestled in a green valley, through which ran a clear, bright trout-stream to join the turbulent torrent, stood the little market town of Widecomb-Under-Moor, from their unalienated property in which the family of St. Aubyn derived the most valuable portion of their incomes.

Over the whole of this pleasant and peaceful tract, whether it was still owned by themselves, or had passed into the hands of the free yeomanry, the Lords of Widecomb still held manorial rights, and the few feudal privileges which had survived the revolution; and, through the whole of it, Sir Miles St. Aubyn was regarded with unmixed love and veneration, while the boy Jasper was looked upon almost as a son in every family, though some old men would shake their heads doubtfully, and mutter sage but unregarded saws concerning his present disposition and future prospects; and some old grandames would prognosticate disasters, horrors, and even crimes as hanging over his career, in consequence, perhaps, of the inauspicious change in the patronymic of his race.

They were a happy and an unsophisticated race who inhabited those lonely glens. Sufficiently well provided to be above the want of necessities, or the fear of poverty, they were not so far removed from the necessity of labor as to have incurred vicious ambitions—moderate, frugal, and industrious, they lived uncorrupted, and died happy in their unlearned innocence.

It was the boast of the district that bars and locks were appendages to doors entirely unusual and useless; that the cage of Widecomb had not held a tenant since the days of stiff old Oliver; and that no deed of violence or blood had ever tainted those calm vales with horror.

Alas! how soon was that boast to be annulled; how soon were the details of a dread domestic tragedy, full of dark horrors, and reproductive of guilt through generations, to render the very name of Widecomb a terror, and to invest the beautiful scenery with images of superstitious awe and hatred. But we must not anticipate, nor seek as yet to penetrate the secrets of that destiny, which even during the morn of promising young life, seemed to overhang the house,

And hushed in grim repose,
Expects its evening prey.

CHAPTER I.

The Peril.

I say beware—
That way perdition lies, the very path
Of seeming safety leading to the abyss—MS.

It was as fair a morning of July as ever dawned in the blue summer sky; the sun as yet had risen but a little way above the waves of fresh green foliage which formed the horizon of the woodland scenery surrounding Widecomb Manor; and his heat, which promised ere midday to become excessive, was tempered now by the exhalations of the copious night-dews, and by the cool breath of the western breeze, which came down through the leafy gorges, in long, soft swells from the open moorlands.

All nature was alive and joyous; the air was vocal with the piping melody of the blackbirds and thrushes, caroling in every brake and bosky dingle; the smooth, green lawn, before the windows of the old Hall was peopled with whole tribes of fat, lazy hares, limping about among the dewy herbage, fearless, as it would seem, of man's aggression; and to complete the picture, above a score of splendid peacocks were strutting

to and fro on the paved terraces, or perched upon the carved stone balustrades, displaying their gorgeous plumage to the early sunshine.

The shadowy mists of the first morning twilight had not been long dispersed from the lower regions, and were suspended still in the middle air in broad fleecy masses, though melting rapidly away in the increasing warmth and brightness of the day.

And still a faint blue line hovered over the bed of the long rocky gorge, which divided the chase from the open country, floating about it like the steam of a seething caldron, and rising here and there into tall smoke-like columns, probably where some steeper cataract of the mountain-stream sent its foam skyward.

So early, indeed, was the hour, that had my tale been recited of these degenerate days, there would have been no gentle eyes awake to look upon the loveliness of new-awakened nature.

In the good days of old, however, when daylight was still deemed to be the fitting time for labor and for pastime, and night the appointed time for natural and healthful sleep, the dawn was wont to brighten beheld by other eyes than those of clowns and milkmaids, and the gay songs of the matutinal birds were listened to by ears that could appreciate their untaught melodies.

And now, just as the stable clock was striking four, the great oaken door of the old Hall was thrown open with a vigorous swing that made it rattle on its hinges, and Jasper St. Aubyn came bounding out into the fresh morning air, with a foot as elastic as that of the mountain roe, singing a snatch of some quaint old ballad.

He was dressed simply in a close-fitting jacket and tight hose of dark-green cloth, without any lace or embroidery, light boots of untanned leather, and a broad-leaved hat, with a single eagle's feather thrust carelessly through the band. He wore neither cloak nor sword, though it was a period at which gentlemen rarely went abroad without both these, their distinctive attributes; but in the broad black belt which girt his rounded waist he carried a stout wood-knife with a buckhorn hilt; and over his shoulder there swung from a leathern thong, a large wicker fishing-basket.

Nothing, indeed, could be simpler or less indicative of any particular rank or station in society than young St. Aubyn's garb, yet it would have been a very dull and unobservant eye which should take him for aught less than a high-born and high-bred gentleman.

His fine intellectual face, his bearing erect before heaven, the graceful ease of his every motion, as he hurried down the flagged steps of the terrace, and planted his light foot on the dewy green-ward, all betokened gentle birth and gentle associations.

But he thought nothing of himself, nor cared for his advantages, acquired or natural. The long and heavy salmon-rod which he carried in his right hand, in three pieces as yet unconnected, did not more clearly indicate his purpose than the quick marking glance which he cast toward the half-veiled sun and hazy sky, scanning the signs of the weather.

"It will do, it will do," he said to himself, thinking as it were aloud, "for three or four hours at least; the sun will not shake off those vapors before eight o'clock at the earliest, and if he do come out then hot and

strong, I do not know but the water is dark enough after the late rains to serve my turn awhile longer. It will blow up, too, I think, from the westward, and there will be a brisk curl on the pools. But come, I must be moving, if I would reach Darringford to breakfast."

And as he spoke he strode out rapidly across the park toward the deep chasm of the stream, crushing a thousand aromatic perfumes from the dewy wild-flowers with his heedless foot, and thinking little of the beauties of nature, as he hastened to the scene of his loved exercise.

It was not long, accordingly, before he reached the brink of the steep rocky bank above the stream, which he proposed to fish that morning, and paused to select the best place for descending to the water's edge.

It was, indeed, a striking and romantic scene as ever met the eye of painter or of poet. On the farther side of the gorge, scarcely a hundred yards distant, the dark limestone rocks rose sheer and precipitous from the very brink of the stream, rifted and broken into angular blocks and tall columnar masses, from the clefts of which, wherever they could find soil enough to support their scanty growth, a few stunted oaks shot out almost horizontally with their gnarled arms and dark-green foliage, and here and there the silvery bark and quivering tresses of the birch relieved the monotony of color by their gay brightness. Above, the cliffs were crowned with the beautiful purple heather, now in its very glow of summer bloom, about which were buzzing myriads of wild bees sipping their nectar from its cups of amethyst.

The hither side, though rough and steep and broken, was not in the place where Jasper stood precipitous; indeed it seemed as if at some distant period a sort of landslide had occurred, by which the fall of the rocky wall had been broken into massive fragments, and hurled down in an inclined plane into the bed of the stream, on which it had encroached with its shattered blocks and rounded boulders.

Time, however, had covered all this abrupt and broken slope with a beautiful growth of oak and hazel coppice, among which, only at distant intervals, could the dun weather-beaten flanks of the great stones be discovered.

At the base of this descent, a hundred and fifty feet perhaps below the stand of the young sportsman, flowed the dark arrowy stream—a wild and perilous water. As clear as crystal, yet as dark as the brown caim-gorm, it came pouring down among the broken rocks with a rapidity and force which showed what must be its fury when swollen by a storm among the mountains, here breaking into wreaths of rippling foam where some unseen ledge chafed its current, there roaring and surging white as December's snow among the great round-headed rocks, and there again wheeling in sullen eddies, dark and deceitful, round and round some deep rock-brimmed basin.

Here and there, indeed, it spread out into wide shallow rippling rapids, filling the whole bottom of the ravine from side to side, but more generally it did not occupy above a fourth part of the space below, leaving sometimes on this margin, sometimes on that, broad

pebbly banks, or slaty ledges, affording an easy footing and a clear path to the angler in its troubled waters.

After a rapid glance over the well-known scene, Jasper plunged into the coppice, and following a faint track worn by the feet of the wild-deer in the first instance, and widened by his own bolder tread, soon reached the bottom of the chasm, though not until he had flushed from the dense oak covert two noble black cocks with their superb forked tails, and glossy purple-lustered plumage, which soared away, crowing their bold defiance, over the heathery moorlands.

Once at the water's edge, the young man's tackle was speedily made ready, and in a few minutes his long line went whistling through the air, as he wielded the powerful two-handed rod, as easily as if it had been a stripling's reed, and the large gaudy peacock-fly alighted on the wheeling eddies, at the tail of a long arrowy shoot, as gently as if it had settled from too long a flight. Delicately, deftly, it was made to dance and skim the clear, brown surface, until it had crossed the pool and neared the hither bank; then again, obedient to the pliant wrist, it arose on glittering wing, circled half round the angler's head, and was sent thirty yards aloof, straight as a wild bee's flight, into a little mimic whirlpool, scarce larger than the hat of the skillful fisherman, which spun round and round just to leeward of a gray ledge of limestone. Scarce had it reached its mark before the water broke all around it, and the gay deceit vanished, the heavy swirl of the surface, as the break was closing, indicating the great size of the fish which had risen. Just as the swirl was subsiding, and the forked tail of the monarch of the stream was half seen as he descended, that indescribable but well-known turn of the angler's wrist, fixed the barbed hook, and taught the scaly victim the nature of the prey he had gorged so heedlessly.

With a wild bound he threw himself three feet out of the water, showing his silver sides, with the sealice yet clinging to his scales, a fresh sea-run fish of fifteen, ay, eighteen pounds, and perhaps over.

On his broad back he strikes the water, but not as he meant the tightened line; for as he leaped the practiced hand had lowered the rod's tip, that it fell in a loose bight below him. Again! again! again! and yet a fourth time he bounded into the air with desperate and vigorous soubresauts, like an unbroken steed that would dismount his rider, lashing the eddies of the dark stream into bright bubbling streaks, and making the heart of his captor beat high with anticipation of the desperate struggle that should follow, before the monster would lie panting and exhausted on the yellow sand or moist greensward.

Away! with the rush of an eagle through the air, he is gone like an arrow down the rapids—how the reel rings, and the line whistles from the swift working wheel; he is too swift, too headstrong to be checked as yet; tenfold the strength of that slender tackle might not control him in his first fiery rush.

But Jasper, although young in years, was old in the art, and skillful as the craftiest of the gentle craftsmen. He gives him the butt of his rod steadily, trying the strength of his tackle with a delicate and gentle finger,

giving him line at every rush, yet firmly, cautiously, feeling his mouth all the while, and moderating his speed even while he yields to his fury.

Meanwhile, with the eye of intuition and the nerve of iron, he bounds along the difficult shore, he leaps from rock to rock, alighting on their slippery tops with the firm agility of the rope-dancer, he splashes knee deep through the slippery shallows, keeping his line ever taut, inclining his rod over his shoulder, bearing on his fish ever with a killing pull, steering him clear of every rock or stump against which he would fain smash the tackle, and landing him at length in a fine open roomy pool, at the foot of a long stretch of white and foamy rapids, down which he has just piloted him with the eye of faith, and the foot of instinct.

And now the great salmon has turned sulky; like a piece of lead he has sunk to the bottom of the deep black pool, and lies on the gravel bottom in the sullenness of despair.

Jasper stooped, gathered up in his left hand a heavy pebble, and pitched it into the pool, as nearly as he could guess to the whereabouts of his game—another—and another! Aha! that last has roused him. Again he throws himself clear out of water, and again foiled in his attempt to smash the tackle, dashes away down stream impetuous.

But his strength is departing—the vigor of his rush is broken. The angler gives him the butt abundantly, strains on him with a heavier pull, yet ever yields a little as he exerts his failing powers; see, his broad, silver side has thrice turned up, even to the surface, and though each time he has recovered himself, each time it has been with a heavier and more sickly motion.

Brave fellow! his last race is run, his last spring sprung—no more shall he disport himself in the bright reaches of the Tamar; no more shall the Naiads wreath his clear silver scales with river-greens and flowery rushes.

The cruel gaff is in his side—his cold blood stains the eddies for a moment—he flaps out his death-pang on the hard limestone.

“Who-whoop! a nineteen pounder!”

Meantime the morning had worn onward, and ere the great fish was brought to the basket the sun had soared clear above the mist-wreaths, and had risen so high into the summer heaven that his slant rays poured down into the gorge of the stream, and lighted up the clear depths with a lustre so transparent that every pebble at the bottom might have been discerned, with the large fish here and there floating mid depth, with their heads up stream, their gills working with a quick motion, and their broad tails vibrating at short intervals slowly but powerfully, as they lay motionless in opposition to the very strongest of the swift current.

The breeze had died away, there was no curl upon the water, and the heat was oppressive.

Under such circumstances to whip the stream was little better than mere loss of time, yet as he hurried with a fleet foot down the gorge, perhaps with some ulterior object, beyond the mere love of sport, Jasper at times cast his fly across the stream, and drew it neatly, and, as he thought, irresistibly right over the

recusant fish; but though once or twice a large lazy salmon would sail up slowly from the depths, and almost touch the fly with his nose, he either sunk down slowly in disgust, without breaking the water, or flapped his broad tail over the shining fraud as if to mark his contempt.

It had now got to be near noon, for in the ardor of his success the angler had forgotten all about his intended breakfast; and, his first fish captured, had contented himself with a slender meal furnished from out his fishing-basket and his leathern bottle.

Jasper had traversed by this time some ten miles in length, following the sinuosities of the stream, and had reached a favorite pool at the head of a long, straight, narrow trench, cut by the waters themselves in the course of time, through the hard shistous rock which walls the torrent on each hand, not leaving the slightest ledge or margin between the rapids and the precipice.

Through this wild gorge of some fifty yards in length, the river shoots like an arrow over a steep inclined plane of limestone rock, the surface of which is polished by the action of the water, till it is as slippery as ice, and at the extremity leaps down a sheer descent of some twelve feet into a large, wide basin, surrounded by softly swelling banks of greensward, and a fair amphitheatre of woodland.

At the upper end this pool is so deep as to be vulgarly deemed unfathomable; below, however, it expands yet wider into a shallow rippling ford, where it is crossed by the high-road, down stream of which again there is another long, sharp rapid, and another fall, over the last steps of the hills; after which the nature of the stream becomes changed, and it murmurs gently onward through a green pastoral country unrippled and uninterrupted.

Just in the inner angle of the high road, on the right hand of the stream, there stood an old-fashioned, low-browed, thatch-covered, stone cottage, with a rude portico of rustic woodwork overrun with jasmine and virgin-bower, and a pretty flower-garden sloping down in successive terraces to the edge of the basin. Beside this, there was no other house in sight, unless it were part of the roof of a mill which stood in the low ground on the brink of the second fall, surrounded with a mass of willows. But the tall steeple of a country church raising itself heavenward above the brow of the hill, seemed to show that, although concealed by the undulations of the ground, a village was hard at hand.

The morning had changed a second time, a hazy film had crept up to the zenith, and the sun was now covered with a pale golden veil, and a slight current of air down the gorge ruffled the water.

It was a capital pool, famous for being the temporary haunt of the very finest fish, which were wont to lie there awhile, as if to recruit themselves after the exertions of leaping the two falls and stemming the double rapid, before attempting to ascend the stream farther.

Few, however, even of the best and boldest fishermen cared to wet a line in its waters, in consequence of the supposed impossibility of following a heavy fish through the gorge below or checking him at the brink of the fall. It is true, that throughout the length of the pass, the current was broken by bare, slippery rocks

peering above the waters, at intervals, which might be cleared by an active cragsman; and it had been in fact reconnoitered by Jasper and others in cool blood, but the result of the examination was that it was deemed impassable.

Thinking, however, little of striking a large fish, and perhaps desiring to waste a little time before scaling the banks and emerging on the high road, Jasper threw a favorite fly of peacock's back and gold tinsel lightly across the water; and, almost before he had time to think, had hooked a monstrous fish, which, at the very first leap, he set down as weighing at least thirty pounds.

Thereupon followed a splendid display of piscatory skill. Well knowing that his fish must be lost if he once should succeed in getting his head down the rapid, Jasper exerted every nerve, and exhausted every art to humor, to meet, to restrain, to check him. Four times the fish rushed for the pass, and four times Jasper met him so stoutly with the butt, trying his tackle to the very utmost, that he succeeded in forcing him from the perilous spot. Round and round the pool he had piloted him, and had taken post at length, hoping that the worst was already over, close to the opening of the rocky chasm.

And now perhaps waxing too confident he checked his fish too sharply. Stung into fury, the monster sprang five times in succession into the air, lashing the water with his angry tail, and then rushed like an arrow down the chasm.

He was gone—but Jasper's blood was up, and thinking of nothing but his sport, he dashed forward and embarked with a fearless foot in the terrible descent.

Leap after leap he took with beautiful precision, alighting firm and erect on the centre of each slippery block, and bounding thence to the next with unerring instinct, guiding his fish the while with consummate skill through the intricacies of the pass.

There were now but three more leaps to be taken before he would reach the flat table-rock above the fall, which once attained, he would have firm foot-hold

and a fair field; already he rejoiced, triumphant in the success of his bold attainment, and confident in victory, when a shrill female shriek reached his ears from the pretty flower-garden; caught by the sound he diverted his eyes, just as he leaped, toward the place whence it came; his foot slipped, and the next instant he was flat on his back in the swift stream, where it shot the most furiously over the glassy rock. He struggled manfully, but in vain. The smooth, slippery surface afforded no purchase to his gripping fingers, no hold to his laboring feet. One fearful, agonizing conflict with the wild waters, and he was swept helplessly over the edge of the fall, his head, as he glanced down foot foremost, striking the rocky brink with fearful violence.

He was plunged into the deep pool, and whirled round and round by the dark eddies long before he rose, but still, though stunned and half disabled, he strove terribly to support himself, but it was all in vain.

Again he sunk and rose once more, and as he rose that wild shriek again reached his ears, and his last glance fell upon a female form wringing her hands in despair on the bank, and a young man rushing down in wild haste from the cottage on the hill.

He felt that aid was at hand, and struck out again for life—for dear life!

But the water seemed to fail beneath him.

A slight flash sprang across his eyes, his brain reeled, and all was blackness.

He sunk to the bottom, spurned it with his feet, and rose once more, but not to the surface.

His quivering blue hands emerged alone above the relentless waters, grasped for a little moment at empty space, and then disappeared.

The circling ripples closed over him, and subsided into stillness.

He felt, knew, suffered nothing more.

His young, warm heart was cold and lifeless—his soul had lost its consciousness—the vital spark had faded into darkness—perhaps was quenched for ever.

[To be continued.]

M A R Y .

BY MRS. O. M. P. LORD.

HUMBLE Mary! thus in breaking
Vows I never meant to keep,
Who will blame me for forsaking,
Though a love-sick girl may weep?

Humble Mary! high born maiden
Must my name and honors share,
With ancestral glory laden—
Matters not less good and fair.

Angel Mary! sadly pleading,
Sinking low on bended knee,

See remorse to scorn succeeding—
Mary! Mary! pardon me.

Angel Mary! lost forever!
What are name and fame to thee?
Cursed the pride that bade us sever—
Angel Mary! pardon me.

Mary! cold the earth above thee,
Cold and calm thy broken heart—
Canst thou not to him who loved thee
Something of thy peace impart?

I'M THINKING OF THEE!

BY A. D. WILLIAMS.

When the wild winds are howling,
Now distant, now nigh,
And the storm-king is growling,
And clouds veil the sky ;
When the tempest is foaming,
O'er ocean and lea,
My thoughts are not roaming—
I'm thinking of thee !

When the mild, gentle showers
Distil from the sky,
And the bright blooming flowers
Delight the glad eye ;
When the zephyrs are playing
So blandly and free,
My thoughts are not straying—
I'm thinking of thee !

When the beams of Aurora
Are flooding the earth,
With morn's radiant glory
And day's jovial mirth ;

When the gay birds are singing
In innocent glee,
As their clear tones are ringing,
I'm thinking of thee !

When day's fading sky-light
Wanes slow from the west,
And the shadows of twilight
Steal soft o'er its breast ;
When Luna is shimmering
O'er land and o'er sea—
While the bright stars are glim'ring,
I'm thinking of thee !

Amid gay festive pleasure,
Where mirth leads the song,
There my heart has no treasure—
Thou'rt not in the throng.
But forgetting the present,
Its wild merry glee,
My communings are pleasant—
I'm thinking of thee !

THE TULIP-TREE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bounds my blood with long-forgotten fleetness
To the chime of boyhood's blithest tune,
While I drink a life of brimming sweetness
From the glory of the breezy June.
Far above, the fields of ether brighten ;
Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee ;
And the daisy's snows around me whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lea !

On the hills he standeth like a tower,
Shining in the morn—the Tulip-Tree !
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
While his emerald flags are flapping free :
But when Summer in the fields is standing,
And his blood is stirred with light, like wine,
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
Flow the starry blossoms shine !

Through the glossy leaves they burn, unfolded,
Like the breast of some sweet oriole—
Filled with fragrance, as a joy new moulded
Into being by a poet's soul !
Violet hills, against the sunrise lying,
See them kindle when the stars grow dim,
And the breeze that drinks their odorous sighing
Wooes the lark's rejoicing hymn.

Then all day, in every opening chalice
Drains their honey-drops the reveling bee,
Till the dove-winged Sleep makes thee her palace,
Filled with song-like murmurs, Tulip-Tree !

In thine arms repose the dreams enchanted
Which in childhood's heart were nestled long,
And, beneath thee, still my brain is haunted
With their tones of vanished song.

Oh, while Earth's full heart is throbbing over
With its wealth of light and life and joy,
Who can dream the seasons that shall cover
With their frost the visions of the boy ?
Who can paint the years that downward darken,
While the splendid morning bids aspire,
Or the turf upon his coffin hearken,
When his pulses leap with fire !

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
Thou shalt wail in branches rough and bare,
While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,
Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
All his leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,
Then shall drop before the Northwind's spears,
And his limbs, by hail and tempest battered,
Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
Of the Beautiful, that still remains ?
Life, alas ! will soon reverse the story,
And its sunshine gild forsaken plains.
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
Happy heart, as doth the Tulip-Tree,
While the daisy's snows around us whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lea !

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

PART I.

A GENTLE breeze swept through the vine-latticed casement of a small apartment, filling it with all the balmy odors of a June evening, while the moonbeams stealing softly on its track, broke through the leafy screen in fitful shadows. The sighing of the wind through the long, slender branches of the willows—the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will, and at a little distance the murmuring sound of water, as the waves of the lake broke gently upon the shore—all were in unison with the sad hearts of the two—a youth and maiden, who, in that little room bathed by the moonbeams and the breeze, were now about to be parted, perhaps forever.

Deep anguish was depicted on the countenance of the young man—calm resolve and pious resignation on that of his companion, who, with her hands clasped before her, and her deep mournful eyes fixed tenderly upon his, said,

“No, Richard, it cannot be—urge me no more to a course which seems to me both cruel and unnatural. Think you this sacrifice is not as painful to me as to you, dear Richard?” she added, taking his hand and pressing it to her lips, while a tear trickled slowly down her pale cheek; “then reproach me not—call me not heartless, unfeeling; rather encourage me to fulfill faithfully the part which duty allots me—will you not, Richard?”

“And thus destroy my own happiness and yours, Margaret! It is, indeed, a cruel task you would impose on me. No—I cannot make our future life so desolate as to sanction your cruel decision. Believe me, dearest, your resolution is but the delirium of a moment—grief for the loss of your beloved mother, and sympathy with your afflicted father renders you morbidly sensitive on that point alone. I entreat you, then, dearest, beloved Margaret—I entreat you by all our hopes of happiness, revoke your cruel words, and reflect longer ere you consign us both to misery.”

“I have well deliberated, Richard, and my decision is unalterable. Call it not delirium, or the shadow of a grief which a moment’s sunshine may dispel; every hour, on the contrary, will but strengthen my resolution, and convince me I have acted rightly. My poor father—can I leave him in his sad bereavement! who else has he now to love but me—and shall I selfishly turn from him in his loneliness! Ah, Richard, ask me not—for never, never will I leave him or forsake him.”

“And have you, then, no care for my wretchedness?” exclaimed her lover with bitterness, as he rapidly paced the floor; “no sympathy for my disappointment! Think, Margaret, how long I have waited to call you mine—how many years I have cheerfully toiled, looking to this dear hand as my reward. O, Margaret, Margaret!—and now, even now, when that joyful hour was so near—when but a few days more

would have made you mine forever—it is you who speak those bitter words—it is you who place a barrier between our loves!—cruel, cruel girl!”

“It is the hand of Death, not mine, which has placed the barrier between us, Richard—she who would have blessed our union is no more! “*Forsake not your father, my child!*” were her dying words—and so long as God gives me breath, I never will! Come here, Richard, listen to me, and pity me—for not a pang rends your bosom but finds an answering pang in mine; nor do I hesitate to confess it to you in this sad moment—there shall be no concealment from you—I will not wrap my heart in maidenly reserve, but confess alike my tenderness and my grief. No longer, then, dearest Richard, accuse me of coldly sacrificing your love to filial duty—for God knows the agony with which I have decided.”

“Forgive me, my beloved,” said Richard, “I have been too selfish. I should have known that pure heart better. However my own feelings may dictate, Margaret, I will no longer oppose the course to which the most devoted filial piety leads you, in thus unselfishly renouncing love and happiness that you may devote your days to a beloved parent. God bless and reward you, dearest.”

“Richard, how much your words comfort me,” replied Margaret; “you no longer oppose but encourage me. Thank you, dear Richard; yet one thing more, when you leave me, you must be free from all engagement—nay, do not interrupt me—many long years may intervene ere I shall be free to give you my hand; nor would I have its disposal linked with such a dreadful alternative as my father’s death. The few charms I may possess will ere long have faded, and I would not bind you to me when the light of youth has passed from cheek and eye. No, Richard—go forth into the world, it claims your talents and your usefulness, and in time some other will be to you all that I would have been.”

“Margaret, you do not know me,” he replied. “Think you another can ever come between me and your image. I go, but the memory of our love shall go with me—your name shall be my star, and for your dear sake I will devote all my energies henceforth to the happiness of my fellow-beings; your noble example shall not pass without its lesson. But promise me one thing, Margaret—let there be one solace for my wretchedness—one hope, though faint, to cheer my lonely path—promise me that should any thing hereafter occur, no matter how long the flight of years, which may induce you to waver your present decision, you will write to me—will you—will you promise me this, my best beloved?”

Margaret placed her hand in his: “Yes, Richard, I promise you—should that time come you shall be informed; and I ask in return this, if your feelings have

meanwhile changed, if through time and absence I may have become indifferent to you, Richard, then make no reply to my communication—let there be forever *silence*—or *joy*—between us.”

And thus parted two fond devoted hearts—a noble sacrifice to filial love.

Never, perhaps, was there a more striking illustration of the frail basis on which all human hopes are placed, than was presented by those sudden events *overwhelming* the inmates of Willow Bank Cottage with *affliction*. Thus our most ardent expectations are frequently met by disappointment, and our most promising joys blighted. Even when happiness and peace irradiate our hearts, and on the buoyant wing of hope our fancy soars into a future of unclouded bliss, even then desolation and woe may be at our very threshold.

Thus it proved with those whose history I will briefly relate.

Willow Bank, for many years the residence of the Gardner family, was delightfully situated near the borders of a lovely little lake, whose circling waters rippled gently to the shore beneath the deep shadows of the maple and sycamore—occasionally weeping willows swept with their long golden pendants the bright water, or the branches of some stately pine in green old age, rose proudly above the lowly alder and silvery birch here and there skirting the bank. Thus rocked in its cradle of green, lay this beautiful little lake, as blue as the blue sky above it were its waters, now dimpled by the passing breeze, now breaking in tiny wavelets, each with its cap of pearly foam, sportively chasing each other like a band of merry children to lose themselves at the feet of the brave old trees. From the windows of the cottage the lake was seen spreading itself out like some broad and beautiful mirror, and then gently diverging into a narrow rivulet, winding through meadow and woodland, until it sprang joyously into the bosom of the Ohio. Nature had done much to beautify the spot Mr. Gardner had selected for his residence—taste and art had also united their skill; the three combined had created almost a Paradise.

But it is to those who dwelt therein, not to its local beauties, my pen must confine itself.

Early in life Mr. Gardner had married a lovely and amiable woman, and removed from Virginia, his native state, to the beautiful residence I have described, a few miles from the town of S—, Ohio. Blending his profession of the law with that of agriculture, a few years saw him one of the most influential men in the country; and had he offered himself as a candidate for office, he would have been almost certain of success, such was his popularity; but his ambition took not that course. Domestic happiness was to him worth more than all the perishable honors of public life—to Willow Bank and its beloved inmates were all his wishes centred; and uninterrupted and continued for many years were the smiles of Providence. It seemed, indeed, as if this favored spot was exempt from all the ordinary ills of life—sickness came not to fright the roses from the cheek of health, neither did strife, envy, or sullen discontent intrude upon this earthly paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner had but one child—it was Margaret. When about seventeen, chance led to an

acquaintance with Richard Lelland, employed by an eminent firm at the South upon business connected with the sale of lands in Ohio. Among other letters of introduction he brought one to Mr. Gardner, who, favorably impressed with his appearance, invited him to pass a few days at Willow Bank.

Upon what slight chances does our happiness or misery rest. *A few days*—how simple their signification; and yet from their brief circle how many hours of bitter anguish may take their rise. Little did Lelland or Margaret dream of the untold future, whose all of earthly weal or woe these few days decided.

To know Margaret was to love her—yet she was not strictly beautiful; there may be features more regular, complexions more dazzling, and forms of more perfect symmetry than she possessed. She was one of those whose gentle and winning manners stole into your heart, and then only you saw her loveliness, or acknowledged the light of love and tenderness which beamed from her large, dark hazel eyes. Her beauty was not that which attracts the eye of every careless observer—it was the beauty of the mind and heart.

Richard Lelland was at that time twenty-one, rather above the ordinary height, and of graceful, polished manners, with a frank and open countenance, at once a passport to your favor and respect. His complexion was almost as delicate as a girl's, a large, full, dark-blue eye, and hair of rich wavy brown.

Business detaining young Lelland in the vicinity of Willow Bank for some weeks longer than he had first anticipated, he took frequent opportunities of improving his acquaintance with Miss Gardner, and the interest she had first awakened in his heart soon ripened into a deep and fervent attachment. But he possessed a firmness and decision of character seldom met with in one so young; and he resolved to bury his love for Margaret in his own breast, until he could produce such testimonials as to family, etc., as should warrant his openly paying her his addresses. He therefore returned to the South leaving his love unspoken; but there is a language more eloquent even than words, and this had already made known to Margaret the sentiments of the young stranger; this, too, had whispered in the lover's ear, thrilling his soul with ecstasy, that when he should ask the love of the pure and gentle girl, it would be his.

Within the year the lovers were betrothed, with the full sanction of Margaret's parents, with the proviso that their marriage should not be consummated until Lelland, who had now nothing but his salary to depend upon, should be in a situation better calculated for the maintenance of a family. This was as much his wish as theirs, for he loved Margaret too well to take her from all the comforts and luxuries of the paternal roof, only to offer in exchange the embarrassments and privations attendant upon a narrow and straitened income. For three years, therefore, early and late did he cheerfully give all his energies to his business, and at the end of that time became a partner in the mercantile house in whose employ he had so faithfully exerted himself. There was no longer, as it would seem, any impediment to his union with his adored Margaret. The wedding-day was appointed, and the happy Lel-

land, with all the rapture of a bridegroom, flew to claim his bride.

Had the hand of misfortune been so long withheld but to crush with one fell blow so much of love and happiness.

The very evening of his arrival at Willow Bank, Mrs. Gardner was seized with a sudden and violent illness, which, alas! baffled all medical skill, and in less than twenty-four hours the beloved and idolized wife and mother was no more. To depict the anguish of the bereaved husband and daughter were a vain attempt. To those in whose dwellings the destroyer has never come, who have never read that fatal sentence, "*Thou art mine*," imprinted by his icy fingers on the brow of the loved and cherished, or followed to the dark and silent chambers the lifeless forms of earth's treasured ones, to them death is, indeed, a fearful thing. To *them*—yes, to all; and did not our Heavenly Father graciously extend to us the hand of mercy, and bid us, with smiles of ineffable love, turn to him for consolation in this hour of despair, how could we sustain the anguish of separation, as one after another the loved ones go home.

To Margaret the death of her mother at once opened a new path of duty, and however painful the sacrifice to herself, she hesitated not a moment as to the course she should pursue. But when she thought of Lelland—of the anguish her decision would cause him—of the bitter disappointment—of fond hopes all blasted—then, indeed, she faltered, and her heart shrunk from inflicting a blow so terrible. And again as she thought of her unhappy father, her resolution strengthened. Could she leave him; no! better sacrifice love, happiness, and with them perhaps life itself, than forsake him in his desolateness.

Stupefied as it were with amazement and grief, Lelland listened at first in silence to the cruel words of his beloved Margaret—then remonstrated—entreated—all in vain. Reproaches were alike unavailing to alter her decision, until touched at length by her grief, and filled with admiration of her self-sacrificing devotion to her parent, with an almost breaking heart he yielded to her persuasions.

A new character must now be introduced. Henry Wingate was an orphan nephew of Mr. Gardner, and since the death of his parents, which took place when he was quite young, Willow Bank had been his home. As a boy he was artful and selfish, passionate and cruel. As he grew up to manhood he still retained the same foibles, with the double art of veiling them under the most specious and insinuating address. If he loved any one when a child, it was his Cousin Margaret—she only had power to quell his wild storms of passion. With years this love (if it be not profanation to call it so) increased, until it took possession of his whole being—yet, characteristic of himself, it was purely selfish; so that he could make her his, it little mattered to him whether his love was returned.

That he should hate Lelland followed of course, and that his soul should be filled with jealousy and rage, as he saw the time so rapidly drawing near when another should snatch from him the charms he so much coveted. The sudden death of her who had ever been as a kind

and tender mother to him, gave him therefore but a momentary pang. Her grave only opened to him new hopes, new machinations, and with such joy as filled the Tempter at the destruction of Eden, did his heart leap at the wretchedness of his hated rival, thus doomed to see his long cherished hopes all blasted, and to part, perhaps forever, with her he so devotedly loved. And now all his sophistry and cunning were brought to bear. Carefully concealing his own fiendish joy under the mask of deep sympathy and sorrow, he breathed only to Margaret words of tender pity—stabbing his own ears by dwelling upon the virtues of Lelland, and assuring her that his own life would be a cheerful sacrifice if thereby he might advance her happiness. Thus artfully did he begin his course, trusting in time to supplant his rival in her affections. But he little understood the heart of a faithful woman, or he would not have undertaken a task so hopeless. Margaret was grateful for his kindness, and it was a relief to unburthen her heart to one who seemed so truly to sympathize with her; nor did she hesitate to speak of Lelland, or conceal from her cousin the sorrows which sometimes oppressed her when reflecting upon their separation. Like hot molten lead did her every word seethe and scorch his jealous soul, yet resolved to win her, he persevered in the artful course he had marked out.

Thus passed two long weary years to Margaret, sustained by the consciousness that she was administering to the happiness of her father, and by that Higher power to whose never-failing support affliction had taught her to look. But now another trial even more severe awaited her.

Ah, poor return for such filial love and piety. A thankless boon, young Margaret, did you offer, when for a father's happiness you so devotedly sacrificed your own! A sacrifice, however, not the less to be admired—for where is the heart that does not reverence such a beautiful trait of filial love.

Mr. Gardner suddenly announced to Margaret his intention of marriage with a young, thoughtless girl of rather doubtful reputation, who had been occasionally employed to assist in the work of the family. A cruel stroke was this, to which all that had gone before seemed light in comparison. What though it released her from all obligation of duty; what though she was now free to accept the hand of Lelland, the thought gave her no satisfaction—not a ray of happiness gleamed from out the darkness of her despair. To have retained her dear father *her own*; to feel that in her all his happiness was still treasured, she would have deemed almost any sacrifice too poor; or had he been about to unite himself with one more worthy to fill the place of her sainted mother, she would have schooled herself to resignation. But that her father should have selected for a wife one so unsuited by birth and education, and of a character so vain and frivolous, filled her with dread for the future.

It was a strange hallucination of Mr. Gardner. There is no way of accounting for a procedure so at variance with the whole tenor of his former life, and it can only be regarded in the light of insanity.

Margaret shrunk not from the task to which duty

impelled her, namely, to remonstrate and warn her father against the step he was taking. The winds which hurled the dead leaves of autumn in fitful showers against the window, as she thus tearfully besought his consideration and forbearance, would have yielded to her voice as soon.

Passing over the further grief of Margaret, I will only say that in a few weeks this ill-assorted marriage took place, and a system of petty tyranny and malice commenced on the part of the new Mrs. Gardner as almost broke her heart. Captive to the arts of an intriguing woman, her father heeded neither her tears or her complaints, until at length Margaret finding all remonstrance vain, passively yielded herself to the cruel yoke.

Thus repulsed as it were from the affections of her father, all her domestic happiness destroyed, and subjected more and more to the insults of a low, vulgar-minded woman, it would seem the time had come when Margaret might redeem the promise made to Lelland, that should any thing occur which might induce her to waive her decision, she would write to him. A doubt of his constancy had never darkened her mind; she judged of him by her own true heart, which never could know change. If at first she hesitated, it was from maidenly timidity, not distrust; but when she reflected what happiness those few brief lines would cause him, she hesitated no longer. The letter was written. To her cousin, the specious Wingate, she frankly confided her resolution, and asked his assistance in forwarding her letter safely and surely to the hands of Lelland. Skillfully as he wore the mask, he was almost betrayed as he listened to the artless details of Margaret, who faithfully related to him the promise each had made at their last sad parting. Recovering himself, however, he promised to secure the safety of her letter, even if it should include the necessity of journeying himself to place it in his hands.

With thanks warm and sincere for his kindness and sympathy, the deceived, trusting girl gave her letter to his charge—that precious letter, which thus, like the dove, went forth to seek rest for her weary soul.

"Ah! think you, my pretty cousin, I value my own purposes so lightly as to risk the work of years within the delicate folds of this envelope!" exclaimed Wingate, as he entered his own apartment, and crushing the letter of Margaret in his hand as he spoke. "I should be a fool, indeed—no, no, fair lady, content you that my eye alone may read this pretty sentimental effusion. Now, thanks to my lucky stars, this letter proves almost a sure passport to my desires—ha! ha! pretty little fool, how she will wait for an answer! And what then? Did she not entreat *silence if he no longer loved*—let there be forever silence or joy between us—were her words—*silence*—ay, of that I will take care, and then she is *mine*—mine as surely as yonder setting sun will rise again! With your leave, Mr. Richard Lelland—" and thus violating every honorable principle, Wingate tore asunder the seal of affection, and ran his eye over the sacred contents: "D—n him!" he exclaimed, hurling the letter across the table with a look almost demoniacal: "I could tear his very heart out—his heart!—why here

it is—yes, fond fool, why here is his very life—his soul!"—once more snatching the letter—"and thus I hold him in my power!—if more were needed to spur on my revenge of a hated, detested rival, I have it here in these tender, trustful lines. By heavens it turns my very blood to gall to find with what fidelity that man has been loved—while I—but no matter—your letter goes no further, fair cousin, and thus do I annihilate your fond hopes and devote you *mine*!" thrusting as he spoke poor Margaret's epistle into the flames, and watching it with a fiendish smile until of those tender, confiding lines, nothing but a blackened scroll remained.

At the expiration of a week he informed her that he had heard from the friend to whose care he had enclosed her letter, stating that he had delivered it into Lelland's own hand.

Poor deceived girl! O the wretchedness of hope deferred, as day after day flew by, and still no answer came! It was only by her more pallid cheek, her drooping eyelids, and the wan smile by which she strove to hide her dejection, that Wingate saw his hellish scheme was succeeding, and his victim sinking under the belief of her lover's inconstancy—for she never again mentioned to him the name of Lelland. Nothing could be kinder, or better calculated to touch the heart of Margaret than the demeanor which her cousin now assumed. His countenance wore a look of such subdued pity—such heavy sighs would now and then burst from his heart—and then meeting her inquiring glance, he would turn from her, or perhaps rush from the room, as if to conceal the tears her sorrows called forth.

Thus another six months passed—bringing no change for the better in the alienated affections of Mr. Gardner for his child—they were all engrossed by the artful woman he had so unhappily married. He did not, it is true, treat her with visible unkindness, but with a coldness and jealousy which stung the heart of Margaret perhaps more deeply.

Wingate now resolved to delay no longer the avowal of his *love*! And accordingly most adroitly opened the subject to Margaret—he told her for how many years he had loved her—of the silent grief which he had so long endured under the conviction that her affections were given to another—and how by many bitter struggles he had schooled his heart to relinquish her at last to a happy rival. He did not ask her love in return, but the privilege to protect her! Her pity and kindness were all he dared to hope for *now*—but perhaps at a future time his long-tried devotion might be rewarded with her affection—and for that he was willing to wait—too happy if he might look for such a priceless recompense.

Not doubting for a moment his sincerity, and touched by his kindness, Margaret yielded to the tempter's wiles and became his wife.

And here we must leave her, allowing for the lapse of some sixteen years ere we again take up the story.

PART II.

In the summer of 1840, a gentleman embarked at Albany, on board one of those magnificent steamers

which ply between that city and New York. The morning was one of unrivaled loveliness. A soft haze curtained the landscape, veiling the shores and the silvery outline of the river in one dim, undefined perspective of beauty, through which the sun like a huge ball of fire floated on the verge of the eastern sky. As the morning wore on, a gentle breeze was seen curling the smooth surface of the river, and then fold after fold of the beautiful curtain was lifted from the landscape. The silvery vapors circling, dividing, re-uniting, and wreathing themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, floated lightly away, leaving the charming scenery of the Hudson unveiled to the admiring eye of the traveler.

The gentleman to whom allusion has been made, was apparently near or over forty years of age, of a most prepossessing exterior. He was tall, finely built, and his countenance denoting benevolence and peace with all men. A shade of sadness, however, evidently of no recent origin, was stamped upon his fine features, involuntarily claiming your sympathy and respect. Such was the person who now slowly paced the deck—now stopping to admire some beautiful point of scenery, now communing with his own thoughts.

The boat was crowded with passengers, presenting the usual variety composing the "world" of a steam-boat. But with these the stranger held no communion—not a familiar face met his in all that motley assemblage. It was already near the dinner hour, and many of the passengers had descended to the dining-saloon, or gathered around the companion-way waiting the deafening stroke of the gong, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a little group seated under the awning aft of the ladies' cabin. Reclining on cushions spread over one of the settees was a lady whose hollow, racking cough betokened the last stages of consumption. A large shawl carefully enveloped her figure, and one pale, attenuated hand rested heavily upon her bosom, as if to stay the rapid pulsation of her heart caused by those violent paroxysms of coughing. A thin veil was thrown lightly over her head, screening her marble paleness. Two young girls, almost children, sat by the couch—the eldest, whose profile only could be seen as she sat with her back nearly turned to the passengers, was gently fanning her mother, and now and then moistening her fevered lips with the grateful juice of an orange, or when seized with coughing, tenderly supporting her head, and wiping the perspiration from her throbbing temples. The younger, a sweet little child of perhaps ten years, had thrown off her bonnet, and thick masses of rich brown ringlets fell over her neck and shoulders. She was seated on a low ottoman by the side of the settee, reading from a small Bible which she held in her hand—pausing whenever the terrible cough racked the poor invalid, and then stooping over her would kiss her pale lips, and the little white hand, and again in sweet low tones resume her book.

The stranger found himself deeply interested in this little group—it was in harmony with his own melancholy thoughts, and stirred the deep waters of kindness in his soul. Mechanically he stopped in his walk, and leaning over the rail continued to muse upon the

sick lady and the affectionate little girls, occasionally resting his eyes upon the unconscious objects of his meditation. When the deck was nearly deserted for the dinner-table, the youngest of the two girls finding her mother slept, softly rose and without putting on her bonnet drew near the spot where the stranger was still standing, and bent down her beautiful head over the railing as if to peer into the depths of old Hudson. At that moment one of the river gods (possibly) in the shape of a large sturgeon, his scaly armor all flashing in the bright sunbeams, leaped up some twelve or fifteen feet above the surface. An exclamation of surprise burst from the little girl.

"O, sir, what was that?" she asked, turning her large black eyes upon the stranger.

At that sweet face, and those deep, earnest eyes, sudden emotion thrilled his heart, and sent the blood coursing rapidly through his veins. That face—it was so like—so very like one with whose memory both happiness and misery held divided sway! Scarcely could he command himself to answer her artless question; and after having done so, in an agitated voice he asked—

"Will you tell me your name, my dear?"

The child hesitated a moment, as if doubting the propriety of giving her name to a stranger, but there was something so kind and benevolent in his looks that compelled her irresistibly to reply.

"My name is Margaret—Margaret Wingate."

Richard Leland took her small slender hand, put back the beautiful curls from her forehead, and gazed long and mournfully into her face, then turning away walked slowly to the opposite side of the deck and soon disappeared. And the little girl, wondering at his strange behaviour, returned to her seat by the side of her mother.

It was more than an hour ere Leland again made his appearance. He was pale, and it seemed as if an age of sorrow had in that brief hour swept over his soul. Again he took his station near the little group.

In the mean time the sick lady had remained quiet, and the sisters still retained their position by her side. Margaret soon raising her eyes met those of the stranger, who smilingly beckoned her to approach. Rising very softly, the child glided to his side, and placed her little hand confidently in his.

"Will you ask your sister to come to me, my dear, I would speak with her a moment?" said Leland, laying his hand tenderly on her head.

Margaret returned to her sister, who, in a few moments, timid and blushing, drew near. She seemed about fourteen, of a slight, graceful figure, and with the same expression of countenance, only more thoughtful, as her younger sister.

"You will excuse the presumption of a stranger, young lady," said Leland, "but unless I greatly err, I see before me the daughter of a much loved friend. Tell me, was not your mother's maiden name Margaret Gardner?"

"Yes, sir, that was her name," she replied in evident surprise.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," continued Lel-

land, sighing deeply—then after a pause—“and your—your father—is he with you?”

“He is not—but will meet us on our arrival in New York.”

“Has your mother been long ill?” inquired Lelland, his voice faltering as he spoke.

“She has been declining for several years,” replied the young girl, “but for the last six months her strength has rapidly failed. O, my dear sir,” she added, bursting into tears, “if she should die!”

Lelland could not answer—at length he resumed.

“And are you then traveling alone, my dear young lady?”

“We came as far as Albany under the protection of a neighbor, and the captain of the boat has promised to take charge of us to the city.”

“Can I do any thing to aid you? Is there not something you would like to have for your mother? if so, consider me in the light of an old acquaintance, and frankly tell me. My name is Lelland, Richard Lelland—I knew your dear mother when she was but a few years older than yourself;” he paused, and overcome with emotion turned away.

Mary took his hand. “I have often heard her mention you. O let me tell her at once that such an old and valued friend is near—she will be so glad to see you!”

“No, my dear girl, not now—the surprise might prove too much for her in her present weak state—but allow me to be near you, and call upon me if need require.”

Mary thanked him, and then resumed her faithful care of her mother, who was now apparently in an easy slumber; and walking lightly around the settee, Lelland took a seat near the head of the invalid.

Who can describe the anguish of his soul as he thus watched over the dying form of his first and only love. And yet, with its bitterness was mingled a strange feeling of happiness, and his heart rose in thankfulness to be near her—even in death!

The day was now nearly spent, and the boat shooting rapidly past the beautiful Palisades, when Mrs. Wingate awoke, and complaining of a slight chilliness proposed retiring to the cabin. With difficulty she arose and leaning on the arm of Mary attempted to walk, but she was so feeble she could scarcely stand, and the slender strength of Mary seemed all too frail a support. Lelland immediately advanced, and, averting his face, proffered his assistance. Thanking him for his kindness, Mrs. Wingate placed her arm in his, and carefully supporting her to the cabin, and placing her in an easy commodious seat, he left her to the care of her children.

Ah, little did the poor invalid dream whose arm had so tenderly sustained her feeble steps!

When the boat was nearing the wharf, Mary came out of the cabin and joined Lelland, who was standing close by the door, and taking his arm crossed over to the side, that she might recognize, and be recognized at once by her father, whom she was expecting every moment to appear among the crowd collected on the wharf. Once or twice she thought she saw him, but it proved not. The boat stopped at length, and the

passengers group after group dispersed, until scarcely any one was left on board save the officers of the boat. Still Mr. Wingate did not appear, and overcome by disappointment and their lonely situation, poor Mary burst into tears. Lelland strove to comfort her, and having ascertained from her the hotel where her father lodged, he offered to go himself in search of him. Bidding her return to her mother, and calm any uneasiness she might feel at the nonappearance of her husband, he left the boat and proceeded to the hotel. Mr. Wingate was not there. He had been gone some days, nor could they give any information respecting him.

What was to be done?—something must be decided upon at once. It was getting late—already the street lamps were lighted—and hastily retracing his steps to the steamboat, Lelland sent for Mary. She turned pale when she saw he was alone.

“My father—where is my father?” she cried.

“No doubt, my dear, your father has been called away unexpectedly—you will see him I am sure tomorrow. In the mean time don’t be uneasy—you are with one who will not desert you for a moment—but lest your mother may hesitate to entrust herself to the protection of an apparent stranger, I think it will be necessary for me to reveal myself to her.” Taking a card from his pocket he wrote a few lines upon it, and handed them to Mary, who quickly glided back into the cabin.

Lelland now strove to calm his agitation, that he might meet his still beloved Margaret with firmness—without betraying more than the pleasure one naturally feels at meeting with an old friend.

It was half an hour ere Mary again appeared, and informed him her mother would be pleased to see him.

He entered the cabin. The light of an argand lamp fell gently upon the pale countenance of Mrs. Wingate, who was partially reclining upon one of the settees, with her head resting against the crimson silken panels. She had thrown off her little cap, on account of the heat, and her jet-black hair was swept back from her brow by the slender little hand which pressed her temples. Little Margaret was kneeling at her feet, and looking up into her face with an expression of childish pity.

The step of Lelland faltered as he drew near—as his eye fell upon that countenance so changed from its youthful loveliness,—so pallid, so wan, and on which it seemed Death had already stamped his seal—scarcely could he command himself to speak.

“Margaret, you will trust yourself with me?” he said at length, forcing a smile and extending his hand.

A slight color for an instant suffused her pale cheek, and her still beautiful eyes were lifted to his—she attempted to speak, but could not, and placing her thin, feverish hand in his, she burst into tears. For a few moments no word was spoken. Mrs. Wingate was the first to recover herself.

“My nerves are very weak, as you see,” she said, with a sad smile, pressing his hand, “and the sight of an old friend quite overpowers me—but I am very glad to see you, and thank you for your kindness.

Mr. Wingate must have been unexpectedly detained from us, or—" she hesitated.

"And you will allow me, I trust, the pleasure of attending upon you, and of procuring lodgings for you until the arrival of your husband," said Lelland. "You must be very much fatigued—a carriage is in waiting, and if you will allow me, I will soon place you in a more comfortable situation—if you will point out to me your trunks, Miss Mary, I will take care of them." And Lelland gladly left the cabin, that he might school himself to more fortitude ere meeting the poor invalid again.

When all was ready, he tenderly lifted the frail form of Mrs. Wingate and placed her in the carriage, Mary and little Margaret sprang after, and then giving the driver the necessary directions Lelland himself took a seat therein. The carriage in a short time stopped before one of the large private hotels in the upper part of the city, where he was certain both quiet and comforts of every kind might be obtained for the invalid. They were conducted at once to a pleasant, retired little parlor, opening into a commodious sleeping-room, and after attending to all their immediate requirements Lelland left them for the purpose of again seeking Mr. Wingate; resolving to leave a note for him at the hotel where he had boarded, and also to drop another into the post-office. Meeting the maid-servant in the hall, he put some money in her hand, and charged her to be very attentive to the sick lady, promising her she should be well rewarded for her kindness.

Upon returning to the hotel early in the morning, he was inexpressibly grieved to find that Mrs. Wingate had passed a wretched night, and was now so ill that it had been thought advisable to send for a physician. Doctor M. soon arrived, and after visiting his patient, returned to the saloon where Lelland was anxiously awaiting him. His opinion was but a sad confirmation of his worst fears—he pronounced Mrs. Wingate in the last stage of decline, and that in all probability a few days or weeks at furthest must close her life. "Was there nothing could be done to save her?" Lelland asked—nothing—she was past all human aid; and now all there was left to do, was to smooth her passage to the grave by kind and tender care. The doctor promised to see her every day, and expressing much sympathy for the little girls took his leave. That day Lelland did not see Mrs. Wingate, yet he heard her low stifled moans, and occasionally the faint tones of her voice, for he had taken an apartment adjoining hers, that he might be near in case his services were required. Once or twice during the day and evening he passed out the hotel, and jumping into a cab, sought the former lodgings of Wingate, in the faint hope of meeting him, and then returned to his sad and lonely watch.

For some days Mrs. Wingate remained nearly the same, during which time nothing was heard of her husband. No doubt the agitation of mind this caused her had a most injurious effect upon her, and probably hastened her death. Finding herself growing weaker, Lelland was at length admitted to her room; and from that time until her death a portion of every day was spent by him at her bedside. He calmed her appre-

hensions when speaking of the strange absence of her husband, and strove to remove those delicate scruples which she entertained that herself and children were so entirely dependent upon him, assuring her he thanked God it was in his power to be of service to her. He read to her from the sacred Scriptures, and as much as her feeble strength would admit conversed with her of that unrevealed future into which her soul must so soon take its flight. Of her husband she never spoke but in terms of kindness, nor by her words gave him reason to suppose he was not the best of husbands and fathers.

Days passed on. Mr. Wingate did not come.

And now the last sad hour was at hand. Upon going into her room one morning, Lelland was shocked at the alteration a few hours had made in her appearance. Death was there. Not as a tyrant—not armed with terrors to seize the shrinking soul—but as some gentle messenger, clad in robes of peace and joy, sent to bear her to the arms of her Father. Lelland was at first too much overcome to speak, and walked to the window to recover composure. In a faint voice she called him to her.

"Richard," she said, pressing his hand, "there is but one pang in death—it is that I must leave my poor children unprotected."

"Dearest friend, do not suffer that thought to disturb your peace of mind," he replied tenderly; "they shall be mine; until their father's return I will be a parent to them, and if he come not, Margaret—still they will be mine. I have wealth, and how freely it shall be used for their advantage and happiness you surely cannot doubt. My life has been a lonely one—they will cheer its decline"—he paused as if irresolute whether to proceed—"I waited long and in vain for that letter, Margaret—it came not!"

It was the first allusion made to their former love.

She feebly pressed the hand which held hers: "It was written, Richard—there came no answer."

"It was written then—thank God for that!" he exclaimed.

A cold shudder crept over the frame of Margaret.

"Ah! I see it all," she said. "Richard, we were betrayed! but may God forgive him, as I do!"

There was no reply; but stooping down Lelland imprinted a kiss upon her cold brow, and turning away, the strong man wept as a little child!

Once more he approached the bed.

"Give your children to me, Margaret; I swear to you I will faithfully protect and cherish them. I shall never marry, and my whole life shall be devoted to them."

A sweet smile illumined her features. "Yes, Richard, they are yours. For my sake forgive their father, and should he return, O, I beseech you, lend him your counsel, and say to him all that I would say—" she paused—"perhaps he will tear the children from you; if so, at a distance watch over them, and protect them when they require it. Now, my friend, call them to me; I would say a few words to them, and I feel my strength rapidly failing."

Mary and Margaret remained with their mother near an hour, and then Lelland was hastily summoned to

the chamber of the dying. She was already speechless, but with a look of ineffable sweetness, she turned her eyes first upon her children, then upon Lelland; with her little strength she placed their hands within his, her lips moved as if in prayer, celestial beauty overspread her countenance, and the weary soul of Margaret was at rest in the bosom of her God.

Soon after the last melancholy rites Lelland placed the girls at school, under the care of a most excellent woman whom he engaged to accompany them. Not a day passed that he did not see them, and on Saturdays he took them pleasant excursions into the country, as much as possible striving to divert their minds from dwelling upon their recent loss. In the meanwhile he took every measure he could possibly devise to discover Mr. Wingate—but for many months in vain, his disappearance was veiled in impenetrable mystery.

It was nearly a year after the death of Margaret, that one day business took Mr. Lelland to one of the slips on the North river. As he passed along, his attention was suddenly drawn to a man who stood leaning against one of the piers. He was very shabbily dressed, and held in his hand a small faded well-worn carpet-bag. Giving no heed to the moving crowd around him, buried in thought, he stood with his eyes fixed vacantly on the river. There was something in his features which seemed familiar. Turning, Mr. Lelland again passed him, fixing his eyes intently upon him as he did so, and more and more confirmed that his suspicions were correct, he stepped up to him, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said,

"Excuse me—but is not your name Wingate?"

"Suppose it is—what the d—l is yours?" replied the man sullenly, without turning his head.

"My name is Lelland, Mr. Wingate—for such you are, or I greatly err."

With an expression of malignant hate, the man suddenly turned, and shook his fist almost in the very teeth of Lelland.

"So we have met again, Mr. Richard Lelland, have we! Well, we shall see who will be the better for the meeting, that's all—d—n you!"

"Your words are idle," replied Lelland, calmly. Answer me one question—do you know aught of your wife and children?"

At the mention of his family, Wingate grew suddenly pale, and reined much agitated.

"And you—what—what do you know of them?" he demanded, but in more subdued tones.

"If you will go with me into the hotel yonder, I may perhaps give you some information respecting them," he replied.

Without a word Wingate mechanically followed Lelland, who, ordering a private room, sat down to the melancholy duty before him.

"You spoke of my wife and children," exclaimed Wingate, the moment they entered the room, "if you know any thing of them, for God's sake tell me, for it is many months since I heard from them."

"Prepare yourself for the most melancholy tidings," said Lelland, in a sympathizing voice and manner. "You have no longer a wife—it is now ten months since her death."

The wretched man buried his face in his hands.

"Dead—dead—dead! and without forgiving me—*dead!*" he exclaimed.

"With her latest breath she forgave and blessed you," said Lelland, taking his hand kindly.

"But my children—where are they—are they dead, too?"

"Your children are here—here, in the city; you may see them in an hour if you will," replied Lelland.

"*Here!* here in the city—here, with *you!*" cried Wingate, starting up, every feature distorted by passion; "with *you*, do you say! how came *you* near *her* death-bed—ha! *did you dare—*" seizing Lelland by the breast as he spoke. But shaking him off, Lelland placed his hand on his arm, saying,

"First listen to me, Mr. Wingate, and you will see how little provocation you have for such anger."

He then briefly related his unexpected and providential meeting with Margaret and her children, and the painful scene which so soon followed it. He spoke of Mary and Margaret—of their loveliness, their sweet dispositions, and of the consolation and happiness Wingate might yet receive from their affection.

When he had done speaking, the unhappy man seized the hand of Lelland, and pressing it fervently, said,

"Wretch—wretch that I am! how little have I merited such goodness. It is, indeed, more than my guilty soul can bear. I had rather you would stab me to the heart than thus pierce my soul with deeds of kindness—for I deserve it not. It was I, Lelland, who robbed you of one of God's choicest treasures. When driven almost to despair by the unjust treatment of her father, who should have been to her more than father ever was, poor Margaret wrote you that letter which would have confirmed your happiness and hers. It was I, who, goaded on by hate for you, and a determination to make her mine—it was I who destroyed it! I watched the struggle of her pure heart; I saw her cheek pale day by day, and yet I repented not—nay, I gloried in my revenge. At length she became my wife—and an angel she ever was to me, always so kind, so patient with my follies; but I knew she loved you—I knew her heart was silently breaking, her strength wasting, and instead of moving my pity, it only drove me to madness. I was jealous even of my sweet babes, that they were loved more than me. For years I ran a wild career of riot and debauchery, and only came to my senses to see my poor injured wife was truly dying; then came remorse—but it was too late. My business had been neglected—my affairs were in ruin, and I saw myself on the brink of poverty. The doctor had said that change of air would do much toward her restoration; and now, as anxious to restore as I had been to destroy, I resolved to come to New York and find some employment which should warrant my removing my family here. I did so, and was so fortunate as to obtain a situation as book-keeper, with a handsome salary. In a few months I wrote my wife and children to join me. I received for answer that she was now too feeble to journey. This made me angry, though why, God only knows, except that I would not let her die among scenes your love had hallowed—and I immediately wrote a peremptory

command for her to come, naming the day I should expect her. In this wicked frame of mind I went out into the streets, and, unfortunately meeting a gay companion, was induced to enter a gambling-house, and ere I left, every dollar I possessed in the world was swept from me. In the vain hope of winning back my money, I again sought that den of destruction; need I say, so far from retrieving, I left it hundreds in debt. Then, then, Richard Leland, I became a *forgery*—yes, forged the name of my worthy employer—was detected, and fled with my ill-got gains. The day I had appointed my poor Margaret to arrive in the city I was on the way to the West Indies. From thence I went to Paris, where, as long as my money lasted I led a mad career; that expended, I was forced to the most menial offices to obtain my daily food. At last driven by remorse, I determined to return to my native country, see Margaret and my children once more, and then give myself up to the laws I had outraged. I flattered myself that my wife still lived, and that not finding me in the city on her arrival, had gone back to Ohio. I arrived last night, and was even now about to take passage in a sloop for Albany, thinking I should be less likely to meet any acquaintance, when you so unexpectedly appeared before me."

To this dreadful recital Leland had listened in silence. When it was ended, he took the hand of Wingate,

"Wretched man," said he, "I forgive you for the misery of a lifetime, as did that suffering angel, now in heaven; and may God extend to you his peace and mercy!"

Then calling for pen, ink and paper, he drew a check for the amount Wingate had forged, and placed it in his hand.

"There, Mr. Wingate, take that; in the morning see your late employer, and restore him the money of which you defrauded him; in the meantime I will see what can be done for you—rely upon me as your

friend. But remain here for the night, and on no account leave the room; have patience, for to-morrow you shall see your children." So saying, Leland took leave, promising to call for him in a carriage at an early hour in the morning.

Immediately after breakfast, therefore, he proceeded to the hotel. But Wingate had already left—had been gone some hours. On the table was a letter directed to Leland. Hastily breaking the seal, he read:

"Burthened with grief, and overwhelmed with remorse, life is insupportable. I can no longer endure the torments of self-reproach, and I fly to end alike my wretchedness and my life. Heaven is dark—but earth is hell! Protect my innocent children!"

The next day the body of Henry Wingate was exposed in the Dead-House. Leland recognized and claimed it for burial.

Mary and Margaret were told their father was no more—but of the manner of his wretched death they never knew.

Facts have often the appearance of fiction—such is the story I have given. If it has called forth any interest in the minds of my readers, the assurance that its principal incidents were gathered from real life, will not, I trust, lessen that interest. Names and scene are, of course, fictitious.

In a splendid mansion on the banks of the Potomac, Mr. Leland still resides with the two fair daughters of his adoption. They are beautiful and accomplished, beloved by all who know them, and most tenderly protected and cherished by their more than father; while those gems of early piety implanted in their minds by their mother, have, under the careful culture of Mr. Leland, put forth the most lovely and Christian graces.

Thus in the happiness and the virtues of her children, has God rewarded the filial piety of poor Margaret.

THOUGHTS ON THE THERMOMETER.

- CLIMATE is said to have much influence on the physical, moral, mental, political and social condition of mankind. Experience and observation certainly give force to such an opinion. The difference in manners, customs and character of the Russ and the Italian is as much owing to latitude as lineality. One's happiness, and even one's destiny in life, depend alike on Seasons and on Self.

The iron constitution, the sharp wit, the keen sense, the peculiar individuality, the guessing and bartering of the man of Maine, contrasts with the singing, siesta-seeking, music-loving, rich intellectuality of the Mexican of the hacienda. Even in religious sentiment the difference is striking. Look upon the cold, austere meeting-house worship of the Puritan, and side by side behold the rich, voluptuous cathedral service of the Catholic. These at least indicate the extremes of the influence of the climate. The whole physical,

mental and moral constitution of man is operated upon by the temperature of his location, and thus affecting not only his individual existence but the ultimate condition of his race.

What would have been the fate of "The Colonists" of the "May-Flower" had they landed at San Francisco or St. Domingo? If instead of the stern, bracing, labor-requiring, excess-denying latitude of Plymouth, the Pilgrims had rested in the land of the palmetto and the pomegranate? Or who would have ventured on an unknown ocean, in search for a new world, if the hope, the imagination, the enthusiasm, the poetry, the mental excitement, the super-tition even of Columbus, the child of the South, had sunk in despair, or yielded to first disappointment? Where would the close calculation of the North, founded on a philosophical hypothesis, have sought for continued animation, after error has resulted from experiment?

Where would the literature of the Past have found admirers, and even devotees, if the mythology of the East had not been nursed in the soft lap of a congenial temperature?

Why is it that the Latin classics yet hold a place as familiar as household words, if a Southern sky had not invited to the rich developments of the highest mental creations?

Where could the painter and sculptor have sought models and studies, if the winter of the Mediterranean had been as relentless and as rigid as that of Moscow?

Can it be maintained that Solon and Lycurgus would have alike given their fame in trust to immortality, if the genial influences of the land of their nativity had not been the same "at Rome as it was at Attica?"

Who will venture to assert that a similar fate would have followed the siege of Troy in a land of snows, or that Marathon would have been a northern Moscow?

Science, too, has felt the force of the benefit of its more northern home. With a temperature unhocked by extremes, the highest mental industry yields more, or rather different, fruit than the richest intellectual soil. The wheat and the corn of the necessities to progress, are gathered only where the wine and the oil of luxury do not grow.

That Tyre and Sidon were marts for the cosmopolite, and now are but the refuge for the wanderer, while Boston, New York, New Orleans were the seaboard of the savage, and are now the emporiums of a

hemisphere, is as true as that the causes are to be found in some degree dependent upon the influences of climate.

That Rome was the mother of nations, the terror of thrones, and the great entrance into eternity, and now is the dismantled wreck of her illustrious past,—while the hunting-grounds of the "Six Nations" are transformed into a mighty empire, is but the melancholy picture of the past, gorgeous in its dilapidation, under the luxurious warmth of an Italian sky, while the other is the picture of the present, more magnificent and vigorous, tinted by the rays of a western sun.

Climate was not alone in producing these changes, yet its influence was potent.

The Religion of Nazareth took its metaphors from the land of Aristotle, its enthusiasm from the nations on the "seacoast," its energy from the Northmen, but *its divinity from God!*

The songs of labor are heard loudest and sweetest where the valley and forest yield an annual tribute over the grave of all that is beautiful, born of the spring; while the songs of the sentiments take their melodies from the land of soft sunlight, scented with perennial perfumes.

In considering the Future let us look at the Past, and among the most remarkable of physical causes which have marked their existence on the history of nations and of men, climate will be found to have exercised by no means an inconsiderable influence.

TO MY WIFE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

GLADLY to thee, amid the wreck of years,
Will memory's pinions wing their eager way;
To thee, who ever through this life of tears
Has lit its darkness with thy sunny ray;
Thou wast my empress in the morning hours,
The star amid my dreams of poesy;
The single rose amid the dewy bowers,
That lured my soul to thoughts of purity.

As rivers glancing in the glorious sun,
Voice out their gladness to the perfumed air,
So 'neath the presence of that treasured one
My hopes were mirrored in a world more fair;
A magic world, within whose blessed light
All things the richest and the best did come,
Bringing unto the weary dreams as bright
As those that flit around our quiet home.

And I did love thee, not a transient flame,
Burned on the altar of an early dream;
No, I have dwelt upon that cherished name
Till it became the priestess and the beam,
And softly came around our household hearth,
The angel wings of woman's ministry,
Rich hopes, as wild and joyous in their birth
As were the early dreams of loving thee.

And ever thus has been the full, deep tide,
Upheaving from this ocean love of mine;
A memory forever by my side,
To lead me onward to a nobler shrine;
The calm, hushed voice still sounding in my sleep,
Like to a strain of distant melody,
The holy light from out those eyes so deep,
That shines on all so clear and tranquilly.

Amid my dreams of human faith and love—
Of love, that stems the tempest and the blast—
Of faith, that in its tenderness shall prove
Its holy office even to the last,
Thou hast been present with thy watchful care,
Guarding a heart too prone to dream at best,
Too much forgetting one whose sinless prayer
Has lingered round his home a heavenly guest.

But brightly now the sun of promise shines,
The dark and stormy waves of time along,
With all some token of thy virtue twines,
Sweet as the cadence of the evening song;
And truly now, when youth's wild day is o'er,
And every fancied passion's hushed to rest,
I give this song to thee from memory's shore,
The echo of the tide within my breast.

THE FOUNDLING.

BY JESSIE HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Winds blew chillingly over a wide and a the Highlands of Scotland, and howled at the isolated dwelling in the middle of the gleamed a faint light like a beacon of that desolate waste. Black majestic red darker over head, and the wild coming tempest grew every moment but little were the boding sounds noted the face of Donald McLane, for sterner as the storm of sorrow gathering in the of the one lonely watcher, bending over where lay, in a still dreamless slumber, the only child. Long silken curls fell on the from the still whiter brow of the little pearly lids, with long, dark fringes, the fair cheek. The coverlet had been by some restless motion, and the snowy fell in careless folds, half-covering, those round and dimpled limbs. From a solitary candle flickered over the o marble-like in its quiet beauty; oh! thing loveliness that waking life never at death-like slumber which precedes our of a young, sinless spirit! Angels r it upward, and the shining light from mortal faces, was reflected upon the it was so soon to leave. Close beside th clasped hands and a fixed gaze, mo-object of her solicitude, knelt the young ery young and so fair; surely it was h sorrow to weigh down her happy

ments wore away, and still those two eamed in the half-darkness, silent and bers on the hearth burned low, louder mpest without, and the white snow-

against the window with a startling e mother heard it not, until the door , and a light touch upon her arm roused usness.

ld, Donald, I'm glad ye're come," was , salutation.

Maggie," he said, "I'm not so sure o' u see what I've brought you. I would ur cares if I could help it, but I could be to perish in the cold snow to-night," his plaid, he displayed to her astonished id beautiful infant, richly dressed, who, tenderly in her arms, opened its large s, and smiled in her face.

ld, how lovely!" she exclaimed, almost the moment her sorrow; but a glance uch again brought the tears to her eyes,

and again she sunk beside it, with the little stranger in her arms.

By the exertions of Donald, a brisk fire was soon burning on the hearth, and the bright blaze disclosed the table, with its neat white cloth, on which his frugal repast was spread; but he seemed to think little of his supper that night, for drawing near to the bedside, he bent over his child with an earnest, anxious expression on his manly features.

"How long has she been so, Maggie?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Since noon," was the reply, and her breath came more quickly as Donald bent closer and closer to the quiet face, placing his hand softly on the still breast, and his lips to the dimpled mouth whence no breath seemed issuing, then, with a stifled sigh as he gazed lingeringly on those beautiful features, he turned to his wife, who was looking up in his face with that gaze of mute terror which says so much more than words,

"Maggie, God has taken our Ally to be an angel in Heaven."

No loud exclamation of grief followed his words. Tearless she stood with her eyes fixed upon her husband's face, as if unable to comprehend his meaning, but, sinking on his knees beside her, and enfolding her in his arms, he prayed from a full heart that God would be with them in this their first trial. The low, soothing tones of his voice unlocked the fountains of the mother's heart, and blessed tears came to her relief. Long might she have indulged in this luxury, but a faint cry awoke her maternal sympathies. She had forgotten the babe so strangely thrown upon her care, but now her gentle nature could not think of self, while another was suffering and in preparations for the comfort of her charge, the first wild burst of anguish was passed through.

"We will call her Ally, after our own lost one, Donald. Surely God has sent her to soften this sore trial to us, and we will love her as our own. May He help us to submit. Oh, my Ally! my darling, my precious one—can any one ever fill thy place. God help us!"

CHAPTER II.

The simple funeral was over; the last look had been taken, and little Alice McLane was hidden from the weeping eyes that still turned toward her lowly resting-place, as if yet unwilling to leave her alone beneath that cold, cold sod.

Donald and Margaret McLane had been very happy until now—too happy perhaps. They had loved each other in early years, and when Donald had earned enough by his own honest labor to purchase the cottage on Burnside Moor, they were mar-

ried without a shadow on their young, hopeful hearts.

Margaret was a careful housewife, and Donald had ever a warm welcome and comfortable home when, wearied with his daily toil, he came back to her whom he had promised to love and cherish; and when little Alice came to gladden the young mother's lonely hours while he was away, sunshine reigned in the household. In all their happiness they never forgot who gave them all their blessings, and daily was their morning and evening sacrifice of praise sent up to their Heavenly Father in confiding and child-like simplicity.

A cherished flower was Ally McLane, with her bright blue eyes sparkling with joy and affection, her round, dimpled, rosy cheeks, and baby tones, so sweet to a parent's ear; her mother's sunny spirit seemed hers from her very birth until the heavy hand of sickness came down to hush those happy notes, and dim the light of health and joyousness that ever danced around her.

Perhaps she was too fondly loved; perhaps their hearts clung with too much of idolatry to their only one; and a watchful Father saw that the ties must be loosened. While yet her lisping tones seemed ringing in their ears; while yet the flush of health lingered on her cheek, the dart of the spoiler came, and with scarce a pang of suffering to rend the mother's heart with deeper anguish, little Ally was taken away from the ill to come.

Overwhelming as was the blow, a mitigation was sent with it. The stranger babe thus thrown upon Margaret's tenderness, proved a solace which nothing else could have afforded, and in the cares attendant upon her new charge, the dreary sense of loneliness, following the loss of a loved one, was robbed of half its power.

Many were the wondering surmises of Donald and his wife, in reference to the manner in which the babe had been thus given to them. The dark mantle in which it had been closely enfolded, had first attracted Donald's attention amid the snow-drifts, for the little forsaken one was already wrapped in that fatal slumber which, if not soon broken, knows no waking—and the young man's heart was melted with kindly sympathy as he thought of his own darling, so he raised the light burden from its soft but dangerous resting-place, bore it to gentle and tender hands—and as days, and weeks, and months wore away, no one appearing to claim the lost one, closer and closer their hearts were wound about her, till their love seemed even as that they had borne their *own* angel Ally—as they called her.

Sometimes Margaret would almost forget that her second Ally was not, indeed, the very same as that one they had laid with such heart-yearnings beneath the snow-clad turf; and yet the two were very unlike. The face of the stranger was full of earnest thought. Her large, dark, liquid eyes, so full of dreamy tenderness, beamed with almost spiritual beauty; and a hasty word would bring the tears to her eyes, the warm blush to her cheek, and a strange imploring expression over her whole countenance;

whereas her elder namesake was ever a joyous child, light and graceful, full of the heedlessness so natural to her tender age—and few things there were that had power to dim her sunny spirit.

Year after year sped on unmarked, save by the introduction of one little stranger after another into the once lonely household of Donald McLane. Alice, their eldest and loveliest, had ripened gradually from the beautiful child, their pet and plaything, to the gentle, thoughtful girl of sixteen, watching with unwearied care the slightest wish of her parents, (for she knew not that they were otherwise,) and striving by every means in her power to lighten their burdens. The secret of her history had been carefully kept from her as well as the fair-haired, happy flock around them; for why should they sadden a life so unshadowed as hers, with thoughts that must bring suffering to her loving nature?

The promise of rare beauty which her infancy had held out was more than realized. There was a spirituality about those dark-blue eyes, in every graceful movement—a native ease and sweetness of manner so unusual among the classes in which she moved—so unlike the frank, noisy ways and ruddy countenances of her younger brothers and sisters, that Margaret often gazed upon her with a wondering sigh and a trembling of heart, she could not tell why. Alice had been reared with more than maternal tenderness—a fond yearning over her deserted helplessness—a sympathy for those who must have mourned the loss of such a child, together with her own irresistible winningness, had led Margaret unconsciously to indulge the child of her adoption even more than the members of her own little flock; but Ally was one of those rare natures in whom indulgence only brings forth warmer, purer feelings of love and gratitude, and even from babyhood, as Margaret would often say, she seemed like an angel sent down to them from Heaven.

Sweet Alice McLane had not arrived at the age of sixteen without admirers. Lonely as was the situation of the cottage, many had been attracted thither by the fame of such a jewel. But there was a quiet dignity and purity about the gentle girl that repulsed the most presuming; and Ally was still, child-like, happy in her home, without a wish to leave it, at least so far as was known to her own heart.

There was, indeed, one, who had been a play-fellow from childhood, being the son of their only neighbor within many miles, who was ever a welcome guest at the cottage, beneath whose glance her own never drooped, nor the painful blush rose to her transparent cheek—and why was it? Because Dugald Lindsay had never spoken of the trembling hopes that lay nestling at his heart, though they had wandered together for hours over the hills, or sat side by side before the bright fire, in the winter evenings, while he entertained them with merry tales; and though Ally loved him dearly, yet it was with the pure, happy love of a sister. So they lived from day to day, unconscious of the cloud that was gathering over the future happiness of one, and the brightest hopes of the other.

CHAPTER III.

Donald McLane was a hard-working man, and seldom was any recreation beyond the quiet enjoyment of his fire-side and home-circle indulged in. It was therefore an occasion of no little joy among the little folks, and perhaps not less so with the older heads who showed less boisterous happiness, when, on the return of the annual fair, a whole holyday was promised with a visit to the village where it was held.

On the evening preceding the day so long and anxiously looked for, a handsome traveling-carriage, with servants and outriders, drove up to the inn door of the village, creating an excitement among the good people unheard of before. A tall, majestic, and beautiful lady was assisted from it by a youth whose noble and elegant appearance spoke of rank and wealth.

The poor landlord, confused, and almost paralyzed by the unexpected honor conferred upon him, with difficulty recalled his scattered senses in time to receive his guests, and provide them with the best his poor house could afford; but they, smiling at his consternation, retired immediately to their apartments, where, at their own request, a simple repast was served, and they appeared no more that evening. The servants were surrounded and eagerly questioned, but nothing could be elicited from them, except that the strangers were the Countess of Weldon and her son, who were traveling for the benefit of their health, impaired by the close air and dissipation of London.

The next morning, just as the party from Burnside Moor had reached the village, after a weary walk of many miles, the coach drove up once more to receive its noble inmates. Donald and Margaret were foremost, and had already passed by, the younger children following them; but Ally had lingered somewhat in the rear, for Dugald was beside her, and in earnest conversation they had unconsciously slackened their pace, thus arriving opposite the inn door just in time to see the carriage drive up and the noble pair preparing to enter it. Surprised out of her usual quiet demeanor, Ally gazed eagerly at the novel sight. Her hood had fallen back, and her soft brown curls came clustering around her face, generally so pale, but now with the warm blood tinging its snowy surface, and her dark, dreamy eyes turned wonderingly toward the strangers, she was lovely beyond description. At this moment the countess turned her eyes in the direction where Ally stood leaning on the arm of her companion, and with a thrilling cry, stretched out her arms toward her, then fell back insensible. In an instant all was confusion.

The lady was borne into the house, and all intruders waved off; but Ally had never yet seen suffering without endeavoring to relieve it, and springing impulsively forward, she entered the inn, followed by Dugald.

When the countess again opened her eyes, a sweet, loving face looked into hers, and an arm, soft and white as her own, supported her head. Another

wild exclamation burst from her quivering lips, and again she sunk back, murmuring, "Adela, my sister—have you come back from the spirit-world to bless me!"

"What ails you, dear lady," said Ally, tenderly—can I do any thing for you?"

For the first time those who stood around the couch, anxiously waiting the solution of this mystery, observed a striking resemblance between the noble stranger and the lovely peasant girl, who stood pale and bewildered by her manner, yet unwilling to leave her while yet she seemed to need assistance.

"Tell me, child," said the countess, suddenly rising from her recumbent position, "tell me, who are you?"

The question was hasty, the tone almost harsh, and Ally's face flushed again, as she replied timidly, "My name is Alice McLane, lady—my father lives on Burnside Moor."

"Where is your father—I must see him instantly."

Dugald turned in search of him, but Donald, having quickly missed his daughter, had come back in search of her, leaving the rest of his charge in a booth near by, and was even now at the inn door.

As soon as his eye fell on the pale, agitated countenance of the stranger, and from her to his idolized daughter, every trace of color left both cheeks and lips, and unable to support himself, he sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

In that brief moment he comprehended it all. Sometimes, in past years, the unwelcome thought would painfully force itself upon him, that his precious Ally was not, indeed, his own. Hearts that must have mourned her loss, might again rejoice over their recovered treasure, but as year after year went by undisturbed, Donald grew strong in hope, and had almost banished every fear of the kind, when this terrible realization of the worst came so suddenly upon him.

No wonder that his strong frame was bowed, and his stout heart wrung with anguish, as he felt that even resistance would be vain. No wonder that Ally stood by him terrified at the sight of grief such as never in her whole peaceful life had met her eyes before. Her arms were thrown around him, her warm kisses fell upon his cold brow, as she implored him to unfold this mystery. The countess watched him silently, yet a wild gleam of triumph flashed from her dark eyes, as she exchanged glances with her son, who stood looking on with no less appearance of interest than herself. Dugald, fearing he knew not what, only showed by his varying color, the thoughts that thronged rapidly upon him.

The story was soon told, and none present could doubt that Alice, the poor cottage-girl, was the orphan niece of the proud countess, and through her, heiress to untold wealth. And how did Ally receive the news of her sudden elevation? With agony, that moved the little circle of auditors to tears, as she clung wildly to the only father she had ever known, and implored him not to send her away from him.

Donald looked up with a sorrow-stricken expres-

sion on his manly face, saying, "See you not the child's distress, lady. Say no more now. Let her go home with us once more. Time will reconcile her to it, perhaps, but do not torture her now. God help us! for he only knows how great is the love we bear each other."

He motioned to Dugald, whose countenance, like his own, was ashy pale, but who, summoning the strength that in these few brief moments of anguish seemed to have deserted him, raised the almost insensible form of the weeping girl, and bore her away without resistance.



CHAPTER IV.

"Forget you, Dugald! and do you think Ally so changeful as to be carried away by the high-sounding titles and useless baubles of this wicked world? Could I be happier anywhere than I have been in my own dear mountain home. My aunt has promised that I shall return if I am not satisfied, and in one twelvemonth we will meet again. Nothing shall keep me from you if life is mine."

"Ally, dear Ally, you do not know the world you are about entering. The rich and the great will be there to court you, and the splendors that will glitter around you, have dazzled many a stronger head, though not a purer heart, Ally. But I ought not to murmur, since this parting has brought me joy as well as sorrow—since it has told me that you love me, darling. God keep you in temptation, and bring you back to us unchanged."

And so they parted. When did they meet again?

Let us now turn back in the page of by-gone years, and trace the history of our little foundling so suddenly raised to a station that the proudest might envy.

Clara and Adela Dundas were the daughters of an English nobleman; their mother dying before they had emerged from the school-room, they were left without that guiding hand so necessary to the maiden ignorant of the world, and heedless of warning from less beloved lips.

Clara, the eldest, married, at an early age, a wealthy earl, the choice of her father, and departed to her princely home, with a father's blessing, leaving her young, gentle sister more lonely than ever. Adela had ever been of a clinging, dependent spirit, loving

with her whole heart the few objects she had as yet found in life worthy or unworthy; and was it, then, to be wondered at, when in the solitary hours after her sister's departure, her affectionate nature should pine for some new companion on whom to pour out the rich treasures of a heart that could not be satisfied in selfish ends. Unhappily, the one on whom her choice fell, was a poor, untitled gentleman, holding an honorable office in her father's household, but on whom Lord Dundas looked as so far inferior to his beautiful daughter in every respect, as never to dream of danger in allowing the occasional intercourse which passed between them.

Knowing as they both did the proud and immovable spirit of Lord Dundas, and hopeless of gaining his consent to what in their own young hearts, full of the romance of first love, seemed necessary to their very existence, they fled—and the lovely Lady Adela Dundas, who had never known one hour's privation from luxury, became, in a poor Highland cottage, the wife of him for whom she had forsaken all—father, friends and home. A letter was written more from the warm feelings of affection and respect than from any hope of moving the stern parent whom, as Adela felt, they had offended past forgiveness—and so it proved—an answer came, only to announce her disinheritance, and exile for life from her father's home and heart. Then was it that Adela for the first time felt the fearful consequences of her rash step, and it needed all the persuasions and soothing caresses of a husband whom she loved tenderly, to bring her to any degree of composure.

After many months of suffering and privation,

during which time her sister had privately sent her aid whenever she could do so with impunity. Mr. Moreton obtained employment which again raised them to comfort if not affluence. A lovely infant now brought new hopes and new feelings into poor Adela's sorrowful heart, and to her husband's delight she became once more cheerful. Sorely had they suffered for their sin, yet kind and gentle and loving to each other they had ever been. Poverty had not had power to dampen the pure affection of earlier days, and its calm light shone upon their paths with a hopeful radiance even in the darkest hours of their probation.

The little Adela was but a few months old when a letter arrived from the steward of Lord Dundas, with a hasty summons to the death-bed of the now relenting parent. Sorrow and joy struggled for pre-eminence in Lady Adela's bosom, as she hastily prepared to obey; but a new difficulty now arose. The winter had just set in with great severity—the journey was a long and fatiguing one; Adela spurned all objections on her own part, but her babe, how could she expose it to the inclemency of the weather, and the dangers that must attend them. Brief and bitter was the conflict—but the child was left in the care of a faithful nurse, who promised to watch over it as her own.

They arrived only in time to receive the parting blessing of their beloved father, and after the requisite arrangements of the estate, which was equally divided between the two sisters; it was settled that Adela should now remain at the castle, at least until some further disposal of the property should be made, and that Mr. Moreton should return for the child, as the spring would soon open with sunshine and air, balmy enough even for the little traveler.

Days and weeks dragged slowly their way along to the young wife, now, for the first time since her hasty marriage, separated from her husband. He came at last—but he came alone! Short and terrible was the tale his pale lips had to utter.

The woman in whose care the babe had been left, faithfully watched over it, never resigning her charge to another, save when necessity required.

One cold but bright, sunshiny day, having occasion to go to the neighboring village, she wrapped the child carefully in a heavy mantle, and set out with it in her arms on her errand.

From that time neither nurse nor babe had been heard of. A violent snow-storm came on toward night, and it was feared that both had perished, yet singular to tell, no trace of their bodies had been discovered on the road wherein their way led.

Silently the young mother listened to these crushing words. Hope itself was extinct, and from that day, though every endearing care that love could devise was lavished upon her, sweet Lady Adela drooped like a frail lily, growing paler and weaker, yet ever gentle, patient and loving to the last—for ere the spring flowers had faded, a husband and sister wept bitter tears over her early grave. So young and so lovely, thus Ally's fair mother died.

Comparing this sorrowful tale with Donald's ac-

count, it was inferred that the woman, returning from the village, became bewildered by the snow-storm, and turned in the direction of Donald's cottage instead of that leading to her own, which was directly opposite, and losing her way, had wandered on until wearied with her heavy burden, and hopeless of saving both lives, had deserted her charge, and proceeded, unencumbered, to find shelter for her own exhausted frame. In this, perhaps, she succeeded; but with the consciousness of safety came the harrowing reflections of her faithlessness, and unable to meet those she had so wronged, she had most probably left the country, for no trace of her was ever discovered.

Mr. Moreton did not long survive his idolized wife; and now, when our gentle Ally awoke to the proud consciousness of rank, wealth, a new name and new relations, the tidings brought only sorrow and suffering to one so loving and happy as she had been—for was she not an orphan? Bitter tears flowed at the recital of her mother's history, but turning from all the allurements and persuasions that were lavished upon her by her new aunt and cousin, she flung herself on Margaret's bosom, saying, "I have one mother still! oh, let me stay—let me stay!"

Yet as we have seen, Ally did go at last, pale and sorrowful, but with a kind word for all, and bidding them not to weep, for she would soon return—"She knew she would not love the great world of London. Oh, no! she would soon be back, never, never to leave them again!"

CHAPTER V.

Twelve months had passed by, lingeringly to the little lonely band on Burnside Moor, and sunshine seemed to spring up afresh in every heart when the first tiny green leaves and blue-eyed violets peeped through the snow. "The spring is coming," shouted the children, gleefully, "the spring is coming, and Ally will soon be here." The shadow passed off from the mother's thoughtful brow, and Donald looked happier than he had yet since the parting, but Dugald grew more and more silent—as each budding tree put forth its tiny sprouts and the verdure became brighter and fresher on the hill-side, the flush paled on his cheek and his dark eyes grew heavy with thought. Week after week glided on, and the children wearied with watching turned with eager questions to their elders, but mournfully, eyes dim with tears, met theirs—still Ally came not.

The warm harvest days stole on—the grain was all gathered in—the cool autumn winds blew chillingly—the snow flakes again robed the earth in their pure mantle, and still Ally came not.

Bitter as was the disappointment, it fell not on unsubmissive hearts. The children alone were clamorous in their expressions of regret, but like the summer cloud, the sorrow passed from their memories and they found in present amusements that forgetfulness which others sought in vain.

"Sick with hope deferred," they mourned unceasingly their lost one—yet upheld by that faith in a Heavenly Guardian, to whose care they had given

her, and who would be faithful to the trust though all earth should conspire against them.

And where was the object of this fond solicitude? What fate had been hers since she tore herself away weeping, yet strong in hope and confidence, fearless of the temptations, whose power she had yet to learn? Was she indeed changed? Could not the shield of love and innocence, so close about her, guard every avenue of that guileless heart? Alas! no; Ally had been too trustful in her own strength, and so insidious was the approach of the evil-spirit that she was unconscious of danger until bitterly awakened to self-reproach, to feel that it was too late!

As the Lady Adela Moreton, co-heiress with her cousin of their grandfather's broad lands, she was courted, caressed and flattered by the noblest and most wealthy—her own rare loveliness adding new attractions to her proud triumph, and though at first pained—then disgusted—sad to tell—she at length learned to love the adulation that followed her steps. Her cheek would flush and her eye brighten with conscious pride—yet beautiful as she then was in the eyes of a gazing world, Dugald would almost have failed to recognize in her his own pure-hearted love.

Her aunt had been steadily pursuing a scheme which had been busy in her brain since the first un-

looked for recognition of her sister's long lost child, which was the union of her eldest son, Sir Frederic, to his beautiful cousin, and thus preserve undivided the family estate. Poor Ally little dreamed of the snares that were laid for her. The kindness of her aunt won her gentle, affectionate heart to implicit obedience, and her handsome cousin, possessed of every art of pleasing—beauty, rank, wealth, grace, (few could resist their united influence,) moved her by every loving device.

Was Ally happy? Those who saw her in the festive halls, brilliant and animated, the centre to which all eyes, all hearts turned, might have deemed her happy—but in the solitude of her chamber, when lights and flattering tones had fled, pale, sorrowful faces would rise up, as if upbraiding her; memories of the past would so flit before her, searing her brain as it were fire, and remorseful tears would flow through the long sleepless nights, stealing away the freshness from her fair cheek, the brightness from her eyes. Was this happiness?

Yet the golden chains were close around her, and Ally asked not to break their glittering links.

Donald—Margaret—Dugald—a fearful snare is weaving around your darling one—a little longer and she may be lost to you forever—save her if yet you may—God speed your efforts, for man is powerless now.



CHAPTER VI.

Another spring had come. Calmly and gently as on the heart-sick watchers fell the last rays of the setting sun on Ally's weary brow as she sat by the window of her boudoir listlessly gazing into the street. Gay dresses were strewed around her—jewels flashed from their velvet cushions upon the dressing-table beside her, and ornaments of rich and varied style lay beside them—yet Ally's thoughts seemed far away. Her sweet face was paler and

thinner, and on her dimpled mouth lay that peculiar expression of suffering which the lips only can show forth—her dark-blue eyes seemed larger, and a wild look had taken the place of the soft dove-like glances which had won Dugald's heart. Oh! Ally was fearfully changed.

Suddenly, as though an ice-bolt had stricken her, the young girl started from her dreamy posture. The color faded from her parted lips and she clung to the window sill as she gazed at some object below.

A young Highlander, in the garb of his native hills, had just passed by, and even now paused before the arched gate-way of that princely mansion. Ally looked no longer, but sinking upon her knees, she wept.

A few moments afterward, her slight form might have been seen gliding down the wide staircase and entering a small library adjoining the drawing-room, with which a glass door communicated—softly the curtain was lifted, while with clasped hands and a frame shivering with the intensity of her agitation she saw and heard all that passed within.

Dugald, her own wronged Dugald was there—she had not been deceived then in that hasty glimpse of his figure from the window. A chill crept over Ally's heart as she saw his pale face and sorrowful look—but this was as nothing to the agony that thrilled through her ere long. Dugald sat in one of the richly embroidered chairs, with the graceful ease so natural to him in any society, while directly opposite, in a large arm-chair with a cushion beneath her feet, sat the countess. An air of haughty indifference was meant, perhaps, to check the young man's hopes, for well did the proud lady know the object of his long journey, and sorely did she tremble lest her plans should yet be defeated. Leaning carelessly on a massive table close by, with an air that affected to be contemptuously easy, while the working of his fine features betrayed an inward conflict, stood Sir Frederic.

"I assure you, sir, Lady Adela is too much indisposed to see any one this evening," were the first words that the trembling girl heard."

"Oh, if she is ill, lady, do not refuse to let me see her. Surely, surely, news from home would do her good—oh, never was she too ill yet to see Dugald!

"Only let me see her for a moment—let me hear from her own lips that she has forgotten us." And the young man grew eloquent as he pictured in the simple language of exquisite pathos, the more touching as it came every word from a full heart, the distress of those who loved and watched for their absent one till their hearts grew faint within them. He told of their bitter disappointments—their home now overshadowed because the sunbeam that once lighted it was gone. He spoke not of his own feelings for they were too sacred to be displayed before the cold natures that listened unmoved even now—and Dugald ceased with a sinking heart as he watched their haughty brows grow darker with suppressed anger.

The countess rose and with a frigid salutation left the room, and her son, with an expression of withering scorn, demanded how he dared to expect that *his* cousin remembered or wished to know aught of such low associations"—then followed his mother, leaving Dugald stunned and motionless.

In those few brief moments the evil spirit had departed from Ally's misguided soul and the good regained its influence over her.

With the last echoing sound of the departing footsteps, she opened the door against which she had been leaning, with that temporary strength excitement ever gives—she beckoned to the startled

youth, who, half-dreaming, obeyed the signal, and found himself face to face with her whom he had just deemed lost to him forever.

"Ally, dear Ally, what have they done to change you thus," he exclaimed as he stretched out his arms toward her. She threw herself weeping upon his bosom, clinging to him as if fearful of being again torn away. "Take me home, Dugald, take me home. Thank God I am not quite heartless yet."

Tenderly as a mother soothes her restless child, did Dugald caress and whisper sweet words of comfort to the trembling one he folded to his heart—and at last she looked up through her tears with her old familiar smile, so that she seemed almost herself again.

By a side-door Dugald reached the street, unobserved by those who deemed him long since gone—a light was in his eye, his step was free and elastic, and his whole face beamed with the inward delight that caused his heart to throb wildly as he traversed the streets toward his temporary residence.

A few hours passed and he came forth again—when he returned he was no longer alone. Like her gentle mother, Adela Moreton fled from wealth and rank to share the lowlier lot of him who had won her heart. But unlike that mother our sweet mountain flower fled from the evil to the stern yet blessed path of duty, and the blessing of Heaven followed upon her steps.

Great was the amazement of the countess and her too sanguine heir when on the following morning they discovered that their dove had escaped from the net laid for her. Bitter were the curses that descended on Dugald's now unconscious head, but the affectionate little note left on the table of the vacant boudoir, showed too plainly by its gentle but decided tenor that further hope was vain.

The sunshine came back into Donald's cottage—laughter and mirth were no longer strangers there, for Ally, their "lost and found," had returned to them, paler and thinner it is true, and with a deeper shadow on her fair brow, but with her loving heart and gentle voice unchanged.

Ally well knew the sacrifice she made, but it was made willingly. Her wealth was all in the power of her aunt, and she hoped for no concession from the disappointed schemers—but Dugald had not been idle during the years of his probation, and he was no longer a poor man.

One bright summer's day when all nature seemed rejoicing and human hearts were filled with thankfulness, in her own simple cottage-dress, and under her old name of Alice McLane which she had again adopted, Ally, now blooming and happy, stood before the altar in their own dear kirk, and promised to be the wife of him who had loved her so long and so faithfully. Joy beamed from every countenance, as they now felt that no power on earth might rend these ties, and Ally, their own beautiful Ally, was theirs till death should part them.

Only once did the proud countess seek to recall her flown bird to her glittering but uneasy nest, and the day on which she arrived with Sir Frederic,

eager and hopeful, was Ally's wedding-day, and so they became unwittingly sharers in that beautiful scene—the only angry spirits in all that peaceful band of worshipers. Baffled again, they left without even seeking an interview with the object of their long journey, and Ally never heard of them again until the arrival of a strange-looking epistle many years after, announcing the death of her aunt, and her own ac-

cession by right of birth to the half of Lord Dundas' princely fortune.

Sweet Ally McLane! would that more angels like thee in the likeness of sinful flesh might dwell among us—raising our hearts to higher, holier purposes, and fitting us while here for a better home above, where envy, malice, pride, or sorrow never may be known or felt.

A DAUGHTER'S MEMORY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

My father, by the simple stone
That marks thy grave I stand alone;
The birds with joyous love-notes sing
A welcome to the early spring;
The cloudless skies, the balmy air,
And soft young flowers, proclaim it fair;
But now their gladness can impart
No sense of beauty to thy heart.

Yet first I learnt from thee to trace
Each varying hue on Nature's face,
Its teachings bade thy spirit move
My heart to deeper truth and love;
For varied lore, arranged, defined,
Was graven in thine active mind,
And every path thy footstep trod
Seemed written with the name of God.

And well remembrance wakes for me
My ne'er forgotten walks with thee;
How oft we paused with thoughtful eye
To mark the changes of the sky,
Or idly lingered, to inhale
The breathings of the summer gale,
On bird and tree and flower to look—
As pages in Creation's book.

Then questions of thy boyhood's day
Would lead thy musing soul away,
And borne along by memory's tide
Came visions of thy native Clyde,
The ripple of the mountain rills,
The heather scent from breezy hills,
Until thy glance would brightly beam
With interest in thy chosen theme.

I listened then with eager ear
The tales of other days to hear,
For oft thy voice would lead me back,
From life's insipid daily track,
To wild romance and warfare rude,
That mingle in old Scotland's mood,
For thou didst know and paint them well,
And wandering fancy warmed the spell.

My father, how the tear-drop swells
As o'er the past my vision dwells,
When I have stood beside thy chair
And smoothed and kissed thy silvery hair,
Whose silken threads are dearer now
Than hope's gay dream or lover's vow,
For life can hold no joy for me
More cherished than my thoughts of thee.

And thou hast left a name behind
That Art must prize and Science find;
Thy talents to the world are known,
But dearer memories are my own.
Though all approve the stainless worth
That sleeps beneath this spot of earth,
The kindness that awakens love
Thy children's hearts alone can prove.

No gorgeous tomb in words proclaim
Thine honest truth and well earned fame,
Nor sculptured urn, nor heartless praise,
The stranger's studied care betrays;
But thou wert fondly laid to rest
Where tender tears thy grave has blest,
Embalmed in feelings pure and high
That soar from earth beyond the sky.

FROM AMALTHÆUS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

THERE were three distinguished Latin poets of Italy of this name, whose compositions were printed at Amsterdam in 1688. The following epigram was occasioned by the affliction of two children of remarkable beauty, though each had lost an eye:

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;
Et poterat forma vincere uterque deos,
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

TRANSLATION.

Of his right eye young Acon was bereft;
His sister Leonilla lost the left;
Still each in form can rival with the gods,
And, though both Cyclops, beat them by all odds.
Spare her, my boy, your blinker, be not stupid,
She then will be a Venus, you a Cupid.

TO ———.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I HAVE had my days of sadness : youth, which we review
in age,
Spelling once again its syllables, was a blurred and blotted
page.

Drifting down the tide of Time my tiny bark, unguided,
passed
Toward the Maelstrom of Manhood, puppet both of wave
and blast.

But an all-protecting Providence watched the craft, when
tempest-tost
On the Atlantic of Adversity; and the vessel was not
lost.

Through the distance, when the clouds were lifted by the
eddy breeze,
Sunny sapphire skies shone on me, with, beneath, Pacific
seas.

But the gloom came down around me, and the billows
rolled and moaned,
And the little laboring ark with more than human agony
groaned.

Shoals and sunken rocks around it,—like a frenzied steed
that flies,
Terror burning, like a beacon, in his wide-distended eyes,—

Through this Archipelago of danger such as no one
knows,
Save the wanderer in a wilderness, filled with savage
hungry foes—

Rode the Argo of my Destiny; for what storm could over-
whelm
When God's holy hand, or else His angel's, held the fragile
helm?

Suddenly from the desperate darkness stole the tender,
trembling light
Of a luminous, blushing planet, gleaming gently on my
sight.

And the gloom fell down before it, and the billows knew
surcease,
And the horrid howling winds reclined in slumber, breath-
ing peace.

Night by night the sun descended, and I saw the moon
arise,
With that luminous planet near it, like a deity, in the
skies.

Then said I unto my spirit—"Reigning in those realms
above,
O, my soul, behold at last the unassuming star of
love.

"Like a queen she walks the infinite, saying softly,
'Peace; be still!'.
And the lion winds and waters crouch, submissive to her
will."

Now in safety rides my vessel, for that luminous, blush-
ing star
Sits forever in my "House of Life," a ruling Guardian
Lar;

And the haven it has entered lies encircled by a shore
Green as Eden was, calm as Heaven is; and the storm is
known no more.

There with one whose type is Beauty, Adam-like, I dwell
in dreams,
Whose realities were delirium, sleeping by love's silver
streams.

Eve, my angel, always with me, leads my spirit by the
hand
Tenderly from its painful memories toward the Better—
Happier Land.

And like ghosts, when, clarion-tongued, proud Chanticleer
salutes the dawn,
All my ghastly recollections flit, like shadows, and are
gone.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

COME! Come! Come!
Nature, teacher sweet, will tell
Where the Lord of all doth dwell,
He who doeth all things well,
And in glory reigns!

In the mountain—in the stream—
In the hushed, and charmed air—
In the working of a dream—
God is everywhere!

In the star that decks the sky,
Shining through the silent air;
In the cloud that saileth by—
God is every where!

In the lily of the field—
Or in floweret more rare—

In the perfume roses yield—
God is everywhere!

In the sunbeam clear and bright—
In the rainbow wondrous fair—
In the darkness of the night—
God is everywhere!

In the gentle summer breeze—
In the rushing winter air—
In the rustling of the trees—
God is everywhere!

In the organ's solemn sound—
Or in music's lighter air—
All above—beneath—around—
God is everywhere!

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE-YARD.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"UNCLE, have you a fowling-piece to lend me?" said Henry Deforest, on the morning after his arrival at Beech Grove, whither he had come to enjoy a brief interval of rest from his professional studies.

"Yes," replied Mr. Woolcott, "as fine a one as you ever handled."

"What do you want to do with it, pray?" said Aunt Martha, Mr. Woolcott's maiden sister and house-keeper, who, like a sensible woman, believed that guns and gunpowder were infernal inventions, and dangerous in every possible shape and shade of combination.

"I have some thoughts of taking a gunning excursion," said Henry.

"Are you a good shot?" said Mr. Woolcott.

"About equal to Mr. Winkle."

"I don't know him—where does he live?"

Henry was happily relieved from the necessity of replying to the question of his matter-of-fact uncle, by Aunt Martha, who declared her somewhat exulting belief that the gun was lent.

"No, it is at home—it came home last night. Here it is," said Mr. W., bringing it forth from a secure hiding-place constructed under Aunt Martha's sole direction and authority.

"Is it loaded?" said Henry.

"No, I guess not," said his uncle.

"I'll warrant it is," said Aunt Martha.

"What is there to shoot in these parts?" said Henry.

"Boys," replied Aunt M., rather sharply. "Mr. Johns shot one last week."

"Boys are not good to eat, my dear aunt, and I cannot in conscience shoot any thing not good to eat."

Aunt Martha uttered an inarticulate aspiration which signified that she should lose her temper if she said any thing more.

Mr. Woolcott, who had been quite a rustic sportsman in his younger days, furnished his nephew with a liberal allowance of powder, shot and wadding, and the said nephew sallied forth with murderous intentions toward all feathered bipeds possessing the attribute of being good to eat.

It was early in June. The sweet breath of the morning spoke so lovingly of peace and gentleness, that he began to question the propriety of his savage purposes. His conscience, or his good sense, or his humanity, or something else, suggested, that to pollute the flower-laden breeze with sulphurous vapors, and to hush the sweet music of God's innocent creatures, was not the most fitting employment for one proud of his immortality. He had not a very definite idea of the pleasures of bird-murder—in fact, that it might be a source of pleasure to him at all, it would be necessary for him to "make believe" with as much intensity as

did "the small servant," when she used orange-peel water for wine.

He soon reached a beautiful meadow. In consequence of his admiration of the lilies and daisies which adorned it, he failed to observe the meadow-larks that frequently rose before him, and uttered their notes of gladness to the mounting sun. At length one rose from his very feet. In an instant his finger was upon the trigger; but the sweet note of his intended victim charmed him. While he listened, the bird passed beyond the range of his weapon. Perhaps he mentally compared the pleasure of listening to its song with that of witnessing its dying gaspings.

The murmuring of a streamlet fell upon his ear. In a moment he was bending over its pure, bright waters. A large, smooth stone, shaded by a clump of willows, invited him to a seat. He laid aside his weapon, and sat down, baring his forehead to the breeze, and fixing his eyes upon the tiny inhabitants of the rivulet, his thoughts took the peaceful hue of the objects around him. It was not till the changing shadows of the willows exposed him to the rays of the sun, that he became conscious of the flight of time. He then rose and went to a small grove which clothed the summit of a gentle elevation in the vicinity. The grove was composed of saplings, about twenty feet in height. As he entered it, a false step led him to cast his eye downward. He had planted his foot in the hollow of a sunken grave. On looking around him, he found he was in the midst of an ancient grave-yard. The headstones which marked the resting places of the sleepers, had apparently been taken from a neighboring ledge. Only one bore an inscription, or had received the impress of the chisel. He looked in vain for a new-made grave. It was long since the funeral-train had entered that grave-yard—long since the mourner had come thither to weep.

Deforest had visited cemeteries in which wealth had lavished its treasures, and art exhausted its resources in order to disrobe death of his gloom. No splendid mausoleum, no carefully penned epitaph, so disposed him to reflection, as did the leaf-filled hollows and rude stones of that neglected grave-yard. He spent an hour in serious thought, and was about to leave the place, when the sound of approaching footsteps arrested his attention. He turned and saw an aged man entering the grove. The stranger approached the grave near which Deforest was standing. He appeared slightly embarrassed when he perceived that he was not alone. He returned the courteous salutation of Deforest, and seemed disposed to converse with him.

"You do not live in these parts?" said he.

"I am on a visit to my uncle, Mr. Woolcott. I reside in the city," said Deforest.

"Your uncle came into the place after I left it. I was born here, in a house that stood on the knoll yonder. That cluster of bushes stands where the hearth-stone used to lie."

"I noticed, as I passed the spot this morning, that a building once stood there. It must have been a long time ago."

"Sixty-nine years ago, last March, I was born in that house, or rather in the house which stood there then. This country then was a wilderness. There was one log-house where the village now stands, and one between this and the river. I have not lived here for more than forty years. Latterly I go through the place once a year, as I go for my pension, and I always come to this spot. My father lies here, and—another friend. I always come and look upon the place of their rest. They do not know it. It does not do them any good, but it does me good. This is the grave of my father," laying his hand on the stone noticed above as being the only one which bore an inscription. The inscription was as follows: "James Hampton, died July 16, 1777, aged forty-five years."

The old man uncovered his head as he laid his hand upon the stone, and gazed in silence upon the earth which lay above the remains of his parent. Deforest felt that he was an intruder, and was about to retire.

"Do not go," said the stranger. "I never met any one here before. It seems like meeting with a friend. That is a feeling which persons as old as I am seldom experience."

Deforest, whose warm heart was strongly interested in the aged stranger, gladly accepted his invitation to remain.

"You were young when your father died," said he, looking again at the inscription.

"I was in my fourteenth year. He was killed by a rifle-ball, in an attack made upon the house by a party of Indians. I have no doubt they were led by a tory who lived in a house which stood behind the ridge yonder, to the east. My friends wished to have it put on the tombstone that he was shot by the Indians. I believed that the shot which killed him was fired by a neighbor. I would not have the stone tell an untruth; so nothing is said about the manner of his death."

"I should be greatly interested in hearing an account of the matter, if it be not painful to you to relate it."

"Come and sit down on this rock and I will tell you all about it. It happened more than fifty years ago, yet it is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday."

He led the way to a large moss-covered rock, which afforded them a comfortable seat under the shade of a thicket of young chestnuts. Near it was a grave on which the old man's eyes were fastened. He did not seem disposed to resume the conversation. A tear ran down his furrowed cheek. Deforest sympathized with him in silence.

"You must ask me questions, my young friend," said he, somewhat abruptly, "or my mind will wander away from the things you wish me to speak of."

"Did your father build the house in which you were born?" said Deforest.

"Yes, he came here about ten years before the war,

when, as I said before, there was only one house between this and the river. I was born the year after the house was built. I was but a little over ten years old when the troubles with England came on. My father and mother had many consultations upon the question, whether it was best for them to return to the east or not. There were no Indians near, and there was nothing to call them—for nearly all the people along the river were friends to the king. My father was from Massachusetts, and of course, liberty was natural to him; but he had said little or nothing about matters in dispute, for the very good reason that there were but very few persons to converse with. So he concluded to remain here. I could see that my mother did not feel easy. She grew thin and pale, and seemed unwilling to have us out of her sight.

"Once in a while, a rumor of what was going on reached us, though the accounts were always in favor of the king's troops.

"In June of the year '77, one day, as my father was in the cornfield, he saw an Indian skulking behind a large tree in the woods, that then stood where those oats are now growing. He continued at his hoeing for an hour or two, and was careful not to indicate by his appearance that he had seen any thing unusual."

"Was he not afraid that the Indian's bullet might put an end to his work?" said Deforest.

"No, he reasoned in this way. If the object of the Indian had been to kill him on the spot, he would have done so before he was seen. When my father came to the house, he was not disposed to say any thing about what had occurred, for he was not willing to give unnecessary alarm to his family. His anxious countenance led to inquiries which revealed the true state of the case. He began at once to make preparation to resist an attack, which he anticipated would be made in the night. I was employed in casting bullets, while he was busy in barricading the windows, and in making openings between the logs to serve as port-holes. Night at length drew near, and we sat down to supper, sad and silent, feeling that in all probability it was the last meal we should ever take together. The night passed slowly on. None of us were disposed to sleep. About midnight my father persuaded my mother to lie down, with my sister, who was sleeping unconscious of danger. Very soon there was a gentle knocking at the door. We had no light burning. My father had his rifle in his hand, while I held a musket, ready to exchange with him as soon as he had fired. He crept silently to the port-hole that commanded the door. He saw an Indian, with a rifle, standing before the door. The moonbeams fell full on his face, the expression of which left no doubt on my father's mind respecting the object of the visit. The knocking was repeated. The answer was the discharge of the rifle from the port-hole. The Indian bounded high in the air, and fell to the earth a corpse. A yell from about half a dozen voices in the vicinity revealed the probable number of our foes. We were greatly encouraged, for it seemed well-nigh certain that their numbers would be so far diminished ere they could effect an entrance, as to render the result of the conflict by no means doubtful. The opening from which the shot was fired did not

command the approach to the door. This was probably observed by our enemies, and after some time, apparently spent in consultation, two of them took a long, heavy pole from the fence, and drew near with the evident purpose of using it as a battering-ram to force the door. My father placed himself before an opening which he had made for the purpose of commanding the approach to the door, and when they were near enough to make the aim sure, he fired, and the hindmost man fell, never to rise again. I instantly gave my father the musket, and he fired at the other man, who had made a brief halt before he commenced his retreat. Either because the smoke prevented a good aim, or the musket carried ball less accurately than the rifle, the Indian did not fall, but from the blood that marked his retreat, it appeared that he was severely wounded.

"We could see a group of four or five persons in the distance. They were not quite near enough to make a sure shot, and my father thought it of the utmost importance that every ball should tell. While our attention was fixed upon them, a light shone in from a crevice on the side of the house opposite to the door. On that side there was neither door nor window. The enemy had sent one of their number, who had procured a bundle of straw from the barn, and placed it against the side of the logs, and set fire to it. It was their object to burn us alive, or to shoot us down when attempting to extinguish the flames. From the crevice which revealed the fire, my father saw an Indian grinning like a demon as he watched the progress of the flames. The good rifle soon put him out of the way of doing any more mischief. He then seized a pail of water, and ran to the chamber, and removed a board from the roof, and poured the water upon the fire. He had loosened the board in the course of his preparations for defense, thinking it possible that the opening might afford a means of escape. Fortunately the opening was immediately over the spot where the fire was kindled. Three of our foes had now been killed, and one of them wounded, (though we did not know it till the next day,) and we hoped they would become discouraged and retire. We heard nor saw nothing of them for an hour or more, though we kept watch in every direction.

"A new danger revealed itself. The fire had not been wholly extinguished; it had caught in the logs, and now began to blaze. My father took a bucket of water and went to the roof as before, but the moment his head appeared, three or four rifles were discharged from the grove near by. One of the balls slightly grazed his cheek. He had the presence of mind to make immediate application of the water before they had time to reload, but he did not succeed in applying it to the spot where it was most needed. Before another pailful could be procured, they had loaded their pieces. He raised his hat above the opening in the roof, in hopes that they would all fire, that he might then extinguish the flames before they could reload. Only one shot, however, was fired. It pierced the hat, which fell. A savage yell of triumph caused our blood to curdle. The hat was raised again, and another shot fired, and another, both of which missed it. The

water was then poured on the fire; but just as he was descending the stairs, a ball, apparently fired at random, passed through the clay between the logs, and entered his neck. He told us that he should bleed to death in a few minutes, but encouraged us to hope that the enemy would retire without any further efforts. He told me to keep a vigilant watch, and to shoot down those that came near the house. 'Take care of your mother and sister,' said he, 'take them to the east if—' he never finished the sentence. He bled to death in spite of all we could do."

The old man paused in his narrative, and again fixed his eyes upon the grave noticed above.

"Was the attack renewed?"

"No, they went off before daylight, leaving their dead unburied. I dug a grave in the cellar, and buried my father. We then took our horses, and were on the other side of the river before night."

"Were you not afraid of being waylaid and murdered?"

"We were, chiefly from the fact that so many of the Indians had been killed. We felt safe when we had crossed the river. We went to my mother's native place, and remained there till the war was over, when we returned here. I was in the army during the last year of the war."

"I should hardly have thought that your mother would have been willing to return here."

"We had a good farm here, and several families from her native place concluded to come with us and settle here. By cultivating the farm I could fulfill my father's command to take care of my mother and sister, and I did not see how I could do it in any other way. The first thing I did was to bury my father in this place. Several years afterward this stone, which marks his grave, was brought on from the east."

"You told me you thought the shot which killed your father was fired by a neighbor."

"We had no suspicion of any such thing at the time. As was natural, I kept the ball that caused the death-wound. It was of a peculiar size, and had a singular mark upon it. After my return, I happened one day to be present where there were a number of persons shooting at a mark. After they had finished their sport, the boys began to cut the balls out of the tree on which the mark had been placed. I was standing near and happened to hear one say, 'that was Sawyer's ball. I can always tell his ball by this mark.' I looked at the ball, and saw that it bore the same mark as the one that was taken from my father's neck. I put it into my pocket, and went home and compared it with the ball I had preserved. The size and marks corresponded perfectly. I then went to the boy and found that all Sawyer's balls had the same mark. There was something in the bore of the rifle that made a peculiar crease in the ball as it was forced out. I then got a neighbor to inquire of Sawyer how long he had owned his rifle, and I found that it was in his possession before the war came on. My suspicions were then strongly excited. It was not probable that there were two rifles that would make the same impression upon the ball discharged from them. I remembered, too, that Sawyer had expressed great surprise at our

return, and had appeared somewhat embarrassed when he met me. I met him in the street one day, and took the ball out of my pocket and held it before him, and fixing my eye fully upon his, asked him if he had ever seen it? He turned very red, and then came near fainting. I laid my hand upon him. He trembled like a leaf. I repeated the question in a louder tone, for I was sure that the murderer of my father was before me. His lips moved, but he could not speak. 'Do you think,' said I, 'that it is safe for you to stay in this country?' I flung him from me, and went on my way. The next day he left for the west, and some time afterward sent for his family."

"How long did you live here after your return?"

"Nearly ten years; I lived here till my mother died."

"Is she buried here?"

"No, she died while we were on a visit to the east. She was buried among her kindred. After her death, I returned here and remained till I helped fill up that grave," pointing to the one which he had gazed at so earnestly when he took his seat upon the rock. "Then I felt there was nothing more to keep me here—in fact, I felt that I could not live here. My sister was married at the East; so I sold the farm and became a wanderer. I did not visit the place for nearly twenty years. When the pension-law was passed, I had occasion to come here, for one who was in the same company with me lived here. Since then, I have commonly passed through the place once a year, and I always visit this spot. This is the first time I ever met any one here. I once thought of having the bushes cut down; but on the whole, I concluded to let it grow up to wood. It will shield the graves from the gaze of the careless passer-by; and I like, too, the idea of having the birds sing over her grave. Farewell," said he, rising and extending his hand. Henry returned the warm pressure of his hand, and was retiring, that he might be left alone by the sepulchre of his parent. The stranger, however, kept by his side till he reached the stone wall which separated the grove from the meadow. He seemed unwilling to part with his new acquaintance. Henry laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Will you not tell me about her?"

After a moment's silence the stranger replied, "Young man, I will, though it is many a year since I have pronounced her name aloud, unless I have done so in my dreams. They say I often talk in my sleep. I often dream of her, and sometimes it seems so much like reality, that I cannot help weeping when I awake, and find it nothing but a dream. She lived in a house which stood beyond the hill yonder. I have never seen it since the day she was carried out of it, and I shall never see it again."

"Her name?" whispered Henry.

"Mary Everson lies in that stoneless grave—I wanted no stone to keep her in my memory, and I wanted nothing to call strangers to her resting-place. The world never contained a purer and warmer heart. She came here with her uncle about a year before my mother's death. Her father had been wealthy, and had taken great pains with her education. He lost his property in time of the war, and died soon afterward.

His wife soon followed him, and Mary became dependent upon her uncle, who removed here, as I said, about a year before my mother died. I saw her, for the first time, at a meeting in a log school-house. She was seated opposite me, and I thought I never set eyes on so fair an object. I have seen countenances which would form better subjects for description, but I never saw one which spoke to the soul like hers. It was transparent. It seemed as though you could see the flow of her pure thoughts and the beatings of her warm heart.

"It so happened that on the next day I had occasion to see her uncle on business. As I drew near the house, I heard the loud and angry voice of a female. I soon saw Mary coming down the foot-path. She was sobbing. 'O, mother,' said she, 'I am glad that you do not know what your poor child has to suffer.' She looked up and saw me with tears in my eyes—the words she had spoken brought them there—and felt, as she afterward told me, that I sympathized with her. I passed her without speaking, transacted my business with her uncle, and took my leave as speedily as possible, hoping to meet with her on my return. But I was disappointed. She had gone into a retired thicket to unburthen her grief by prayer. The truth was, her aunt treated her with great cruelty. Her uncle had little power to protect her. I made an errand there the next day, and found Mary alone. We sped rapidly in our acquaintance, and our parting was like that of old familiar friends. I became a frequent visitor at Mr. E.'s house. He received me cordially, but his wife, I could see plainly, disapproved my visits, and the more as it became evident that Mary and I were attached to each other. When it was known to her that we were engaged to be married, she became outrageous in her treatment of the poor orphan. She caused her many days of bitterness, and many nights of weeping.

"We were to be married on my return from a visit with my mother to the east. My mother never returned. As soon as she was buried I hastened here, and found Mary ill of an inflammation of the lungs. The disease was brought on by exposure occasioned by the cruelty of Mrs. E.

"I watched by her bedside till she died. When she was laid in the grave, I felt that there was a void in my heart that could never be filled. Nearly half a century has passed—the shadow of no earthly attachment has ever fallen for a moment on the place in my heart which belongs to her. The grave, as you see, is no longer a hillock—the coffin has fallen in—the heart that loved me so truly has mouldered, but her memory is as fresh as when I felt the last feeble pressure of her hand, or when I passed the whole night on her grave before I left the place. Men have called me indolent, irresolute, weak; but they knew not of the shadow which rested upon my path.

"Of late, I trust, I have known something of the higher life which her dying lips entreated me to live. I am waiting for my appointed time, when I shall meet her in a world where affection is never blighted, and separation is unknown.

"I have never said as much as I have now to any mortal; you seem to be capable of sympathizing with

one. May your young heart find one whom it may love as entirely as I loved her; and may she be spared to you, that your life may not, like mine, be wasted. Farewell!"

He turned and walked into the grove. Henry set out on his return to his uncle's house. On his way, he thought of his gun with which he was to do such execution. He returned to the place where he had left it. It had fallen into the water, and was apparently an object of great curiosity to the shiners who surrounded the lock in great numbers. A frog sat resting

on his elbows on the opposite bank, surveying the examination. When the gun was lifted from the water, he disappeared with a sound rather indicative of contempt either for the gun or its possessor.

Aunt Martha received Henry with smiles, when she was assured that he had not silenced any innocent songsters, and her complacency was positive when she learned the manner in which the gun had been disposed of during the morning. She suggested that it would be an improvement if it were kept under water all the time.

NEW YEAR MEDITATION.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

'T is midnight.

Lo! the Old Year stands upon
The threshold of the Past. To God it speeds
Its way, but bears a burden, for I see
Its form bend drooping with the weary weight
Of evil deeds, and feelings harsh and cold.
Farewell, Old Year! With light heart full of joy
I greeted thee, before thou mad'st thy sad
And bitter revelations to my soul.
Temptations, grievous trials thou didst bring,
And sorrow's blinding, overwhelming tide.
And yet I leave thee with a grateful heart,
Thou stern but blest Instructor! Lessons harsh
Of thee I've learned, but strength'ning have they been:
And though thou bearest with thee record and
Of my poor deeds, and goodness left undone,
That fills my heart with sorrow for the past,
Bright blessed hopes like angels hover round
This coming year.

Hail, then, thou unknown one!
I see proceeding from thee spirit forms;
They are my future hours, good or bad.
Mysterious shapes are they. Their mantles hang
Around them dark and heavy—hooded, veiled,
They give no sign of sorrow, nor of joy.
Slowly each form advances; and to me
Alone is given the right to raise those veils;
But as I lift each hood, upon the face
Beneath, my spirit traces there a mute
But yet unchanging record of my thoughts—
A faithful impress of my inner self—
Then past recall the hour floats away!

A gift these hours have in charge for me.
My weal or wo they hold—my light—my shade.
Dark sorrow they may bring me—bitter tears—
Or sunny joys—bright Laughter's merry crew
May playful lurk behind those gloomy folds.
But if to me the right were given to lift
Those veils, before the ordered time, and know
The gifts they bring—I'd pause. I do not seek
To know my future. This I humbly ask,

In joy or wo, that God may give to me
A firm, strong faith, and purity of heart.
With gifts divine like these, my future years
Might come unfear'd, and pass without regret
Or sad remorse.

And now, my soul, regard
This new-born year, just launching on the sea
Of life. Twelve moons will roll around, and thou
May'st stand as now, with sad and heavy thoughts,
Upon its brink, and see with hopeless tears
This year float from thee. Dark and mist-like shapes,
Dim spirit forms may hover o'er the past.
Forms that were once, like youth's sweet visions, bright
And filled with glory—resolutions, hopes,
And thoughts of what thou purposed to have been;
But unfulfilled and fading there may float—
These are the forms that spectre-like may haunt
And darken then thy path.

Think well of this,
My soul, and ere within the portal dark
Of this unknown and silent future thou
Dost float, remember that within thyself
No power lies. Thou may'st have brilliant dreams,
And aspirations grand and holy thou
May'st cherish—aimless, futile all, without
The aid and strength which God alone can give;
Pray then to Him for faith, confiding, true,
And strength to make thy resolutions firm—
For all the good that in thy future thou
Wouldest purpose to perform ask aid of Him.
Then with this help divine thou need'st not dread
Dark Sorrow's form, nor Pleasure's tempting smiles,
And when the future years which God may give, a
Have each their changing cycles rolled around,
Then floated off unto the solemn Past—
When life's last hour comes, with drooping wing,
And thou art borne unto the judgment seat
Of God! Eternity's dread bar! o'er thee
No shadows dark will hang, but Faith's bright forms,
And heav'nly Love, will clasp thee round, and bear
Thee up unto thy Father, God!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

How little can we of this latitude, or rather of this try, for latitude seems not to rule in all cases with respect to temperature; on one side of a continent, that level which gives agreeable winters and dry, healthful summers, is marked on the other side with cold, dry winters and most unhealthful summers; what the different circumstances are which produce this difference is not easy to tell; the difference *does* exist, and various theories have been constructed to suit those facts; we say then again, how little can we of this latitude, or this country, judge of the enjoyments which are at a distance from us, but with the same shadows, in the dry coolness of their evenings, or lassitude which they are subject by the peculiar warmth which prevails during most of their summer days. The habits and customs among us are soon made conformable to the circumstances of our climate; though it must be confessed that people will always pertinaciously insist on a warm day on the first of May, and a freezing cold one on the 25th of December, while actual experience has shown that the thin floral garb adopted in the first has often led to consumption, and the heavy furs and the great Yule-log that have distinguished the latter, have been considered rather *seasonable* than pleasant. So much for a poetical comfort; but in the every-day business of life things are differently disposed of; people do not think in this country of sitting under their own *vine* till mid-summer, and they look out for spiders; and as to their fig-trees, they only get under them unless it be the house-cat for summer *siesta*. While eastward of the shores of the Mediterranean, people stretch themselves out upon the house-top for a comfortable night's sleep, and spend a warm summer's day beneath the cooling shadow of the fig or the olive, and make life itself a means of enjoyment, not the means of enjoyment, but enjoyment; life and its accidents, the gratification of simple pleasures—eating, drinking, and sleeping. Leaving behind the profitless toils that accumulate heaps of only a portion of which can ever be used, and no portion will buy little more than what may be had enjoyed without it. In this country we retreat from an oppressive heat or a stinging cold, and in the absence of either an excuse for our merri-
-ness. In that other land to which we have referred, no enjoyment is had in the uses of the evening and the contemplation of the heavenly hosts. Stars and planets twinkling in the clear blue ether above, brighter than seen from this continent, but far, far more intensely brilliant in the atmosphere, which is free of little refraction, and whose purity makes an atmosphere like the contemplation of some sanctified scene.

Two human figures in the closing twilight of an autumn day. They were gazing out upon the gorgeous west, and marking the successful struggles of the starry host to obtain visibility above. In all the rich flush that marked the pathway of the sun, and hung a glory around his place of exit, only one light had strength enough to be visible; and so pure was the atmosphere, that when the flush in the heavens retired, the splendid planet Venus seemed a delicate crescent—a diminutive moon, sinking downward to the western waters.

“How beautiful, dear Reuben,” said the young female, as she pressed closely the hand of her companion; “how beautiful the heavens above us are to-night. It seems as if a peculiar brilliancy were observable; and I hope it is not sinful for me to say that the glorious array of stars seems to have communicated to my bosom something of their own transparent light; an unusual serenity seems to descend from them to me, and I feel now as if I owed to them sensations of inexpressible delight—quiet, gentle, but full. Whence is this, Reuben?”

“May you not, my dear Miriam, have mistaken a cause for an effect? Is it not the quiet, peaceful delight of your heart that makes all outward objects more lovely to you? And, as the stars are the most brilliant and the most distant objects at the present moment, your feelings have connected themselves with those ministers of *Him*, and allowed that deep, mysterious connection of the planetary world with ours to work upon your imagination, as if the stars had a direct influence upon your condition.”

“Perhaps so; but I alluded to my feelings and not my condition. How beautifully did our Prophet King refer his own elevated sensations to the planetary world, ‘The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained.’”

“True, true, my dearest Miriam; but you will recollect that while he made himself, and man generally, small in his *contemplation* of the heavens, it was not in *comparison* with them, it was comparing or contrasting man with *Him* who garnished the heavens, and wrote ‘all our members in a book.’ But are not your feelings, like mine, elevated with a hope, nay, with almost a certainty, that the elders will persuade my mother that the rights of our family can be retained, even though I marry you, or rather that the argument against our union was as unsustained by our laws, as the attempt to give you to Salathiel was a violation of your affection and my rights.”

“I know not but that may be the case. I feel it, Reuben, warmly at my heart. Let me say it without violating the delicacy of a maiden’s feelings, that such was my love for you, that even the alternative to which

I consented, though of no moment, gave me a severe pang."

"What was that alternative?" asked the young man, with importunity.

"Simply, that if you should not live to marry me, then Salathiel might take me to wife."

"I would haunt him with terrible bodings," said Reuben, "even as Samuel frightened the falling Saul."

"And I, dear Reuben," said the maiden, with a smile, "should, I suppose, be the Witch of Endor to call up your wandering and jealous spirit."

"And it is settled, then," said Reuben, "and you are to be mine with the consent of our families. And the next new moon shall see us one."

"It shall be thus if your mother consents. I have none to consent or refuse, save my aunt. But let it not wound your feeling or excite suspicion in your mind, Reuben, that I ask you not to cherish feelings of unkindness against Salathiel. He is my kinsman and my early friend."

"Has he not sought to supplant me in your possession?"

"Have you not supplanted him in my heart? Is it so much, my dear Reuben, for you to fear to lose me, and is it nothing for him to see me given to another?"

"He tried for your possessions, Miriam, for your wealth only."

"Does not my wealth, little as it is, go with my hand—and why may not he have designs honorable as well as others?"

"Because he would not leave it to your decision, to the arbitration of your affections. He could not love you and be willing to do violence to your love."

"May he not, dear Reuben, say the same of you?"

"Of me! Miriam, you plead the cause of Salathiel. You wish the alternative—you would be free."

"Reuben, you may wound my pride by your injustice, but you cannot make me cease to love you. You may hereafter learn that woman may esteem a man for his virtues without loving him as a husband; and that for me to wish that you were less unkind to Salathiel, is no evidence that I love you less. I have heard within a few weeks such lessons of forgiveness, such preaching of high virtues—high, though always practical—that I desire to conform in some measure to them, and to have him whom I love and respect, augment my affection, not by any new *love* on his part, but by a new exhibition of greatness of mind. Reuben, though protracted maidenhood is a reproach in Israel, be assured that my love is stronger than death—as I feel that your jealousy is more cruel than the grave."

"I will not be jealous. I will forget what I have deemed the wrongs of Salathiel. I will learn of you to respect myself. But, Miriam, what teaching is that to which you allude—what lessons of forgiveness have you received, and from whom? Is not the law of Moses sufficient for the daughters of Israel?"

"I suppose the laws of Moses are not sufficient, else why have kings and prophets written and preached? But you know that several times within a year the teacher from Nazareth hath been in the synagogues of Nain, and has, indeed, spoken in the houses of our relatives, whither he hath come and broken bread."

"I have heard of his visits, and that his teaching had been eminently attractive—how *instructive*," continued Reuben, with a sneer, "how instructive may be inferred from the proportion of women among his immediate followers."

"There were more women than men, undoubtedly, at his household instruction, because more women had leisure to listen. But let me tell the truth, Reuben. There *are* many women among his followers, for he speaks to the heart of woman. He recognizes woman as the equal of man in the necessity for salvation, and he appeals to her affections, her experience, her wrongs and her neglect. What other prophet has come among us, that has thought it needful to recognize even his descent from woman, while He of Nazareth soothes our sorrows, elevates our hopes, and sanctifies our human relations. As I listened of late to him when he reproved but encouraged our sex, my heart said 'this teacher's doctrines may *save* man,' but how they *elevate* and *purify* woman. And then the lessons of love, of forbearance, of forgiveness, that he inculcates, belong to what I have deemed woman's nature and man's *necessity*."

"You have followed the teacher, then, Miriam?"

"He is a prophet, Reuben, and he attests his divine mission by miracles. He has healed the sick, he has cured the lame, and made the blind see and the deaf hear."

"Has he raised the dead, as did the bones of Elisha?"

"I have heard that he has wrought *that* miracle, but do not know it, though I have such faith in his mission as to believe he might."

"*If he would raise me from the dead when I come to die, I would have faith too!*"

"I should think, Reuben, that this act would be the consequence rather than the cause of faith. Though many others believed, in Jerusalem, as my Cousin Jacob says, in consequence of the restoration of blind Bartemus to his sight, yet the Master said, '*Thy faith hath made thee whole!*'"

"I have, nevertheless, no faith in this teacher as a prophet—why, whose son is he, Miriam?"

"He is of the house of David, Reuben, and even though his parents are poor, are they much poorer than David's parents? May there not be something in the great truths which he teaches, that is not dependent upon the parentage of the teacher?"

"These things are important, Miriam, I confess, and we will confer of them together, but not now. We are about to part, let us mark the separation by a recurrence to a subject on which we both agree. The next new moon sees us united, and my joy at the anticipation is doubled by the belief that you share with me in the pleasure."

Miriam pressed the hand of her lover as they rose to descend the hill; and as they entered the gate of Nain, the rising moon poured its strong light through the gorges of the mountain, the pair wended their way through the broken streets of the city to the residence of Miriam, blessed in their mutual affection, and refreshed by the dry, cool breeze of evening, which had fanned them on the elevated seat which they had just left.

Reuben turned toward home with a resolution to discuss the doctrine which he had heard imputed to the new teacher. Miriam, with woman's humility, "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Miriam and Reuben met daily as espoused people; and frequent allusions were made to the doctrines of the teacher; and the pride of a Hebrew man was a little touched at the evidences of the elevating effect of a doctrine upon women, which Miriam's language and conduct presented. Yet Reuben loved her too well to regret any circumstance which pleased and benefited Miriam. The customs of the country were too well fixed to lead him to fear the assumption of any inappropriate position by his future wife; indeed, it is believed that men do not begin to grow jealous of the authority of women until after marriage.

"I do not find in the teaching of the new master," said Reuben, one day as they were conversing on the subject now so important to her, and so generally interesting to him, "I do not discover any denunciations of *our* creed or our system and form of worship—why may not his doctrines prevail without danger to the Hierarchy?"

"I cannot guess of that, Reuben; but certainly the teacher, while he refers to particular virtues and special sins, seems to desire a purification of the motives. He has conformed to all the requirements of our religion, but seems at times to be above it. I wish I understood him better. And yet how simple, how comprehensible are all his teachings. Why should I seek to know more? Why should I desire ought but that which shall make me better—happier—more hopeful? How the poor, the afflicted in body and in mind seek him out, and sit in joy at his teaching."

"Miriam, I will hear him—I will hear him soon," said Reuben.

It was only a few days before the new moon that Miriam had from the widow mother of Reuben an intimation that her only son and heir was prostrated by sudden and very severe sickness. The young woman hastened across the town to be in attendance upon Reuben, and to cheer him into health by her presence. But when she reached the house, she learned rather by the appearance than the words of the widow, that the sickness of Reuben was not of a kind to yield to such remedies as she had to offer.

The attention of Miriam to Reuben was all that her feelings would permit her to give. She sat by his side and bathed his temples, and moistened his feverish hands, and listened with painful satisfaction to his unconscious utterance of her name.

On the seventh day of Reuben's sickness all awaited the crisis, and a few hours before sunset he awakened from a protracted sleep, and turned his eyes on the hopeful countenance of Miriam. The members of the family present saw with inexpressible pleasure that his consciousness had returned, and they *hoped*.

But the physician pronounced against them. It was but a restoration of mental light before the darkness of death should set in.

"Miriam," said Reuben, "let me speak to thee alone one moment"—and the family retired.

"I am dying, and the truths which you announced

to me as we sat upon the hill-side some nights since—truths which the new teacher uttered, come home with strange distinctness to my heart. But is he, as his disciples would have us believe—is he the Messiah?"

"Do you believe it, dear Reuben?"

"I do not know, but I forgive all who have injured me, and I ask pardon of all whom I have injured."

Surely that is the spirit of the Master's teaching, Reuben, and what can you more."

"But, oh, Miriam, where are the blessings which I had promised myself in thy love? Where the years of happiness in thy possession—when thou shouldst have been only mine?"

"Are these regrets, my beloved, suited to one who leans upon the verge of the grave? Oh, look forward, Reuben, and look upward. In heaven we can meet again—meet without fear of separation, without doubt of love."

"But in heaven, where, oh, where shalt thou be, Miriam?"

"Reuben, dear Reuben?"

"Nay, my beloved, let me show my affection for you and my sense of duty to God at this last moment. I know, my Miriam, that by the customs of our people you should have been the wife of Salathiel, and I feel that next to me, (I do your love no injustice, my betrothed,) *next* to me, Salathiel has your affection. Hear me out. When I am gone, it must be your duty. Oh, then, let it be your pleasure to receive him. Who better than he can be your protector? He is your nearest kinsman, and the laws and customs of our people are in his favor—promise me."

"Reuben, shall I call in your mother?"

"Reuben turned his eyes again toward the west, and the sun was sinking with all his evening glory into the great sea. A gentle breeze swept into the window, and blew the hair of the kneeling maid upon the pale face of her lover.

"Turn my face, Miriam, to the east, let me pray thitherward. Let me hold you thus, 'though the sorrows of death compass me about—'"

When the widowed mother entered the room the dead form of her son was resting in the arms of the unconscious Miriam.

Stricken with grief, and with a sense of her utter loneliness, the widow lifted up her voice and wept.

Miriam was conveyed away—to be purified from the legal uncleanness that results from contact with the dead.

It was the morning of the third day from the death of Reuben, and Miriam was sitting lonely in her chamber.

"And this," said she, as she looked forth from her darkened room, "this was the day appointed for our marriage; and to-day they will take my beloved and carry him forth from the city, and lay him in the earth with his fathers; and his beautiful form shall moulder into the dust, and the worms shall feed sweetly on him. Yes, he shall return to the dust again, and his spirit to God who gave it. 'Oh, Father,' said the anguished maiden, as she kneeled with folded hands and upturned, streaming eyes, 'oh, Father, receive his spirit!'" And she poured out her soul in prayer for

the dead, "after the custom that is among the Jews, even unto this day."

"Shortly afterward the relatives of Miriam came in to comfort her before they went to assist in the funeral of Reuben. They respected her grief too much to make open allusion to a subject which was occupying their minds.

One of the elders of the family, before going out, took aside the afflicted girl and attempted to console her with those cold arguments that interest suggests, and a want of respect for woman's position warrants.

"Still, Miriam," continued the old man, after disregarding her requests to be left alone, "still the possessions of your father's family remain with you; and these may now, as they ought to have been before, be, with you, the property of our Cousin Salathiel."

"Nay, my Uncle Achan, "you trouble me, indeed; spare me that, let the possessions of our house go whither you list, to yourself or to Salathiel, but let me remain as I am. Give me peace—give me peace and time for my tears, and I will endure the reproach of maiden-widowhood, and let my name be lost from the family of our fathers."

Achan and his friends departed to meet at the house of the widow, and to be of the company of those who should assist in the funeral of her son.

Miriam sat in her chamber, looking forth from the closed lattice to mark the first approach of the funeral-train which would pass her aunt's dwelling on its way to the burying-place that lay beyond the walls of the city.

The solemn train at length approached, and the cold, insensible form of her lover lay upon a bier, wrapped round with grave-clothes, and borne forth by men.

As she gazed down upon the appalling sight, her heart seemed ready to burst with the grief that had no utterance, and she fell insensible to the floor.

When Miriam opened her eyes, they rested upon the forms of her aunt and of Salathiel bending over her.

"Was this well, Salathiel? Could you not have spared me one day for grief, must my affections for another be outraged, even in the presence of his passing remains?"

"Miriam, my cousin," said Salathiel, "I came in hither only to assist your aunt. No selfish feeling brought me into your presence. I know where your affections are, I know how deep-seated is your grief. Let me rather, my Miriam, be to you a means of consolation, than an occasion of offence, since my love to your person is less than my sympathy in your grief."

Miriam placed her hand in that of Salathiel, and a gentle pressure signified her appreciation of his feelings—and such a sign, at such a moment, too, told him how hopeless would be his love. He obeyed the sign.

"The funeral has passed on," said she.

"It is now near the gate of the city," said Salathiel.

"We shall see it once more," said Miriam, "as it ascends the hill that overlooks the valley of tombs."

"What is that faith, Miriam," asked her aunt, "of which you spoke to me yesterday?"

"It is but confidence in the promises and power of the teacher."

"Confidence that he will grant your wishes?"

"Yes, if they be right, or that if he grant them not, then confidence that the refusal is best."

"Have you that confidence, Miriam?"

"Oh aunt, oh my mother, do not tempt me. I would believe; my heart tells me that miracles such as his, could only be performed to attest a momentous truth. But do not tempt me, the body of Reuben is scarcely passed, in him my heart, my affections, my hope were centered—and he is taken from me. Why? is it good for me to be afflicted?"

"Could the Master have saved his life, my child?"

"Did he not yesterday save the life of the Centurion's servant at Capernaum," answered Salathiel, struck with the coincidence of the woman's question with the recent fact.

"Did you ask him, Miriam?"

"I saw him not, and if I had seen him, what am I to him?"

"If you had asked him, might he not have done it?"

"I believe, aunt; I believe, Salathiel, that he *could* have saved the life of Reuben."

"Would he not, then, raise him now?"

"I do believe he *could*—I have faith in his *power*. But I would not be presumptuous. Yet, yet—oh, that Reuben might be restored to me?"

"Amen!" said Salathiel, "Amen!" and the deep tone of voice, and the upward turn of his eyes, told how truly his heart responded to the prayer of his cousin.

Two hearts were then united in solemn petition. There was *faith*, but none thought of *hope*.

After a few minutes of solemn silence, the eyes of Miriam were turned mournfully, and yet eagerly, toward the hill beyond the city's wall.

"They are passing upward," said Deborah to her; "the procession moves toward the brow of the hill, but, alas! the dust of the road conceals the train."

They all looked forth to follow with their eyes as long as possible the mournful procession.

"But what is there?" exclaimed Deborah, pointing to a column of dust which denoted a crowd of people descending the hill toward the funeral.

"The procession has passed," said Miriam.

"Both parties have stopped," exclaimed Deborah.

Salathiel looked earnestly out and said, in a low voice, but with much feeling, "Do the Romans come to insult us even when we bury our dead? We are a *conquered* people, but we are not *slaves*."

"Hush!" said Miriam, "hush, my brother! let us not at this moment forget the teaching of the Master."

Salathiel leaned forward and kissed the brow of Miriam.

"I thank you, I thank you, Miriam, for the monition, and I bless you for the term, brother; henceforth, my sister, know me for such. But let me go forth to learn what hath turned our people from their sepulchral rites."

Salathiel went forth, and Miriam, kneeling, buried her face in the lap of her aunt, and poured out her soul in prayer—deep, anguished, heart-engendered, heart-and-heaven-moving prayer.

It was some time before the low voice of Miriam ceased. But her feelings had been overwrought, and

at length she lay silent yet suffering, with her head still on Deborah's knees.

The quiet of the street and even of the chamber was at length disturbed by the confused footfall of a multitude who seemed to press onward with few words, and those uttered in a subdued tone. The multitude at length paused in front of the dwelling of Miriam, and the opening of the front door intimated that the procession of the people had some connection with the inmates of the house.

The door of Miriam's chamber at length opened, and Salathiel stood before the two women pale and agitated.

"My sister, praise the Lord! A miracle has been wrought."

The agitated maiden shrunk into the arms of her aunt as she gazed toward Salathiel.

"What," exclaimed the aunt, "what is it, Salathiel? Speak?"

"Reuben—"

"Reuben!" exclaimed Miriam.

"Reuben lives!"

"Where—where is he?"

"He has been borne back to the house of his mother."

"How has this been wrought?" asked Deborah.

"There is our Cousin Asher, who was a witness of the whole. Shall he come in and tell you all?"

Asher was admitted with one or two others of the family, and briefly stated the facts.

"The rear of the very long procession that followed the corpse of Reuben had scarcely left the gate of the city, when I, who was assisting to bear the bier upon which rested the beloved remains, discovered a vast crowd of people coming down the hill. I soon, however, perceived that there was no intention on the part of the approaching mass to offer any offence or discourtesy to the funeral party; and, indeed, the expressions of grief by our widowed and bereaved kinswoman were so loud, that it was difficult to hear whether any word was uttered by the descending party. I have never seen a Hebrew woman so distressed; and though few have had such cause for grief, few have been more deeply wounded, yet I had hoped that she would have been able to repress her feelings. But as we grew nearer the grave, her lamentations were increased, and it was heart-rending to hear her exclamations. The whole procession seemed to have lost their own sense of bereavement in the presence of one the utterance of whose anguish was so impressive. To me it seemed almost an arraignment of Providence by our kinswoman. I cannot tell you how every one was affected; each seemed to wish silently but heartily that some event might occur to soothe the sorrows of the widow."

"At length the descending party, which was very large, met our procession; and almost every member of that company manifested deep sympathy for the suffering of the chief mourner. In a moment the principal of the company stepped forward and took our kinswoman by the hand, and whispered to her words of comfort. What they were I could not hear, but the effect was instantaneous—the clamor of grief was hushed—and our kinswoman walked quietly on, gazing with a sort of wrapt awe upon the comforter, whose

countenance though marked with sympathy for her suffering was yet majestic and dignified.

"The mother's eyes for a moment wandered from the face of the visitor, and fell upon the form of her son stretched out before her, and again her agony found vent—again the mother was heard, again the mountain seemed to echo with her lamentation.

"He who was walking at her side did not rebuke the mourner, but a new and more intent feeling of compassion was evident in his look and manner, and taking the hand of the afflicted one, he said in a tone of deep consolation, 'WEEP NOT.'

"Almost immediately afterward he left the widow standing where she was, and approaching us 'came and touched the bier,' and we who were carrying it stopped; for there was a sort of authority in the air and movement of this person, or let me say the effect rather than the assumption of authority. When the eyes of all were turned toward the dead body, and toward him that stood by it, the person with a mild tone, with no ceremony, with a simple utterance of the words, said,

'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.'"

"And Reuben, dear Asher, Reuben!" exclaimed Miriam.

"And Reuben sat up on the bier, and began to speak of the sensations which crowded upon him.

"But He who had restored him to life, seemed to comprehend that the mother's feelings should be first consulted, her rights first respected, and so 'He delivered him to his mother.'"

"And he lives now?"

"Yes now, and with his mother. But what an awe came upon those who witnessed that august scene. There was no shouting at the success of the effort, no cheering that human life had been restored. But with an overpowering sense of divine visitation, the people, in devout fear, kneeled, and 'glorified God,' saying 'a prophet has risen up among us.'"

It was not deemed safe to the convalescent Reuben that Miriam should visit him immediately. His life not his health had been restored. And the effect of a too early interview might be too much for both. A few days afterward Salathiel conducted Miriam to the house of Reuben, and as they proceeded thither he cautioned her against the indulgence of too much feeling, lest her own frame should yield. Leading her to the door of the chamber, the young man felt that his presence would be too much of a restraint, so knocking lightly he heard a voice from within bidding them enter, and he turned and went to the mother in another part of the house.

What was said by the young lovers, separated as they had been by death, and thus restored this side the grave, we shall not now repeat. It was a sublime colloquy, for it included the experience of a heart in which hope had contended against hope—and the awful experience of a soul that had been freed from the trammels of flesh. But it was still Reuben and Miriam. Death had not destroyed the identity, for the same love that had animated them in his former life was felt and reciprocated now.

"I did fear, Reuben; indeed, for a moment I feared,

when I heard of your restoration, that the love which had been a part of *our* lives, would have been quenched in you by death, or sublimated beyond the uses and comprehension of earth."

"Oh, Miriam love is the immortal part of our affections—it is the soul of the mind—it is stronger than death—and that which is pure and rightly placed on earth is indestructible, and thousands of years, my beloved, passed in separation would work no change. We should at our renewed communion find the same love that had existed in past centuries in full and satisfactory operation. You know that the seeds which our travelers bring from the mummies of Egypt are as fruitful as those which are sown from the last year's harvest, so, my beloved one, is the love that is worthy the soul's cherishing."

"But, Reuben, has it struck you that you have received the testimony which you almost impiously challenged as a ground of faith?"

"It has, it has, and while I have been struck with shame at the impiety of such a thought, I have yielded the faith which I promised, and am henceforth a follower of the teachings of Him of Nazareth."

"Oh, my prayers, dear Reuben—"

"They were pure, and effective to *your* good, Miriam, undoubtedly, but it was from compassion for my widowed, childless mother that the miracle was wrought."

"Who shall tell the motives of Him that can work miracles? What we call ends, dear Reuben, may be means with him, and the babe that is sent in answer to the Hebrew mother's prayer, may be the saviour or the destroyer of his people."

Salathiel then knocked for admittance. He entered and kissing both of his cousins he wept with joy—"And this, this is the consummation of my highest earthly wish," said he.

"Is it indeed? Can *you* rejoice, Salathiel, that I am come to take Miriam from you; is it indeed thus, my cousin?"

"I have loved Miriam as dearly as you could love her, Reuben. I will yield in that to none. I will not affect to conceal *that*. But the miracle that has raised

you to life has shown me that I have a higher duty to perform, a more glorious mission to fulfill. Be yours, my cousin, the enjoyment of domestic love and peace and happiness, which virtue ensures; and let your home and your lives illustrate the power of the Master's doctrine to purify and multiply home affections. Henceforth, if permitted, I will sit at the feet of the teacher and learn; and when *sent* I will go, and offer his doctrines and my life for the good of our people."

The new moon had again come, and the house of the aunt of Miriam was filled with her kinspeople, who had come to the marriage; and when the feast was over, and parties had formed in different rooms, and some, with the bride and bridegroom, were on the housetop enjoying the delightful air of evening, as it swept down the hills loaded with the scents of roses and acacia, some drew the attention of the party to the brilliancy of the slender moon in the west, and the stars that were scattered through the heavens.

"It is a good omen," said As-her, "when the planet that is so near the moon assumes with her the crescent shape at a marriage, or when at this season the Pleiads and Orion are peculiarly brilliant."

The newly married ones looked up smilingly toward the heavens, as if they recognized the doctrine of stellar influences.

Salathiel, who had been looking upon the pair with deep interest, then stepped forward, and taking a hand of each, he said, "My cousins, I am called away—not again to mingle in this delightful scene—called to a higher duty; pray that it may be as delightful—it cannot be more dangerous. Keep the faith—mark the signs of the times in the conduct of man and in the investigations of your passions, but look not to the stars for your instruction. Oh, my beloved one," and he stooped and kissed the lips of Miriam, "oh, my dear brother," and he pressed his lips to the forehead of her husband; "oh, Reuben and Miriam, 'seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning, and maketh the day dark with night,'—the LORD is his name."

THE IMAGE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Thou dwellest in my thoughts
As shines a jewel in some ocean cave,
Which the eye marks not and the waters lave;
A ray of light imprisoned! which none save
The soul that shrines it knows—its temple and its grave.

Thou bathest in my dreams;
A form of dainty Beauty—something seen
At cloudy intervals, through a gauze-like screen—
A voice of gentle memories—a mien
Too tender for an angel's, yet as fair, I ween.

Thou sparklest through my fears;
A hope which bloometh as an early flower,
Shines in the sun nor droops beneath the shower;
A holy star that glides at vesper hour
Into the dusk-hung sky—and, faintly, seems to lower!

In daylight and in dreams,
'Mid hopes that beckon and 'mid fears that frown,
Thou art the juice that every care can drown;
A rose amongst the thorns—the azure down
Of the meek-brooding dove—the halo and the crown!

A VOICE FROM THE WAYSIDE,
ABOUT GRACE GERMAIN'S LIFE-ROMANCE.

BY CAROLINE C—.

'Tis as easy for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living! VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

THE school was dismissed, and a multitude of boys and girls came rushing out from the old frame building, and tore pell-mell down the streets of a country village, just like merry, care-naught mad-caps as they were. Of all ages and sizes were these little folks—they were the life and the care of a great many homes; some heirs of poverty, and some, but these were few, heirs of wealth—but each and all had brought with them into the world enough of love to secure for themselves a welcome place at the board, and by the hearth. They resembled very much any other congregation of children in the world—some of them remarkable for their stupidity, and presenting always to their teachers the same thick skulls, which it appeared nothing could penetrate—others again, quick at learning, to whom it was a relief for the weary Mentors to turn, and to whose mental wants they attended with a glad alacrity.

But I am not going to generalize any more at this time; and shall only add to the foregoing remarks, that this school was a marvel in its way—the teachers prodigies in learning, and all the parents thought their young children's acquirements actually verging on to the miraculous—which state of things, I will add as a P. S., is remarkably pleasant for all parties concerned. Is it not teachers, and parents, and you poor little scholars?

Several girls, from nine to twelve years of age, were walking homeward leisurely, and talking loudly and earnestly on some important topic, as school-girls sometimes will, when a young boy, also one of the scholars, passed by them. With singular boldness he turned his handsome face full toward the little party as he passed, and one of the girls, whose name was Grace Germain, must have seen something remarkably expressive of somewhat in the boy's black eyes, for very suddenly she seemed to have lost all interest in the conversation, in which, by the way, she had been one of the chief participators the moment before—and the little girl's step grew slower and slower. Finally, taking one of her school-books from under her arm, Grace seemed all at once to be seized with a decidedly studious fit, (for the first time that week,) and then her shoe-strings must needs unloosen, and she must stop to fasten them, till at last, as might be expected, her companions were far beyond her in the homeward way, and she was left quite alone. When the child passed by a little lane her face became quite suddenly and unaccountably flushed, and Grace grew decidedly nervous in her movements, and she turned away her head, as though it were forbidden, and a sin for her to

look down that narrow by-way where Dame Corkins and the little lame child lived.

But these mysterious movements were all explained when, a moment after, some one came marching, to a tune of double-quick time, up the lane, and when he appeared on the main-street again, lo and behold! it was that same black-eyed urchin Hugh Willson, who had a few moments previous passed by her, and he called out,

"Grace, Grace Germain, wait a moment; I want to tell you something!"

Grace of course blushed, and looked sideways, and down, and finally at the boy, but for the life of her she could not summon up a look of astonishment at his appearance, finally she said,

"Well, what do you want, Hugh?"

"I'm going home, Grace, to-morrow, and—and—I wanted to see you just to give you this; perhaps you'll think I'm a fool for my pains. I wish though it was worth its weight in gold!"

Oh! you would have certainly thought that the poor girl's face was on the point of blazing instantly, could you have seen it, and Hugh thought there were really tears in her eyes too, as she put out her hand for the little package he had brought her. For some distance they walked on together, and neither spoke.

At length, as she drew near home, Grace found courage to look up and say, "Hugh, what are you going home for?"

"Father has sent for me, I am to go to an academy, but—" Hugh did not finish the sentence, and after waiting an unconscionable time, and speaking at last as though a "drag" were fastened to every word, Grace said,

"You will come to see us again sometime, wont you, Hugh?"

"Yes, if I ever can. I can't bear to go away now, Grace, but, as father says, I *am* getting old. I'm almost fifteen, and it's a fact I ought to know more than I do. Perhaps I've staid in the country too long already; but I hate a city, and I shall come back here just as often as I can, for I love this place better than all the world."

And that, reader, was rather a strange confession to be made by a spirit so active and stirring as was Hugh Willson's, for of all country villages on the face of the earth, "Romulus" was certainly the dullest, and least attractive.

"I'm coming down by here to-night, Grace," said the lad, as he opened the gate for the child, "if you

would like to see me, come out here—I cannot bid you good-bye now—will you be here?”

“Yes, Hugh,” was the reply given sadly—and this time it was a great deal more than she could do to keep back or hide her tears—for Grace Germain thought Hugh Willson the handsomest and kindest boy she ever knew, and she could not bear to think of his going away. So she left him with little ceremony, and went into the house. And the boy saw her grief, and he could have wept also—he *loved* Grace Germain!

Well, what do you think made up that unpretending package—the parting gift? First and foremost, there was a little box, and it contained—not a gem, not a book, but—a fresh, beautiful rose-bud; and Grace did not laugh when she saw it, neither did she smile as she unwound the strip of paper from the stem, and read thereon,

“Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round!”

She did not laugh, I say, for sorrow was in her heart, the first deep sorrow she had ever known. Hugh was going away—and how much better she liked him than all other boys she had ever known in her life! But the rose-bud was not all the contents of the box; there was beside it a magnificent sheet of blue paper, gilt edged, and “superfine,” and on it Hugh had copied the “Parting Song,” by Mrs. Hemans; and perhaps, good reader, though you be not fresh from Yankee land, you may guess how the child's heart beat faster than ever it had before, as she read the words—

When will you think of me, dear Grace?
When will you think of me?
When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away,
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart goes burdened with tender thought?
Then let it be!

When will you think of me, sweet Grace?
When will you think of me?
When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime,
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may
Then let it be! [tread;

Thus let my memory be with you, Grace—
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly, and gently, but as of one
For whom 't is well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;
So let it be!

And what had Grace to give to Hugh? What had she among her few treasured possessions a *boy* would care for? The dolls maimed for life—the broken china—the picture-books—the bits of lace and ribbons, what were they to him? Grace never realized her poverty before that day—and then the very thought was humiliating. If she could only buy a knife, or a pocket-book, or a pencil-case; but the child had no purse, and, unfortunately, no money either, so that thought was speedily abandoned. It grew quite dark while she stood in her little room, still before the opened drawer which held all her keepsakes and treasures, but no good fairy was nigh at hand to lay before her the thing she wished, and at last, quite in de-

spair, she went and stood by the parlor window, and lo, there was Hugh already passing by, whistling, and looking for all the world as though the inmates of that particular house were nothing in the least to him.

In a few moments, side by side, the boy and girl were walking in the garden.

“I have read your note, Hugh,” said Grace, for the “shades of evening” creeping over them, gave her a wonderful and unnatural boldness to speak, “but what shall I give you for a keepsake? I have n't a book in the world *you* would give a fig for.”

“Don't talk about books,” replied he, hastily, “there is something that would n't cost you much, I'd give more for than for all the books in Christendom!”

“What is it, Hugh, tell me quick?”

“Just that curl on your forehead! Give me that, Grace, and I never will part with it.”

In a moment it was separated from the thick curls that adorned her head, and stooping down, Grace laid a forget-me-not in it, and gave it to Hugh. He—what? kissed it, and kissed Grace, and then put the curls safely in his vest-pocket, and told the child she was the prettiest and best girl he ever knew, and that he should miss her more than all the boys and girls of the village together.

But while the lad was in the very midst of his ardent protestations, a voice from the house called to Grace, and the children parted—to meet again, how and when you shall not be so long learning as they were.

Hugh went to his city home, Grace to her school. He dreaming of Grace Germain as a woman, and wondering if she would not then be his wife—she to resume her studies with no great interest, to wish day after day that Hugh would only come back again, and to wonder if he would be so handsome when he was a man as he was then.

Years passed, Grace was no longer a child but a beautiful girl—a bride; and yet Hugh Willson was not her bridegroom.

A rich young merchant of a neighboring town, captivated by her loveliness and charming manners, had “wooed an won,” and a nine days' wonder in the village of Romulus, was the wonderful good fortune of the orphan—for of late years Grace had been dependent on her relatives, her parents having died while she was yet very young.

Grace had never seen or heard of the boy of rose-bud memory since their first parting, but her thoughts of him had always been those we have for a pleasant unforgotten dream. And she kept the little gift that Hugh had given her most religiously. The very night before her bridal, though she had wept happy tears over the noble, tender note that Clarence Lovering sent her with a splendid ornament—a wedding-gift—still she had it in her heart even then, to look with no ordinary interest on the little pasteboard box that held the withered flower, and to read, not carelessly, the verses Hugh had written her in a large, boyish hand so long ago.

Yet it was not faithlessness to later vows that prompted her to kiss the rose-bud, and to preserve still longer the blue note and the little box, for Grace with all her heart respected Clarence Lovering, and she

loved him well, too. She was a lofty, true-spirited girl, and when she married the young merchant, for better or for worse, as it might prove, she did it with a true and loyal heart; and it was in all respects a union in which might well be asked, and without doubt or fear, the blessing of Heaven.

But there were bitterer tears to be shed, and deeper griefs to be borne than Grace Lovering had yet known six months after her marriage she followed her young husband to the grave, and there was none on earth that could sustain or uphold her in that day of terrible visitation. Voices and forms with which she was scarcely familiar came to comfort her, but the friend whose companionship would have made any place in the wide world a pleasant home for her, was dead; and the bereaved woman longed to return once again to her early home—the village where all her early life was passed—to bury her husband and over beside her parents, under the willow-tree in the old burial-ground, and then to mourn in quietness, and alone, away from the scenes of the bustling, noisy town.

And all her desires were speedily complied with—her old guardian and uncle from the little village came to her to assist, and conduct her back to Romulus and before the year was passed, Grace was again at home in the old house where she was born, and in the grave-yard near by, on which she could daily, hourly look, her husband slept.

Kindly and tenderly the old neighbors welcomed back the mourner to their midst; and here, where in her childish heart love had first awakened, here, where in later years she had watched in agony the dear ones of the household "passing away" silently into the "silent land;" there, in the old dwelling which, during the few past years had stood tenantless, and looking so broken-hearted there, in her early womanhood, Grace Lovering, the desolate and stricken, came back to make it her abiding-place, her lonely home. She felt that to her a cold twilight of existence only was remaining, that the sunshine which rests so richly and joyfully on the young and the beloved, would be henceforth faint and weak as her own heart. But it was not wholly so, time the great soother, as well as destroyer and chastener, took the sting and the poignancy from her grief, and, like the dove with its olive branch, there spread through her soul that trust in Heaven's infinite goodness, that makes the wilderness even to blossom.

Placed far above the reach of poverty, the miseries and cares of want did not mingle their bitterness with her heart-sorrow. And in all, save those few natural but dread experiences, Grace bade fair to be a "babe at seventy," in that unwelcome wisdom which continued misfortunes only can impart.

It was her thirtieth birth-day and the anniversary of her marriage. The widow sat alone in the pleasant parlor of her cottage; she had remained alone that day, and with tears dedicated it to her heart's sacred memories. Every thing about the room and the house, was pleasantly indicative of a refined and peaceful way of living, and of cheerfulness, too, save and except the sorrowing woman, who, at nightfall paced the room, and looked so sadly into the past. The curtains of the

windows were drawn and the door closed; Grace had been looking again over the treasures of her casket. It was in that very room, twenty years before, she had laid down on that night of their parting, to dream about Hugh Willson, and to pray for his happiness; and now she stood there a widow and desolate, in her prime of life, thinking of the love of her later life—and weeping as she thought—for Clarence Lovering was worthy to be so remembered and loved.

In the beautiful casket, his gift, were laid the bridal ornaments which he had given she had never worn them since his death, but kept them where no eye but her own could gaze upon them, and think of his loving kindness, but with them was preserved still a withered flower whose fragrance had fled quite away and never with a heart quite calm, had Grace been able to look upon it neither had she ever been able to think with indifference, or a mere *idle* curiosity of thought, on the probable worth of Hugh Willson's manhood.

At length, as the night came on, the letters, and the jewels, and the rose, were laid away, but the miniature of her lost husband was lying next her heart then—for the love of the woman was vaster and deeper than that of the child; and Grace had dried her tears, for the hope that consoles the Christian mourner had conquered the agony of spirit that for a time overwhelmed her.

The evening proved dark and stormy, the pattering of the rain upon the window-sill, and the still softer and more dream-like sound with which it falls upon the grass, which is so pleasant to hear when all within the house is bright and cheerful, was a melancholy sound to the lonely woman for it fell upon the graves in the burial-ground, where the damp earth was the only shelter of her beloved ones, and its echo fell upon that grave in her heart where lay buried the hopes of her youth—she might have, and I know not but she did, draw from it a hope and a promise of resurrection and of life both for her lamented dead, and for her vanished joy in life.

The quiet of the chamber was for a moment broken, a servant entered, a letter laid upon the table, and then the door was closed, the post-boy gone, and all was still again.

Mechanically the widow tore off the envelope, and opened the epistle. Let us read it with her, for Grace Lovering is born to a new life when those contents are made known to her—she dwells no longer in the so lonely present, or the sad past. For her also the future is alive again. She did not look for a resurrection so sudden and so strange—did you?

"Grace, dear Grace Germain, from the sands of the desert my voice, perhaps long, long forgotten, comes to you again. It is night, 'night in Arabia, and I am for a moment alone my traveling companions are gone to their rest, but I—I cannot sleep, and so have come from out my tent to write by the light of the burning stars once again to her who *was* the little girl I knew and loved in childhood. You may think my man's estate has been reached unworthily, because I still love to think of boyish hours, and long so to recall them—yes, that is it, *long to recall them*. Are you yourself unable to think of them as the very blessedest days

you ever knew? If it is so, Grace, how idly will my words fall on your ear.

"I know nothing of what has been the fate of the child I loved so well. I know not if you are the bride of another, or, perchance, I may be addressing myself to one who no longer has a name on the earth; but even if the idol of my boyish years is living for, and to another, I can pray for and bless her. Yes, I pray God to bless you, Grace Germain. I cannot and will not believe that the *woman* to whom I address myself, is no more. There is something whispering to my spirit now, it is not so. I feel to-night a strong conviction, an irresistible presentiment that you and I will meet again. I dare not think *how*, but this I know, if it is not in this world, we shall know one another hereafter.

"If you remember me at all, I know it is only as the wild and trifling boy who loved you better than his books, better than all children he ever knew. You know me not at all as the stern, time-tried, care-worn man, who has fought fierce battles with fortune and life, who finds himself wasting the powers of his manhood, far severed from all domestic, humanizing ties, treasuring in his heart only one name that makes the joyful recollection of his youth—careless, cold, and selfish perhaps, but never losing hold of that one, dear link to the affection, the lasting, undying affection that was born of you in my youthful soul, and still, still preserves its strength *through* you.

"Perhaps, indeed, you do not in the faintest degree remember me. You may have to recall with an effort the time of childhood, or at least that time when I was your school-companion; nay, it may be an effort for you to recall my name. Oh, if that is the truth, how very different is it to the memory I have treasured of you, dear Grace. My home has been upon the oceans and in the deserts, and mid the wilds of nature every where. Many years have passed since I left my father's house, and my feet have never from that time touched upon my native shores. During these years of absence I have had opportunities to try my heart. I have learned who are the friends most dear to me, and over the vast sea of the desert sand, across the great ocean, let my voice come and whisper in your ear, Grace, there are none, none whose memory is so treasured now as is your own! The longing which is so often felt by the wanderer for the scenes and familiar faces of his native land, has never before pressed so heavily on me as this night; and now I wish, oh, how eagerly, to revisit, if it be only for an hour, that quiet place where a portion of my school-life was passed; and yet it is only because it is, or may be still *your* home; and were I there again, I might tread with *you* along the race-course, and over the old bridge to — Grove, and through all the haunts now treasured in my memory. Do you remember the gifts we gave at parting? and did you fling away the bud as a worthless, trifling thing, even before it was faded? Or—what madness, you will think, prompted such an idea—do you keep it still? Perhaps you had not then so fully awakened to the life of the heart, you may not have dreamed that with that simple memento I gave to you the dreams of my boyhood, the hopes of my youth. Grace, I gave you *MY HEART* with the flower. I have never

since recalled it. And now, if memories are returning again to you, if you are looking half tremblingly into the past, you will think of the little curl and the frail forget-me-not. Oh, you will not need that I should tell now how in danger and in suffering, and through all the most varied experiences I have preserved them—and how I have *not* forgotten.

"Last night I dreamed that you kept the rose-bud yet, and, will you believe it, when I awakened, and recalled to mind the proverb about the truthfulness of dreams, and their *contrariness*, it troubled me. Thousands of miles lie between us, and we may never meet again, all recollections of my native land save those relating to you only, are hateful to me; but, could I only hear your voice assuring me this night, or could I believe that you would welcome me back, and say to me with your own sweet voice that you were glad to see me, oh, I should run and could not weary nor grow faint, and neither day nor night should look upon my lagging feet until I stood once more beside you. Thou, beautiful joy of my childhood, say, wouldst thou welcome me?

"Perhaps you will think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty in so addressing you, for the friendships and loves of children are, I know, usually evanescent as dreams, yet I cannot, will not, think that whatever may be your position in life now, or whatever may be the relations you sustain in life, I do not believe that you will scorn me for the words I have written, or that you will read carelessly this record of my thoughts.

"Time has dealt with no light hand to me, he may have given you, perhaps, with every passing year, a blessing. He has laid no caressing arm on me; possibly he has guided you thus far tenderly as a mother would lead her child. I have bowed beneath his frown, and you, you may have grown to glorious perfectness in the light of his smile. I have known deep sorrows—it may be, oh, I pray it may *not* be—that you also have not escaped the universal heritage. It might be far beyond your possibility to recognize in *me* the bright boy filled with glad expectations that you once knew; but I cannot but believe that I should know you, and recognize you amid a multitude—the mild and beautiful blue eyes—the meek, gentle, and so expressive countenance—the smile, so sweet and winning, that rested so often on the face of the dear child; oh, they are not yet forgotten. I am convinced the *woman* whom I love has a face whose expression is heavenly! Do not censure me, I pray, for daring to *tell* my love. The hope of being with you *once* again, and of speaking with and looking upon you, is like the hope of heaven to the pilgrim, weary and outworn with earth-striving.

"Months will pass away before these words, uttered from the fullness of my heart, reach you—the heart from which they come may have ere then ceased its beating, may be cold and dead; but will it be nothing for you to know that its beatings were ever true to you, even though you never have, and do not now need my homage? Will you care to think that when I wrote these words it was my highest hope that I might one day follow them to the home of Grace Germain, to beseech at least her friendliness, to hear the tones of

her dear voice again, and then perhaps to lie down to rest in the grave-yard near her home, where it would be no wrong for her to come sometimes, even from a circle of beloved ones, to think of days gone by, the days of merry childhood.

"I have written too much—too much; the day is dawning, we shall journey far through the desert before to-morrow morning, but to-night, with every word I have written, thoughts and great hopes have awakened which will never be stilled again—they will be with me till I stand once more before you; and if there be a dearer one on whom your eyes will rest as you lift them from this page, to whom you will confide this folly of an old man, as you perhaps will call it, yet still remember me, and let him think of me with forgiving kindness.

"May the rich blessing of heaven be with you now and ever.

"HUGH WILLSON."

And had Hugh Willson, indeed, committed an unpardonable trespass in writing thus, after the lapse of so many years, to his old schoolmate? No, no! bear witness the sudden flashings of color, and the as sudden paleness which swept over the lady's face as she read on; bear witness the occasional smiles, and the long and passionate weeping in which the lonely woman indulged, when her eyes rested so tenderly and sadly on the name affixed to the strange epistle. They were not tears of anger that she shed; it was not a smile of derision and mockery, at the sudden betrayal of affection the man had given, after a silence of years; they were not words of scorn which escaped her lips when she laid down to rest that night; ah, no! he had powerfully touched a chord in her soul, that from her childhood had ever vibrated even at the mention of his name.

There were eyes that were not closed in sleep during the hours of that night—but it was not grief that caused the widow's wakefulness. There was one who listened till the morning to the heavy falling rain—but not in sadness; there was a lady who arose when the sunlight streamed once more through her chamber, who looked out on the blue heavens whence all the clouds had vanished, and hailed then a new era in her life-history.

From that day there was a marked change in the existence of Grace Lovering. That message of love which had come to her from the desert, at a time when life pressed heavily upon her, and death seemed the only hope of relief; that message aroused and cheered her, and made her to look more thankfully on the life yet vouchsafed to her, and the blessings which had been given along with the sorrows. Though the hope, and the thought even, seemed a wild one, that Hugh Willson would ever again return, the idea that heaven remembered her, and thought still with interest on their childish years was grateful to her heart, and made her feel that neither for her nor for any one in the wide world is life utterly lonely and worthless.

True, the widowed and orphaned woman never forgot that she had buried her dead, that all her nearest of kin slept the long and quiet death-sleep; but a serenity and cheerfulness quite usurped the past frequent

melancholy, and smiles were oftener seen upon her lovely face than tears. And not only in herself was the change visible; her household, and the little cottage seemed to share in the awakened happiness; and then, too, the poor and the needy had oftener cause to bless the widowed woman. The sick and suffering shared her loving care; and they blessed her—well might they—when she stood so often like a ministering angel beside them. The old and the weary mingled her name in their thanksgiving, for she failed not to make their downward path easy, and her voice was the voice of a comforter to them.

And this, as it were, instantaneous rousing up to active life, was a blessed thing for Grace. Time, after that great change, sped on no leaden wing; the clouds began to break, and stars came out, even when she had thought nothing but midnight darkness was forever her portion. The heart of the widow grew strong then, for she knew that when those stars were set, or hid again as they had been from her eyes, that the great sun itself would arise, and the never-ending daylight would break for her.

Ten years thus passed away. The shadows of forty winters had crept over the wife of Clarence Lovering; and still she wore the garments of mourning, in remembrance of the husband of her youth; but it was not a repining, murmuring spirit that dwelt beneath those doleful robes.

"Her faith had strengthened in Him whose love

"No change or time can ever shock;"

and she dwelt on the earth blessing and blest.

Many times her hand had been sought in marriage; strong-willed men had bowed themselves, and sued humbly for her love—but she had none to give, and no prospect of increased worldly prosperity could influence her to utter with less of truthfulness and honesty of soul than she had once spoken them, the marriage vows!

Grace had her treasures still, and there was an unfinished romance connected with her life, of which I would not say she did not at times long to know the conclusion—for she felt it was not concluded.

There were gray hairs—only a very few, my gentle reader—visible among the beautiful brown locks, and the clustering curls Hugh Willson treasured the memory of so well, were all vanished; there was no bloom upon the pleasant face—the blue eyes were less bright—but the "features of the soul" remained unchanged. or if at all changed, only in their nearer approach to perfection. And amid her kindly charities, and the thousand love-inspired duties had Grace forgotten the letter ten years old, and its author! Very far from that; and it had been a source of happiness deeper than she cared to acknowledge even to herself, to look once again on Hugh Willson, and to hear his voice. But none save that one letter had ever reached her from him; he might have forgotten, though that to her seemed a thing impossible. The depths of feeling revealed in that letter *might* have existed no longer, or at least might have ceased to bear her reflection and image, when he had fully exposed it to the light. He might be dead!"

Once or twice she harbored the wild idea of an-

answering his letter, to bid him come back—to assure him that there was at least one who would most heartily welcome him; and at such times Grace could but smile at her own folly—for the wanderer had no settled home, and there was no possibility of knowing where, even for a moment, his abiding place was; and so her natural good sense dispatched that fancy with a multitude of others to the land of shadows and dreams.

There came round in the natural order of things a sacrament Sabbath.

It was one of those heavenly days in the month of all months, that is, the "month of roses," when,

—"If ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, and see it glisten!
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And grasping above it blindly for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Thus describes Lowell one of those "perfect days" I am speaking of. (And, by the way, have you yet read that, the most exquisite poem produced in these latter days? If you have not, I prithee leave my romance unfinished, and inflict whatever other penance on yourself you may deem proper for neglecting so long that "gem of the first water," whether regarded as a *luxuriously printed* book, or as a poem beyond all praise or—criticism!)

Well, it was on a Sabbath in June, as I began to tell you when the remembrance of "Sir Launfal" startled me from my story-telling propensities; the windows of the little church were opened wide, and doubtless troops of invisible angels had entered in, to see how the congregation would commemorate His death—and probably the assembly had a faint idea of this, for solemn was the expression of every face, and reverent and humble every voice, that joined in the so beautiful and appropriate responses of the liturgy of "dear mother church!"

In one of the slips nearest the door, a stranger had seated himself shortly after the opening of the service; though his voice joined with those of the congregation in the supplications and thank-givings, he seemed at times to be lost in other thoughts than those which *should* fill the minds of them who gather themselves together to worship Jehovah.

He was a man of middle age, and his hair was slightly tinged with gray—exposure, or hardship, or sorrow had made him prematurely old—his form was slightly bent, and his face was brown, as though the burning sunlight of the East had rested long upon it.

When the priest turned to the people at the conclusion of the service of the day, and said—

"Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort; and make your humble confession to Almighty God, devoutly kneeling; the stranger arose, but seemed as he did so, overcome with strong emotion; but in a moment more he had mastered it, and followed a portion of the congregation to the altar.

And he knelt there beside Grace Lovering, and partook with her the consecrated elements; his hands trembled when they grasped the cup filled with the Saviour's blood, but I do not think that was because of the emotion arising from the thought that he might be partaking unworthily, so much as from the fact that he was once more standing and kneeling in the village church, where since his boyhood he had not trod; it was because he was kneeling beside a woman who as a child had been his embodied dream of all perfection.

He had sought her amid the many faces totally strange around him; and when his eyes had turned from one to another, and he knew that thus far they had sought in vain, when they had fallen on her face at last, he knew that it was she—the little girl—the woman middle-aged—whom he sought, and a thrill, and a thought of thank-giving swept through his soul, as he looked on her still so lovely face. He felt that he had come *home*—he dared to hope that he should never be a wanderer again—and even in that sacred place his wild thoughts finished the romance which had been so long in its narration.

When the congregation went from the little church, and Grace turned alone toward her pleasant cottage home, the eyes of the stranger followed her—and—his feet, as of necessity, followed too. There was very little in the quiet village that seemed familiar and dear to Hugh Willson, as he walked down the almost noiseless street. Prosperity had not come with its years to Romulus, and the little town had, I confess, a decided broken-down appearance; but it was not for love of the village Hugh had sought it; it was not because of *its* beauty he thought it a very Paradise! He was dreaming still a dream that had haunted him, or rather that he had been dreaming for a score of years, and now, what if this day he must awaken from it forever?

When he had reached the house he had seen the lady enter, he paused a moment, hesitatingly, for the heart of the stern man beat wildly. If it should not prove to be her after all—though he knew *that* was an idle fear—but, would she care to remember him—must he look upon her, and see her at last slowly and coldly recognize him? Must he listen to her, and then depart again to laugh at his own folly, and to curse at the madness and stupidity of his day-dreaming? He might find her bound by ties lasting as life to another. But *if* was never decisive, and Hugh Willson must speak with Grace Germain.

He knocked at the door of the cottage, and the widow, who had preceded him by a few moments, answered his call immediately.

"Does a lady called Miss Germain live here?" asked the stranger.

"That was once my name," replied Grace.

Once, thought Hugh, and he had but little heart to proceed when he heard that answer.

"May I come in and ask of her father and mother? It is many years since I left this place, and I do not find many of my old friends here."

There was a momentary light illumining the face of the lady as she heard these words, but it passed, and she did not speak; but leading the way into the parlor, she motioned the gentleman to a seat, then she said—

er and mother have been dead these many years, I do not wonder that the village seems altered. It has been long a stranger here, for the little girl who had been here is now quite gone, and there are but few old settlers left here now."

As a pause, and the stranger seemed to have made his inquiries he had intended making. While speaking he seemed lost; but he was only intensely in the present, and the rush and effort of thought was so great he knew not what the chief thing that he longed to know, was whether he had grown rich, and who poor, who was who married, and who had moved away. Grace Germain remembered an old playmate who had shown her a rose-bud ever so many years ago? Or he thought, only the more embarrassing the stranger's situation. Would she not laugh at him if he had come, when the summer-time of his life had passed, weary, and worn out with trials and sorrows and doubts, to simply ask a stranger to remember him?

"I know that you remember," he said at last, and he proceeded thus far he stopped. "Have you heard?" he began again, and then he broke off, seemingly forgetful of the question he was to ask. But this hesitation would not do—he knew it would not—and so he started up, though the time was short, and they the last ever intended uttering, he approached the stranger.

"Remember, don't you remember a boy who used to come here long ago, in the old frame school-house? His name was Hugh Willson?"

"Yes—I do indeed! How could I have been so forgetful? Hugh, I welcome you back with all my heart. The frank and generous answer, and Grace and Hugh shook hands heartily.

"The time was fairly passed; he was remembered and welcome! and in his gratitude Hugh forgot that Grace had a husband living still, and if he had been on a journey! He forgot all, save that he had grown to be a woman he could both love and for a moment so complete was his feeling that the words would not have been said from his lips, "Lord, now let thy servant go!"

"I thought Grace as she looked upon the stranger but one feature, the dark and thoughtful and familiar? She thought, "Does he remember the letter he wrote me from Arabia—and was it true?"

"The bell rung vainly in the ears of the long-haired girl that afternoon, but at night-fall the stranger Lovering led the way to the old church, and showed Hugh Willson the graves of his father and of her husband. And he on whose mind then, felt no pang of jealousy when her hand and her eyes wet, as she spoke of the days of her youth—for Grace had not listened carelessly to her companion as he had spoken his words as these—

"We are neither of us young any longer. I have a gray in my hair, and a hard struggle with life—but

there is nothing gray or dead about our hearts. I know that by the strong and joyous beating of my own, I know it by the heavenly peace that marks your life, surrounding you as it were with a very halo of glory. But the passionate glow of feeling is, I am equally confident, with neither of us any more. The noise of the bounding brooks has gone—like the quiet, deep flow of the river is the course of our existence now. The waves leap not so brightly in the sunlight, but still the broad beams of the sun fall down as warmly and as cheerily upon us. And is it too late, because I am old, for me to find a realization of that dream which has haunted me so long? I have been wild and fickle in the eyes of men; perhaps my way of life, could you know it all, has not been such as you would look approvingly upon; but, in the midst of all worldly excitements, I have always borne a talisman in my heart that has preserved me honorable and true—the thought of you, Grace! I have come here, not expecting to find the little girl I left, neither altogether a woman who has known nothing of sorrow and care; I have come to pray that I may, even at this late hour, become your husband, your life-companion. My prayer is fraught with no ordinary hope—it is not the bewildering dream of youth I am now indulging—it is the highest, strongest, noblest desire of my manhood! Have I sought in vain, or must I go forth once more a wanderer, and friendless, with another and dearer image than has heretofore been impressed on my life, the image of the matchless woman I have lost—or rather cannot win?"

And Grace had listened to his words with tears of gratitude; she had given him her hand, and nobly said,

"You have not sought in vain, dear Hugh. I thank God that you are here, and if you again become a wanderer, a pilgrim, ready to give up all but you in this life, will tread beside you! Henceforth, there are no mountains, nor deserts, nor oceans that can divide us—the lengthening shades of years falling around us are grateful and pleasant—the quiet paths of life we will pursue together. Thank God that you are here!"

Grace Lovering was not, it is true, a very youthful bride when she was made Hugh Willson's wife, but had she been more beautiful than "Grace Greenwood's" most exquisite dream of womanly loveliness, she had not proved more lovable to the wanderer, who, when the shadows of years were folding round him, found in her a friend, and a wife, and a worshiped ideal!

There were some who laughed, to be sure—there are always some that laugh and poh! at romances in real life—and some there were who said it was all false, the idea of a man and woman of such an age marrying for love. I only wish in its marvelous "progress" the world had not journeyed up to that icy peak whence all human love, and love matches among humans, is to be regarded as the folly of fools, and the madness of delusion!

Let the miserable woman now reading this page, who in her girlhood wedded wealth—or the wretched man who in his youth was led captive by the deceitful smiles of beauty—let these, if there be any such—and I know very well there are multitudes—look for once

within the peaceful cottage where our hero and the dear heroine live, and if they do not speedily begin to think with amaze on their own paltry lives, and wonder when their romance is to begin, then—why then—I will not strive any more to teach the people!

Look you, reader, and more especially if you be

young and beautiful, do not sell your birthright for tasteless mess of pottage—ah, in that case you may well begin to look for a tragedy, and a fearful kind of denouement, instead of a romance and a pleasant closing of the scene!

And furthermore the Wayside Voice saith not.

THE PILGRIM'S FAST.*

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

'T WAS early morn, the low night-wind
Had fled the sun's fierce ray,
And sluggishly the leaden waves
Rolled over Plymouth-bay.

No mist was on the mountain-top,
No dew-drop in the vale,
The thirsting summer-flowers had died,
Unknelt by autumn's wale.

The giant woods with yellow leaves
The blighted turf had paved,
And o'er the brown and arid fields
No golden harvest waved.

And calm and blue the cloudless sky
Arched over earth and sea,
As in their humble house of prayer
The Pilgrims bowed the knee.

The gray-haired ministers of God
In supplication bent,
And artless words from childhood's lips
Sought the Omnipotent.

And many a brave and manly heart,
And woman's gentle eye,
Inured by discipline to woe,
Were raised in suppliance high.

No wild bird's joyous song was heard,
No sound from shore or height,
With mute but mighty eloquence
Had Nature joined that rite:

* For the narrative of the historical fact related in this poem, the reader is referred to "Cheever's Journal of the Pilgrims."

The drooping corn and withering grass
Upon the hot earth lay:
The lofty forest-trees had stooped
Their aged heads to pray.

The sultry noontide came and went
With steady, fervid glare;
"Oh! God, our God, be merciful,"
Was still the Pilgrims' prayer.

They prayed, as erst Elijah prayed
Before the sons of Baal,
When on the waiting sacrifice
He called the fiery hail.

They prayed, as prayed the prophet seer
On Carmel's summit high,
When the little cloud rose from the sea
And blackened all the sky.

And when around the spireless church
Night's length'ning shadows fell,
The customary song went up
With clear and rapturous swell:

And as each heart was thrilling to
That simple chant sublime,
The rude, brown rafters of the roof
Woke to a joyous chime.

The rain! the rain! the blessed rain!
It came like Hermon's dew,
And watered every field and wood,
And kissed the surges blue.

Oh! when that Pilgrim band came forth
And pressed the humid sod,
Shone not each face as Moses' shone
When "face to face" with God?

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD, EDITOR CITY ITEM.

DEAR mother, in the silent hours of night,
When stars around me shed their chastened light,
I think of thee, and mourn thou art not here,
With smile to bless, and kindly word to cheer.

Ah, mother, life is but a thorny way;
When longest, 't is at best a little day;
A gleam of sunshine, and anon a cloud,
The bridal robe, soon followed by the shroud.

Dear mother, sadness fills my sleepless eye,
And tears fast follow the unconscious sigh,
But still the heart, o'erwhelmed with heavy grief,
In thought of thee, dear mother, finds relief.

Dear mother, be thou still the watchful guide,
In honor's path, of him who was thy pride;
So shall my feet, from snares of error free,
Tread only paths of truth, toward Heaven and thee.

THE DREAM OF MEHEMET.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

THUS spoke the gray-haired dervise. Selim was left to my care; his dying parents bequeathed him an ample fortune, and their example of virtue and affection. Such was his inheritance.

He was a dreamy boy, in whose soul the opposite passions reveled. Gentle as the dove, yet, under aggression, fierce as the tiger. He loved as angels love; hated as fiends hate. Framed as delicately as the gazelle, yet every sinew was endowed with the tenacity of steel. At the age of manhood, I, his old preceptor, bowed to the superior endowments of my pupil, but knew not the fountain of his knowledge.

I have said he was a dreamy boy, yet he had made the broad pages of nature his book of knowledge, even while dreaming. The fertile earth presented her abundant lap overflowing with fruit to delight his palate; the flowers peered in his face with their variegated eyes, and sent forth their incense, even while he trod upon them. The cadence of the waterfall, the low twittering of the wearied bird as it flitted to its fledglings in the nest, and the murmuring of the passing breeze as it struggled through the grove, were to him a lullaby that charmed to sleep as the angels sleep. Nature was his mother, and she nursed him with playthings as her child.

I have seen him by the small streams composing songs to the music that the dimpled waters babbled, until his rosy cheeks dimpled and laughed in concert with the rippling brook, as if it were a thing of life, rejoicing in its existence, as his own pure heart rejoiced. They laughed and babbled together.

On the wood-clad mountains, at midnight, when the elements battled, I have seen him straining his feeble voice to sound the master-key that attunes to universal harmony; and having caught it, he would spring like the antelope to a lofty waterfall to discover the same note there; and then turn up his bright face to the stars that smiled upon him, and laugh, expecting to hear them respond to his note as they revolved on their eternal axes. His dark eyes smiled, and the conscious stars smiled back in the heaven of his dark eyes, which danced with delight in the diamond rays of the stars.

Flowers were books to him, and from every leaf he read wisdom fragrant with truth. He cultivated them as a father would his last child. The little birds were his companions, and every morning he joined their concert until the tiny minstrels seemed to imagine that he was the leader of their orchestra. All nature was to him one mighty minister, bestowing all, while he asked from nature no more than the blessed privilege of imitating her, by bestowing on his fellow man all in return. He had a dog, whose former owner had thrown into a stream to drown as worthless. Selim swam and saved the ill-looking cur, who followed him

ever after until it appeared that instinct trod close upon the heel of reason. Selim in his turn, while bathing, became exhausted, and sinking beneath the stream, the dog plunged in and saved his dying master. Was this instinct or reason? It matters not, but Selim perceived that the Prophet had made his humanity toward a friendless dog the means of prolonging his own existence here. Despise not little things, cried Mehemet, for the smallest is of magnitude in the sight of the Prophet. A straw may break the back of the overburthened; one word may consign a man to poverty or prosperity, one deed to hell or heaven.

Selim's wants were few, his fortune ample, which he bestowed upon the deserving with as liberal a hand as it had been bestowed upon himself. Still he labored in the pursuit he had adopted, not for self-aggrandizement, but to assist others; and he knew not why man should be a sluggard while all nature is incessantly at work. The bee and ant work in their season—and even the spider too.

His garden blossomed as Eden, and the flowers offered up their grateful incense even as they faded and died upon the universal altar of Nature's God. His aviary from morn until night was vocal, and when the flaming chariot of the bright eye of day was whirled by fiery-footed steeds over the eastern hills, I have seen him with his flute, surrounded by nature's tiny choristers pouring forth their matins until some note in the universal harmony touched the heart of his poor shaggy cur who sported around and tried to bark in unison. Then Selim laughed outright, and the birds stopped their hymns, and seemed to laugh with Selim, and the poor dog slunk away abashed, and slyly laughed at his miserable failure.

He married the dark-eyed Biribi. Selim was a poet; his soul reveled alike in tempest or sunshine, and his voice was as musical as the wings of the bee when he distills honey. He possessed the sweets of the bee, and his sting also. Biribi was abjectly poor, but in Selim's eyes as full of truth and as beautiful as the houries. He exclaimed, I will raise poverty above oppression, and place virtue where all her handmaids may minister to her enjoyment. Alas! it was but a young poet's dream—and such dreams are too frequently disturbed by palpable agony. Thus spoke Mehemet.

He had a friend who was his fellow-student while under my charge. Selim loved him as a brother, and when he married he requested Zadak to dwell with him. Neither house, garden, nor fields could be more beautiful, while his flocks and herds were nature's ornaments. Such was Selim's Eden.

Zadak borrowed a portion of his fortune, which he squandered; but the poor boy simply replied, "no matter, we require but little, and enough still remains

to make us happy. Thank the Prophet for that which we still possess, and repine not for that which we have lost. We can labor with our fellow-men.

Biribi became estranged from the pure being who fancied he had made in her bosom a nest for his dove-like heart to sing in. He awoke from a dream of repose to battle with the tempest. Zadak had betrayed him, and the gentle spirit of my boy was crushed between the sledge and the anvil; but the eternal fire that burnt within him, burst forth in one mighty blaze as the sledge fell; and even the sledge and the anvil rejoiced at the fire they had elicited from his heart's blood.

What was to be done? The question was soon settled. The dove had winged its way to heaven, but left the tiger on earth to punish the injuries done to the dove. Selim slew Zadak, and then walked to the tribunal to receive his sentence, knowing that an act that was approved by the immutable principle of eternal justice in heaven, would be pronounced a damning crime by drones who are fed to dole out punishment for breaking the conventional rules by which fools and knaves are linked together on earth. He confessed all before man as he had already confessed before God. Ignominious death was his sentence in the eye of his fellow-creature; but God changed his sentence to that of eternal life; he died of a broken-heart, and escaped man's justice, tempered with degradation, and flew to the limpid and overflowing fountain—the bosom of his Creator for justice—knowing it to be a principle of eternity, and not of time.

I buried him beneath a cluster of trees, where he had pursued his studies. He had no mourners except myself and his dog. The grave of the rich man is seldom bedewed by the tears of his heirs; while the poor hard-working man may have many sincere mourners, provided they depended upon his daily labor for their bread. It was spring-time; I planted flowers from his garden over his grave, and placed his aviary among the trees. The birds sang and the flowers smiled as if he were still with them. One morning I missed his dog, and searched for him until the impulse of nature guided my footsteps to the boy's grave. The dog was there, pillowed on a cluster of fragrant flowers—dying; big tears stood in his leadened eyes, while the little birds from the blooming trees, warbled his requiem. They knew the dog, and he knew the birds even while dying. The flowers were bedewed with his tears, and I buried him beside his master, beneath the flowers.

Autumn came; the little birds had taken wing; the grove was no longer vocal; the flowers had faded, and their fragrance had passed away. Well, I exclaimed, the rosy-fingered spring will return, leading the birds back to warble as usual, and the flowers will revive with their former fragrance and beauty? "And is my boy dead?" my soul shrieked. "No!" replied a voice,

kindly, and it seemed to me as if the lips were smiling as the judgment passed the lips, "the boy is not dead, but sleepeth, awaiting his spring-time, when the birds will sing, and the flowers bloom for him again, and bloom for eternity." Thus spoke the dervise, and his old frame chuckled with delight, for he was confident of the fulfillment of the promise.

I reposed by his grave, said Mehemet, and had a vision, which was this. His grave opened, and he arose more beautiful than when in the bloom of manhood. There was a bright star just over his heart, and methought it was composed of the tears his dying dog had shed upon his grave, and I smiled in my sleep at the fantastic thought. The flowers sent forth their incense, and myriads of birds, as he ascended from his tomb, fluttered about him, leading the way, warbling their anthems; the gay flowers smiled at heaven, as if they were the eyes of the teeming earth, laughing their gratitude. The features of Selim became more benign as he ascended; the songs of the birds more seraphic, and the fragrance of the flowers more refreshing.

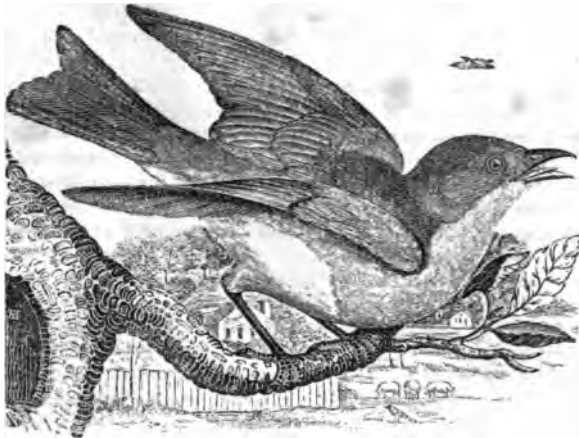
Suddenly a cloud of inky darkness covered the face of the earth. Two ghastly figures emerged from it, with uplifted eyes, that were rayless, and supplicating hands that trembled with terror. Oh! what must that man be, exclaimed Mehemet, who trembles before the All-merciful, even while supplicating mercy! Selim cast a look of compassion upon the guilty pair, and tried to tear the star from his bosom to throw to them, but the more he strove, the brighter the star became—it illuminated his ascending spirit—and finding his efforts fruitless, he raised his radiant face toward the boundless blue canopy, cheered onward by the hymns of his little choristers through regions of light, and the teeming earth smiled as she poured forth her grateful incense, as if jealous that the disembodied spirit might forget the fragrance of this world while reveling in the atmosphere of heaven.

I heard a shriek of despair, and turning to the sea of darkness which was fearfully troubled, I beheld the guilty pair, desperately struggling in their agony against the angry billows. They struggled in vain. With a fiendlike shriek they disappeared, and sunk through a rayless abyss of doom, without even the tear of a dog to bewail their destiny. Selim soared upward, and still more effulgent became the heavens as he ascended. There was one mighty strain of seraphic music that filled the universe; the blue arch opened, from which issued a stream of light strong enough to restore vision to the rayless eyes of the ancient dead; then I awoke as I beheld Selim enter the eternal portals.

This, continued the old man, may be but a dream at present, but the time will come when it must be verified. He then slowly tottered to his cell to dream out the remnant of his existence.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE BLUE-BIRD.

THE Blue-Bird is a great favorite with the farmer. Its principal food being beetles, spiders, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and other insects, he affords great assistance to the fruit-trees, and vegetables of all kinds. He is one of the earliest spring visitors, appearing in Pennsylvania in the latter end of February, and trilling forth his feeble though pleasing song more than a week before the other early visitors. The species ranges over a large extent of latitude, being found in the forty-eighth parallel, and southward to the tropics. They probably also migrate to the Bermudas and West Indies, and certainly pass the winter in our Southern States and Mexico. The common belief that this bird remains dormant during the winter in Pennsylvania, appears to be ill-founded; since the few who do not migrate, no doubt seek out some warmer shelter near man than is afforded by the bleakness of nature.

The early song of the Blue-Bird announces to the farmer the approach of spring. So gladdening is this to the rustic villager, that he generally takes every method to accommodate his familiar little companion, building boxes for him, exposing materials, and imitating his plaintive whistle as he hops along the furrow of the plough. The affection of the male bird for his mate is remarkable. "When he first begins his amours," says an accurate observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship; his solicitude to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses, and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wings over her and puts it in her mouth." On such occasions, should a rival stray within the hallowed limits he is treated without mercy, and the victor returns to warble out his strain of exultation.

The nest of the Blue-Bird is generally made in the hollow of an old tree, or in the free quarters provided by man. The female lays five or six eggs, of a pale blue color, and raises two broods in a season. Their affection for their young is fully equal to that of the male for his mate, and when the hen is sitting the second time, the former brood is cherished and reared by the other parent. In the fall, when insect food becomes scarce, they eat berries, seeds, persimmons and other fruit. Their song is a soft and agreeable warble, uttered with open quivering wings. "In his motions and general character," says Wilson, "he has great resemblance to the Robin Redbreast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man, by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarreling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him in some suitable place a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Toward fall, that is in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them."

The Blue-Bird is nearly seven inches in length, with the wings remarkably full and broad. The upper part of the body, neck and head are sky-blue,

inclining to purple. The under parts are chestnut, the bill and legs black, with portions of the same color about the wings, tail and sides. In the female the

colors are less bright. The young are hardy, strong, and highly teachable. The Blue-Bird is not often subjected to the confinement of the cage.



THE GROUND-ROBIN.

This bird is also known as the Towee-finch, the Tshe-wink and Pee-wink, names derived from its favorite notes. It is found in great numbers in woods and overgrown meadows, and sometimes along the banks of streams, and is both familiar and playful. A pair will sometimes roam for a great distance along a water-course, scratching for insects, worms or seeds, and encouraging each other by their simple cry of *tow-wee, tow-wee*. They sometimes forage along gardens or pea-patches. On such occasions, they behold the approach of man with but little concern, and fly off only when in danger of being taken. The species is found in Canada, and probably farther north among the Rocky Mountains, and southward throughout the United States. They are, however, more abundant east of the Alleghanies than to the west. Sometimes, but not often, they pass the winter in Pennsylvania, but are constantly in the milder States during that season.

Their manner of building is rather peculiar; the

nest being fixed on the ground, below the surface, and covered with leaves, or the shelter of an adjoining bush. It is rarely raised above the ground. The materials are fine bark, leaves, moss dried grass and down. Sometimes part of the adjoining herbage is employed. The eggs are four or five in number, white, with a flesh color tint, and spotted with brown. In New England they raise but one brood, but in warm States two, the first in June, and the second during the following month. During this period they artfully draw the intruder from their charge, by pretending lameness, and feebly retreating as he pursues.

The Ground-Robin is about eight inches long, and eleven across the wings. The throat, neck, and whole upper part of the body is black, with feathers of the same color, interspersed with white, in the wings and tail. The belly is white, with bay thighs. In the female and young the black of the male is changed for olive brown, and there is less pure white in the tail and wings.

THE FORTIETH SONNET OF PETRARCA.

If honest love e'er merited reward,
If worship win the meed of yore it won,
I should be blest, since purer than the sun
The love my sighs and poesy record;
Yet 't is not so: unwillingly are heard
My vows, and all regardlessly are sung
Her eyes o'er burning lines wherein is sung

Her matchless beauty, and my grief is bared.
But yet I hope that some day she may deign
To hearken to the tribute I have brought
And smile at least return for all my tears.
Still it may be I'll languish here in vain
Until that dread catastrophe is wrought,
When time shall harvest all its sheaf of years.

CROSS PURPOSES.

BY KATE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It is rather a dangerous experiment, this sporting with the feelings of a sweetheart, as many a loving swain has found; as Andy Bell and Harry Lee found, when they indulged in a walk home from church with Lilly James and Aggy Moore, to the neglect of two sweet sisters, Jane and Florence May.

Jane and Florence were the real sweethearts. Of the moonlight rambles they had enjoyed together; of the loving words whispered in the maidens' ears; of the kisses beneath the shadows of old trees, stolen from half shrinking lips, we will say nothing. But such things had been. And even more. Mutual pledges of love had passed. Harry had vowed to Jane that, as she was the sweetest maiden in all the village, so she was to him the dearest; and Jane had drooped her eyes, and leaned closer to him, thus silently responding to the declaration of love; and when he took her hand, she let it linger in his warm clasp as if he had a right to its possession. And the same thing, slightly varied according to temperament, had happened with Andy and Florence. For months, the two young men were untiring in their attention to the sisters. Invariably, when the little congregation that worshiped in the village church on Sundays was dismissed, Andy and Harry were at the door, waiting for the expectant maidens, whom they as invariably attended home, lingering always by the way, to make the distance longer. And when the evening shadows fell in the winter, or the sun sunk low toward the western hills in the spring and summer time, at the waning of the Sabbath, the young men were sure to make their appearance at the quiet cottage home of the happy sisters.

Thus it had been for months, and all the village knew that they were sweethearts; and it was even said—how the intelligence was gained we know not—that, at the next Christmas, there would be a double wedding in Heathdale. Thus it was, when, one bright Sunday morning, as Andy Bell and Harry Lee were on their way to church, the former, who was in a gayer humor than usual, said, laughing as he spoke—

"Suppose we plague the girls a little after meeting?"

"How?" asked Harry.

"If you'll walk home with Aggy Moore, I'll play the gallant to Lilly James."

"Agreed," was the thoughtless reply.

"And yet," said Andy, "I would n't give the little finger of Florence for Lilly's whole body."

"Nor would I give Jane's little finger for a dozen Aggy Moores."

Even at this early stage of the affair, both parties

half repented; but neither felt like proposing to give up the little frolick agreed upon.

During the service the young lovers found their eyes meeting those of their sweethearts with accustomed frequency. But neither Andy nor Harry felt as comfortable as usual. Besides being about to deprive themselves of a long enjoyed pleasure, both felt misgivings as to the effect of their temporary desertion and disappointment of the expectant maidens.

At last the benediction was said, and the congregation began moving toward the door. Andy and Harry were out before the girls.

"Shall we do it?" asked the former.

"Oh, certainly," replied Harry. And yet this was not said with the best grace in the world.

"There's Aggy," whispered Andy.

"I see," returned Harry, moving forward, as Aggy stepped from the church-door. Just behind her was Jane, with her bright, dancing eyes, and lips just parting in a smile, as she caught sight of her lover. She moved forward more quickly, but stopped suddenly. Harry had spoken to Aggy, and was now walking away by her side. Just then Lilly James came forth, and Andy, crossing before Florence, who appeared at the same time, bowed to the maiden, and seeming not to see Florence, moved away from the church-door, smiling and chatting with a free and careless air. Neither of the young men looked behind to see the effect of all this upon the two young girls. But, to some extent, they imagined their feelings, and the picture fancy presented was not the most agreeable to contemplate.

It required an effort on the part of both Andy and Harry to continue to play the agreeable to the two young ladies they had substituted thus temporarily, and in sport, for their sweethearts, long enough to see them fairly home. They did not meet again until toward evening, and then each was on his way to seek the cottage-home of the one loved most dearly of any thing in the wide world.

"I wonder what they will say?" was uttered by Andy, in a doubting tone, as they moved along.

"Goodness knows! I'm afraid Jane took it hard," remarked Harry. "I saw her countenance change as I turned to walk with Aggy."

"It was a foolish prank, to make the best of it. But we must laugh it off with them."

"I rather think we shall be paid back in our own coin," said Harry. "Jane, I know, has a little spice about her."

And Harry was not far wrong. When the two

young men arrived at the cottage, and entered in their usual familiar way, the room where the maidens sat, they were received in a manner not in the least agreeable to their feelings. Both Jane and Florence had been deeply hurt by the conduct of their lovers; and both had indulged freely during the afternoon in the luxury of tears. The meaning of what had happened, they could not tell. Had all this appearance of affection been a mere counterfeit? Were they the victims of a heartless coquetry? Or had Lilly and Aggy, through some strange influence, won the hearts of their lovers?

Great was the relief experienced by the troubled sisters when, on the waning of the Sabbath, they saw their truant swains approaching as usual. But, with this sense of relief, came a maidenly indignation, and a determination to resent the wanton slight that had been put upon them. Clouds were on the faces once so smiling and happy, when the young men entered, and their presence, so far from dispersing these clouds, only caused them to grow darker. It was in vain that every effort was made to remove them; not a sun-ray came to dispel their gloomy shadows. Explanations were made. The apparent slight was acknowledged as only a merry jest. However this relieved the oppressed hearts of the maidens, it did not lighten up their sober faces. Forgiveness and smiles were not to come so easily.

Andy affected to treat the whole matter lightly, and rather jested with Florence; but Harry's sweetheart seemed so deeply grieved and wounded, that he had little to say after the first few efforts at reconciliation. Finally, the young men went away, apparently unforgiven; and all parties, for the next week, were unhappy enough. Sunday came again; and now the doubt in the minds of the young men was, whether, if they offered to go home as usual with Jane and Florence, they would be permitted by the offended maidens to do so. This doubt was, in a measure, dispelled during the morning service, for more than a dozen times did Andy catch a stealthy glance from Florence, in which was a beam of forgiveness; and the same thing happened to Harry as he turned his eyes frequently upon Jane. At last the service ended; and, as the young girls passed from the door, their lovers were beside them as usual. There was no repulse. The maidens were too glad to have them there once more. But, the feelings of each were sobered. Evening came, and they met as before. Their intercourse was tender but not joyous as it had been. And thus it was for weeks ere their hearts lost a sense of oppression. The reader may be sure that there were no more games at cross purposes after this. The lovers were cured of all inclination to indulge further in that species of pastime.

LINES

ON BURNING SOME OLD JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

BY THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

Ay, let them perish—why recall
 Dreams of a by-gone day?
 Why lift Oblivion's funeral pall
 Only to find decay?
 The heart of youth lies buried there,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 Its burning joys, its wild despair,
 Its agonies and tears.

A light has vanished from the earth,
 A glory left the sky,
 Since first within my soul had birth
 Those visions pure and high;
 Or is it that mine eye, grown dim,
 Hath lost the power to trace
 The glory of the Seraphim
 Within life's holy place?

Methinks I stand midway between
 The future and the past,
 The onward path is dimly seen,
 Behind me clouds are cast;

Why should I seek to pierce that gloom
 And call the buried host
 Of haunting memories from the tomb—
 Each one a tortured ghost?

I could not look upon the page,
 With eloquence o'erfraught,
 Where, ere my head had grown so aage,
 My heart its wild will wrought;
 I could not—would not—ponder now
 O'er my youth's wayward madness,
 Which left no stain on soul or brow,
 Yet shrouded life in madness.

Ay, let them perish!—from the dream
 Of Passion's wasted hour
 There comes no retrospective gleam,
 No spectre of the flower:
 The treasured wealth of Eastern kings
 Enriched their burial fire,
 And thus my heart's most precious things
 Shall build its funeral pyre.

UNCLE TOM.

BY "SIMON."

CHAPTER I.

STRANGE old man was my Uncle Tom. He was father's only and elder brother, and more than all, as a bachelor; not one of those sour specimens of humanity who are continually railing at everybody every thing—more especially "the sex"—but a stout, hale, good-natured gentleman of the old school, as green as a poplar, and his heart had as many green leaves withal. He was still a boy in feeling, though winter had begun to spread its snows over his head. He was far from hating women, though when he talked of them, or thought of them, a look of sadness would sometimes overspread his countenance; and when he saw some fairy phantom that had not yet escaped her "maiden" in the full flush of maiden grace and beauty, his recollections seemed to come over him with a deep saddening influence.

No one ever told me the cause of this temporary dejection, and Uncle Tom seemed unwilling to be questioned concerning it. There needed no questioning. From the cottage, a smooth-worn path led across the fields to the village church-yard, which lay at about a quarter of a mile distant. Passing through a gap in the wall, and among the grass-grown hillocks, and stopped suddenly before a small, gray stone, which stood in the nearest the church, and on which this simple epithet was engraved: Mary, æt. 18. This told his story; for the small, gray stone was overgrown with lichens and mosses, and I remember the dry pathway when but a child.

Uncle Tom was not rich, but he had enough to satisfy all his wants. He had always lived with us to my remembrance, and we all had a mysterious reverence for him, and on which we could but half vain. His little room on the south-west corner of the house we never entered without a special invitation; not because we stood in any fear of him, but because we respected his quiet, half-eccentric manner, and were not willing to disturb his solitary studies and meditations. We were often invited there of an evening, for Uncle Tom liked to have young, happy people around him. He used to say it made him young again, and caused his silver hairs to hide themselves; and he thought a man should always have the heart of a child, no matter how much experience and life-labor had whitened his head.

During our visits to his study, we were at liberty to handle every thing which came within our reach, and the room was generally in a sweet confusion when we left it. Yet this did not trouble him, it rather pleased him the more. In truth he was so good-natured that nothing could vex him; and I remember one evening when he pulled sister Ruth's doll out of his great horn chest, where it stood, heels upward, like a pearl-diver, his only exclamation was, "Just as I used to be with the children all over!"

Directly opposite the great arm-chair, where he

usually sat during the day, hung a picture; yet it was not for us to see. A plain blue curtain was always drawn over it, which hung as silently, and always in the same folds, as if it had not been withdrawn for many years. I knew it was the portrait of a young girl, and very beautiful; for one evening, when, according to invitation, we were in the study playing the mischief with every thing that came under our hands, a slight breeze from the west window fluttered and raised the curtain, and revealed the picture to me by the dim light of the study-lamp. I, of course, did not know who it was intended to represent, but it was always connected in my mind with the solitary path to the church-yard; and I always thought of her as the Mary of the little gray stone; yet I never spoke of it to any one, not even sister Ruth. It seemed something sacred, something which I ought not to know, and that the knowledge thus accidentally acquired ought not to be divulged by me.

But the pleasantest thing of all was, when Uncle Tom came down into the kitchen of a winter's evening, and told one of the beautiful stories which he could relate so well. Ah! no one could tell stories like Uncle Tom. He would enter into the subject so earnestly, that we took every thing for truth, and laughed or cried, as the nature of the case demanded; and many a time in the midst of a sad passage, my father has let the fire go out of his pipe before it was half smoked, and I have seen the tears stream down sister Ruth's cheek, and heard her sob as if some great misfortune were hanging over some one of us; and I have known Uncle Tom's voice to grow tremulous, and his lip quiver, as if something in the narrative lay near his heart, but by a powerful effort he would always master his feelings and go calmly on with his story.

I shall try to report some of these stories at second hand, narrating carefully as my memory serves, always in Uncle Tom's words; but they will be nothing so good as when he, with his low musical voice and earnest manner, related them to our little family, who, in listening silence formed a half circle around the huge walnut logs that blazed and simmered on the kitchen hearth.

It was the last night of December, and the north wind howled around the chimney, and the icicles clattered on the eaves and dropped against the eaves with a tip-tap, like wayfarers asking admittance. A great fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and the half circle was almost formed. On one side of the fire-place sat father, double-shotting his black tobacco-pipe. Next him was mother, just turning the heel of a stocking. Sister Ruth occupied the next chair, and she was very busy working a wash-woman's register on the top of a bachelor's pincushion; beside her sat the bachelor for whom this piece of domestic goods was working. He was a cousin, and bore the family name—Charley, we called him. He and Ruth seemed

to enjoy each other's society very much, and passed the greater part of their leisure time together. My place was next to Cousin Charley, and on my left hand the vacant arm-chair was waiting for Uncle Tom—to complete the family circle.

At length the door opened, and the pleasant old man appeared. He entered rubbing his hands and smiling most benignantly. Every chair moved about an inch, as if to make room for him, though each one knew there was room enough already. Father lighted his pipe, and mother turned the heel; sister Ruth left off her embroidery in the middle of "shirts," and Cousin Charley gave his chair a hitch nearer to her, while I sat quite still. Even the blazing logs on the fire gave an extra hiss and flare, as if they, too, were making preparations to listen attentively. Uncle Tom, with a few pleasant words, and a great many pleasant smiles, took his accustomed seat and commenced the evening entertainment in these words:

About five miles from Boston, on one of the great thoroughfares leading to the city, there used to stand an old-fashioned country-seat. It was placed somewhat back from the road, and screened from the dust by a thick-set hawthorn-hedge, which grew as straight and regular as brick-work. The walks within were laid out with the same regularity and neatness, and lead with many a labyrinthine turn through the whole premises. Now it took you by an oval pond, where the bright scales of gold fish glanced in the sun; now among flower-beds formed into Catharine-wheels and gothic crosses; then away among groves and trellises almost impervious to the sun. There were a great many beautiful things that I shall not attempt to tell you of. Every thing was beautiful, and proclaimed a wealthy proprietor, even to the silver plate on the front door, bearing in bold writing-hand, the name, "John Maynard." He was rich—John Maynard was a retired merchant. In the full flush of commercial prosperity, his beloved wife had fallen into the quiet sleep of death. After that, business grew irksome to him; he could not bear the busy hum of the city; the home where he had been happy, was so no more to him; and taking with him his oldest and most trusty clerk, he, with his only child, Alice, removed to this quiet spot. The care of his property was left almost entirely to his tried and honest clerk, David Deans; his own time was occupied either in his study or in the society of his daughter, who, being an only child, was, of course, indulged in all her little whims and fancies, until she had assumed the reins of government, and was nearly spoiled.

One evening Mr. Maynard, or Old John, as he was familiarly called, sat on the western piazza as the sun was setting. He looked the hale and hearty old gentleman, one before whom care and trouble would vanish like the thin spiral clouds of cigar smoke, which ever and anon he puffed from between his lips. Yet withal he had a look of determination, something which said he would have things his own way when he desired it; and yet he had a way of gaining his ends so pleasantly and adroitly, that no one knew his intentions until they were accomplished.

Puff, puff, there he sat smoking away and thinking

of something very pleasant, no doubt, for a smile would occasionally play round the corners of his mouth, and he would rub his hands together with infinite satisfaction.

Soon a light step was heard in the hall, and his daughter, Alice, appeared.

Everybody said Alice was a beauty; and so far everybody told the truth. Her dark hair and dark eyes, and delicate complexion would win many a heart that had sworn eternal hostility to her sex. And then she was as full of life as of beauty, and had such winning ways, that nothing could resist her. She inherited from her father a slight vein of willfulness, and it was really a pleasure to see them contending together, Old John in his humorous, quiet way, bringing up irresistible arguments, and she, dashing them all to pieces by the most illogical processes imaginable; and he would generally laugh and let her have her own way.

"Papa," said she, "why did you send David Deans away? I'm sure it was very cruel of you. He has lived with us so long, and is so quiet and industrious! I'm sure it will break his heart. And then, besides, his poor sister will have to go into service again. It is too bad, I declare—"

"Now don't, Ally," said Old John, passing his arm quietly around his daughter's waist, and talking in the best humor imaginable, "don't trouble yourself about David. What do you know about business? You take care of the women-servants, and see that we have tea on the table by seven o'clock exactly, for I expect the new clerk every minute. I'll take care of David—"

"I know I shan't like the new clerk," said she, pouting.

"Well, who wants you to like him, little minx?" said Old John, at the same time drawing her closer to him, and giving her a hearty kiss.

"But I shall hate him," continued she, determined to be obstinate.

"Well, hate him if you will," replied her father, not in the least angry; "but I can tell you he is a very lively fellow, and not accustomed to be hated by the ladies. However, you had better hate him. You must reserve all your love for Harry Wilson, you know."

"Oh, that dreadful Harry Wilson," exclaimed Alice, struggling to throw off her father's arm, by which he still held her in close confinement. "Pray don't talk of him again."

"And why not?" said Old John; "he is to be your husband, you know." And a smile, half merry, half serious, played over his features as he said this. "His father and I were old schoolmates, and he would die of grief if he thought we were not to be brothers after all."

"His son and I were never old schoolmates, at all events," exclaimed Alice, still struggling, but in vain. Old John held her fast, and his merry face settled into a serious, earnest expression as he added,

"Besides, he once saved my life."

Alice answered nothing. There was something in the manner in which he said these words, as well as in the meaning of the words themselves, which completely subdued her. The tears beamed in her beau-

tiful dark eyes; she threw her arms round his neck and rested her head on his shoulder; her long, black locks streamed over his bosom—yet she said nothing.

Old John drew her closer to him and kissed her tenderly.

"There, Ally, dear," he said, "we won't talk any more about it now. I know you will do all you can to make your old father happy."

Still she said nothing, but clung very close to him.

She was a good girl, was Alice, only a little willful.

A servant entered, announcing Mr. Davis. This was the new clerk.

"Conduct him this way," said Mr. Maynard. "Come, Ally, don't let him surprise us in a family quarrel. We must make his first impressions good ones."

Things were put to rights in less time than it takes to tell of it, and the new clerk approached them.

"Glad to see you, Walter," exclaimed Old John, grasping the new comer's hand, and looking a cordial welcome. "Ally, this is Walter Davis, the new clerk."

Notwithstanding her determination to hate him, she smiled very pleasantly as he took her hand, and her welcome word was said with a very good grace.

The new clerk was apparently about twenty-two years of age, rather tall, but well formed; he was dressed in a very plain suit—becoming his situation; and yet there was something noble about him for all that. You could see it in the firmly compressed lips, the deep, thoughtful eye, and the easy, manly bearing. He certainly was not the person one would choose to hate.

Alice was much surprised at his general personal appearance and demeanor. Her ideas of a clerk were all formed from the quiet, unpretending David Deans, who had almost grown old in their service. She forgot that the new comer was at present a visiter, not yet having entered upon his clerkship. At the tea-table, too, she observed how perfectly easy and composed he seemed. He could answer questions without blushing, and ask others without stammering. There was a straightforwardness about him, which seemed to win upon her father wonderfully, and he never seemed in a more pleasant mood than then. There was something in his manner so dignified and gentlemanly that she, too, could not help respecting him, although in her good-night to her father, she added, "I'm sure I shall hate him for taking poor David's place."

"Wait a bit, Brother Tom," interrupted father—"pipe's out."

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "while Brother Bill is lighting his pipe, we will glide over two months and make ready for a new chapter."

CHAPTER II.

Two months had passed away, and affairs went on swimmingly at the country-seat. Old John seemed to find his new clerk a remarkably pleasant companion, and passed much of his time in the little counting-room. He was fast growing into the good graces of Miss Alice too; for true manliness will always find its way into every heart. She began to like him very much, and seemed pleased to have him near her; and

indeed would sometimes meet his advances more than half way. Perhaps, like a dutiful daughter, she followed her father's example, and liked the clerk because he did, or perhaps she thought he must be very lonely, and took compassion on him: How this may be I cannot tell; but I do know that she liked him, and liked him very well too, as might be seen by any one who observed her. She often walked in the direction of the counting-room, which stood at some little distance from the house, and frequently sat with her embroidery in the trellised arbor that overlooked it. The flowers, too, which always ornamented her parlor-mantle, were generally gathered from the beds in this part of the garden, although they were not half so fragrant or pretty as those which grew nearer the house. Indeed, she had found it necessary once or twice to open the counting-room, and actually go in when no one but the young clerk was there; and at such times he received her with such a frank, cordial greeting, and talked so pleasantly to her, that she would gladly have changed her arbor boudoir for this little room, crowded with business and ponderous ledgers as it was. And once, when the clerk left her for a moment, she actually climbed upon the long-legged desk-stool, to see if it were really as uncomfortable as it looked to be; at least so she said, when he, returning suddenly, surprised her on that high perch. But he helped her down so gently, and gallantly, that she would have been willing to try the experiment often, even if it were as uncomfortable as it looked.

She was always delighted whenever Walter requested the pleasure of her company through the grounds. She would take his arm without any unnecessary coquetry, and full of life and love they would thread every walk of the labyrinth, not excepting the Catharine wheels and the gothic arches. In the grove they would listen to the songs of the birds, and together wonder what they were saying to each other, and invent many strange translations, interesting to none but themselves. They would stand long on the edge of the pond, and Alice leaned heavily on the clerk's arm, you may be sure, as they watched the gold-fish darting across the little basin so rapidly that the whole surface of the water seemed marked with red lines. He gathered flowers for her, too, as they walked leisurely along, and each bouquet thus formed was, to her, a whole book of love, each flower telling its own particular tale. As the sun touched the horizon they would climb up to the arbor, while the birds sung their "good-night," and watch the bright colors grow and fade upon the western sky, and build landscapes and cathedrals and cottages of the ever-changing clouds.

Yet in his conversations with her, Walter was never sickly sentimental or flattering. He always spoke just what he felt; and sometimes a plump, downright honest thought would find itself clothed in words, which many would call coarse and ill-bred; but from him they came so frankly that she never thought of such a thing, but liked him the more for them. He never flattered her, never told her how beautiful she was, but his whole manner was a tacit acknowledgment of her beauty, truer and plainer than words could

express it. And Alice was as simple, and talked as plainly to him as if he had been a brother.

O, those evening walks were beautiful to both, but they were laying a foundation for something deeper and more lasting than common friend-ship, notwithstanding Harry Wilson and the two good fathers. Their natures were gradually blending into each other like two neighboring colors of the rainbow, and the line between them would soon become extinct, and a separation must be the destruction of both. It was very strange that Old John, with his brotherly intentions toward Harry Wilson's father, did n't observe this, for he often surprised them earnestly conversing in the sunset arbor, long after the dew had begun to fall and the birds had ceased their evening song.

He must indeed have been very dull and stupid, not to observe that something was going on between the two young people, that would play the deuce with his darling project. But no, he did n't seem to; for he was never in better spirits than then, never half so talkative or playful. He evidently did not think his cherished scheme was about to miscarry.

One evening he and the clerk sat on the piazza together. The parlor windows were open, and Alice sat at the piano and played to them. Old John began to talk about the business transactions of the day, and seemed particularly delighted at certain good news which he had heard, and which he had just finished relating to the clerk.

"Remarkable, is n't it?" he exclaimed.

But he might as well have talked to the plaster statue of Neptune which stood on the green before him, as to the young clerk. He was either listening attentively to the music, or else his thoughts were far away, for he took no notice of what Old John said to him, but sat silent, his head leaning upon his hand and his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"Hey! what's all this?" exclaimed Old John, starting up and shaking the clerk's arm. "What! dreaming by moonlight! A bad sign—very bad sign—too romantic by half! Here, Ally—Ally! come here directly," he continued, shouting to his daughter.

Walter started up and would have prevented him, but he continued to call, and soon the piano ceased to sound, and Alice made her appearance.

"What do you want, papa?" she asked.

"Here is this fellow," he answered, "falling asleep in the midst of our conversation; dreaming by moonlight! I want you to keep him awake."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, attempting an excuse, "but I was thinking—"

"O, but that won't do," said Old John, "I was talking. However, I will tell you how we will make it up. You shall sing that duet with Alice; the one you sung last night, and mind you don't go to sleep before it is finished, or—" and he finished the sentence with a shake of the finger.

"I will undertake it willingly said the clerk."

Walter moved his chair closer by the side of Alice, and took his seat. But there was still a difficulty; neither of them could determine on the right pitch. Alice ran and struck a note on the piano, and returned sounding it all the way. She sat down, and her hand

involuntarily fell upon Walter's; he pressed it in his own, and the duet commenced.

Both the words and the music were very simple; they were the expression of love, pure and holy; and never did they sing better. Walter's whole soul was thrown into the words, and his heart beat to the sounds his lips uttered. A slight pressure of her hand expressed to Alice how truly, how deeply he felt the beauty of love, and her voice trembled as she sang, adding still more to the music.

There was silence for a short time after the sound of their voices had ceased. It seemed Old John's turn to dream now. The beautiful music had called up old, happy scenes to his mind; perhaps the thoughts of his youth and first-love were leading him far away; for he sat silently, with his hand drawn across his eyes, as if to shade them from the moonlight.

Alice approached him, and drew her arm around his neck. He started as if from a trance, and said—"That was well, very well. I like that music. There, now, Ally, you and Walter take a walk through the grounds. I'll light a cigar, and sit here by myself, and—and dream! hey, Walter!"

Alice left him with a kiss, and taking Walter's arm they disappeared round an angle of the building, and walked onward toward their favorite arbor. Every thing was silent around them; the glowing leaves hanging motionless upon the trees, and the many-colored flowers, all seemed listening, as if to some revelation of the night. The fish-pond was one entire sheet of silver; not a ripple disturbed its peaceful surface; and the soft moonlight streamed through the chinks of the vines and gothic trees, and checkered the pathway and the floor of the arbor, as the sunbeams shining through stained cathedral windows rest on the pavement. The arbor was their chancel, and there the two lovers stood side by side as if before an altar; and there Walter told Alice how deeply, how truly he loved her; how often he had sat alone since they had known each other, and yet not been lonely, for her image had always been present to comfort and to counsel him; how he had longed for the time to come when he could make this confession to her, when he could press her to his bosom as the dearly beloved one.

Alice did not speak. She was always silent when she felt most deeply; but her silence was singularly eloquent. She did not attempt to withdraw the little hand which he held so tightly. She did not try to remove the arm that encircled her waist. Her head lay upon his bosom, and she wept for very joy.

Now what had become of Old John's brotherly scheme? The rainbow hues were now completely blended.

Soon after the two lovers had turned toward the house, Old John came stealing cautiously through a neighboring path, where he had been an accidental, though perhaps not an unwilling listener.

"Good!" he exclaimed in a half whisper, rubbing his hands and smiling most merrily. "I shall hate him, I am sure," he added, mimicking Alice. "Good!" And again he rubbed his hands and smiled with infinite satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

The summer had passed away, and autumn was spreading its rich mantle of yellow leaves over the trees and shrubs of the old country-seat. The birds were collecting together in troops, for their journey to warmer lands, and their songs above the arbor were sadder than when we last listened to them. The golden fruit hung temptingly upon the trees, and on the smooth surface of the fish-pond floated many a withered leaf. The year was growing old, and its rich covering of foliage was becoming gray and falling off, yet in the hearts of Walter and Alice love was as green and as warm as on the bright summer evening when they made their mutual confessions.

They had not yet made Old John their confidant; they were waiting for a convenient season. And he, though he must have known something of their intercourse, never asked any questions, or seemed at all curious about the matter, but conducted himself in his usual quiet way. Indeed, he did occasionally speak of their close communion, but always in a merry, jesting way, and no one could suspect him of knowing how affairs really stood with them. At least his knowledge did not make him unhappy, for the merry twinkle was still in his eye, and the smiles still played round his mouth. In the little walks and excursions which they took together, Alice was always assigned to the clerk. Old John said he preferred to walk alone; then he could swing his cane in any direction without being scolded, and could climb over a fence, instead of going half a mile to find a place to crawl through, or a stile, for the convenience of a lady companion. Walter, as may be supposed, was very willing to free him from this incumbrance, and did not mind the half mile walks in search of a stile, as long as Alice was hanging on his arm. They had a great many things to talk about, which was of no consequence to any but themselves, and were glad of the opportunity to remove out of earshot, which this stile hunting afforded.

One morning the clerk appeared equipped for travelling. Business of some kind or other called him, for a short time, to another part of the country.

He and Alice were alone in the breakfast-room. He explained to her the necessity of his departure, and consoled her with the assurance that his absence would not continue more than a week at the most. He had just time to place a plain ring on her finger, and steal one tender, silent kiss from her rosy lips, when Old John entered, announcing the coach at the door.

In a few minutes he was seated in the vehicle. Good-byes were repeated, and soon he was rolling away on the dusty road toward the city.

Alice stood at the window and watched until the top of the coach had disappeared behind an angle of the road, and the last sound of the rumbling wheels had died away. Then the thought and feelings that had followed him as far as the senses could guide them, seemed to fall back upon herself, and she felt oppressed by the silence and utter solitude that reigned around.

That was a weary day to Alice. This was her first love, and their first separation. Her father was busy with his affairs and could not attend to her; so she

was thrown entirely upon her own resources, and heavily the hours dragged along in mournful procession.

Often days had passed and she had not seen Walter but for a few moments, yet then she knew he was near. And now she sat down and tried to fancy him sitting quietly at his desk; but it would n't do—he knew better. She walked down by the counting-room and gathered the flowers as she had often done before, but they had lost their fragrance, and their colors seemed faded. The gold-fish stood still in the pond, and she mistook them at times for the leaves that lay in the water; they too had faded. She sat in the pleasant arbor, and looked westward over the beautiful landscape, but a veil seemed drawn before it, and the rich and variegated hues which, dolphin-like, the forest had assumed while dying, to her eyes, seemed blended into a dead, cold brown. So true it is that the sense takes its tone from the soul.

So the day passed and the belated evening came slowly on.

"Do, pray, Ally, put off that sad face," said Old John to her, as they sat at the tea-table. "Why you look ten times more woful than the Italian beggars fresh from an irruption of Vesuvius. Do try to smile a little."

She did try to look cheerful, but at first it taxed all her powers, yet her father's raillery and merry laugh were not to be resisted, and in a little while the cloud seemed to have passed entirely away, and she was as cheerful as ever. Sometimes she would fall back into the silent, thoughtful mood, yet it was only for a moment, and the evening passed pleasantly. Then came the affectionate kiss, and the kind good-night.

To Alice it was a good-night, indeed. Good angels watched by her pillow, and her dreams were beautiful. One time she was walking along the garden paths, and heard the birds singing sweetly above her head, and saw the flowers in their most beautiful dress. She drew near the pond, and it was all alive with gold fish; and the whole surface seemed drawn with red lines; sometimes they formed charming pictures—trees, gardens and villages seemed to pass over the water like a moving diorama. All the people she had ever seen seemed to be moving about there, some doing one thing, and some another, but all happy. As she looked attentively, the surface seemed to grow mysteriously calm, and the red lines to disappear. Then as mysteriously it began to grow troubled, circular waves forming at the centre, and rolling toward the shore in every direction. Then suddenly from the middle of the pond, a most beautiful fairy figure arose and beckoned her near. The fairy gave her a plain gold ring, and told her never to part with it; for she said it was the gift of happiness, and while she wore that upon her finger, heavy misfortunes should never visit her. Then a loud voice under water seemed to call the fairy a "little minx," and bid her come down immediately, for breakfast was waiting. Then she disappeared, the water became calm, and Alice awoke.

"Was that a dream?" she asked herself, in amazement. There was the ring on her finger—the fairy's gift of happiness; and the voice was still calling some one to breakfast.

It was a long time before she could collect her scattered

tered senses enough to realize that she had just waked from a strange dream, and the voice was that of her father calling her. When the truth did dawn upon her, she laughed immoderately, and could not help saying repeatedly, that "it was *very* funny."

It was much past her usual hour of rising, when in her simple morning-dress she appeared at the breakfast-table.

"Why, Ally, dear, I thought you never would come down," said her father. "I have been waiting this—I don't know how long, and called you—I don't know how many times. The omelet and coffee are both as cold as Greenland, I'll be bound."

"It is n't so very late, papa, is it?" inquired Alice; "besides, I have had such a funny dream—O, it was perfectly delightful."

"Well, never mind, dear, pour out the coffee before it gets later."

She poured out the coffee, still thinking of her strange dream. It was so funny that she could not help thinking of it; but her lips would never have wreathed that happy smile if she could have known the trial that awaited her.

"Ally, do you know what day to-morrow will be?" he asked, while his face wore a very doubtful, half merry, half serious expression. It was something like the sun trying to break through a fog, for he tried to look cheerful.

Alice paused a moment as if in thought, then suddenly exclaimed, "I declare, it is my birthday, and I had almost forgotten it. It was very good of my dear papa to remind me of such good news, after I had kept him waiting so long for his breakfast," she added, playfully.

"But do you know who I expect to-morrow?" he continued.

It was her turn now to look doubtful and perplexed.

"Yes, Ally," he said, "this afternoon Harry Wilson and my old schoolmate, his father, will be here. You must save all your good looks for Harry, for I expect you will fall in love with him at first sight."

It was really with much pain that Old John made this announcement, though he spoke it in as cheerful a manner as possible, for he knew the effect it would have on his daughter. He seemed to make it more from a sense of duty than pleasure, as it were something which must be told sooner or later; and more clouds gathered about his honest face than had been seen there since the death of his wife, when he saw the effect it had upon Alice. The cheerful smiles vanished from her face; the color came and went, and came and went, and at length left her deadly pale. Her hand trembled and her voice quivered, as she attempted in vain to make some cheerful remark.

"At least you will try to like him, for my sake, wont you, Ally, dear?" said her father.

She uttered a faint "yes"—so faint that it might have been "no," for all Old John heard; and pleading some excuse, left the room.

"Bad business, this," said her father, after he was left alone, and talking as if to some invisible friend. "Bad business!" and whistling a doleful strain of a doleful tune, he also left the room.

And Alice, poor Alice, she felt lonely enough as she sat alone in her little room. Thoughts of the dream that had made her so cheerful but a short time before, now pressed like an incubus upon her breast. She knew how much her father was attached to his old schoolmate, Mr. Wilson, and how much he desired the union of their two families. It had long been talked of, but always as something which was about to happen at some distant, indefinite time; and though many years had passed since they first began to talk of it, it still seemed as indefinite and far from accomplishment as ever; and she never thought to trouble herself about it; but now the event seemed to spring up like a phantom directly before her; and so sudden had been the announcement that she knew not what to do.

And now the hours seemed to glide by as if they were double-winged. The old entry clock seemed to her as she sat in her silent chamber, to tick faster and faster until at last it broke into an actual gallop. If *he* were only here, she thought, as her eye fell upon the ring which the clerk had placed on her finger. And more than once she determined to go down to her father and confess all; then she thought of the old schoolmate that had saved his life, and her courage failed her.

She started as the clock told eleven.

It was past noon, and Old John was waiting anxiously for her appearance in the drawing-room; and his heart beat with strange emotions as he heard her light footfall on the stairs.

She was very pale when she entered the room, and the traces of recent tears were in her eyes. Yet she had never looked more beautiful, never more lovely. She was dressed in simple white, and a single white rose was braided in her dark hair. Old John could not see her thus dejected without being moved, and the dark cloud spread over his countenance. She saw it, and assuming a cheerfulness which she did not feel, drew her arm around his neck, and kissed him affectionately.

"There, Ally, dear," he said, "do n't be cast down. It will all come right in the end. I say it shall. Do sit down to the piano and sing a cheerful song. Yes, sing the one that Walter liked so well."

It was like asking the Israelites to sing songs of their home, while captives in Babylon; yet she did sing, though her voice trembled so much that it was with difficulty she finished the song.

"Don't take it so much to heart, dear," said Old John. "I say, if you don't like him, he shan't have you."

They were interrupted by the sound of wheels rolling up the avenue. How her little heart beat and fluttered then. A carriage stopped before the door. Old John's eye glistened with delight, as if relief had come at length. A step was heard in the passage. The door opened, and there stood—Walter.

Alice started to her feet, and stood gazing vacantly at him, uncertain what to do.

"Wont you speak to Harry Wilson?" shouted Old John, at the top of his voice, and giving a hysterical kind of laugh.

Then the truth flashed upon her. With a cry of joy

she rushed into his arms, and nestling her head in his bosom, wept like a child—but they were tears of joy. Her overstrained feelings found a happy relief. The dark cloud of sorrow passed away and the sun shone in all its glory.

Old John capered round the room like a madman, and declared he had never seen any thing half so pleasant in all his life.

"But it was very cruel of you, dear papa," said Alice, kissing him tenderly, after the first effusions of joy were over.

"I know it was, Ally, dear," exclaimed Old John, willing to be blamed for any thing now. "I know it was. But you are such a willful little thing that I was afraid you wouldn't like him, and I had set my heart upon it. I have been tempted more than twenty times to confess the whole and ask your forgiveness, when I saw you look so miserable. Yes, Ally, I came very near spoiling the whole this morning at breakfast. But never mind, it's all right now; confess, is n't it?"

Yes, indeed, it was all right! And Alice, in her silent, eloquent way, soon convinced him that she thought so.

Again the door opened, and Harry Wilson senior entered. He knew the whole affair, and had only waited on the outside until the first scene should be over.

Cordial was the greeting between the old school-mates. Smiles, congratulations, and merry words passed freely; every eye glistened with joy, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

"Shall I enter that note at five or six per cents.?" asked some one at the side-door. There stood David Deans, with a pen behind his ear and another in his hand—his usual way of ornamenting himself—and looking as blank and cool as if nothing had happened.

"Do n't enter it with any per cent., you old miser!" said Old John, patting him familiarly on the back. "We do n't charge interest this year."

David walked off with a broad grin operating powerfully upon his countenance.

He understood the trick, did David.

There was a sweet dream under each pillow that night; and the birth-day on which Alice thought to be miserable, was the happiest of her life.

"Bless me, Brother Bill!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, "if you aint smoking nothing but dust and ashes."

"I declare, I believe you are right," answered my father, somewhat confused, and making a careful examination of his pipe.

"Good-nights!" were passed, and we all went to bed with happy hearts.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NATURE'S TRIUMPH.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Great men were they of olden time; men with far-reaching and strong, grasping minds—men, too, of discrimination in what they gathered—"teich them selection, not collection," was the word—and they prepared for us of this distant age monuments to excite admiration and insure awe; monuments which, while they exhibit what man is capable of doing, seem, by the perfection of their form and the adaptation of their parts, to check all spirit of imitation; monuments which denote all variety of mental exercise and all the adaptation of physical powers. It is not alone the chisel of Phidias working out the marble in a thousand forms, more beautiful than the human pattern—it is not alone the pencil of Zeuxis that fixed on canvas the fitting beauties of the field and grove—it is not alone the vast machinery that piled stone upon stone to finish the pyramids. Mind speaking to mind has uttered its powers, and has claimed of the present, wonder for the past; History and Poetry have embalmed the actions of the great, or expressed the devotion of the good, and assured us of the lofty resolves and great deeds of men of other years. The beauty of the ancient mind, however, is to be detected by the uses and adaptation of ordinary incidents—bending them to moral instruction by making them illustrative of some principle—patriotism, religion, social duty and domestic relations, or some deeply hidden power, which sudden emotion, strong impulse, or unexpected dilemma, is to call into action.

Take the following, which is some where extant. We give only the statement of the asserted fact. We have no copy of the narrative.

Leucippe was gathering the small delicate flowers which blossomed over the dampness of a rock that beetled far into the sea, and held its cold brow high above the waves breaking eternally at its base. It was a lovely spot, cool,

fragrant, health-giving, and she took with her her little child, the only blessing which had been spared. For one moment the love of the beautiful of nature, the interest of collecting, triumphed over maternal vigilance. She turned, however, from the little harvest of sweets, and saw her boy bending over the edge of the rock, regardless of all danger, hopeful of only a single beautiful flower that blossomed on the very edge of the steep. One word of fear from the mother, one sudden movement toward the child would have disturbed his balance, and he must have toppled down beyond all hope of recovery even of the lifeless form. No time was left for calculation, no good could result from active efforts. With unspeakable anguish the mother saw the danger, with the promptness of woman's judgment she rejected the ordinary means of safety; with the instincts of a mother's heart she threw herself gently forward, and bared her bosom to the child, and lured him gently back to nestle on his own home of comfort, and draw life from the sympathetic founts that gushed to his honeyed lips. It was the triumph of nature, and the story seems to have inspired the artist for this month. A beautiful illustration, while the picture itself has suggested a title happily expressive of the idea conveyed in the anecdote, "Nature's Triumph."

But such a story, so full of instruction, so pregnant with moral hints, should not be allowed to pass without an improvement, that may make it more and more beneficial. The experiment and the result may be properly styled the triumph of nature, for the deep solicitude of the mother, and especially her prompt expedient, are as much the movement of nature as is the affection in which they originated; and the attraction of the exposed bosom for the exposed child, was as much the gift of nature as was the hidden food which that bosom secreted and stored.

But we love to consider the success of Leucippe as the *Triumph of Affection*, not less than the "Triumph of

Nature." It is *both*, as it is differently considered; it is either, in many ways regarded.

Would the child, amused as it was with the flowers that jutted out from the rock's impending edge, and pleased with the species of independence which its movements and new position signified, would the child have been lured by the exhibition of any other bosom than that of its mother? Had a stranger discovered the little adventurer, and being like Leucippe, conscious of the danger of calling aloud, of startling the child by any approach, had she bared *her* bosom, would not the infant have turned away without interest from the exhibition, and pursued its new occupation of flower gathering? Undoubtedly the unknown, who had from *prudence* done what *affection* suggested to Leucippe, would have seen at once that she lacked the attractive power, that there was no sympathy between her and the child. She might have felt all that a woman can feel for the lovely infant of another—thus dangerously situated—but the infant itself would not have been influenced by a corresponding sympathy; it would have lacked that affection necessary to a proper response to the exhibition.

The triumph, then, is one of affection sympathizing with affection; corresponding love answering with miraculous organ, and instructing the great and good of all subsequent times by the promptings of a mother's instincts, and the sympathies of an infant's feelings. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings."

I was struck a few months since with the distress that was bearing down an intimate friend, and he made me the confidant of his sorrows, and of their cause. The young offender had forgotten the respect due to his parents; he had forgotten or disregarded the *respect* which he owed to the beautiful fame which had come down to him unsullied through several generations; family pride, instead of exhibiting itself in supporting the long-descended credit, was visible in a sort of obstinate adherence to some misconceived ideas of *self-importance*; he was ruining his own health, and was fast approaching the precipice over which his passions, or rather let me say, his *passion*, would soon hurry him. His father had, at times, severely chid the wayward youth, and the mother had, day by day, warned him of his danger, so that he had by his false estimate of filial duties and parental care, rather been accelerated in his progress toward the line of destruction. A change was suggested in the mode of dealing—his own danger was not pointed out, but his attention was attracted back upon those whom he had loved—and had left; he saw whence he had derived all that delight to childhood, and he turned back to the fountain of affection which had gushed anew; and the birds of prey that had been hovering round the precipice where he hung were disappointed of their quarry. Those, who had wheeled around him with pliant wing and open beak, hopeful of spoil, screamed their disappointment in their filthy cry, and confessed their defeat in the triumph of nature and affection.

I know well that the voice of kindness, uttered to the erring, is often disregarded or despised, but less owing to the want of power in the instrument, than in the want of preparation in the object. So much of anger is manifested toward the vicious, that they grow suspicious of every exhibition of feeling in their behalf. You who would lure them back to virtue, must not pause at a single token of kind feeling; repeat the words of consolation; remember that the very fault which you would correct may have brought a part of the obstinacy which you deplore—remove the obstinacy by kindness, and thus open a channel to the source of the fault. He who would reclaim the vicious must lay his account to find the moral system reached in almost all its parts by those faults which by their

prominency seem to be the only ones that appeal for remedy; and the failure of one measure must invite to another; if one experiment lacks effect, strengthen it by another; do not work with single means—it is false economy. Leucippe bared both breasts to her wandering infant.

Conjugal affection disturbed by some occurrences which are unbecoming, and yet seem unavoidable, is not to be lessened by argument to prove either party right or wrong. These will, much more readily, create acerbity by wounding pride, than restore the lapsed passion. Affection has little to do with the logic of an argument—little to derive from the temper of discussion. When the evil is evident; when the disturbance is most oppressive, let not the parties imagine that any thing like cool reflection is to be had, or is to be made available; let the woman look back beyond the season of disquietude; let her bare her affections as they were when all was sunshine in the domestic circle; let her appeal to the undisturbed peace of such a scene, and by her conduct show her erring husband that it is possible to make the recollection of early delight stronger than the memory of present bitterness. Men learn this lesson easily, and practice it willingly. They need a teacher—they need precept and example; but they are willing to follow the leadings, and exhibit and rejoice in the triumph of affection. It is so, apparently in the great things of religion. Awful as are the dangers of neglect, it would seem that the terrors of the law are less operative than the persuasions of love. Notwithstanding the momentous question propounded, and the alternative made manifest, it would seem to an ordinary thinker, that the best mode of preventing a course that would incur the terrible penalty, would be to present the consequences of neglect, and to drive by terrible denunciations the erring one from the path that leads down to death. But not so argues the inspired Apostle. "Knowing therefore the terrors of the law," (how appalling that thought,) "*we persuade men*," (how gentle, how enticing, how successful in such a cause becomes "the triumph of affection.")

Whenever a triumph is to be achieved over evil passions or vicious habits, then the appeal to the affections by the affections must be the means employed. We may check action or delay execution by fear, but we produce no change in the sentiment, no correction of the motive. We may prevent the offending one from injuring others, but we do not by such means lessen his power or his chance of injuring himself.

Oh, how much of destruction, how much of the waste of human feelings, human pride, and glorious self-respect, are due to the want of care in attempts to draw offenders from the place of moral danger. Go to the home of wretchedness and vice, and see how promptly the heart responds to the voice of kindness, how one touch of nature awakens the memory of early love, and recalls the hour of peace and virtue, until the heart aches to contemplate the chasm that vice has placed between the future and the terrible present.

Sneer at her who, unable yet to appreciate the consequences of error, trends the path of danger or dallies on the borders to gather flowers that blossom near destruction. Sneer at her and she falls; call her back by the remembrance of home and home joys, by the love of father and friend; recall to her mind the unfailing affection of a mother, and she will turn willingly from her false position, be saved the crime, and only know what the consequences might have been, by marking the fate of those who had none to lure them back.

Our picture it is believed will be suggestive beyond our remarks. It deserves a careful examination; may we not hope that hundreds who gaze at the work of art will take

he moral lesson which it conveys, and resolve that shall owe no triumph to their unkindness, and that we shall not lose its followers for a want of the evidence of affection in their lives and conduct. It is less such as these that make art useful. It is lessons such as these that make the pagans respected—it is the "triumph of nature" over art, and the prevalence of affection over art, that make Christianity beloved. We are happy to see this Magazine the vehicle of moral truth, that takes the best of ancient sentiment and of modern art for its basis, and has for its end the cultivation and triumph of art affection.

THE RAINY DAY.

As it may seem, the condition of the atmosphere has a wonderful influence on the animal spirits. It is the mercurial in the thermometer of mind, indicating its buoyancy or depression. Who that is an observer of human nature and its various peculiarities, has not been forcibly struck by the vast difference in any one intimate friend, both in mental activity and sprightliness, on a beautiful, bright, balmy May morning, and on a cold, cheerless, stormy, cloudy, rainy day in the same "moon?" The man is changed—disposition, manner, mind and temperament have undergone some radical metamorphosis. Every mode of thought, the sentiments, the opinions, are inverted. He who was amiable, instructive, communicative, and lively, is suddenly, by the veering of wind, changed into a sullen, sombre, morose cynic, gloomy, moody and taciturn. Conversation is abandoned for long sighs, deep respiration, involuntary growls and abrupt interjections. The agreeable companion of a sunny atmosphere is thus altered being on a *Rainy Day*, the influence that has wrought a change so inimical to individual and domestic economy, is that of the atmosphere. To account for the cause is more the province of the scientific pen. Whether electricity be most positive or negative in certain conditions of the barometer, is a subject for professors of the various "isms" and "isticities" of the day. The effect is too apparent to doubt the existence of a cause, and the cause too involved in mystery, to invite discovery by one unlearned in the theories of the "Societies" or Republican "Schools." *"THE ATMOSPHERE: Its Ingredients and Influences,"* by John Lubbock, Fellow of the Royal Society: London 8vo. *"ELECTRICITY: Its Cause, Combinations and Effects,"* Charles Jones, M. D., Professor of Natural Science in Cambridge University—New York: Harper & Brothers. *"ANIMAL MAGNETISM INVESTIGATED,"* by Edith Brown, Member of the United States Philosophical Society, Late Professor in the Philadelphia Flight School Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. *"THE ANALOGY BETWEEN MIND AND MATTER, considered in relation to the theory of Transubstantiation and Revealed Religion,"* the Right Rev. Bishop Berdott—Universal Christian Association, Boston: Complete in One Volume—Second Edition. These, and the like publications, being almost daily, lasting monuments of the power of the steam-press, are far too repulsive food for the unimpaired in the art of philosophical digestion. We leave them to the student, who, with fortitude sufficient for the part, will undertake the study of them on a *Rainy Day*. But cause undoubtedly there is, existing somewhere; so powerful an agent, revolutionizing our very nature, that surely have "a local habitation and a name." Do let us suppose that because the various Sir John Rosses and Sir John Franklins have failed in their researches after a *primum mobile*, that it is hidden from the eyes of science. One of these seasons we shall be delighted by advertisement in all the daily papers announcing thus:

"Wonderful Discovery! Astounding Developments!!! Thousands unable to obtain Admission!!! The Reverend Neophyte Friaky will deliver a Lecture at the Great Ballroom of the Chinese Museum. Subject—Atmospheric Influence on Human-Natureology, showing its Cause and Effects. Experiments will be made after the Lecture. The Secret will be communicated to classes composed of Gentlemen and Ladies, at Ten Dollars a ticket. For notice of the hours of each class see small bills. Admission (so as to bring it within the reach of all) Five Cents—Children half price—Unbelievers admitted Free." Thus faith in the hidden things of science will be made clear to the eyes of the million, and the singular phenomenon, exhibiting itself in its manifest effects from a hitherto undiscovered cause, will become as familiar to men as the horrors of a *Rainy Day*.

We fear that some will naturally regard these remarks as intended to cast reproach on scientific investigation, and research into the wide fields of pathological—naturo-philosophical—moral-philosophical love. Far from it. We beg to invite volunteers to unite in an overland expedition after the philosopher's stone. Let a company be formed on shares, armed and equipped with revolvers and rifles of the latest theory, to shoot opposition on the way for food for the Association—with India Rubber life-boats to cross the streams, and Gutta Percha tents to repose in on the march—secure a flying-machine on the last model, to transport the enthusiasts over mountains, and stock enough at \$5 a share to start the *enterprise*, if not the *expedition*. We would not only invite the formation of such Associations in all the Atlantic cities, but suggest to rural scientificators to leave the plough of successful homebred labor, sell out their little all, and invest at once. Why dudge longer, alone and single-handed, when these combinations and associations insure the journey to be made in six weeks from the "Independence" of the first start. But, reader, let us advise you, if you are seriously impressed with the propriety of the undertaking and its certain success, do not dwell on the results to be attained on a *Rainy Day*.

Suggestions of unbelief in any novelty are more common than should be. A course of opposition to the march of mind, camping in its progress at startling or astounding discoveries, is detrimental to the developments of science, applied to every day use. We do not desire to be regarded as cynical or infidel, and therefore avow an attachment to these novelties *ex limine*. The utter incomprehensibility of any scheme is no objection to its feasibility. Far from it. On the contrary, the less it is understood the more it is applauded. Once announced for the investigation of the masses, a public meeting is called, as follows: "TOWN MEETING. The citizens of the village of Love-Your-Enemies will assemble in the Hall where "justice is judicially administered," on Saturday evening next, at 6 o'clock, to consider the propriety of memorializing Congress to grant 100,000 acres of the public domain, for the purpose of raising a fund to be invested in the capital stock of a company about to be formed, to construct an Electro-Magnetic Wire Suspension Bridge from the Narrows, at New York, to Tusca Light-House, on the English coast. Mr. Amasa Foresight Marblehead, the discoverer of this wonderful invention for the benefit of mankind, and patent pacification of nations, will be present and explain its principal features." Signed by Hon. Col. Maj. M. D. Rev Esq. The meeting convenes at the appointed time. Speeches are made. Diagrams, models, drawings, lithographs, sections are exhibited. The audience are delighted, mystified, gratified, magnified, humbugged, and somnambulated. Resolutions are offered. A disciple of Roger Sherman objects,

and sonorously desires the *Cui Bono* in facts and figures. Question! Question! is shouted by the Esquire who signed the call, the brother of the chairman, and the gentleman who organized the meeting. These vocal demonstrations become public opinion, and under its supreme potent influence the resolutions are adopted, and the assembly adjourns. All is wonder, amazement and vacuity. One doubts. He is beleaguered by the President, Vice-President and Secretaries of the meeting, and silenced with "specific gravity," "conic sections," "capillary attraction," "latent pressure," "malleability of metals," "attraction of cohesion," "sinuosity of fluxions," and the superior capacity of the arch over the horizontal, to bear weight. The object is accomplished—the probability assumes the shape of certainty—the unsophisticated are converted—the community is alive to the absolute necessity of the project—the most flattering prospects are in the future. The bridge is built on paper, and on this mid-air viaduct is represented flour and corn pouring into England, and emigrants and their progeny pouring out. How delightful! Well, "probably the humbug of the thing" would never have been made known, had it not been for the morbid disposition of some skeptic, exaggerated by the atmospheric influence of a *Rainy Day*.

The atmospheric influence, then, is savagely detrimental to the mature development of extraordinary discoveries. In this it is anti-practice-scientific, and will, ere long, be driven from scholastic favoritism. Unwelcome as we have shown it to be in individual and scientific economy, we trust our researches into the economy of politics will prove more favorable.

The State is a comprehensive word, meaning a conglomeration of voters. Voters are men presumed to be aged one-and-twenty each—that is, every voter must be, by law, in a majority before an election at which he votes, but it is not unlawful for him to be in a minority after he has voted. At this maturity they are infected with the frailties of humanity, consequently they agree and disagree with each other. Thus parties are formed on the basis of "principles, not men," for the one, and "men, not principles," for the other. On the supremacy of one of these combinations the safety of the State depends—so each conscientiously believes. To test the question, elections have been established—a modern republican invention, instead of the old "wager of battle." The note of preparation is sounded. Martial music echoes in city, village, town and valley, in token of the peaceful nature of the coming contest. The voters of each party are gathered under banners inscribed with the poetry of politics. Speeches are made by the humble aspirant after public fame in the shape of "spoils," a figurative designation for the reward of patriotism. The taverns are filled; disquisitions on political principles, qualifications for public servants, the past history of nominees, and the future prospects of the faithful, are discussed with the blandness and courtesy which mark all polemic controversies. In order to purify the political atmosphere of such assemblies in those party craniums called "Head Quarters," the fumes of tobacco, flavored with the insensible distillations of "old rye" or "Monongahela," are used *ad libitum*. This, by the aid of music, speeches, rum and tobacco, "the great principles of the party" are preserved from decay, and made palatable to "generations yet unborn." As the contest progresses, it is more and more marked by enthusiasm, sincerity, patriotism, self-devotion to those abstractions born in '06, and destined to a green old age, or their immemorial antagonistic dogmas of a more northern extraction. Music, meetings, speeches and speculations, banners and bantering, polemics and pyrotechnics, rum and rows, fights and fabrications,

placards and publications, advocates and anathemas, multiply in proportion to the chances of success. Committees of vigilance are active—window-committees impatient—voters are volatile and vicarious—candidates are cajoling, cabaling, convivial, cautious, curious and concerned. Thus progresses the campaign. The day arrives—Election Day—big with the fate of patronage and place. "To the Polls, Freemen, to the Polls!" is conspicuous at every turn, reminding those who have just awoke to the objects of the day, after weeks spent in fruitless attempts to convince them of the importance of the "Second Tuesday" in the political Almanac. Voting is the absorbing business. "Vote early," is announced as of the utmost consequence. "Vote for John Smith," is pronounced the only miracle by which liberty can be guaranteed to the nation. Workingmen are informed that John Brown is alone advised of the most salutary remedy for all their evils. Business men are warned that prosperity will abound under a Tariff, with the cabalistic addition of "42," and that ruin belongs to that of "46." The timid are startled by the announcement that the "country is ruined," and the "constitution has been violated," while anon is proclaimed that "the dearest rights of freemen are in jeopardy." So passes the "Second Tuesday"—voting, voting, voting, "on age," "on papers," "on tax receipts," and "on principle." There must be an end to all things. So with Election Day. The polls are closed. The counting begins. Majorities and victories are cheered as published. One party claims success from figures, the other from numbers. One calculates success, the other votes it. It is decided, at last, by the indisputable returns. The victors attribute their triumph to the people; the defeated find consolation in the fact that they would have been triumphant, had it not been—a *Rainy Day*.

Atmospheric influences are suicidal, it seems, in politics. And as it may seem, the character of the atmosphere has a powerful influence on other things beside animal spirits. Reader, pause—our task is done. Of a highly mercurial temperament, affected with despondency or hilarity, as the sky is cloudy or clear, we were forced to get rid of ourselves on one of those pluvious phenomena in the temperate zone, and hence we wasted our own time and yours by dedicating our reflections to *The Rainy Day*.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—We do not think our patrons can fail to be pleased with this the first number of a new volume of "Graham's Magazine." We confess to feeling proud of it ourselves, and think we fully redeem the promise we made to increase the claims of our periodical upon popular favor. No similar publication, it may be confidently asserted, ever presented an equal array of merits and attractions, whether the artistic embellishments or literary contents be considered, and we know that our good friends, the public, will award to us the meed of superiority over all others, *nam. con.* But excellent as the opening number of the volume is, the rest shall fully equal if not surpass it in beauty. We have always held our position in advance of all competition, and the ground shall be maintained. Let others do as they may, the subscribers to "Graham's Magazine" may rest assured that their favorite publication will never degenerate or forfeit the proud distinction long ago conferred upon it of being "The Gem of the Monthlies, and the Leading Periodical in America."

Our subscription list is rapidly increasing; new friends sending in their names every day. This is an appropriate season to commence taking the Magazine, and the novelties and new beauties we have in preparation will render the current volume one well worthy of careful preservation.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

H. Kavanagh. A Tale. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume has been very extensively read, has delighted almost every reader, and yet has left on the minds of many a feeling of disappointment. Considered as a novel, it must be admitted that the story is but slight, the characters hinted rather than developed, and the whole frame-work fragile; but it would perhaps be more fair to judge it according to the purpose the author had in view in writing it, and this purpose was evidently not the production of a consistent novel, but the illustration of an idea through the forms of a tale. Mr. Churchill, who is always meditating a romance and never producing one, and while musing over the idea is unconscious of the romance developing under his very eyes, is a good illustration of the motto of the work—

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it."

The romance present to Mr. Churchill's vision, but which he does not perceive, is, to be sure, a common one, but none the less affecting because it is common. It is a simple but quietly intense representation of love in its two great expressions in life—the love which impudises and the love which breaks hearts; and it has no reference at all to time, but is the universal fact of all ages.

In addition to his lovers, Mr. Longfellow has sketched with much beautiful humor, the characters and characteristics of a country town. His mirth is the very poetry of mirth, sly, genial, fanciful, reminding the reader of Dickens without suggesting the thought of imitation. All the incidents and emotions of the book are enveloped in an atmosphere of poetry. It is this magical charm of the poet, investing the commonest materials with a drapery of imagination, and sending a rich and golden flush through the whole expression, which constitutes the merit of the volume. An ideal sweetness, sometimes felt in the music of the words, sometimes in the fine felicity of the imagery, and sometimes in the "soft, Ausonian air," breathed upon the characters, pervades equally the author's humor, pathos, sentiment, passion and reflection. The effect of the whole is not to thrill or exalt the reader, not to inspire terror or awaken thoughts "beyond the reaches of his soul," but to fill him with the highest possible degree of intellectual and moral comfort. There are no stings in the author's mind, and he plants none in the minds of others. He is a mortal enemy to unrest, to all haggard and unhandsome thoughts and sensibilities, and fuses matter and spirit into a sensuous compound, calculated to give poetic pleasure rather than to inspire poetic action.

There is one fault to the book more serious, perhaps, than any other, and that is its shortness. The characters are well conceived, but imperfectly developed. The premises of Kavanagh's character are excellent, but no conclusion is drawn from them except his marriage, and that is something of a *non-sequitur*. The ground is fairly broken for a long work, for a sort of American *Wilhelm Meister*, and though the author's plan hardly demands its cultivation to the extent of its capacity, we feel rather provoked that he did not make his plan commensurate with the elements of his characters. In Kavanagh we have a reformer who blends cultivated and sensitive tastes with great aspirations, and to have fully developed such a person, by representing the modifications of his mind through its contact with the reformers and conservatives of New Eng-

land, would have enabled Mr. Longfellow to produce the most original and striking novel of the day, and one which would have been a mirror of New England life in its present manifestations. The ideas and purposes of Kavanagh alone are given, and he, rather than Mr. Churchill spreads a gulf between intentions and deeds. To have made the woman he loved non-sympathetic with him as a reformer, and the woman he did not love his adherent in that capacity, would have finely complicated the matter, and resulted in many original agonies, ecstasies, mental struggles, and thrilling situations. Such a novel, even if, like Goethe's, it had cost ten years' labor, would, as treated by Mr. Longfellow, have obtained an instantaneous and enduring popularity.

My Uncle the Curate. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The mere announcement of any thing from the sparkling brain of the Bachelor of the Albany, is sufficient to raise anticipations of brisk and business-like satire, of felicitous expression, and of good-natured representation of the follies of conventional life. The present work evinces more of the novelist, and less of the wit-snapper, than any thing the author has previously written. The story and the characters, though plentifully bespangled with epigrams, are still not immersed and lost in them; and there is not that incessant effort after smartness and point which at one period seemed to be the law of the writer's mind. Mr. Woodward, the Curate, has some capital traits of character felicitously developed, and his wife, belonging to that kind of women known as everybody's mother, is drawn to the life. In Mrs. Spenser we have one of those plagues of mankind, who cause more misery than pestilence and war—a nervous, fretful, peevish, unsatisfied, vinegar-souled wife, engaged in slaughtering her husband with pins, and making up for the weakness of her instruments by the continuity of her attacks. Lucy McCracken appears to have been suggested by Thackeray's Becky Sharp, and she is in every way inferior to the latter in the logic of her artfulness. Dawson, Sidney Spenser, Markham and Vivyan, are all well discriminated delineations of young men, though the lover is the least interesting. The author is something of a bungler in handling the passions and affections, and considered as a man of wit, is singularly blind to the ludicrous effect which his serious scenes often produce. He is a capital laughter at the sentimentalities and agonies of other novelists, but when he ventures into their region he is as far from common sense and natural feeling as any of the duffers in broken hearts and crushed affections whom he ridicules.

The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. New York: John Wiley. Part I.

The announcement of a new work by the most popular novelist of the day, is quite an event to the famished lovers of his genius. It is difficult to judge from the first number whether it will be worthy of the author's fame, but it promises well both in respect to originality and interest. With the characteristic traits of Dickens's style and mode of delineating characters and narrating events, it starts a new society of individuals, who may rival the old familiar names in popularity. The peculiar humor, fancy, sweet-

ness, and verbal felicity, which have already delighted so many thousands, appear in this work with their old power, and give no signs of decay. For knowledge of the heart we would allude to the scene in which Mrs. Copperfield questions Davy as to the exact words the gentleman at Lowestoft used in speaking of her beauty, as pre-eminently excellent. For quaint humor, bordering continually on pathos, the life which Davy led in the queer house on Yarmouth beach, with Peggotty's relations, might be triumphantly quoted to silence all doubts of Dickens's continued fertility. The knowledge evinced throughout of the interior workings and external expression of a child's mind, is quite remarkable. Indeed, if the author proceeds as he has commenced, there can be little fear of his success. It remains, however, to be seen, whether or not his characters will please through twenty numbers.

Holidays Abroad; or Europe from the West. By Mrs. Kirkland. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

The accomplished authoress of these elegant volumes has established so good a reputation by her previous writings, that we opened her present book with some reluctance, fearing that the subject would be too threadbare even for her powers to make interesting. Indeed records of tours in Europe have become so common, so natural an employment of aspiring mediocrity, that to read them is an exercise in yawning, and to criticise them an assumption of the office of executioner. We prefer dullness in almost any other form. It is due to Mrs. Kirkland, however, to acknowledge that she has triumphed over the disadvantages of her subject, and produced a really interesting work, avoiding all the wearisome topographical inanities and stereotyped opinions of most tourists, and giving a new and vivid glimpse of foreign life. She appears to understand the wants of her readers, and she tells them the very things they most desire to know. Her passage on St. Peter's is one instance among many which the book affords, of her knowledge of the ignorance of her readers, and her felicity in suggesting a view of a whole subject by fixing on a few important details. She generally succeeds in conveying so warm an impression of the objects she describes, as to make her readers the companions in the journey.

The Adirondack; or Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley, Author of *Washington and his Generals*, etc. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume the dashing and brilliant author of Napoleon and his Marshals has occupied a new ground. The northern section of the state of New York, comprising nearly eight counties, is still an un subdued forest, "crossed by no road, enlivened by no cultivation, not a keel disturbing its waters, while bears, panthers, wolves, moose and deer, are the only lords of the soil." Into this region Mr. Headley conducts his readers, and certainly few subjects could be better fitted for his picturesque pen. The magnificent scenery of the region he has described with great force, freshness and pictorial effect, and the various adventures incident to a life in the woods, are narrated with the author's accustomed vigor and raciness. The work being in the form of familiar letters, admits of every style of verbal expression which truly reflects the feeling of the moment, and the reader is therefore not troubled by the presence of those occasional audacities of diction which, in Mr. Headley's more elaborate works, sometimes offend a pure taste.

Analogy of the Ancient Craft, Masonry, to Revealed Religion. Gregg & Elliott.

This is the title of a beautifully printed octavo volume,

from the pen, and evidently from the heart, of Charles Scott, A. M., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Mississippi. The literature of the Order of Masonry is not extensive, for reasons that the members of the Order probably fully comprehend. It is confined to a few volumes of addresses, and to some liturgies and hand-books; all, of course, useful to the craft, but not all interesting to the world. The volume before us is the result of much deep feeling, which manifested and employed itself in careful research, close reading, sustained reflection, and an able exposition of the results of all those processes.

The Analogy is ably made, and though the uninitiated may not feel the same interest as do the "craftsmen" in the Analogy, yet many readers will find on its pages much to admire, much that will instruct, much that will lead him to reflect and inquire.

The initiated who sits down to the book with a love of the institution, will find that love augmented, his respect increased, and his views greatly enlarged by the developments of the able author of the volume. We commend the work to the attention of general readers, but especially to those who share membership with Mr. Scott.

Last Leaves of American History: Comprising Histories of the Mexican War and California. By Emma Willard. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Commencing with the inauguration of General Harrison, Mrs. Willard presents us with a clear and condensed account of the events which followed to the close of the Mexican war. Although most of them are familiar to the readers of the newspapers, we suppose that few minds possess them in their order and connection, stripped of all exaggeration and telegraphic inaccuracies. Mrs. Willard writes in a bold, decisive style, without any apparent partisan object, and with no other purpose to serve than to glorify the country as far as it can be done without any sacrifice of truth. We have found the volume interesting and accurate.

The Genius of Italy: being Sketches of Italian Life, Literature and Religion. By Rev. Robert Turnbull, Author of *Genius of Scotland*, etc. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an exceedingly interesting and well-written volume, full at once of discernment and enthusiasm, exhibiting considerable knowledge of Italian literature, scenery, manners and character, and showing a true Anglo-Saxon sagacity in its views of the present state of Italy. The work is both descriptive and critical, and many passages have a pictorial distinctness which prove that the objects described were visibly mirrored on the writer's imagination as he wrote. The sketches of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, contain many correct opinions, and are well calculated to convey information as well as to inspire enthusiasm for the genius of Italy.

History of King Charles the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a most useful and entertaining biography of a regal routé, whose reign is the scoff and jeer of history. Charles was a good natured rascal, whose destitution of principle and indifference to shame, approached the marvelous. The record of his reign is full of matter for reflection, and Mr. Abbott has presented it with more than his accustomed felicity in the selection of events, and graceful simplicity of style.



were but as a page of delicious poetry snatched at idle hours. Free from the turmoil and vexations of the city, how pleasant to tread the down-hill of life, surrounded by such peaceful influences as smiled upon the inhabitants of Grassmere, and several beautiful cottages nestling in the valley, or dotting the hill-side, attested that some fortunate man of wealth had here cast loose the burthen of the day, to repose in the quiet of nature.

Although our story bears but slightly save upon three or four of the three thousand inhabitants of Grassmere, I will state that a variety of religious opinions had for several years been gradually creeping into this primitive town, and that where once a single church received the inhabitants within one faith, there were now four houses of worship, all embracing different tenets. But the deacon walked heavenward his own path, shaking his skirts free from all contamination with other sects, whom, indeed, he looked upon as little better than heathen.

The pastor of the church claiming so zealous a member, was a man eminent for his Christian benevolence. His was not the piety which exhausted itself in words—heart and soul did he labor to do his Master's will, and far from embracing the rigid views of the worthy Deacon Humphreys, he wore the garb of charity for all, and in his great, good heart loved all.

He had one son, who, at the period from which my story dates, was pursuing his collegiate course at one of our most popular institutions, and in his own mind the deacon had determined that Hubert Fairlie should become the husband of his only daughter, Naomi. In another month Hubert was to return to pass his vacation at Grassmere, and Naomi looked forward to the meeting with unaffected pleasure. They had been playmates in childhood, companions in riper years; but love had nothing to do with their regard for each other, yet the deacon could not conceive how friendship alone should thus unite them. At any rate Naomi must be the wife of Hubert—that was as set as his Sunday face.

The deacon was a man well off in worldly matters. He owned the large, highly cultivated farm on which he lived, as also several snug houses within the village, which rented at good rates.

But the little cottage at Silver-Fall was untenanted. Through the inability of its former occupant to pay the rent, it had returned upon the hands of the deacon, and although one of the most delightful residences for miles around, had now been for several months without a tenant.

A charming spot was Silver-Fall, with its little dwelling half hidden by climbing roses and shadowy maples. Smooth as velvet was the lawn, with here and there a cluster of blue violets clinging timidly together, and hemmed by a silvery thread of bright laughing water, which, within a few rods of the cottage-door, suddenly leaped over a bed of rocks some twenty feet high, into the valley below. This gave it the name of Silver-Fall Cottage—all too enticing a spot it would seem to remain long unoccupied. Yet the snows of winter yielded to the gentle breath of spring, and the bright fruits of summer already decked the

hedge-rows and the thicket, ere a tenant could be found, and then there came a letter to Mr. Humphreys from a widow lady living in a distant city, requiring the terms on which he would lease his pretty cottage.

They were favorable, it would seem, to her views, and in due time Mrs. Norton, her daughter Grace, and two female domestics, arrived at Silver-Fall.

CHAPTER III.

One Fold of the Curtain drawn back.

A new comer in a country village is always sure to elicit more or less curiosity, and Mrs. Norton did not escape without her due share from the inhabitants of Grassmere. With telegraph speed it was found out that she was a lady between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in bombazine, and wore close mourning caps. Miss Norton was talked of as a slender, fair girl, with blue eyes, and long, flowing curls, and might be seventeen, perhaps twenty—of course, they could not be strictly accurate in this matter.

Bales of India matting were unrolled in the doorway—crates of beautiful china unpacked in the piazza—sofas and chairs crept out from their rough traveling cases, displaying all the beauty of rosewood and damask, until finally by aid of all these means and appliances to boot," Mrs. Norton and her daughter were pronounced very genteel—but—

"But, I wonder what they are!" said Mrs. Humphreys to the deacon, as talking over these secular matters she handed him his second cup of coffee.

Not that the good lady had any doubt of their being *bona fide* flesh and blood; neither did she believe they were witches or fairies who had taken up their abode at Silver-Fall. "*I wonder what they are!*" must therefore be interpreted as "*I wonder what church they attend,*" or "*what creed they profess.*"

The deacon shook his head and looked solemn,

"It is to be hoped," continued Mrs. Humphreys, complacently stirring the coffee, "that at her period of life Mrs. Norton may be a professor of some kind."

The deacon dropped his knife and fork—he was shocked—astounded.

"I am surprised to hear you speak thus lightly, Mrs. Humphreys—a professor of some kind! Is it not better that she should yet rest in her sins, than to be walking in the footsteps of error—a professor of some kind! Wife—wife—you forget yourself!" exclaimed the deacon.

"I spoke thoughtlessly, I acknowledge," answered Mrs. Humphreys, much confused by the stern rebuke of her husband. "I meant to say, I hoped she had found a pardon for her sins."

"Have you forgotten that you are a parent?" continued the deacon, solemnly "Can you suffer the ears of your daughter to drink in such poison! A professor of some kind! Naomi, my child," placing his hand on the sunny head before him, "beware how you listen to such doctrine; there is but one true faith—there is but one way by which you can be saved. Go to your chamber, and pray you may not be led into error through your mother's words of folly!"

But there were others at Grassmere most anxiously

wondering, like good Mrs. Humphreys, "*what they were*," ere they so far committed themselves as to call upon the strangers. Sunday, however, was close at hand; Mrs. Norton's choice of a church was to determine them the choice of her acquaintance.

Does the reader think the inhabitants of Grassmere peculiar? I think not. There are very many just such people not a hundred rods from our own doors.

Unfortunately, on Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. Nothing less impervious than strong cow-hide boots—India-rubber overcoats, and thick cotton umbrellas, could go to meeting, consequently, Mrs. Norton staid at home, and on Monday afternoon, after the washing was done, and the deacon had turned his well saturated hay, Mrs. Humphreys put on her best black silk gown and mantilla, her plain straw bonnet, with white trimmings, and walked over with her husband to Silver-Fall cottage. As the widow rented her house of them, they could not in decency, they reasoned, longer defer calling upon her.

A glance within the cottage would convince any one that Mrs. Norton and Grace were at least persons of refinement—for there is as much character displayed in the arrangement of a room as in the choice of a book.

Cream colored mattings, and window-curtains of transparent lace, relieved by hangings of pale sea-green silk, imparted a look of delicious coolness to the apartments. There was no display of gaudy furniture, as if a cabinet warehouse had been taken on speculation—yet there was enough for comfort and even elegance; nor was there an over exhibition of paintings—one of Cole's beautiful landscapes, and a few other gems of native talent were all; nor were the tables freighted as the counter of a toy-shop; the only ornament of each was a beautiful vase of Bohemian glass, filled with fresh garden flowers, whose tasteful arrangement even fairy hands could not have rivalled.

The few moments they were awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Norton were employed by Mrs. Humphreys in taking a rapid survey of all these surroundings, the result of which was to impress her with a sort of awe for the mistress of this little realm.

"My stars!" said she, casting her eyes to the right and left, half rising from the luxurious couch to peep into one corner, and almost breaking her neck to dive into another, "my stars, deacon, if this do n't beat all I ever did see!"

But the deacon, with an air worthy of a funeral, shook his head, closed his eyes, and muttered,

"Vanity—vanity!"

The door opened, and Grace gliding in, sweetly apologized for her mother, whom a violent headache detained in her apartment.

"Well, I do wish I knew what they were!" again exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, as she took the deacon's arm and plodded thoughtfully homeward.

Then going to a dark cupboard under the stairs, she rummaged for some time among the jars and gallipots, and finally producing one marked "Raspberry Jam," she told Naomi to put on her Sunday bonnet, and carry it to the cottage, and—

"Naomi, you may just as well ask Grace Norton what meeting she goes to."

Delighted to make the acquaintance of Grace, Naomi threw on her bonnet and tripped lightly to the cottage, thinking little, we fear, of her mother's last charge. At any rate it was omitted, and so the night-cap of Mrs. Humphreys again threw its broad frilling over an unsatisfied brow.

In the morning the deacon received a very neat note from Mrs. Norton, requesting to see him up on business.

"And now, my dear sir," said she, after the common courtesies of the day were passed, "I have taken the liberty to send for you to transact a little business for me. If not too great a tax upon your time, will you purchase a pew for me?"

The deacon grimly smiled, and rubbing his knee, replied.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Norton, I shall be glad to attend to the matter. True, it is a busy season with us farmers, but the Lord forbid I should therefore neglect *his* business."

"Do you think you can procure me one?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"O, I reckon so, for I am certain there are several pews now to be let or sold either."

"And what price, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Well, I guess about sixty dollars; and now I recollect, Squire Bryce wants to sell his—it is right alongside of mine, and I reckon my pew is as good for hearing the word as any in the meeting-house. I am glad, really I do rejoice to find you a true believer."

"You mistake my church, I see," said Mrs. Norton, smiling, "I belong to a different denomination from the one of which as I am aware you are a professor."

"Then," cried the deacon, rising hastily and making for the door, "excuse me—I—I know nothing of any other church or its pews. I cannot be the instrument of seating you where false doctrines are preached! I—good morning, ma'am."

The widow sighed as the gate slammed after her visitor, but Grace burst into a merry fit of laughter.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "was there ever such absurdity!"

"Hush, hush my dear child," said Mrs. Norton, "Mr. Humphreys is without doubt perfectly conscientious in this matter—we may pity, but not condemn such zeal in the cause of religion."

"Do you call bigotry religion, mamma?" asked Grace.

"A person may be a very good Christian, Grace, and yet be very much of a bigot," answered her mother. "That such a spirit as Mr. Humphreys has just now shown may often be productive of more evil than good, I allow. His aim is to do good, but he adopts the wrong measures."

"Why, mamma, one would have judged from his manner that we were infidels!" said Grace.

"O no, my child, he did not really think that," replied Mrs. Norton, smiling at her earnestness. "He only felt shocked at what he deems our error—for he sacredly believes there can be no safety in any other creed than his own. Without the charity therefore

to think there may be good in all sects, and lacking the desire to study the subject, or rather so much wedded to his belief that he would deem it almost a sin to do so, like an unjust judge, he condemns without a hearing. There are too many such mistaken zealots in every creed of worship. O, my dear child," continued Mrs. Norton, her fine eyes bathed in tears, "would that members of every sect might unite in love and charity to one another! They are all aiming alike to love and serve Christ, and yet take no heed to his commandment, '*Love ye one another!*'"

"Well, mamma, for the sake of his sweet daughter, Naomi, I can forgive the good deacon. I have never seen a more interesting face than hers, and her manners are as graceful and lady-like as if she had never seen the country," said Grace.

"And most probably a great deal more so, my love," replied Mrs. Norton, "for nature can add a grace which courts cannot give. But I agree with you in thinking Miss Humphreys interesting; she is, indeed, so, and if her countenance prove an index of her mind, I think you may promise yourself a pleasing companion."

But the deacon, it seems, was of a different way of thinking, and no sooner did he enter under his own roof, place his oak stick in the corner, and hang up his hat on the peg behind the door, than going into the kitchen where the good wife was busily employed preparing the noonday meal, assisted by Naomi, he made known with serious countenance, that he had discovered *what they were* at Silver-Fall cottage!

Of course, Miss Norton was not such a companion as they would choose for Naomi. True, she was a pretty girl, and Mrs. Norton a lady of faultless manners; but then so much the more danger, and therefore Naomi, though not forbidden, was admonished to beware of their new acquaintances.

CHAPTER IV.

Love Passages.

The summer passed, and in the bright month of September, came Hubert Fairlie, to pass a few weeks beneath the glad roof of his parents, whose only and beloved child he was.

Their warm welcome given, the first visit of Hubert was to Naomi. They met as such young and ardent friends meet after an absence of months, and Naomi soon confided to him her regret that her parents would not allow her to cultivate the friendship of Grace Norton, whom she extolled in such warm and earnest language, that Hubert found his curiosity greatly excited to behold one calling forth such high eulogium from the gentle Naomi.

An evening walk was accordingly planned which would lead them near the cottage, hoping by that means to obtain a glimpse of its fair inmate. Fortune favored them. As they came within view of the cottage, a sweet voice was heard chaunting the Evening Hymn to the Virgin, and Hubert and Naomi paused to listen to as heavenly sounds as ever floated on the calm twilight air. Then as the song concluded, Grace herself still sweeping her fairy fingers over the strings

to a lively waltz, sprang out from the little arbor, and with her hair floating around her like stray sunbeams, her beautiful blue eyes lifted upward, her white arms embracing the guitar, and her graceful figure swaying to the gay measure like a bird upon the tree-top, tripped over the greensward.

Among other amusements which the deacon held in great abhorrence was dancing, and Naomi had been taught to look upon all such exhibitions as vain and sinful. Yet never, I may venture to say, did any pair of little feet so long to be set at liberty as did Naomi's—*pat—pat—pat—ing* the gravel-walk where they stood, urging their young mistress to bound through the gate and trip it with those other little feet twinkling so fleetly to the merry music.

The cheeks of Grace rivalled the hue of June roses, as she suddenly encountered the gaze of a stranger; but seeing Naomi, she hastened to greet her, and thereby hide her embarrassment. Naomi introduced her companion, and then Grace invited them to walk in the garden, and look at her fine show of autumn flowers. Minutes flew imperceptibly, and ere they were aware, Hubert and Naomi found themselves seated in the tasteful parlor of the cottage listening to another sweet song from the lips of Grace.

As this is not precisely a love tale, I may as well admit at once, that Hubert became deeply enamored of the bewitching Grace, and from that evening was a frequent and not unwelcome visitor—a fact which was soon discovered by the deacon, for noting that Hubert came not so often as was his wont to the farm, he set about to find out what could have so suddenly turned the footsteps of the young man from his door.

Alas, for his hopes of a son-in-law in Hubert! He found those footsteps very closely on the track of as dainty a pair of slippers as ever graced the foot of a Cinderella.

Nothing could exceed his disappointment, save the pity he felt for his minister, whose son he considered rushing blindly into the snares of the Evil One. Nay, so far did he carry his pity as to warn Mr. Fairlie of the dereliction of Hubert. But when that worthy man reproved his uncharitableness, and acknowledged that he could hope for no greater earthly happiness for his son, than to see him the husband of so charming and amiable a girl as Grace Norton, the deacon was perfectly thunderstruck! It was dreadful—what would the world come to! In short almost believing in the apostacy of the minister himself, the deacon went home groaning in spirit, as much perhaps for the frustration of his own schemes, as for the "falling off," as he termed it of the reverend clergyman!

The swift term of vacation expired, and Hubert returned to college. His collegiate course would end with the next term, and then it was his wish to commence the study of the law. Mr. Fairlie was, perhaps, somewhat disappointed that his son did not adopt his own sacred profession; but he was a man of too much sense to force the decision of Hubert or thwart his wishes. He hoped to see him a good man whatever might be his calling; and if ever youth gave promise to make glad the heart of a parent, that youth was Hubert Fairlie.

The intercourse between Grace and Naomi from this time almost wholly ceased, much to the regret of both. Yet such were the orders of Deacon Humphreys, whose good-will toward the widow and her daughter was by no means strengthened by the events of the last four weeks.

CHAPTER V.

The Practical and Theoretical Christian.

"Why what have you done with Nelly to-day?" asked Mrs. Humphreys, of her washerwoman, who came every Monday morning, regularly attended by a little ragged, half-starved girl of four years old, whose province it was to pick up the close-pins, drive the hens off the bleach, and keep the kittens from scalding their frisky tails—receiving for her reward a thin slice of bread and butter, or maybe, if all things went right, and no thunder-squalls brewed, or sudden hurricanes swept over the close-fold, a piece of gingerbread or a cookie. "What, I say, have you done with Nelly?"

"O, ma'am, she has gone to school—only think of it, my poor little Nelly has gone to school! It does seem," continued Mrs. White, resting her arms on the tub, and holding suspended by her two hands a well-patched shirt of the deacon's, "it does seem as if the Lord had sent that Mrs. Norton here to be a blessing to the poor!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Humphreys, spitefully rattling the dishes.

"Only think," continued Mrs. White, "she has given up one whole room in her house to Miss Grace, who has been round and got all the children that can't go to school because their parents are too poor to send them, and just teaches them herself for nothing! God bless her, I say!" exclaimed the washerwoman, strenuously, her tears mingling with the soap-suds into which she now plunged her two arms so vigorously as to dash the creaming foam to the ceiling.

Mrs. Humphreys was at once surprised and angry. She could not conceive why a lady like Mrs. Norton should do such a thing as to keep a ragged school, and that, too, without pay or profit. She had forgotten the words of our blessed Lord, "*Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me,*" or, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*" Charity alone, she argued in her selfish nature, could not have influenced Mrs. Norton to put herself to so much trouble for a troop of noisy, dirty, half-clothed children! No, there must be some deeper motive—some sectarian object, perhaps, to be gained; and, impressed with this idea, she said tartly,

"I think it is a pretty piece of presumption in Mrs. Norton to come here and set herself up in this way, telling us as it were of our duty. She is a stranger, and what business is it of hers, I should like to know, whether the children go to school or not!"

"O, Mrs. Humphreys, indeed, I think the spirit of the Lord guides her!" said Mrs. White. "Miss Grace came and asked me so humbly like, if I would let her teach my Nelly, and then kissed the little fatherless child so, so—that—that—O, I could have wor-

shipped her!" and fresh tears streamed down the cheeks of the washerwoman.

"Worship a fiddle-stick!" exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, out of all patience, "I know what she wants—an artful creature; yes, she wants to make Nelly go to her meeting!"

Poor Mrs. White could not help smiling at the idea of attempting to form the religious creed of a child scarce four years old.

"Well, if she will only make her as good as she is, I don't care!" she answered, "for the Bible says, '*By their fruits ye shall know them*'!"

Mrs. Humphreys was more and more shocked at this. She whispered it to Mrs. Smith, who whispered it to Mrs. Jones, who told Mrs. Brown, who told all the society, that the Nortons were wicked, designing people, come into the village to stir up schism in the church! Yet all sensible persons applauded the good deed of the widow, and cheerfully aided her efforts. The little school prospered even more than she had dared to hope; the children were cheerful and happy, and those whose parents could not afford them decent clothing, were generously supplied by Mrs. Norton—and many a heart blessed the hour which brought her among them.

As the thunder which suddenly rends the heavens, when not a cloud on the blue expanse has heralded the coming storm, was the calamity which now as suddenly burst over the head of Mrs. Norton.

She retired at night to her peaceful slumbers, supposing herself the mistress of thousands. With the early dawn there came letters to the cottage, telling her that all her worldly possessions were swept from her. The man to whose care her fortune was entrusted, had basely defrauded her of every cent, and now a bankrupt, had fled to a foreign land.

The stroke was a severe one. She must have been divine to have resisted the first shock which the tidings caused her. But that over, like a brave and noble spirit she rose to meet it. Her treasures were not all of earth—in heaven her hopes were garnered; and, although henceforth her path in life might be in rougher spots, and through darker scenes than it had yet traversed, to that heaven she trusted to arrive at last.

It happened, unfortunately, that the half-yearly rent of the cottage became due that very week; and Mrs. Norton, thus suddenly deprived of her expected funds, had no means to meet it. Where should she raise two hundred dollars! Her courage, however, rose with her trials. A little time to look into her affairs—a little time to form her plans for the future, and she doubted not she should be able to liquidate the debt. Unused to asking favors, she yet courageously went to Mr. Humphreys, and stating candidly her inability to meet the rent, requested a few weeks indulgence.

The deacon was not caught napping. Evil news always travels with seven-league boots—and long ere Mrs. Norton knocked at the door of the farm-house, it was known throughout the village that her fortune was gone.

Now the deacon, good man that he was, was "*given to idols*," and Mammon was one. Moreover, he

owed the widow a grudge, as we already know, and the old leaven of sin was at work *beneath* the crust of piety.

He was accordingly well prepared to receive her. And sorry, very sorry was the worthy deacon, but he had just then a most pressing necessity for the rent—he really must have it, if not in cash, perhaps Mrs. Norton might have some plate to dispose of; he would be happy to oblige her in that way, for the Lord forbid he should deal hard with any one—but, the amount *must* be paid when due. Wait he could not—and if the rent was not forthcoming on the day stipulated in the contract—why—why—he was very sorry—but he should be obliged to take other measures, that was all!

Mrs. Norton soiled not her lips by making any reply to this Christian Shylock—no expostulation or entreaty—but coldly bowing, she took her leave.

As soon as she reached home she sent for a silversmith, brought out her valuable tea-set—doubly so from having been the marriage gift of her father, requested its appraisal, and then duly attested as to its weight and purity, it was forwarded to the clutches of the deacon.

Mrs. Norton met with a great deal of sympathy in her misfortunes. During the few months she had resided among them, the villagers had all learned to love and respect her. Even the poor came from their humble homes, and with looks of sympathy and outstretched hands tendered their offerings—their hard-earned wages to the kind lady who had taught their little ones; they would work for her—they would do any thing to serve her. With a sweet smile Mrs. Norton put back their grateful gifts, and thanked them in gentle tones for their love—to her a far more acceptable boon than gold could buy.

Again Silver-Fall cottage fell back on the hands of its owner.

Dismissing her attendants, Mrs. Norton took a smaller and cheaper house. Her choice and beautiful furniture she sold, only retaining sufficient to render her now humble residence comfortable. The avails of the sale amounted to several hundred dollars—enough, at any rate, she deemed, for present necessities, while she trusted in the meantime to find some means of subsistence by which she and Grace might support themselves.

What more noble spectacle, than an elegant, refined woman thus meeting, uncomplaining and cheerfully, the storm of adversity.

And Grace, too—sweet Grace—sang like a skylark, and made her little white hands wonderfully busy in household matters. Hubert Fairlie was yet absent, though his long and frequent letters brought joy to the heart of his beloved.

And had Naomi forgotten her friend in this season of trial! Not so; yet forbidden as we have seen from the society of Grace, all she could do was to sympathize deeply in spirit, happy when a chance opportunity brought them together; and those meetings although rare, only served to strengthen the friendship which united these two lovely girls.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pestilence. The Curtain wholly Lifted.

It was now the middle of October.

"Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light,
and the landscape
Lay as if new created, in all the freshness of childhood:
All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play—the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yard,
Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love."

When suddenly the Angel of Death folded his dark wings, and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Grassmere.

A terrible and malignant fever swept through the town, spreading from house to house, like the fire which consumes alike the dry grass and the bright, fresh flowers of the prairies. Old and young, husband, wife and child, were alike brought low. There were not left in all the village those able to attend upon the sick. From the churches solemnly tolled the funeral bells, as one by one, youth and age, blooming childhood and lovely infancy, were borne to the graveyard—no longer solitary—for the foot of the mourner pressed heavily over its grass-grown paths.

Still the contagion raged, until the selfishness of poor human nature triumphed over the promptings of kindness and charity. People grew jealous of each other; neighbor shunned neighbor;

"Silence reigned in the streets—"

Rose no smoke from the roofs—gleamed no lights from the windows."

save the dim midnight lamp which from almost every house betokened the plague within.

None had shut themselves up closer from fear of infection than Deacon Humphreys. His gates grew rusty, and the grass sprang up in the paths about his dwelling. And yet the Destroyer found him out, and like a hound long scenting its prey, sprang upon the household with terrible violence.

First the pure and gentle Naomi sank beneath the stroke, and ere the setting of the same day's sun, Mrs. Humphreys herself was brought nigh the grave.

Like one demented, pale with agony and terror, the deacon rushed forth into the deserted streets to seek for aid. His dear ones—his wife and child were perhaps dying; where, where should he look for relief—where find some kind hand to administer to their necessities.

At every house he learned a tale of woe equal to his own. Some wept while they told of dear ones now languishing upon the bed of pain, or bade him look upon the marble brow of their dead. Others grown callous, and worn-out with sorrow and fatigue, refused all aid, while some, through excess of fear, hurriedly closed their doors against him.

Thus he reached the end of the village, and then the small, neat cottage of Mrs. Norton met his view, nestling down amid the overshadowing branches of two venerable elms. From the day he had almost thrust her from his gate, with cold looks and unflinching extortion, Mrs. Norton and the deacon had not met, and now the time had come when he was about to ask from her a favor upon which perhaps his whole

earthly happiness might rest—a favor from her, whom in *his* strength and *her* dependence he had scorned. Would she grant it? He hesitated; would she not rather, rejoicing in her power now, revenge the slights he felt he had so often and so undeservedly cast upon her. But he remembered the sweet, calm look which beamed from her eyes, and his courage grew with the thought.

Putting away the luxuriant creeper which wound itself from the still green turf to the roof of the cottage, hanging in graceful festoons, and tinged with the brilliant dyes of autumn, seemed like wreaths of magnificent flowers thus suspended, the deacon knocked hesitatingly at the door.

It opened, and Mrs. Norton stood before him, pale with watching—for, like an angel of mercy had she passed from house to house, since the first breaking out of the scourge. In faltering accents he told his errand; and, O, how like a dagger did it pierce his heart, when, with a countenance beaming with pity and kindness, and speaking words of comfort, the widow put on her bonnet and followed him with fleet footsteps to his stricken home.

All night, like a ministering angel, did she pass from one sick couch to the other, tenderly soothing the ravings of fever, moistening their parched lips with cool, refreshing drinks, fanning their fevered brows, and smoothing the couch made uneasy by their restless motions.

Unable to bear the scene, the deacon betook him in his hour of sorrow to his closet, where all through the dreary watches of the night he prayed this cup of affliction might pass from him. His heart was subdued. He saw that like the proud Pharisee he had exalted himself, thanking God *he was not as other men*.

At early dawn came Grace also to inquire after her

suffering Naomi, and finding her so very ill, earnestly besought her mother that she might be allowed to share the task of nursing her. Mrs. Norton had no fears for herself, yet when she looked at her only and beautiful child, she trembled; but her eyes fell upon the bed where poor Naomi lay moaning in all the delirium of high fever, and her heart reproached her for her momentary selfishness. Removing the bonnet of Grace, she tenderly kissed her pure brow, and then kneeling down, with folded hands she prayed, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done! Take her in thy holy keeping, and do with her as thou seest best!"

From that day Grace left not the bedside of her friend.

On the third day Mrs. Humphreys died. Her last sigh was breathed out on the bosom of the woman whom she had taught her daughter to shun. For many days it seemed as if Death would claim another victim; yet God mercifully spared Naomi to her bereaved father; very slowly she recovered, but neither Mrs. Norton nor Grace left her until she was able to quit her bed.

With the death of Mrs. Humphreys, the pestilence staid its ravages, while, as a winding-sheet, the snows of winter now enshrouded the fresh-turned clods in the late busy grave-yard.

The eyes of Deacon Humphreys were opened. He became an altered man. He saw how mistaken had been his views, and that it is not the *profession* of any sect or creed which makes the true Christian, and that if all are alike *sincere in love to God*, all may be alike received.

I have said this was no love tale, therefore, by merely stating that in the course of a twelvemonth Hubert Fairlie and Grace were united, I close my simple story.

WATOUSKA.

A LEGEND OF THE ONEIDAS.

BY KATE ST. CLAIR.

AWAY, in a forest's gloom,
Where the shadowy branches wave
O'er a rude and moss-grown tomb,
Is an Indian maiden's grave:
None knoweth that music-haunted spot—
Save a far-off one, who forgets it not.

He dreams of that silent shore—
'Tis a holy spot to him,
A solemn stillness broodeth o'er
Those forest-aisles so dim;
Bird-music, and wave-melody,
Blend with the murmuring of the bee.

He knows when 't
Its blossoms o'er
When the summer
Whisper above

And he deems he hears, on his far-off shore,
The music of the cataract's roar
From that Island of the Blest!

She passed from earth away—
The young, the beautiful,
In the long dreamy day
When golden shadows fell
O'er wave and vine, and moons had sped,
Yet *there*, while that brief season fled,
He 'd kept Love's vigil well.

He comes, that warrior-chief,
Once more, in the pale moon's wane,
When the dew weeps o'er each leaf,
To that haunted spot again—
But morn with its glorious beauty woke
Him not—the warrior's heart had broke.

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE STAR AND LILY.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOUH.

IN the wigwam of the Indian during the evenings of spring, that season when nature, loosed from the bondage of winter, awakes to new life, and begins to deck itself with beauties, the old sage gathers around him the young men of the tribe, and relates the stories of days long since departed.

I have seen these youths sit in breathless silence, listening to the old man's narrative. Now and then the tear-drops would course down their cheeks, and fall to the ground, witnesses of the interest they felt in the words of their teacher.

To induce the sire to narrate a tradition, the Indian boys would contrive some ingenious plan by which to get some tobacco, which, when offered with a request for a story, would be sure of a favorable answer. Frequently it happens that from sunset to its rise these clubs are entertained, and they do not separate till daylight calls them to the chase.

One of the most interesting traditionary stories I ever heard related, was told by an elderly Indian, one evening in spring. The winter was just leaving, the snow and ice were fast disappearing, and the streams were swollen with the unusual quantity of water from the mountains.

"There was once a time," said he, "when this world was filled with happy people, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game were in the forests and on the plains. None were in want, for a full supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame, and came and went at the bidding of man. One unending spring gave no place for winter, for its cold blasts or its chills. Every tree and bush yielded fruit. Flowers carpeted the earth; the air was filled with their fragrance, and redolent with the songs of myriad warblers that flew from branch to branch, fearing none, for there were none to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful plumage than now.

"It was then, when earth was a paradise, and man worthy to be its possessor, that Indians were the lone inhabitants of the American wilderness. They numbered millions, and living as nature designed them to live, enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusement in close rooms the sports of the fields were theirs.

"At night they met on the wide, green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze at them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit. One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that this star was as far off in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only

a short distance, and near the tops of some trees. A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went and returned, saying that it appeared strange and somewhat like a bird. A council of the wise men was called to inquire into and, if possible, ascertain the meaning of the phenomenon.

"They feared that it was an omen of some disaster. Some thought it a precursor of good, others of evil. Some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers, as a forerunner of a dreadful war.

"One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

"One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him:

" 'Young brave! charmed with the land of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes and its mountains clothed with green, I have left my sister in yonder world to dwell among you.

" 'Young brave! ask your wise and your great men where I can live and see the happy race continually; ask them what form I shall assume, in order to be loved and cherished among the people.'

"Thus discoursed the bright stranger. The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

"At early dawn the chief's crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the Council Lodge. When they had met, the young warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star they had seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

"The next night five tall, noble-looking adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth.

"They went and presenting to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, were rejoiced to find that it took it from them. As they returned to the village, the star, with expanded wings followed, and hovered over their homes till the dawn of day.

"Again it came to the young man in a dream and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take. Places were named. On the tops of giant trees or in flowers. At length it was told to choose a place itself—and it did so. At first it dwelt in the wild rose of the mountains, but there it was so buried it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next went to the rocky cliff, but it was there so high that the children, whom it loved most, could not see it.

" 'I know where I shall live,' said the bright fugitive, 'where I can see the gliding canoe of the race I most admire. Children, yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber at the side of the cool lakes. The nations shall love me wherever I am.'

"These words having been uttered, she alighted on the waters where she saw herself reflected.

"The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of all the lakes and the Indians gave them this name; *Wah-be-gwon-nee*—(White Lily.)

"Now," continued the old man, "this star lived in the southern skies. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north, hunting the great bear, while its sisters watch her in the east and west.

"Children, when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth, as its two sisters (the morning and evening stars) are happy in heaven."

While tears fell fast from the eyes of all, the old man lay him down and was soon silent in sleep.

Since then I have often plucked the white lily and garlanded around my head; have dipped it in its watery bed, but never have I seen it without remembering the *Legend of the Descending Star*.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

Go bear the voiceless harp away!
Its latest note is spoken,
And like the heart that beats within,
Its last frail chord is broken.

This soul of mine was never made
For glad or peaceful life,
But cast in rude, imperfect mould,
For bitterness and strife.

I never was a careless child,
For in my early years
The founts within were gathering,
Of anguish and of tears:

And when I looked upon the stars
In all their golden sheen,
The presage of a broken heart—
It always came between.

And then the Voice of Song awoke
Within my wayward soul,
And bade the wearing tide of thought
Forever o'er it roll.

And dreams of words that should go forth
To bless and elevate,
Ambition's charmed and serpent lure,
The passion to create;

Were mingled in my spirit's depths,
Till with displacing power
Came Love with gorgeous diadem,
The phantom of an hour!

And soon the mockeries of Hope
Fled smiling from my breast,
And left a dark and fearful curse,
The cravings of unrest.

And Life became a weary load,
And Nature's face a pall,
And each red drop that passed my heart
Was turned to seething gall.

From day to day the lyre within
Waxed passionate and frail;
It trembled at the zephyr's breath,
How could it brook the gale?

Now Death has o'er my pillow bent,
I've seen his glancing eye,
And watched the silvery gleaming of
His pinion passing by.

Go bring me back my harp again!
I feel a strength for prayer,
And o'er the shattered chords within
Creeps an unearthly air.

Go bring me back my harp again,
I may not now restore
The sounding strings I loved so well,
Or tune it as before;

But I would lay my hand upon
The trembling chords and riven;
I feel mine own are healing fast
Beneath the eye of Heaven.

THE EIGHTEENTH SONNET OF PETRARCA.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

HAD I but waited patient in the cell
Where great Apollo erst became divine,
One bard might call himself a Florentine,
Like those who once in other lands did dwell.
But here the holy ichor doth not swell,
And fate hath willed another lot be mine.
Tis meet that I relinquish high design

And drink the waters of life's turbid well.
Scar are the olive branches now, the stream
Near which they grew and looked toward the sky
Hath sunken deep beneath the rock again.
Fate or my fault hath aye dispelled the dream
That made me fix my early hopes so high,
Unless God will their height I should attain.

JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER II. *The Wakening.*

He saw her, at a nearer view.
A spirit, yet a woman too. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Jasper St. Aubyn opened his eyes, dim with the struggle of returning consciousness and life, they met a pair of eyes fixed with an expression of the most earnest anxiety on his own—a pair of eyes, the loveliest into which he ever had yet gazed, large, dark, unfathomably deep, and soft withal and tender, as the day-dream of a love-sick poet. He could not mark their color; he scarce knew whether they were mortal eyes, whether they were realities at all, so sickly did his brain reel, and so confused and wandering were his fancies.

Then a sweet low voice fell upon his ear, in tones the gentlest, yet the gladdest, that ever he had heard, exclaiming—

“Oh! father, father, he lives—he is saved.”

But he heard, saw, no more; for again he relapsed into unconsciousness, and felt nothing further, until he became sensible of a balmy coolness on his brow, a pleasant flavor on his parched lips, and a kindly glow creeping as it were through all his limbs, and gradually expanding into life.

Again his eyes were unclosed, and again they met the earnest, hopeful gaze of those other eyes, which he now might perceive belonging to a face so exquisite, and a form so lovely, as to be worthy of those great glorious wells of lustrous tenderness.

It was a young girl who bent over him, perhaps a few months older than himself, so beautiful that had she appeared suddenly, even in her simple garb, which seemed to announce her but one degree above the peasants of the neighborhood, in the midst of the noblest and most aristocratical assembly, she would have become on the instant the cynosure of all eyes, and the magnet of all hearts.

Of that age when the heart, yet unsunned by passion, and unused to strong emotion, thrills sensibly to every feeling awakened for the first time within it, and bounds at every appeal to its sympathies; when the ingenuous countenance, unhardened by the sad knowledge of the world, and untaught to conceal one emotion, reflects like a perfect mirror every gleam of sunshine that illuminates, every passing cloud that overshadows its pure and spotless surface, the maiden sought not to hide her delight, as she witnessed the hue of life return to his pale cheeks, and the spark of intelligence relume his handsome features.

A bright mirthful glance, which told how radiant

they might be in moments of unmingled bliss, laughed for an instant in those deep blue eyes, and a soft, sunny smile played over her warm lips; but the next minute, she dropped the young man's hand, which she had been chafing between both her own, buried her face in her palms, and wept those sweet and happy tears which flow only from innocent hearts, at the call of gratitude and sympathy.

“Bless God, young sir,” said a deep, solemn voice at the other side of the bed on which he was lying, “that your life is spared. May it be unto good ends! Yours was a daring venture, and for a trivial object against which to stake an immortal soul. But, thanks to Him! you are preserved, snatched as it were from the gates of death; and, though you feel faint now, I doubt not, and your soul trembles as if on the verge of another world, you will be well anon, and in a little while as strong as ever in that youthful strength on which you have so prided you. Drink this, and sleep awhile, and you shall wake refreshed, and as a new man, from the dreamless slumber which the draught shall give you. And you, silly child,” he continued, turning toward the lovely girl, who had sunk forward on the bed, so that her fair tresses rested on the same pillow which supported Jasper's head, with the big tears trickling silently between her slender fingers, “dry up your tears; for the youth shall live, and not die.”

The boy's eyes had turned immediately to the sound of the speaker's accents, and in his weak state remained fixed on his face so long as the sound continued, although his senses followed the meaning but imperfectly.

It was a tall, venerable looking old man who spoke, with long locks, as white as snow, falling down over the straight cut collar of his plain black doublet, and an expression of the highest intellect, combined with something which was not melancholy, much less sadness, but which told volumes of hardships borne, and sorrows endured, the fruits of which were piety, and gentleness, and that wisdom which cometh not of this world.

He smiled thoughtfully, as he saw that his words were hardly comprehended, and his mild glance wandered from the pale face of the handsome boy to the fair head of the young girl bending over him, like a white lily overcharged with rain.

“Poor things,” he whispered softly, as if speaking to himself, “to both it is the first experience of the mixed pain and pleasure of this world's daily trials. God save them scathless to the end!”

Then, recovering himself, as if by a little effort, from his brief fit of musing, he held forth a large glass

goblet, which was in his right hand, full of some bright ruby-colored liquid, to the lips of Jasper, saying—

"Drink, youth, it will give thee strength. Drink, and fear nothing."

The young man grasped the bright bowl with both hands, but even then he had lacked strength to guide it to his lips, had not his host still supported it.

The flavor was agreeable, and the coolness of the draught was so delicious to the feverish palate and parched tongue of Jasper, that he drained it to the very bottom, and then, as if exhausted by the effort, relaxed his hold, and sunk back on his pillow in a state of conscious languor, exquisitely soft and entrancing.

More and more that voluptuous dream-like trance overcame him, and though his eyes were still open he saw not the things that were around him, but a multitude of radiant and lovely visions, which came and went, and returned again, in mystic evolutions.

With a last effort of his failing senses, half conscious of the interest which she took in him, yet wholly ignorant who or what was that gentle *she*, he stretched out his hand and mastered one of hers with gentle violence, and holding it imprisoned in his burning fingers, closed his swimming eyes, and sunk into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The old man, who had watched every symptom that appeared in succession on his expressive face, saw that the potion had taken the desired effect, and drawing a short sigh, which seemed to indicate a sense of relief from apprehension, looked toward the maiden, and addressed her in a low voice, not so much from fear of wakening the sleeper, as that the voice of affection is ever low and gentle.

"He sleeps, Theresa, and will sleep until the sun has sunk far toward the west, and then he will waken restored to all his youthful power and spirits. Come, my child, we may leave him to his slumbers, he shall no longer need a watcher. I will go to my study, and would have you turn to your household duties. Scenes such as this which you have passed will call up soft and pitiful fancies in the mind, but it behooves us not overmuch to yield to them. This life has too much of stern and dark reality, that we should give the reins to truant imagination. Come, Theresa."

The young girl raised her head from the pillows, and shook away the long fair curls from her smooth forehead. Her tears had ceased to flow, and there was a smile on her lip, as she replied, pointing to her hand which he held fast grasped, in his unconscious slumber.

"See, father, I am a prisoner. I fear me I cannot withdraw my hand without arousing him."

"Do not so, then, Theresa; to arouse him now, ere the effects of the potion have passed away, would be dangerous, might be fatal. Perchance, however, he will release you when he sleeps quite soundly. If he do so, I pray you, come to me. Meantime, I leave you to your own good thoughts, my own little girl."

And with the words, he leaned across the narrow bed, over the form of the sleeping youth, and kissed her fair white brow.

"Bless thee, my gentle child. May God in his goodness bless and be about thee."

"Amen! dear father," said the little girl, as he ended;

and in her turn she pressed her soft and balmy lips to his withered cheek.

A tear, rare visitant, rose all unbidden to the parent's eye as he turned to leave her, but ere he reached the door her low tones arrested him, and he came back to her.

"Will you not put my books within reach of me, dear father?" she said. "I cannot work, since the poor youth has made my left hand his sure captive, but I would not be altogether idle, and I can read while I watch him. Pardon my troubling you, who should wait on you, not be waited on."

"And do you not wait on me ever, and most neatly-handedly, dear child?" returned her father, moving toward a small round table, on which were scattered a few books, and many implements of feminine industry. "Which of these will you have, Theresa?"

"All of them, if you please, dear father. The table is not heavy, for I can carry it about where I will myself, and if you will lift it to me, I can help myself, and cull the gems of each in turn. I am a poor student, I fear, and love better, like a little bee, to flit from flower to flower, drinking from every chalice its particular honey, than to sit down, like the sloth, and surfeit me on one tree, how green soever."

"There is but little industry, I am afraid, Theresa, if there be little sloth in your mode of reading. Such desultory studies are wont to leave small traces on the memory. I doubt me much if you long keep these gems you speak of, which you cull so lightly."

"Oh! but you are mistaken, father dear, for all you are so wise," she replied, laughing softly. "Every thing grand or noble, of which I read, every thing high or holy, finds a sort of echo in my little heart, and lies there forever. Your grave, heavy, moral teachings speak to my reason, it is true, but when I read of brave deeds done, of noble self-sacrifices made, of great sufferings endured, in high causes, those things teach my heart, those things speak to my soul, father. Then I reason no longer, but feel—feel how much virtue there is, after all, and generosity, and nobleness, and charity, and love, in poor frail human nature. Then I learn, not to judge mildly of myself, nor harshly of my brothers. Then I feel happy, father, yet in my happiness I wish to weep. For I think noble sentiments and generous emotions sooner bring tears to the eye than mere pity, or mere sorrow."

And, even as she spoke, her own bright orbs were suffused with drops, like dew in the violet's cups, and she shook her head with its profusion of long fair ringlets archly, as if she would have made light of her own sentiment, and gazed up into his face with a tearful smile.

"You are a good child, Theresa, and good children are very dear to the Lord," said the

of a truth I would I could see you more pre-

mined; less given to these romantic

ings. I say not that they or

untrue, but in a mere child, as you are,

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gentle company. But you love not, I think, the young girls of the village."

"Oh! yes, I love them—I love them dearly, father. I would do any thing for any one of them; I would give up any thing I have got to make them happy. Oh yes, I love Anna Harlande, and Rose Merrivale, and Mary Mitford, dearly, but—but—"

"But you love not their company, you would say, would you not, my child?"

"That is not what I was about to say; but I know not how it is, their merriment is so loud, and their glee so very joyous, that it seems to me that I cannot sympathize with them in their joy, as I can in their sorrow; and they view things with eyes so different from mine, and laugh at thoughts that go nigh to make me weep, and see or feel so little of the loveliness of Nature, and care so little for what I care most of all, soft, sad poetry, or heart-stirring romance, or inspired music, that when I am among them, I do almost long to be away from them all, in the calm of this pleasant chamber, or in the fragrance of my bower beside the stream. And I do feel my spirit jangled and perplexed by their light-hearted, thoughtless mirth, as one feels at hearing a false note struck in the midst of a sweet symphony. What is this? what means this, my father?"

"It is a gift, Theresa," replied the old man, half mournfully. "It means that you are endowed rarely, by God himself, with powers the most unusual, the most wondrous, the most beautiful, most high and godlike of any which are allowed to mortals. I have seen this long, long ago—I have mused over it; hoped, prayed, that it might not be so; nay, striven to repress the germs of it in your young spirit, yet never have I spoken of it until now; for I knew not that you were conscious, and would not be he that should awaken you to the consciousness of the grand but perilous possession which you hold, delegated to you direct from Omnipotence."

He paused, and she gazed at him with lips apart, and eyes wide in wonder. The color died away in a sort of mysterious awe from her warm cheek. The blood rushed tumultuously to her heart. She listened breathless and amazed. Never had she heard him speak thus, never imagined that he felt thus, before—yet now that she did hear, she felt as though she were but listening again to that which she had heard many times before; and though she understood not his words altogether, they had struck a kindred chord in her inmost soul, and while its vibration was almost too much for her powers of endurance, it yet told her that his words were true.

She could not for her life have bid him go on, but for worlds she would not have failed to hear him out.

He watched the changed expression of her features, and half struck with a feeling of self-reproach that he should have created doubts, perhaps fears, in that ingenuous soul, smiled on her kindly, and asked in a confident tone—

"You have felt this already, have you not, my child?"

"Not as you put it to me, father; no, I have never dreamed or hoped that I had any such particular gift

of God, such glorious and preëminent possession as this of which you speak. I may, indeed, have fancied at times that there was something within me, in which I differed from others around me—something which made me feel more joy, deeper, and fuller, and more soul-fraught joy, than they feel; and sorrow, softer, and moved more easily, if not more piercing or more permanent—which made me love the world, and its inhabitants, and above all its Maker, with a far different love from theirs—something which evermore seems struggling within me, as if it would forth and find tongue, but cannot. But now, that you have spoken, I know that it indeed must be as you say, and that this unknown something is a gift, is a possession from on high. What is this thing, my father?"

"My child, this thing is genius," replied the old man solemnly.

The bright blood rushed back to her cheeks in a flood of crimson glory; a strange, clear light, which never had enkindled them before, sprang from her soft dark eyes; she leaned forward eagerly—

"Genius!" she cried. "Genius, and I! Father, you dream, dear father."

"Would that I did; but I do not, Theresa."

"And wherefore, if it be so, indeed, that I am so gifted, wherefore would you alter it, my father?"

"I would not alter it," he replied, "my little girl. Far be it from my thoughts, weak worm that I am, to alter, even if I could alter, the least of the gifts of the great Giver. And this, whether it be for good, or unto evil, is one of the greatest and most glorious. I would not alter it, Theresa. But I would guide, would direct, would moderate it. I would accustom you to know and comprehend the vast power of which you, all unconsciously, are the possessor. For, as I said, it is a fearful and a perilous power. God forbid that I should pronounce the most marvelous and godlike of the gifts which he vouchsafes to man, a curse and not a blessing; God forbid that, even while I see how oft it is turned into bitterness and blight by the coldness of the world, and the check of its heaven-soaring aspirations, I should doubt that it has within itself a sovereign balm against its own diseases, a rapture mightier than any of its woes, an inborn and eternal consciousness which bears it up, as on immortal pinions, above the cares of the world and the poor consciousness of self. Nevertheless it is a perilous gift, and too often, to your sex, a fatal one. Yet I would not alarm you, my own child, for you have gentleness of soul, which may well temper the convulsions of a spirit which waxes oftentimes too strong to be womanly, and piety which shall, I trust, preserve you, should any aspiration of your heart wax over vigorous and daring to be contented with the limitations of humanity. In the meantime, my child, fear nothing, follow the dictates of your own pure heart, and pray for His aid, who neither giveth aught, nor taketh away, without reason. Hark!" he interrupted himself, starting slightly, "there is a sound of horses' hoofs without; your brother has returned, and it may be Sir Miles is with him. We will speak more of this hereafter."

And with the word he turned and left the room.

When he was gone she raised her eyes to heaven,

and with a strange rapt expression on her fair features rose to her feet, exclaiming—

"Genius! Genius! Great God, Great God, I thank thee."

Then, in the fervor of the moment, which led her naturally to clasp her hands together, she made a movement to withdraw her fingers from Jasper's death-like grasp, unconscious, for the time, of every thing around her.

But, as she did so, a tightened pressure of his hand, and some inarticulate sounds which proceeded from his lips, recalled her with a start to herself.

She dropped into her seat, as if conscience-stricken, gazed fixedly in his face, then stooped and pressed her lips on his inanimate brow; started again, looked about the room with a half guilty glance, bowed her head on his pillow, and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

The Recognition.

They had been friends in youth. BYRON.

The evening had advanced far into night before the effects of the potion he had swallowed passed away, and left the mind of Jasper clear, and his pulse regular and steady. When he awoke from his long stupor, and turned his eyes around him, it seemed as if he had dreamed of what he saw before him; for the inanimate objects of the room, nay, the very faces which met his eye, had something in them that was not altogether unfamiliar, yet for his life he could not have recalled when, or if ever he had seen them before.

The old dark-wainscoted walls of the irregular, many-recessed apartment, adorned with a few water-color drawings, and specimens of needle-work, the huge black and gold Indian cabinet in one corner, the tall clock-stand of some foreign wood in another, the slab above the yawning hearth covered with tropical shells and rare foreign curiosities, the quaint and grotesque chairs and tables, with strangely contorted legs and arms, and wild satyr-like faces grinning from their bosses, the very bed on which he lay, with its carved head-board, and groined canopy of oak, and dark green damask-curtains, were all things which he felt he must have seen, though where and how he knew not.

So was the face of the slight fair-haired girl who sat a little way removed from his bed's head, by a small round work-table, on which stood a waxen taper, bending over some one of those light tasks of embroidery or knitting which women love, and are wont to dignify by the name of work.

On her he fixed his eyes long and wistfully, gazing at her, as he would have done at a fair picture, without any desire to address her, or to do aught that should induce her to move from the graceful attitude in which she sat, giving no sign of life save in the twinkling of her long, downcast eyelashes, in the calm rise and fall of her gentle bosom, and the quick motion of her busy fingers.

Jasper St. Aubyn was still weak, but he was unconscious of any pain or ailment, though he now began gradually to remember all that had passed before he

lost his consciousness in the deep pool above the fords of Widecomb.

So weak was he, indeed, that it was almost too great an effort for him to consider where he was, or how he had been saved, much more to move his body, or ask any question of that fair watcher. He felt indeed that he should be perfectly contented to lie there all his life, in that painless tranquil mood, gazing upon that fair picture.

But while he lay there, with his large eyes wide open and fixed upon her, as if by their influence he would have charmed her soul out of its graceful habitation, a word or two spoken in a louder voice than had yet struck his ear, for persons had been speaking in the room all the time, although he had not observed them, attracted his notice to the other side of his bed.

It was not so much the words, for he scarce heard, and did not heed their import, as the tone of voice which struck him; for though well-known and most familiar, he could in no wise connect it with the other things around him.

With the desire to ascertain what this might mean, there came into his mind, he knew not wherefore, a wish to do so unobserved; and he proceeded forthwith to turn himself over on his pillow so noiselessly as to excite no attention in the watchers, whoever they might be.

He had not made two efforts, however, to do this, before he became aware of what, while he lay still, he did not suspect, that several of his limbs had received severe contusions, and could not as yet be moved with impunity.

He was a singular youth, however, and an almost Spartan endurance of physical pain, with a strange persistence in whatever he undertook, had been from very early boyhood two of his strongest characteristics.

In spite, therefore, of his weakness, in spite of the pain every motion gave him, he persevered, and turning himself inch by inch, at length gained a position which enabled him clearly to discern the speakers.

They were two in number, the one facing him, the other having his back turned so completely that all he could see was a head covered with long-curved locks of snow-white hair, a dark velvet cloak, and the velvet scabbard of a long rapier protruding far beyond the legs of the oak chair on which he sat. The lower limbs of this person were almost lost in darkness as they lay carelessly crossed under the table, so that he divined rather than saw that they were cased in heavy riding-boots, on the heels of which a faint golden glimmer gave token of the wearer's rank, by the knightly spurs he wore.

The lamp which stood upon the table by which they were conversing was set between the two, so that it was quite invisible to Jasper, and its light, which to his eyes barely touched the edges of the figure he had first observed, fell full upon the pale high brow and serene lineaments of the other person, who was in fact no other than the old man who had spoken to the youth in the intervals of his trance, and administered the potion from the effects of which he was but now recovering.

Of this, however, Jasper had no recollection, al-

though he wondered, as he had done concerning the girl, where he had before seen that fine countenance and benevolent expression, and how once seen he ever should have forgotten it.

There was yet a third person in the group, though he took no part in the conversation, and appeared to be, like Jasper, rather an interested and observant witness of what was going on, than an actor in the scene.

He was a tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed man, in the first years of manhood, not perhaps above five or six years Jasper's senior; but his bronzed and sunburnt cheeks curiously contrasted with the fairness of his forehead, where it had not been exposed to the sun, and an indescribable blending of boldness, it might have almost been called audacity, with calm self-confidence and cold composure, which made up the expression of his face, seemed to indicate that he had seen much of the world, and learned many of its secrets, perhaps by the stern lessoning of the great teachers, suffering and sorrow.

The figure of this young man was but imperfectly visible, as he stood behind the high-backed chair, on which the old man, whom from the similarity in their features, if not in their expression, Jasper took to be his father, was seated. But his face, his muscular neck, his well-developed chest and broad shoulders, displayed by a close-fitting jerkin of some dark stuff, were all in strong light; and as the features and expression of the countenance gave token of a powerful character and energetic will, so did the frame give promise of ability to carry out the workings of the mind.

The dialogue, which had been interrupted by a silence of some seconds following on the words that had attracted Jasper's notice, was now continued by the old man who sat facing him.

"That question," he said, in a firm yet somewhat mournful tone, "is not an easy one to answer. The difficulty of subduing prejudices on my own part, the fear of wounding pride on yours—these might have had their share in influencing my conduct. Beside, you must remember that years have elapsed—the very years which most form the character of men—since we parted; that they have elapsed under circumstances the most widely different for you and for me; that we are not, in short, in any thing the same men we then were—that the gnarled, weather-beaten, earth-fast oak of centuries differs not so much from the green pliant sapling of half a dozen summers, as the old man, with his heart chilled and hardened into living steel by contact with the world, from the youth full of generous impulses and lofty aspirations, loving all men, and doubting naught either in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. You must remember, moreover, that although, as you have truly said, we were friends in youth, our swords, our purses, and our hearts in common, we had even then many points of serious difference; and lastly, and most of all, you must remember that if we had been friends, we were not friends when we last parted—"

"What! what!" exclaimed a voice, which Jasper instantly recognized for his father's, though for years he had not heard him speak in tones of the like animation.

"What, William Allan, do you mean to say that you imagined that any enmity could have dwelt in my mind, for so slight a cause—"

"Slight a cause!" interrupted the other. "Do you call that *slight* which made my heart drop blood, and my brain boil with agony for years—which changed my course of life, altered my fortunes, character, heart, soul, forever; which made me, in a word, what I now am? Do you call that a *slight* cause, Miles St. Aubyn? Show me, then, what you call a grave one."

"I had forgotten, William, I had forgotten," replied Sir Miles, gently, and perhaps self-reproachfully. "I mean, I had forgotten that the rivaling in a strife which to the winner seems a little thing, may to the loser be death, or worse than death! Forgive me, William Allan, I had forgotten in my selfish thoughtlessness, and gulled you unawares. But let us say no more of this—let the past be forgotten—let wrongs done, if wrongs were done, be buried in her grave, who was the most innocent cause of them; and let us now remember only that we were friends in youth, and that after long years of separation, we are thus wonderfully brought together in old age; let me hope to be friends henceforth unto the grave."

"Amen, I say to that. Miles St. Aubyn, amen!"

And the two old men clasped their withered hands across the table, and Jasper might see the big drops trickling slowly down the face of him who was called William Allan, while from the agitation of his father's frame he judged that he was not free from the like agitation.

There was a little pause, during which, as he fancied the young man looked somewhat frowningly on the scene of reconciliation; but the frown, if frown it were, passed speedily away, and left the bold, dark face as calm and impassive as the surface of a deep unruffled water.

A moment or two afterward, Sir Miles raised his head, which he had bowed a little, perhaps to conceal the feelings which might have agitated it, and again clasping the hand of the other, said eagerly,

"It is you, William, who have saved my boy, my Jasper; and this is not the first time that a scion of your house has preserved one of mine from death, or yet worse, ruin!"

William Allan started, as if a sharp weapon had pierced him,

"And how," he cried, "Miles St. Aubyn, how was the debt repaid? I tell you it is written in the books that cannot err, that our houses were ordained for mutual destruction!"

"What, man," exclaimed Sir Miles, half jestingly, "do you still cling to the black art? Do you still read the dark book of fate? Methought that fancy would have taken wing with other youthful follies."

The old man shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

"And what has it taught thee, William, unless it be that this life is short, and this world's treasures worthless; and that I have learned from a better book, a book of wider margin. What, I say, has it taught thee, William Allan?"

"All things," replied the old man, sorrowfully.

"Even unto this meeting—every action, every event of my own life, past or to come, happy or miserable, virtuous or evil, it has taught me."

"But has it taught thee, William, whereby to win the good and eschew the evil; whereby to hold fast to the virtuous, and say unto the evil, 'get behind me?' Has it taught thee, I say not to be wiser, but to be happier or better?"

"What is, is! What shall be, shall be! What is written, shall be done! We may flap, or flutter, or even fight, like fish or birds, or, if you will, like lions in the toil; but we are netted, and may not escape, from the beginning! The man may learn the workings of the God, but how shall he control them?"

"And this is thy philosophy—this all that thine art teaches?"

"It is. No more."

"A sad philosophy—a vain art," replied the other. "I'll none of them."

"I tell thee, Miles St. Aubyn, that years ago, years ere I had had heard of Widecomb or its water, I saw you deep, red-whirling pool; I saw that drowning youth; I saw the ready rescue, and the gentle nursing; and now," he cried, stretching his hands out widely, and gazing into vacancy, "I see a wilder and a sadder sight—a deeper pool, a stronger cataract, a fierce storm thundering on the hills, and torrents thundering down every gorge and gully to swell the flooded rivers. A young man and a maiden—yet no! no! not a maiden! mounted on gallant horses, are struggling in the whelming eddies. Great God! avert—hold! hold! He lifts his arm, he smites her with his loaded whip—smites her between the eyes that smile upon him; she falls, she is down, down in the whirling waters—rider and horse swept over the mad cataract; but who—who?—ha!" and with a wild shriek he started to his feet, and fell back into the arms of the young man, who from the beginning of the paroxysm evidently had expected its catastrophe, and who, with the assistance of the girl, supported him, now quite inanimate and powerless, from the room, merely saying to Sir Miles, "Be not alarmed, I will return forthwith."

"My father!" exclaimed Jasper, in a faint voice, as the door closed upon them.

The old man turned hastily to the well-known accents, and hurried to the bed-side. "My boy, my own boy, Jasper. Now, may God's name be praised forever!"

And falling into a chair by his pillow, the same chair on which that sweet girl had sat a few hours before, he bent over him, and asked him a thousand questions, waiting for no reply, but bathing his face with his tears, and covering his brow with kisses.

When he had at length satisfied the old man that he was well and free from pain, except a few slight bruises, he asked his father eagerly where he was, and who was that strange old man.

"You are in the cottage, my dear boy," replied the old knight, "above Widecomb pool, tended by those who, by the grace of God and his exceeding mercy, saved you from the consequences of the frantic act which so nearly left me childless. Oh! Jasper, Jasper, 't was a fearful risk, and had well-nigh been fatal."

"It was but one misstep, father," replied the youth,

who, as he rapidly recovered his strength, recovered also his bold speech and daring courage. "Had there been but foot-hold at the tunnel's end, I had landed my fish bravely; and, on my honor, I believe had I such another on my line's end, I should risk it again. Why, father, he was at least a thirty pounder."

"Never do so—never do so again, Jasper. Remember that to risk life heedlessly, and for no purpose save an empty gratification, a mere momentary pleasure, is a great crime toward God, and a gross act of selfishness toward men, as much so as to peril or to lose it in a high cause, or for a noble object, is great and good, and self-devoted. Think! had you perished here, all for a paltry fish, which you might purchase for a silver crown, you had left to me years—nay, a life of misery."

"Nay, father, I never thought of that," answered the young man, not unmoved by the remonstrance of his father, "but it was not the value of the fish. I should have given him away ten to one, had I taken him. It was that I do not like to be beaten."

"A good feeling, Jasper; and one that leads to many good things, and without which nothing great can be attained; but to do good, like all other feelings, it must be moderated and controlled by reason. But you must learn to think ever before acting, Jasper."

"I will—I will, indeed, sir; but you have not told me who is this strange old man?"

"An old friend of mine, Jasper—an old friend whom I have not seen for years, and who is now doubly a friend, since he has saved your life."

At this moment the door opened, and the young man entered bearing a candle.

"He is at ease now," he said. "It is a painful and a searching malady to which at seasons he is subject. We know well how to treat him; when he awakes to-morrow, he will remember nothing of what passed to-day, though at the next attack he will remember every circumstance of this. I pray you, therefore, Sir Miles, take no note in the morning, nor appear to observe it, if he be somewhat silent and reserved. Ha! young sir," he continued, seeing that Jasper was awake, and taking him kindly by the hand, "I am glad to see that you have recovered."

"And I am glad to have an opportunity to thank you, that you have saved my life, which I know you must have done right gallantly, seeing the peril of the deed."

"About as gallantly as you did, when you came so near losing it," he answered. "But come, Sir Miles, night wears apace, and if you will allow me to show you to your humble chamber, the best our lowly house can offer, I will wish you good repose, and return to watch over my young friend here."

"My age must excuse me, that I accept your offer, whose place it should be to watch over him myself."

"I need no watcher, sir," replied Jasper, boldly.

"I am quite well now, and shall sleep, I warrant you, unto cock-crow without awakening."

"Good-night, then, boy!" cried Sir Miles, stooping over him and again kissing his brow, "and God send thee better in health and wiser in condition."

"Good-night, sir; and God send me stronger and braver, and more like my father," said the youth, with a light laugh.

"I will return anon, young friend—for friends, I hope, we shall be," said the other, as he left the room lighting Sir Miles respectfully across the threshold.

"I hope we shall—and I thank you. But I shall be fast asleep ere then."

And so he was; but not the less for that did the stalwart young man watch over him, sitting erect in one of the high-backed chairs, until the first pale light of dawn came stealing in through the latticed casement, and the shrill cry of the early cock announced the morning of another day.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lovesuit.

He either fears too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who would not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all. MONTROSE.

The earliest cock had barely crowed his first salutation to the awakening day, and the first warblers had not yet begun to make their morning music in the thick shrubberies around the cottage, when aroused betimes by his anxiety for Jasper, Sir Miles made his appearance, already full dressed, at the door of the room in which his son was sleeping.

For he was still asleep, with that hardy young man still watching over him, apparently unmoved by the loss of his own rest, and wholly indifferent to what are usually deemed the indispensable requirements of nature.

"You are afoot betimes, sir," said the youth, rising from his seat as the old cavalier entered the room; "pity that you should have arisen so early, for I could have watched him twice as long, had it been needful, but in truth it was not so. Your son has scarce moved, Sir Miles, since you left the chamber last night. You see how pleasantly and soundly he is sleeping."

"It was not *that*, young sir," replied the old man, cordially. "It was not that I doubted your good will, or your good watching either; but he is my son, my only son, and how should I but be anxious. But as you say, he sleeps pleasantly and well. God be thanked therefore. He will be none the worse for this."

"Better, perhaps, Sir Miles," replied the other, with a slight smile. "Wiser, at least, I doubt not he will be; for in good truth, it was a very boyish, and a very foolish risk to run."

The old man, for the first time, looked at the speaker steadfastly, and was struck by the singular expression of his countenance—that strange mixture of impassive self-confident composure, and half-cornful audacity, which I have mentioned as being his most striking characteristics. On the preceding evening, Sir Miles had been so much engrossed by the anxiety he felt about his son, and subsequently by the feelings called forth in his inmost heart by the discovery of an old comrade in the person of William Allan, that in fact he had paid little attention to either of the other personages present.

He had observed, indeed, that there were a fair young girl and a powerfully framed youth present; he had even addressed a few words casually to both of them, but they had left no impression on his mind, and

he had not even considered who or what they were likely to be.

Now, however, when he was composed and relieved of fear for his son's life, he was struck, as I have said, by the expression and features of the young man, and began to consider who he could be; for there was no such similarity, whether of feature, expression, voice, air or gesture, between him and William Allan, as is wont to exist between son and sire.

After a moment's pause, however, the old cavalier replied, not altogether pleased apparently by the tone of the last remark.

"It was a very bold and *manly* risk, it appears to me," he said, "and if rash, can hardly be called boyish; and you, I should think," he added, "would be the last to blame bold actions. You look like any thing but one who should recommend cold counsels, or be slack either to dare or do. I fancy you have seen stirring times somewhere, and been among daring deeds yourself."

"So many times, Sir Miles," replied the young man, modestly, "that I have learned how absurd it is to *seek* such occasions without cause. There be necessary risks enough in life, and man has calls enough, and those unavoidable, on his courage, without going out of his way to seek them, or throwing any energy or boldness unprofitably to the winds. At least so I have found it in the little I have seen of human life and action."

"Ha! you speak well," said Sir Miles, looking even more thoughtfully than before at the marked and somewhat weatherbeaten features of the young man. "And where have you met with perils so rife, and learned so truly the need of disciplining natural energies and valor?"

"On the high seas, Sir Miles, of which I have been a follower from a boy."

"Indeed! are you such a voyager! and where, I pray you, have you served?"

"I cannot say that I have exactly *served*. But I have visited both the Indies, East and West; and have seen some smart fighting—where they say peace never comes—beyond the Line, I mean, with the Dons, both in Darien and Peru."

"Ha! but you have indeed seen the world, for one so young as you; and yet I think you have not sailed in the king's ships, nor held rank in the service."

"No, Sir Miles, I am but a poor free-trader; and yet sometimes I think that we have carried the English flag farther, and made the English name both better known, and more widely feared, than the cruisers of any king who has sat on our throne, since the good old days of Queen Bess."

"His present majesty did good service against the Dutch, young man. And what say you to Blake? Who ever did more gloriously at sea, than rough old Blake?"

"Ay, sir, but that was in Noll's days, and we may not call him a *king* of England, though of a certainty he was her wise and valiant ruler. And for his present majesty, God bless him! that Opdam business was when he was the Duke of York; and he has forgotten all his glory, I think, now that he has become king,

and lets the Frenchman and the Don do as they please with our colonists and traders, and the Dutchman, too, for that matter."

The old man paused, and shook his head gravely for a moment, but then resumed with a smile,

"So, so, my young friend, you are one of those bold spirits who claim to judge for yourselves, and make peace or war, as you think well, without waiting the slow action of senates or kings, who hold that hemispheres, not treaties, are the measure of hostility or amity."

"Not so, exactly, noble sir. But where we find peace or war, there we take them; and if the Don won't be quiet on the other side the Line, and our good king won't keep them quiet, why we must either take them as we find them, or give up the great field to them altogether."

"Which you hold to be unEnglish and unmanly?"

"Even so, sir."

"Well, I, for one, will not gainsay you. But do not you fear, sometimes that while you are thus stretching a commission—that is the term, I believe, among your liberal gentlemen—you may chance to get your own neck stretched some sultry morning in the Floridas or in Darien."

"One of the very risks I spoke of but now, Sir Miles," replied the young man, laughing. "My life were not worth five minutes' purchase if the Governor of St. Augustine, or of Panama either, for that matter, could once lay hold on me."

"I marvel," said the old cavalier, again shaking his head solemnly, "I marvel much—" and then interrupting himself suddenly in the middle of his sentence, he lapsed into a fit of meditative silence.

"At what, if I may be so bold—at what do you so much marvel?"

"That William Allan should consent," replied the cavalier, "that son of his should embark in so wild and stormy a career, in a career which, I should have judged, with his strict principles and somewhat puritanical feeling, he would deem the reverse of gracious or godfearing."

"He knows not what career I follow," answered the young man, bluntly. "But you are in error altogether, sir. I am no son of William Allan."

"No son of William Allan! Ha! now that I think of it, your features are not his, nor your voice either."

"Nor my body, nor my soul!" replied the other, hastily and hotly, "no more than the free falcon's are those of the caged linnet! Sometimes I even marvel how it can be that any drop of mutual or common blood should run in our veins; and yet it is so—and I—I—yet no—I do not repent it!"

"And wherefore should you? there is no worthier or better man, I do believe, than William Allan living; and, in his younger days at least, I know there was no braver."

"No braver?—indeed! indeed!" exclaimed the young man, eagerly—"was he, indeed, brave?"

"Ay, was he, youth! brave both to do and to suffer. Brave, both with the quick and dauntless courage to act, and with the rarer and more elevated courage to resolve and hold fast to resolution. But who are you,

who, living with him, know both so little and so much of William Allan? If you be not his son, who are you?"

"His sister's son, Sir Miles—his only sister's son, to whom, since that sister's death, he has been—God forgive me for that I said but now—more than a father; for surely I have tried him more than ever son tried a father, and he has borne with me still with a most absolute indulgence and unwearied love."

"What—what!" exclaimed Sir Miles, much moved and even agitated by what he heard, "are you the child of that innocent and beautiful Alicia Allan, whom—whom—" The old man faltered and stopped short, for he was in fact on the point of bursting into tears.

But the youth finished the sentence which he had left unconcluded, in a stern, slow voice, and with a lowering brow.

"Whom your friend, Durzil Olifaunt, betrayed by a mock marriage, and afterward deserted with her infants. Yes, Sir Miles, I am one of those infants, the son of Alicia Allan's shame! And my uncle did not slay him—therefore it is I asked you, was he brave."

"And yet he *was* slain—and for that very deed!" replied the old man, gloomily, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"He *was* slain," repeated the young sailor, whose curiosity and interest were now greatly excited. "But how can you tell wherefore? No one has ever known who slew him—how, then, can you name the cause of his slaying?"

"There is ONE who knows all things!"

"But HE imparts not his knowledge," answered the other, not irreverently. "And unless *you* slew him, I see not how you can know this. Yet, hold, hold!" he continued impetuously, as he saw that Sir Miles was about to speak, "if you did slay him, tell it not; for if he did betray my mother, if he did abandon me to disgrace and ruin—still, still he was my father."

"I slew him not, young man," replied the cavalier, gravely, "but he was slain for the cause that I have named, and I saw him die—repentant."

"Repentant!" exclaimed the youth, grasping the withered hand of the old knight, in the intensity of his emotions, "did he repent the wrong he had done my mother?"

"As surely as he died."

"May God forgive him, then," said the seaman, clasping his hands together and bursting into tears, "as I forgive him."

"Amen! amen!" cried the knight, "for he was mine ancient friend, the comrade of my boyhood, before he did that thing; and I, too, have something to forgive to him."

"You, Sir Miles, you!—what can you have to forgive?"

"Tell me first, tell me—how are you named?"

"Durzil," answered the youth, "Durzil, *Nothing*!" he added, very bitterly, "my country, and my country's law give me no other name, but only Durzil—its enemies have named me *Bras-de-for*!"

"Then mark me, Durzil; as he of whom you are sprung, of whom you are named, was my first friend, so was your mother my first love; and she returned

my love, till he, my sometime confidant, did steal her from me, and made his paramour, whom I had made my wife."

"Great God!" exclaimed the young man, struck with consternation; "then it must, it must have been so—it was you who slew my—my father!"

"Young man, I never lied,"

"Pardon me, Sir Miles. Pardon me, I am half-distraught. And you loved my mother, and—and—he repented. Why was not I told of this before? And yet," he added, again pausing, as if some fresh suspicion struck him, "and yet how is this? I heard you speak yester even to my uncle, of wrongs done—done by yourself to *him*, and of a woman's death—that woman, therefore, was not, could not have been *my* mother. Who, then, was *she*?"

"*His* mother," replied Sir Miles St. Aubyn, calmly, but sadly, pointing to the bed on which Jasper lay sleeping tranquilly and all unconsciously of the strange revelations which were going on around him. "If my friend robbed me of William Allan's sister, so I won from William Allan, in after days, her who owned his affection; but with this difference, that she I won never returned your uncle's love from the beginning, and that I never betrayed his confidence. If I were the winner, it was in fair and loyal strife, and though it has been, as I learned for the first time last night, a sore burthen on your uncle's heart, it has been none on my conscience; my withers are unwrung."

"I believe it, sir; from my soul, I believe it," cried the young man, enthusiastically, "for, on my life, I think you are all honor and nobility. But tell me, tell me now, if you love, if you pity me—as you should do for my mother's sake—who slew my father?"

"I have sworn," answered the cavalier, "I have sworn never to reveal that to mortal man; and if I had not sworn, to *you* I could not reveal it; for, if I judge aright, you would hold yourself bound to—"

"Avenge it!" exclaimed the youth, fiercely, interrupting him; "ay, were it at my soul's purchase—since he repented."

"He *did* repent, Durzil; nay, more, he died, desiring only that he could repair the wrong he had done you, regretting only that he could not give you his name and his inheritance, as he did give *you* his dying blessing, and your mother his last thought, his last word in this world."

"Did *she* know this?"

"Durzil, I cannot answer you; for within a few days after your father's death, I left England for the Low Countries, and returned not until many a year had passed into the bygone eternity. When I did return, the sorrows of Alicia Allan were at an end forever; and though I then made all inquiries in all quarters, I could learn nothing of your uncle or yourself, nor ever have heard of you any more until last night, when we were all so singularly brought together."

"I *ought* to have known this; I would, I would to God that I *had* known it. My life had been less wild, then, less turbulent, less stormy. My spirit had not then burned with so rash a recklessness. It was the sense of wrong, of bitter and unmerited wrong done in past times, of cold and undeserved scorn heaped

on me in the present, as the bastard—the child of infamy and shame! that goaded me into so hot action. But it is done now, it is done, and cannot be amended. The world it is which has made me what I am—let the world look to it—let the world enjoy the work of its hands."

"There is nothing, Durzil," said the old man, solemnly, "nothing but death that cannot be amended. *Undone* things may not be, but all may be amended, by God's good grace to aid us."

"Hast thou not seen a sapling in the forest, which, overcrowded by trees of stronger growth, or warped from its true direction by some unnoted accident, hath grown up vigorous indeed and strong, but deformed and distorted in its yearly progress, until arrived at its full maturity, not all the art or all the strength of man or man's machinery can force it from its bias, or make it straight and comely? So is it with the mind of man, Sir Miles. While it is young and plastic, you shall direct it as you will—once ripened, hardened in its growth, whether that growth be tortuous or true, as soon shall you remodel the stature of the earth-fast oak, as change its intellectual bias. But I am wearying you, I fancy, and wasting words in unavailing disquisition. I hear my uncle's step without, moreover; permit me, I will join him."

"Hold yet a moment," replied the old man, kindly, "and let me say this to you now, while we are alone, which I may perchance lack opportunity to say hereafter. Your mother's son, Durzil Olifaunt—for so I shall ever call you, and so by *his* last words you are entitled to be called—can never weary me. Your welfare will concern me ever—what interests you will interest me always, and next to my own son I shall hold you nearest and dearest to this old heart at all times. Now leave me if you will—yet hold! tell me before you go, what I am fain to learn concerning your good uncle—the knowledge shall perchance save painful explanation, perchance grave misunderstanding."

"All that I know is at your service," answered the young man, in a calmer and milder tone than he had used heretofore—for he was, in truth, much moved and softened by the evident feeling of the old cavalier; "but let me thank you first for your kindly offers, which, should occasion offer, believe me, I will test as frankly as you have made them nobly."

To his latter words Miles St. Aubyn made no answer, except a grave inclination of his head, for his mind was preoccupied now by thoughts of very different import—was fixed, indeed, on days long passed, and on old painful memories.

"This girl," he said at length, "this fair young girl whom I saw here last night, is she—is she your sister. I think you had a sister—yet this fair child hath not Alicia's hair, nor her eyes—who is *she*?"

"God was most good in that," answered the seaman, with much feeling, "he took my sister to himself, even before my mother pined away. A man's lot is hard enough who is the son of shame—a woman's is intolerable anguish. Theresa is my uncle's child—his only child. His love for her is almost idolatry, and were it altogether so, she deserves it all. Lo! there

she passes by the casement—was ever fairer face or lovelier figure? and yet her soul, her innocent and artless soul, has beauties that as far surpass those personal charms, as *they* exceed all other earthly loveliness."

"You love her," said the cavalier, looking quickly upward, for he had been musing with downcast eyes, while Durzil spoke, and had not even raised his lids to gaze upon Theresa as she passed through the garden. "You love this innocent and gentle child."

The young man's cheek burned crimson, ashamed that he should have revealed himself so completely to one who was almost a stranger. But he was not one to deny or disguise a single feeling of his heart, whether for good or for evil, and he replied, after a moment's pause, with an unflinching and steady voice, "I *do* love her, more than my own soul!"

"And she," asked the old knight, "does she know, does she return your affection?"

Again the sailor hesitated, "Women, they say," he replied, at length, "know always by a natural instinct when they are beloved, and therefore I believe she *knows* it. For the rest, she is always most affectionate, most gentle, nay, even tender. Further than this, I may not judge."

"Father," exclaimed a faint voice from the bed, at this moment. "Is that you, father?" and Jasper St. Aubyn opened his eyes, languid yet from the heavy slumber into which the opiate had cast him, and raised himself up a little on his pillow, though with a slow and painful motion.

"My son," cried the old man, hurrying to the side of the bed, "my own boy, Jasper, how fare you now? You have slept well."

"So well," answered the bold boy, "that I feel strong enough, and clear enough in the head, to be up and about; but that whenever I would move a limb, there comes an accursed twinge to put me in mind that limestone rock is harder than bone and muscle."

Meanwhile, as soon as the old cavalier's attention was diverted by the awakening of his own son from his trance-like slumber, Durzil Bras-de-fer, as he called himself, and as I shall therefore call him, left the room quietly, and a few minutes afterward might have been seen, had not the eyes of those within the chamber been otherwise directed, to pass the casement, following the same path which had been taken by Theresa Allan a little while before.

[To be continued.]

ELIM.

BY VIRGINIA.

And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees, and they encamped there by the waters. Exodus xv. 27.

Noon on the burning desert!
Unutterable noon!

On the wandering band, from Goshen's land,
Shod in the wondrous shoon!

Blasting the man of might,
Blighting the infant flower,
And quenching the light to the mother's sight
As it droops in the fearful hour!

Look out o'er the blinding heaven!
Look out o'er the sear'd ground!
Is naught in view save the torturing blue
And the maddening sand around?

Behold a speck afar!
It seemeth a cloud like a hand,
And it beck'neth us on through the raging sun
Away to the Promised Land!

Is it the Angel of Death,
Sent forth as a mocking guide?
Is it the trace of the warrior race
As they scour the trackless wide?

No! by the Cloudy Pillar!
No! by our Fiery Friend!
From the bush of flame the great I AM
Hath bidden us onward wend!

On to the Seventy Palm Trees!
On to the water's brink!

Where the wayfaring rest on the green earth's breast,
And the fainting pilgrims drink!

Drink! and forget their misery,
And remember their toil no more;
Rest! while the breeze sways the stately trees
Those dark, cool waters o'er!

Drink! parched and panting Israel!
In those draughts of mercy deep
There mingles no tide of the Marah wide
Where thy innermost soul shall steep!

Rest! worn and weary Israel!
In the dream of thy sleeping eyes
There dwelleth no thought of the ruin wrought
By coming centuries!

Oh, Elim! loveliest Elim!
Gem of the desert old!
Green be thy mighty shadows,
Pure be thy waters cold!

How often, 'mid life's vast desert,
My heart within me swells,
As I sigh for thy Seventy Palm Trees,
And for thy Twelve Deep Wells!

FAITH'S WARNING.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THE vital elements of all things gifted
With promise or with truth,
By God's own hand benignantly are lifted
Into perennial youth.

O then, with gentle reverence, surrender
The wish to interfere,
Behold the miracle, devout and tender,
But enter not its sphere!

Childhood, with meek intelligence, appealing,
When guardians annoy,
As gush the sympathies its life revealing,
Asks freedom to enjoy.

Genius, by graceful waywardness, achieving
Its claim the boon to share,
A narrow doom in Fancy's world retrieving,
Expands untrammelled there.

The throes of nations plead that right be tested—
The Present grapple fairly with the Past,
For Liberty's pure zeal if unmolested,
Will triumph at the last!

Profane not Love in its divine seclusion,
If true; its hope is sure,
Born in weak hearts it is a chance illusion,
That vainly would endure.

For all things destined to survive, engender
Their own progressive life,
And Truth, forsaken by her last defender,
Yet conquers in the strife.

In its dim crypt of mould the seed implanted
Will germinate and spring,
Poised in her azure realm the lark undaunted
Exultingly will sing!

The prayer of wisdom in these later ages
Is for unchartered right
To turn, at will, her own elected pages,
With unimpeded sight.

To their own law abandon all things real,
Nor, with incessant care,
Strive to conform to thy perverse ideal
What God created fair.

LAMENT OF THE GOLD-DIGGER.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

'T is the grief for their fate gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before. CAMPBELL.

'T is evening, and I stand alone
On San Francisco's desert shore,
The wandering night-winds sadly moan,
And shrieking sea-birds round me soar.
The weary sun hath sunk to sleep
Beyond the great Pacific's wave,
While here I stand and idly weep
That I have been to gold a slave!

O, curses on the maddening cry
That echoed through my own green land,
And sent me forth, unwept to die,
Upon this lonely desert strand!
With spirits fresh the hills I trod,
And in the eager strife for gain
Forgot my country and my God,
And fevered fancies flushed my brain!

It came at last, the bitter thought,
That I was linked with toiling slaves,
Whose very life-blood had been bought
By selfish and designing knaves.

But all too late conviction came,
And with a down-cast, tearful eye,
I thought with anguish and with shame
I'd chased an echo here—to die!

O, vain was all our strife for wealth,
We ploughed the bed of many a stream,
All idly, and with ruined health,
Heaped curses on our fevered dream,
That drove us from our homes away,
Athwart the ocean's furrowed breast,
To find with terror and dismay
That we were houseless Famine's guests!

My heart grows sick—my eye grows dim,
As o'er the watery waste I gaze,
And powerless droops each nerveless limb,
And manhood's pride and strength decays.
Adieu, my childhood's home, for fate
Hath dimmed the brightness of my sky,
I've "dug" my grave, and found too late
I've chased an echo here—to die!

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

NO. I.—WHAT THERE WAS TO LIKE IN HATTIE ATHERTON.

BY GIFTIE.

"You seem to have a great deal to say lately about this Miss Hattie Atherton," said my brother, looking up from his book as I entered the parlor, after escorting to the door a friend who had been making me a morning call.

"Well," said I, "I hope you have no objection."

"Objection—no indeed. But what is there in Miss Hattie, that you all like so much? Your friends have been perfectly absorbed in admiration of her for the last three days."

"If you knew her you would not wonder that we are all glad to have her at home again. She has been absent four years at a boarding-school, and as she is reported to be wonderfully accomplished her return makes quite a sensation in our quiet circle. That is the reason you have heard her name so frequently mentioned."

"A regular paragon of boarding-school accomplishments, I suppose," said Fred, with his most scornful sneer. "She does n't know a cow from a sheep—works worsted dogs—paints in colors *excessively watery*—considers her father and mother quite countrified and vulgar—and knows enough of the languages to Frenchify her name into Harriette, or into the more unmeaning diminutive of H-a-t-t-i-e."

"You are really savage," replied I, laughing, "but, my good sir, you are quite mistaken in your enumeration, for though she had adopted the diminutive of her somewhat stately name, she is innocent of working worsted dogs, and she rejoices in the knowledge that of the two animals, the cow is the largest. Really, Fred, she is a very lovely girl, perfectly unaffected, and exulting like a freed bird to visit again her old haunts,

'In the grove and by the river.'

"Ah, she is one of that sort, is she? Raves of nature and falls on her knees to a pigweed. For my part, I could never imagine why a boy was n't just as natural as an alder bush."

"You are really impertinent, Fred, to talk so about my friends," said I, a little vexed.

"Beg your pardon, sis; but you may depend upon it, all boarding-school girls belong to one of two classes—the smart and affected, or the soft and sentimental. You, my dear Mary, are the only one I ever knew to pass the ordeal without being spoiled."

"Which escape, I presume, you impute entirely to the liberal share of advice bestowed by my wise brother. I am quite provoked with you, for your unsparing sarcasms on women."

"Ah, if they were only all like you," replied Fred, rising to come to me, and then falling back on the sofa with a growl at the pain the attempt had caused his

sprained ankle. Gentle reader, that sprain, which had confined him four days to the sofa, was the sole reason why my good-natured, sensible brother was so "uncommon" cross.

There was a pause, during which Fred cut his nails and I sewed most industriously. "I think," said he at length—but what he thought was lost forever to the world, for at that moment the door opened and Hattie entered.

"Speak of angels and one sees their wings," said I, as I rose to welcome her. "You have come just in time to verify the proverb, for we have been speaking of you." Fred gave me a beseeching glance. He did not know of a plan I had formed, which was quite inconsistent with any attempt to prejudice Miss Atherton against him.

"I hope angels don't tear their wings as badly as I have torn my shawl. I have come to you for aid, and you see I carry a flag of distress," replied Hattie, holding out her shawl that had one corner nearly torn off.

"How did you get such a rent in it?" exclaimed I.

"I have been paying a visit to your friend, Murray, and caught it on a nail in his door," said she laughing.

"What in the world was you doing at Murray's?"

"I went down to see his child. When I looked out of my window this morning, I was horrified to see that hop pole, whose graceful clusters we were admiring yesterday, lying on the ground, and shorn of its glories. On inquiring the cause of this outrage, I found that Murray went to our house last evening for some hops to make a tea for a sick child, and mother told him to get some from this pole. In doing so, he managed, with Irish dexterity, to throw it down directly across the bed of Dalhias."

"Your beautiful Dalhias—what a pity!"

"I was very sorry, but fortunately they are not all destroyed. I thought the poor man must have been in desperate haste to do such a thing, and so I went to see if the child were dangerously sick."

"Those Murrays are protégés of mine, but I did n't know that any of them were sick."

"The child seems to be threatened with a fever, but I made them give it a warm bath, and put baths of hops on its head and feet, and before I left, it was quite relieved. I staid to superintend the operations, lest they should not do it properly, for I fancy they are not accustomed to the use of water. To be sure, dirt is the native element of that class—but are n't they uncommonly dirty?"

"I think they are," replied I. "Last winter I asked Mrs. Murray why she did n't wash the children before she put on some new clothes I had provided for them, and she opened her eyes in astonishment. "Sure

ma'am," said she, "sure and the dirt keeps 'em warm when they 've nothin' else to kiver 'em."

"I suppose she thinks the same reason applies in summer by the rule of contraries, for they were none of them very clean, and I thought they were rather alarmed at the sight of a tubfull of water. Murray asked if I 'was n't afeard the child, 'ud catch cold,' but he says he thinks 'hops is werry good things,' and she imitated the deep guttural tones of our gardener with a perfection that was perfectly startling.

"You are quite a doctress," said Fred, when he had done laughing—"can't you prescribe for me?"

"I should think patience and resignation—an ounce each, thoroughly compounded—would be the most necessary remedy for a sprain," replied Harriet—and the conversation turned on other subjects.

We examined the shawl, and pronounced it unmendable and I offered to lend her my mantilla. "I will accept it," said she, "if you will yourself accompany it and assist me in making some purchases this morning. Sally Murphy, who has lived with us so long, is about being married, and father intends furnishing her house for her. It is a small tenement with only four rooms, but it will be all her own, and she would not be more delighted with a palace."

I was soon ready, and we walked to the cabinet-makers, who was delighted to furnish what we wanted, and then to that "omnium gatherum," yclept, "the dry goods store," where we found every thing necessary for our purpose, from the lace for the bride's dress to the carpet that was to adorn her "keeping-room." "These are my part of the wedding presents," said Hattie. "I earned the money—you know how?"

I have said that I had a plan in view, in which my brother and Hattie were to be the principal actors, and you will readily perceive that though not much given to meddling with the affairs of other people, I was sufficiently feminine in my tastes to be something of a matchmaker. Notwithstanding his fine intellectual powers and considerable knowledge derived from men and books, Fred had always been exceedingly deficient in the ability to say and do those graceful nothings that are the usual stepping-stones to an acquaintance between ladies and gentlemen, and this, added to a certain bashfulness that frequently attends a proud, sensitive nature, had kept him from finding any intimate friends among the ladies he had met in his college life, and in his subsequent wanderings over the world. Unfortunately, too, for my matrimonial schemes in his behalf, he was provokingly contented with the prospect of being an old bachelor; and since his establishment in our village, had confined his visits to a few married ladies who were vastly superior in cultivation of mind to any of the unmarried ones of our acquaintance. Thus with a handsome person, and more than ordinary powers of pleasing, had he chosen to exert them, my brother had passed to the shady side of thirty, without having his large, warm heart stirred by a deeper emotion than the quiet love excited by the home circle. I was determined this state of things should not endure much longer, and to Harriet I looked for aid in breaking the spell of indifference that was

consigning him to the lonely and selfish existence of a confirmed old bachelor.

Some weeks after the morning on which my story opens, Fred invited me to walk with him to one of his favorite places of resort—a grove that was situated about a mile from the village. The purple light of sunset was thrown like a glory over the surrounding hills, and fell upon the bosom of the river which, foaming in successive rapids through most of its course, here spread out in a broad, deep current, as it swept with graceful curve between its steep wooded banks. Following the path that led down the bank, we came out from the shadow of the trees into a point of land that, jutting out into the river, was covered with a soft greensward. A willow grew on its extremest verge, and on a flat rock under its overhanging branches Hattie Atherton was seated, with her sketch-book on her knee. Her hat lay beside her on the grass, and the wind sweeping back the long, shining curls that usually hung over her face, revealed her broad, intellectual brow, and the perfect contour of her features, while her slight, delicate figure was relieved against the dark trunk of the tree. So absorbed was she in her occupation that she did not know of our approach till we were beside her, and I had taken her book to show Fred her accurate drawing of the view before us. She started up with a slight blush, and turning to my brother said, with a low silvery laugh,

"You ridicule romantic school girls, Mr. Stanley; and as I presume you think I look very much like one at this moment, I must tell you how I happened to be here. Father told me to-day that the course of the M— railroad has been altered, and it will pass directly along this bank, so that our beautiful grove will be spoiled."

Great was our indignation at the idea of this invasion, and when we had exhausted almost every expression in the language, Fred declared he would get up a remonstrance and defeat their sacrilegious purposes.

"It will be of no use," said Hattie. "It is the march of improvement, and we must submit."

"Worse than the march of the Goths and Vandals," exclaimed Fred, wrathfully; "the idea of sacrificing these grand old trees to the whims of a few railroad contractors—it is too bad, for the other route will be more convenient for everybody else."

"I felt sorry enough, as you may imagine," replied Hattie. "I have spent so many happy hours here that I determined to sketch the view from this point before the measuring-rod or the steam-engine should disturb its quiet beauty."

"And your pencil has immortalized it; how perfectly you have copied the flickering light that falls on the smooth, dark waters, through those overhanging trees. Really, Miss Atherton, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for a copy of this picture."

"You shall have one," said Hattie, frankly. "I intended making a picture from this, and giving the drawing to Mary, for I know she loves this scene as much as I do. I have so many pleasant associations connected with it, that I feel as if I were to part with an old friend."

"I can realize your feelings," replied Fred, "for I,

too, have loved to listen on this spot to the many voices of nature. How often have I sat beneath these trees to watch the daylight fade from the hills, and the twilight throw its shadows over the landscape, seeming to descend lower and lower till they rested on the bosom of the river, and I could see nothing but the white foam gleaming through the dark, where it falls over the rocks away yonder. Then the low, thrilling, whispering of the wind among the pines, and the melancholy scream of the night-hawk—I declare they have made me quite poetical, as you see," he added, smiling, and slightly embarrassed at having been thus betrayed out of his usual composure, which embarrassment was not at all relieved by meeting Hattie's large dark eyes fixed on him with an expression of wonder and gratification. Perhaps it was this *mauvais honte*—perhaps it was the argumentative spirit which had occasioned us to give him in the family the soubriquet of "the opposing member"—that gave so singular a turn to this sentimental conversation, when at this moment, in turning over the leaves of her book, Fred found a slip of paper covered with verses of Harriet's composition.

"So you write poetry, too!" said he, looking up at her with a smile.

"Oh, give it to me—I would n't have you read it for the world," exclaimed she, springing forward with such evident distress that he reluctantly relinquished the manuscript.

"You need n't be afraid of his criticism, for he writes poetry sometimes," said I.

"Do you?" said Hattie, incredulously.

"Certainly," answered my brother; "everybody does now-a-days. In the class from which I graduated at college, there were forty-five, of which forty wrote poetry."

"Wrote verses, you mean," said Hattie, demurringly.

"There is very little difference. The Horatian maxim, '*Poeta nascitur non fit*,' which has so long been thought to countenance a distinction, simply means that men and women who write poetry, like other men and women, are 'born.'"

"I suppose, then," replied Hattie, humoring the idea, "that the doctrine that poets were obliged to gallop up the sides of a steep mountain in Greece, on a vicious pondeuscript called Pegasus, is to be considered wholly metaphorical."

"Just so," said Fred. "Pegasus is now a mere omnibus horse, and timid people need no longer be afraid of entering the coach lest they should get a kick from the rampant animal, or be thrown into the depths of Helicon."

"The doctrine of inspiration is also exploded," said I, laughing. "Burns used to compose some of his little sonnets while engaged in the groveling occupation of ploughing, and if any thing more elaborate was wanting, he took a glass of Scotch whisky."

"Byron, too," continued Fred, "wrote under the influence of gin; and considered by the Lake poets, that he had an 'old butter' while he

Whoever, then, can drink whisky and gin, or as coming within the circle of the 'pledge,' can eat bread and butter, need fear no lack of inspiration."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Hattie "What would these great immortals think, could they hear your nonsense."

"Immortals! there is another false idea that should be given up by all sensible men. Every thing else that is made is made for some object, and its excellence is determined by its fitness for that object—why should n't it be so with poetry. Cheese, for instance, in Connecticut, is made with especial reference to the time of its consumption, and one kind is labeled 'to be eaten immediately,' another, 'in one year,' 'two years,' and so on. So with poetry. Some of it is better to be kept some years and go down to posterity like 'Paradise Lost' and Shakspeare, that were not much esteemed at first, you know; other kinds, more fit for present consumption, may be read by moonlight, cried over, and applied to other purposes of poetry."

"You remind me," said I, "of a definition I heard the other day, which said, 'poetry is only pleasant, metrical, musical, writing which amuses and astonishes one's friends, makes one's enemies bite their lips for envy, and may be counted on the fingers.'"

"That's very good," replied my brother, "but the easiest way to make poetry is to take prose and turn it. I was quite surprised, at an instance of this, I found yesterday, in reading Napier's History of the Peninsula War. He had been describing the battle of Corrunna, and in speaking of the death of Sir John More, he says, very nearly in these words: 'it was thought best to retreat without waiting for the break of day. The body of Sir John was hurriedly deposited in the earth, near the rampart, without music or even a farewell shot being fired over his grave.' Mr. Wolfe has immortalized himself, as it is called, by turning this account into verse; and just notice how closely he has followed the prose original:

'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpe to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.'

"It is strikingly like," said Hattie, "not even the usual descriptive adjectives, and very little amplification. That shows how easily pieces of poetry of great celebrity may have been written. Perhaps you and I may one day be famous. I have often thought how a pensive man, looking at the water in this river during a mild fall of snow, might say very naturally, in thinking of the transitoriness of the pleasures of this world,

'Like snow falls in a river,
A moment white, then melts forever,'

and yet be unconscious that he had uttered a beautiful comparison."

"One is ever cooked before could not

"Let the moon
to turn."

if we don't go now, she will remind me of the pouting dame who sits at home,

'Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.'

After we had left Hattie at her own door, and were proceeding homeward, Fred broke out in his most earnest tone. "That Miss Atherton is a very nice girl; what an intellectual face she has—have you seen any of her poetry—does she write much?"

"Oh, yes—you have read some of it, which she has published anonymously, (but this is a great secret, remember,) and her motive in doing so is as honorable to her heart as the verses are to her poetical powers. You know Mr. Atherton lavishes his wealth upon his children without bounds, and Hattie says it does not seem very benevolent for her to give away her father's money, so she devotes the proceeds of her literary labors to purposes of charity. She is very kind to the poor; I wish you could see how their faces brighten at her approach.

"Well done! that is what I like in a woman. She is really a very sensible girl," replied my brother.

"Even if she does write her name H-a-t-t-i-e," said I, with a sly glance. Fred pinched my arm, but said nothing.

Time passed on, and I was satisfied that my brother had found out "what there was to like in Hattie Atherton;" but a proud man deeply in love is the most timid of mortals, and he sped but slowly in his wooing. His favorite books were offered for her perusal; and long evenings were spent in arguments upon questions of metaphysics and philosophy, and though Hattie had sufficient strength of intellect to sustain her share of the conversation creditably, she was too much impressed with awe of Fred's mental abilities to feel perfectly at ease while he was thus drawing forth the powers of her mind; and, mistaking her dignity and slight reserve of manner for indifference or aversion, he dared not betray the strong affection with which she inspired him.

One evening, late in the summer, as I was sitting alone in the twilight, Fred entered hastily, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed, "I have just heard very bad news—do you know—have you seen Harriet to-day?"

"No—what has happened? Tell me, for mercy's sake," said I, half frightened out of my wits at the sight of his pale face.

"Mr. Atherton has failed."

"Oh, is that all," replied I, with a feeling of relief on knowing that nothing dreadful had befallen my friend.

"All!" retorted Fred. "I should think that was enough. It will nearly kill the old man, he has such an overwhelming horror of debt."

"How did it happen?" said I, rising and putting on my bonnet as I spoke.

"Are you going over there? I will go with you, and tell you about it on the way," replied Fred, throwing my shawl around me, and giving me his arm. The story was soon told. The loss of a ship which was wrecked without insurance some months before, had somewhat embarrassed him, and the sudden

failure of two large mercantile firms in Boston, with whom he was connected had completed the ruin.

As we approached the house through the garden, I proposed that we should go in through one of the parlor windows, which opened upon a grass-plot, and formed a convenient entrance in that direction, of which we had frequently availed ourselves. Never shall I forget the sight which presented itself as we stood before the window. Mrs. Atherton was reclining on the sofa, sobbing bitterly. Mr. Atherton was seated in an arm-chair, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame shrunk and collapsed, as if beneath a weight of shame and agony. Harriet stood beside him, bathing his head and raising with her smooth, white fingers, the gray locks he had pulled over his brow. The light which fell full on her face, showed that she had been weeping violently; but now there was a faint smile on her trembling lips, and she was talking earnestly. We could not hear what she said, but the tones were full of encouragement, and her attitude and expression betokened firmness and hope. As we gazed, the old man suddenly uncovered his face, and throwing his arms around her neck, drew her mouth down to his, and kissed her fervently.

"We will not intrude here," said my brother. There was a strange huskiness in his voice, and I felt his whole frame tremble as it did when he was strongly moved.

We walked slowly home again and talked sadly of the misfortune that had befallen our friends—of their plans of quiet happiness that must be given up—of their munificent charities that must be now contracted, and of the anxieties and embarrassments which would harass that honorable old man, but when I said that Lizzy must come home from school, and George must discontinue his studies, Fred replied resolutely that "It must not be;" and when we entered the house, he seated himself before the writing-desk and commenced a letter. Having occasion to cross the room as he was closing it, I took a sister's liberty to peep over his shoulder, and saw—"So, my dear fellow, do not think of leaving, but draw on me for whatever funds you may require."

A fortnight elapsed, during which I saw little of Harriet. In his professional capacity, as a lawyer, Fred was busy most of the time with Mr. Atherton, canvassing the business—settling accounts and making assignments; and it was a season of mental torture to the ruined father which could hardly have been borne had it not been for the gentle ministrations of his daughter. She it was who nerved her invalid mother to meet calmly their change of circumstances, and to aid her in consoling the care-worn, haggard man, whose sorrow they so deeply shared. The sight of her lovely face beaming with cheerfulness and affection, the sound of her low musical voice, as she sang the songs he loved, or repeated to him words of religious faith and consolation, seemed to operate like a charm in driving away the cares that haunted him, and gradually her firmness and courage were imparted to him, and he was enabled to lift up his head once more and hope for better days.

Early one morning Hattie entered the room where

we were sitting at breakfast, with a face so much more joyful than she had for some time worn, that I knew she must have some good news to communicate.

"It is, indeed, so," said she, in reply to my inquiry. "I came to tell some news, and also to beg your assistance for to-day."

"I am at your service," I answered; "but first tell me what has happened to please you so much?"

"I must premise," replied she, "what you already know, that on settling up his affairs, father has found that he can pay every cent he owes, and we shall have our dear old house and garden left; and as father has a thousand dollars a year from his land agency, we shall be able to get along quite comfortably. But in order to do so, Lizzy must leave school and George must help support himself for the next eighteen months which elapse before his studies are finished. Now you know he inherits mother's delicate constitution, and his health is too feeble to allow him to apply himself as closely as will be necessary if he is to earn his own support. Father has a sort of nervous horror of his getting into debt, (and George is as particular as father is on that point,) so, to make my story short," she added, hesitating a little, while a bright blush suddenly suffused her face, "I am going to support them, and father can keep the old homestead—"

"You support them—how?" we both exclaimed.

"Through the kindness of my old teacher, Miss W——. Lizzy mentioned in her last letter that Miss Foster, who has so long taught drawing and music at the Seminary, had left to be married, and their present teacher was not considered competent. So I wrote the day after our misfortune came, without saying any thing to father, and applied for the situation, and this morning I received an answer, filled with the most flattering expressions of kindness, and offering very liberal terms."

"You do not seriously mean that you intend teaching?" said my brother, in a tone that deepened the flush on Hattie's cheek.

"Certainly I do. Why should I not make my acquirements available. I intend to *'improve my talents,'* and as that old-fashioned Jewish coin is not current in this country, I must exchange it for something that will pass more readily. I am quite delighted, too, with the terms Miss W—— offers me, though I fear I shall not be worth so much money. She says, if I will let part of the salary go to pay Lizzy's school-bills, she will give me five hundred dollars a year, on condition that I engage to remain two years."

"That will be about four hundred dollars in *'ready money,'*" said I, musingly; "yes, that is quite good pay, to be sure; but, then, what will your father and mother do without you for two years—have they consented to your plans?"

"They have, after some opposition. They are very much alone, but I shall depend upon your kindness to cheer their lonely hours, and your brother will perhaps spend an evening with father occasionally," added she, glancing at her watch.

"When do you leave?"

"To-morrow,"

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minds me that I have not yet told you, Mary, that I came to request your assistance to-day in making my final preparations. I did not expect to go so soon, and have many little things to arrange before I leave."

"Why do you go to-morrow?"

"In order to be there at the commencement of the next term—you will come, won't you?"

I promised to be with her in a short time, and she departed; and Fred, after putting salt into his coffee, and mustard on his bread, in a vain attempt to finish his breakfast, took his hat in desperation, and went out after her.

"Miss Atherton," said he earnestly, as he overtook her, "let me persuade you to give up this scheme—we can't spare you for two years."

"I am quite astonished at opposition from you, Mr. Stanley," said Hattie, in some confusion at his earnest manner. "It is but a few weeks since we had that long talk about woman's duties and powers of usefulness. You remember what you said then?"

"Yes; but with you," replied Fred, in a low tone, "with you it is 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily.'"

A long silence followed, for both were too much agitated to speak, when Fred repeated, "Do give up this plan—there is no need of it. I have written your brother to draw on me for any amount he may need to complete his education."

"You are very kind," said Hattie, tremulously, and her soft eyes were filled with a dewy light, as for a moment they met his impassioned gaze. Just then they reached the garden-gate, and in attempting to unlatch it at the same time, their hands met. The touch thrilled through each frame like an electric shock. Fred took her hand and drew it within his arm as they proceeded up the walk.

"If I could only persuade you," said he, "how gratified I am to be of service to you. If you could have the faintest adequate idea how necessary is your presence to my happiness—how I have lived for weeks, months, only in the hope that I might one day tell you how fervently my whole soul loves you. Oh, dear Miss Atherton, is it all in vain?"

There was no reply, but the small, trembling hand that rested on his arm, placed itself in the hand that lay near it, and nestled there, as if it would cling forever. A glad, hopeful smile sprung to his lips. "Harriet—dear Harriet, you will let me love you?"

Again those expressive eyes were raised to his, and her heart spoke through them, as her low clear tones answered, "I will love you."

"And you will not leave me—you will be my wife—you will give me the right to assist your brother?"

"Some time hence, but not now. You must not strive to break my resolution. I trust in you fully, and the words you have just spoken, are to me like sunshine breaking through the clouds that have enveloped my life; but for Lizzy's sake, and for George's, it is best that I should not relinquish my purpose."

They entered the house and sat down together. All the barriers of doubt and distrust that had separated them were removed, and these two full, strong hearts, were revealed to each other. With all the eloquence of affection, Fred endeavored to convince her that

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it was not her duty to leave the home that was now more than ever dear to her; but the gentle girl was firm in her noble resolve, and at length her pleadings won from him a reluctant consent to its fulfillment.

The two years, which had seemed so long in the prospective, passed rapidly away, as time always does when one is in the steady performance of duty. Hattie's visits at home were short and unfrequent, but she won the admiration of her pupils. Lizzy was at school with her, and Fred found so much business to compel him to visit the city, that he was considered quite a public benefactor by certain postage-saving acquaintances, who besieged our door with inquiries when Mr. Stanley would go to B—, and would he take a package?"

It was the evening before the wedding-day. The sisters had returned three months before, and George had been some time at home, and was soon to be or-

daigned as pastor over the church where for generations his fathers had worshiped. Having assisted Lizzy in arranging the bridal paraphernalia for to-morrow morning's ceremony, I went down stairs to bid Hattie good-night before I went home. She was standing by the window, with her head leaning on Fred's shoulder. One of his arms was around her, and with the other he was holding back the curtain that the brilliant moonlight might fall full on the beautiful face that was raised to his with an expression of confiding affection. A sudden recollection flashed upon my mind, and crossing the room, I threw my arms around them as they stood together, and said to my brother, "Fred, *have you* found out what there is to like in Hattie Atherton?"

"I have found," replied Fred, drawing her fondly to his heart, "that there is every thing in her to like except her name; she will change that to-morrow, and then she will be perfect."

TO MARY.

BY LUCY CABELL.

'T were vain, dear Mary, to attempt
To sound your praise in rhyme;
Though oft I've gazed upon your face,
You're fairer every time.

The stars are bright—but your sweet eyes,
Are lovelier far than they,
And diamonds, were they half as sweet,
Have scarce a brighter ray.

And, oh, such winning fondness lies,
In your gay, glad smile,
I scarce can look on you, and think
I do not dream the while.

And then your form—light as the air,
And perfect as a fairy;
Though many strive for beauty's prize,
None can compare with Mary.

Oh, Mary, may thy future life,
Be bright, as thou art now,
And not a shade of sorrow rest,
Upon thy snow-white brow.

And when thy gentle spirit soars,
From its abode of love,
Oh, may it leave this world of cares,
To dwell with God above.

LITTLE WILLIE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

My beautiful—my beautiful,
Upon thy baby brow,
The stern, relentless hand of death
Has placed his signet now!
The golden threads that span thy life,
Are breaking, one by one;
Let me not hold his spirit back—
Oh, God! thy will be done!

My beautiful—my beautiful!
Thy life has been a dream;
A moment more, and it has passed,
Like sunshine on a stream;
Or like a bud, whose perfumed leaves
Unfolded for an hour,
To gaze with rapture on its God—
Then droop beneath his power.

My beautiful—my beautiful!
I would not call thee back;
I joy that thou hast fled the storms
That beat upon life's track;
I love to know thy sinless soul
Has burst its bonds of clay,
And watch thy spirit as it glides
So pleasantly away.

And when I gather up the folds
Around thy pale, cold face,
And when I weep to see thee laid
In thy last resting-place,
I'll mind me that the fearful storm
By which my soul is riven,
Has borne my dove an olive branch,
And wafted him to Heaven.

MARY WILSON.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

CHAPTER I.

"She never told her love, but deep
Within her heart concealed there lay
The worm that prey'd upon her cheek,
And stole her bloom away."

MARY WILSON was an only child. Her parents were exceedingly wealthy; and, though possessing extended landed estates, they were as parsimonious in hoarding up riches as though they were only in moderate circumstances. Mr. Wilson was rather aristocratic in his manners, yet, in many respects, he was quite liberal to those of his neighbors who were not as fortunate as himself in accumulating property. He was a gentleman of great influence, around whom gathered the elite of Cincinnati—whose favor was courted and sought by the wealthy and great. In his earlier days Mr. Wilson had laid out the rules which were to govern him through the world, and, in whatever circumstance in life, he fully resolved to abide by the course he had adopted for his guidance. He had retired from the active capacity of a business man; and yet, whenever he found an opportunity for speculating, he was just the man to engage in it.

About the time our story commences, the fever of speculation in the Western States raged to a marvelous extent. The excitement was great, and many had invested their whole patrimony in the speculation, with the ardent assurance that they would become immensely wealthy. But, alas! their expectations were but "castles in the air;" for the excitement soon subsided, and those who had invested their all in purchasing land, now found, to their great astonishment, that they had lost all they possessed. Many who were independent one day, and had the brightest anticipations of the future, the next were penniless and destitute, not knowing where or how to procure a sustenance for their families.

Among the most unfortunate in this respect was Mr. Wilson. He had invested all—even to the last dollar—of his immense possessions; he had bought lands at an exorbitant price; but he was perfectly satisfied that in the speculation he would make his thousands. His wife and daughter remonstrated against his entering so largely into the meshes of the excitement, and of involving himself to so great an extent; but he was too deeply resolved upon making money to pay the least regard to their remonstrances. He endorsed largely for others, and appeared lost in the agitation which existed. Speculation was the all-absorbing topic—with him it was a sort of magic, which usurped his entire thoughts, and, to a great degree, restrained his manly virtues. But soon his dreams and anticipations received a relapse, the depression upon his face had passed, and the money he had invested, was gone.

duced to poverty! Many others shared the same fate. Wealthy citizens were stripped of all their property; many of whom, who had not lost all in speculating, were sufferers from the evil consequences of endorsing for others. In short, a depression of business ensued seldom witnessed in a commercial city.

Reduced to want, Mr. Wilson's ambition was gone! his pride preventing him from engaging in any ordinary business; and his constitution too feeble for manual labor, he felt keenly sensible of the unpleasantness of his situation. He knew not what to do! His splendid mansion—the home of his childhood, whose hallowed associations filled his heart with happiness—had been given up, to satisfy the demands of the law; his furniture was sold; and still unliquidated claims pressed daily and heavily upon him for payment. Friends who, in the days of his prosperity, flocked to his hospitable board, now shunned him, as one whom they regarded as their inferior, both in point of wealth and respectability. Mr. Wilson observed the change with the keenest sense of injustice, and now felt how painful it was to be *thought* inferior to his fellow-man.

Mary was a girl of uncommon pretensions, whose amiable disposition and beauty attracted to her side a host of admirers, who, in their prosperous days, sought to rival each other for her hand—among whom was Charles Tomlinson, the son of a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati. Charles was a young man of rare talents, prepossessing deportment, and affable disposition. He possessed all the qualities of a noble, generous-hearted man; but, notwithstanding the purity of his daily "walk and conversation," he had imbibed many vague sentiments in regard to the Bible and the precepts taught in that holy book. Mary observed this, and felt pained to see so much talent wasted in useless attempts to prove the Bible false; but yet she loved him. Their attachment daily grew stronger, until they were betrothed, and the day appointed for the consummation of their vows. Before, however, the time for their marriage arrived, Mr. Wilson's misfortune came, the tendency of which was an entire revolution in the feelings of Mr. Tomlinson. He now resolved that he would *not* marry her, because her father had failed, and, in all probability, would never be worth a dollar again. With this resolution on his mind, he was at a loss in what way to acquaint her of his determination, or how he could honorably release himself from his engagement. He had too little fortitude to unmask his change of sentiment to her, personally; and to do so by letter would betray a want of manliness, which he had the reputation of possessing. In the midst of this trying situation, he called to his assistance a friend, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, and to whom he had entrusted the transaction of much important business. To this friend Mr. Tomlinson gave

instructions how to proceed, directing him at the same time to use the utmost caution in the information he wished to convey. His name was Samuel Gordon.

CHAPTER II.

"She seldom smiled—and when she did,
It was so sad, subdued, and brief,
As though her mourning heart she'd chide,
And strove to smile away its grief."

The attachment between Tomlinson and Miss Wilson, thus far, had been secretly kept from her parents, they preferring to make it known but a few weeks previously to their marriage-day. But Mrs. Wilson, with the watchfulness of a mother, perceived their intimacy, and, in a gentle manner, addressed her thus:

"Mary, for some time past I have noticed rather more than a friendly intimacy between you and Mr. Tomlinson, and, as a mother, I feel it my duty to give you advice on the subject. I would not do aught to give you pain; but I am not favorable to the addresses of Mr. Tomlinson."

Miss Wilson, deeming it no longer prudent to keep the truth of the matter concealed from her mother, replied:

"Dear mother, I hope you will forgive my rashness, for we have long since been engaged. I hope you will overlook my disobedience."

Their conversation was broken off by a quick ring of the bell, and Mary hastened to the door to respond to the call.

I have a message from Mr. Tomlinson, and wish to see Miss Wilson alone for a few moments," said the stranger.

"I am Miss Wilson. What is your business with me, sir?" she asked.

"I have," he continued, "unfortunately to announce to you that Mr. Tomlinson, since he has lost so much in the misfortunes which have fallen on so many of the citizens of this city, deems it, at present, a rash undertaking to marry, while circumstances of such an aggravating character continue. I think it would be better for you to be as calm as possible, and wait with due patience until a more favorable turn of fortune, which I anticipate will not be very long."

Had an ice-bolt entered the heart of that young girl, it could not have had a much greater effect. His words fell upon her ears like the solemn knell of all her hopes; for, since their misfortunes, she had fondly supposed that her marriage with Mr. Tomlinson would, in a great measure, retrieve the reputation of her father. She could not believe that Mr. Tomlinson would be guilty of such duplicity, and thought a stranger had imposed upon her. But how he, stranger as he was, knew any thing in regard to their engagement, was

something more than she could solve—an enigma which cost her much anxiety and thought; for even her parents, until that moment, had not known it. Her mother saw the hectic flush mantle the cheek of her child, and felt conscious that something serious would be the consequence. That Mary loved Tomlinson was unmistakable. She read it in the deep blue of her eyes; she saw it in every lineament of her features; she discovered it in all her actions; and, with the sympathy of a mother's own feelings, she endeavored to console her in that, her "hour of need." But the effect was too much for her delicate constitution to bear. She "loved not wisely, but too well;" and, day after day, she sat pensively surveying the beautiful scenery before her, and silently reflecting on her own unhappy condition.

"Her silvery voice was heard no more—
She sang no more, and her breathing late,
Which never knew neglect before,
Now lies alone—forgotten, mute!
Or, if a passing strain she sang,
So mournfully its numbers rose,
That those who heard might deem she sang
A lone soul's requiem to repose!"

On a lovely autumn evening, just as the sun was shedding its last rosy beams on the tops of the surrounding hills, Mary looked from her chamber window, and drank in, at a glance, the golden glories of expiring day, and thought how calm it would be for her to die as sweetly as the sun was sinking to rest behind the hills, so that her memory might live, like the beautiful twilight, long after her frail body had mouldered again to dust. She called her mother to her side, and told her that she was dying! At such a beautiful hour, when the day began to close, and shadows were no longer broad-cast from the clouds, but were stretched along the surface of the earth by the interception of a tree, or hill-side, Mary breathed her last!

As these precious but fleeting scenes pass like sober thoughts across the face of earth, or intermingle side by side with gay and brilliant passages of light of equal evanescence, making all tender and beautiful, which otherwise had been lustrous and sparkling, they call up within the heart the memory of the past; and by an association we can scarcely trace, characters reappear of friends who have passed away before us.

Thus ended the life of Mary Wilson. Struck down in the vigor and bloom of youth, this young maiden has left many friends to mourn her loss. She was much esteemed; so much so, that every personal defect was forgotten in the charms of her spirit, with which she imparted to her friends a look of kindness and a blessing.

"Yon willow shades a marble stone,
On which the curious eye can tell
That underneath there lieth one
Who loved not wisely—but too well."

WORDS OF WAYWARDNESS.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

HAB! for the tide of the blood's hot gush—
HAB! for the throng of proud thoughts that rush,
Mocking and riotous—why should they be
Led by thy frogs, Reality?

va believed—
ived.

Friendship, they say, is but a name,
And woman's love a meteor flame,
That feedeth upon fancy's breath
A little while, then perisheth.
Out, out upon thee—out on thee!
Thou hideous hag, Reality.

Hah! tears again! dost ask me why
The tear upon this burning cheek,
The half repressed, yet bursting sigh?
The tear, the sigh, themselves must speak;
Must tell a tale of by-gone hours,
A vision of all fair and bright—
When my young path was strewn with flowers,
And every throb was of delight.
When joys were of each moment's birth,
Nor care, nor doubt, an instant stole
From days of ever-changeful mirth,
That changeless shone upon the soul.
When hopes, that in mist-distance gleaming,
In promise e'en outvied the past,
Came ever, halcyon heralds seeming,
Of peace and bliss for aye to last.

But where is now the sportive wile
Of youth—so guileless and so gay—
The soul of love, of fire—the smile,
That spoke that soul—oh! where are they?
Of days that could such joys impart
What now remains? Their memory—
A cheerless, blasted youth—a heart
That breaketh fast, though silently.
And those proud hopes so fondly cherished,
Have they too proved, like Friendship, breath?
Ay, one by one, they all have perished—
Yet no—not all—there yet is death!
There yet remains to choose some spot,
Where, far from man and scorn, to lie—
And there, unheeded and forgot,
Alone—oh! God—alone to die.

Who talks of dying, while around
The earth's so fair, the sky so bright?
With Folly's wreath let day be crowned,
And Mirth and Music rule the night.
Another chord—the purple hills
Are bowing to the yellow vales—
The vales are smiling to the rills—
The rills make music for the gales,
That with the sunbeams twining hands,
Through groves and meads and streams are glancing
Adown the lanes, and on the sands
Of brave old Ocean madly dancing.
And brave old Ocean roareth so
His honest laugh, to see those Misses,
The pretty flow'rets bending low,
As though to shun the wired-god's kisses.

Kisses—hah! hah!—around this string
Of other days what memories twine—
Bring, merry comrades, quickly bring
Youth-giving and song-making wine.
Fill, fill—on the faithful brim
Pile up the sparkling flood—
Drink, drink, till the living stream
Run conqueror through the blood.
Drink to the hill, the vale,
The stream and its jeweled brink,
To the warming ray and the cooling gale,
To earth and to ocean drink.

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Drink to each thing that seems
Or loving or glad to be—
Nor wait to ask if those joyous beams
Be nature's hypocrisy.

I've quaffed the brimming bowl
In mirth's and madness' hours—
And drenched my thirsty soul
In goblets crowned with flowers.
Of draughts so pure as this
'T is luxury to sip,
But draught of purer bliss
Doth dwell on woman's lip.

I've felt the glowing sun
Steal warmly to my heart's
Faint throbs, when gazing on
The skies of southern parts.
But oh! a sun more bright,
A purer, warmer sky,
Of joy-embathing light,
Is found in woman's eye.

'Neath holy Music's spell
Hath lain each dream-rapt sense,
While on my spirit fell
Its gushing eloquence.
But oh! a spell there is
More potent to rejoice—
The soothing lowliness
Of woman's whispered voice.

Then wonder not, if now
To her I pledge this cup,
To whom my earliest vow
First sent its incense up—
To her—the soul of verse,
Our hope, when hope-bereft—
Our blessing 'neath the curse—
Our all of Eden left.

Give, give me back the early joy
Of youth's strong hopes, of vows believed—
Again, again a dreaming boy
Let me be happy, though deceived.
For who hath caught the answering sigh
Heaving sweet woman's timid breast,
His longing soul fed on her eye,
And learned the rapture to be blest—
In lingering dalliance now to sip,
In boldness now of ardor roving,
To drink from eye, cheek, forehead, lip,
Of one beloved, and seeming loving.
Upon the tell-tale cheek to breathe,
Closer the clasping hands to wreath,
As if no earthly power could sever
The bosoms met, as met forever—
While each responsive fluttering heart,
Beating as though 't would gladly break
To tell the joy that tongue ne'er spake,
Longs from its heaving breast to part,
Nearer and nearer still to press
The soul of its soul's happiness.
Oh! who has felt around his soul
The spells of this idolatry—
And wished not that his days should roll
Thus spell-bound to eternity.

Away with wisdom—'t is a cheat—
Away with truth—'t is all a lie—
Madness alone hath no deceit—
Falsehood alone no mockery.

OLDEN TIMES.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE town or borough of Harrisburg, the political capital of Pennsylvania, lies on the *bank* of the Susquehanna, about 107 miles west of Philadelphia. I say on the *bank*, not the *shore*; for here a bold bluff rises a few yards from the northern margin of the river, and the town is, therefore, from ten to fifteen feet above the stream—a fact of consequence to the inhabitants; as the Susquehanna, which, in summer, may be easily forded by children, will frequently, during the spring freshets, rise from six to eight feet, threatening all upon its borders. The houses are built only on the north side of this front street, so as to face the river and leave, besides the beautiful avenue, a handsome esplanade in front of the town, overlooking the river.

Few places can present a more delightful promenade than this *front* of Harrisburg; and the writer hereof has more than once sought to express his appreciation of the walk and the gorgeousness of the views to be enjoyed therefrom. The scene is ever fresh—ever delightful, to one who has an eye for the beautiful of nature, and a heart to be warmed into the enjoyment of that beautiful. No frequency of indulgence pall the appetite here—no change of season diminishes the attraction. Whether the stream murmurs round the projecting rock and over masses of pebbles that mark its bed and are visible in summer, or whether the current dashes deep and bold, fed by the melting snows of the upper mountains, it is beautiful; beautiful in its simple exhibition—beautiful in its terrible grandeur. Whether the setting sun steep the current in liquid, tremulous light, or the wild, tempestuous blasts of January heap up the waters in dark and chaffing masses, all is beautiful; and men go forth to gaze in quiet enjoyment on the peaceful flow of July, or to enrich and stimulate their feelings with the all-conquering power of the down-rushing torrent of March.

Indulging in dreamy pleasure one morning late in June, while contemplating the loveliness of the scene, I cast my eyes away to the mountains through which the river forces its course a few miles above the town, and was delighted to see the first evidences of the rising sun in the yellow light that tinged the topmost peaks of those mighty promontories, while heavy wreaths of mist, engendered on the ground below, were rolling upward, like giants anxious to bathe early in the sunlight—an enjoyment that must have cost them existence, or, perhaps, only present *visibility*.

I can now recall some of the reflections to which the magnificent scene gave rise. Those children of the mist, that tended upward, were they only imaginary beings? only the workmanship of my fancy, upon the crude materials that sprung up from the fens? or were those misty shapes indeed the essential forms of spirits, whose tendencies were upward—who, though

dragged downward by the grossness of their outward covering, which affected its home and would abide in its cold, dark birth-place, struggled upward to the light and heat, and were released from the clogging properties of the visible and the impure, while they put on the invisible and the purified?

I knew the law of physics, by which the ascensive power of matter is augmented by heat, and consequently felt that some of those who were sleeping in the vicinity, would have referred all those misty images of the mountains to well known and always occurring circumstances. I admit that natural causes produce just such effects as the ascension of these wreaths of mist. But may not He who enacts the laws by which all these events occur, connect also the state, habits and tendencies of some class of beings with the operation of those laws? Because the sun gives light and heat to the system of which it is the centre, because we know that it riseth and goeth down, and because we can calculate the influence of its light and heat upon our planet, does it follow that the same body may not be the home of millions of rational beings, who would laugh if told that we, mundane men, thought *that* luminous body made for the convenience of the earth?

I was calculating the effect upon one who should, while standing on that mountain, venture to address these wreathy forms, and find himself understood and answered, when the presence of a person whom I had once or twice seen, at the peep of dawn,

"Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,"

renewed a resolution of putting to him a question as to the origin of a certain enclosure in the vicinity. There was, between the upper bank and the edge of the river, directly in front of the town, a small enclosure, perhaps fifteen feet square, surrounded by a decaying board fence, and having in it two miserably looking Lombardy poplars, touched with all the squalidness of decay which characterizes the *age* of that short-lived tree. Brambles, too, had sprung up in the enclosure, and they covered a small rising of the ground, with some invisible emblems. My object was to know why such a place was allowed in front of the town; why it was made, and why thus continued.

"That," said my friend, "is the grave of old Mr. HARRIS, for whom the town was named, long before they thought of building the capitol yonder. But there is a long story connected with the matter, and you can learn the whole of it if you will call, with proper motives and in a proper manner, upon a descendant of the old patriarch who resides in the neighborhood."

Now, I saw in this man some signals of fancy, and I felt determined to get the story out of him. But he pro-

fessed to be in too much haste; he had his day's work to perform, and he had almost forgotten the story. But I persevered with him and obtained some account, which, after eleven years, I put on paper, not venturing to quote my friend for authority, telling the story not exactly as 't was told to me, but as I recollect and reconstruct the narrative.

Mr. Harris was one of the pioneers of Pennsylvania. He saw the country rich and beautiful before him, and "went forth and stood and measured the earth" in and around the place where now stands the borough which bears his name. The beauty of scenery, the delicate softness of the valley contrasting with the towering summits of the mountains around, made the place exceedingly desirable. He, like the men of his times, had an eye for the beautiful, and a far-reaching ken that took in the future with the present; and so he sat down on the shores of the Susquehanna, on what was then perhaps an island, though now a part of the main land.

Mr. Harris was a man of the world—I mean what I say—he was emphatically a man of the world. Calmly and coolly had he, in his youth, sat down to reflect upon the policy which would best subserve the purposes which he had in view; and, after mature deliberation, he came to the conclusion that the precepts of his mother were well founded, and that however much the gay might ridicule, or the short-sighted neglect, the rules which she had prescribed, and which she had made him, in boyhood, follow—on the whole, "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly," would serve the affairs of a long life as well as they would produce effects after death. So, Mr. Harris sat down on the banks of the Susquehanna, an honest man from habit—an honest man from principle; a Christian by birth—a Christian by all his actions. He had nothing Utopian in his views, nothing impracticable in his plans. If he bought or sold, it was with a view to his own advantage in the transaction, and neither white man nor red man could outbargain him; but either white man or red man would be welcome to all that his wants required at his hands; and those who failed to get one quart of meal more than he would allow in trade, found no difficulty in procuring a peck whenever their necessities appealed to his feelings of charity rather than to his rule of business.

The means of the founder of the settlement had been somewhat diminished by an act of goodness, which few could appreciate at the time. A stout black man was about to be torn from his wife to be sent into slavery at the South. The ability of the slave enhanced his price, while his goodness of heart made the separation more intolerable to him. The wife was free—should she go into voluntary slavery in order to follow her husband? and if she did, who could tell her that the first inducement to the owner to sell her husband might not result in a separation, which no sacrifice on her part could prevent, nor could it mitigate the evils thereof. In this state Pompey appealed to Mr. Harris; he promised fidelity, industry and gratitude; Mr. Harris saw that he could prevent misery, and he paid the price of the man, and thus became his owner.

"Massa Harris," said the delighted black, as he

saw the accomplishment of his heart's desire, "I'll do something for this by and by."

"What will you do, Pompey?"

"Don't know, massa; but guess 't will come sometime or other."

Pompey formed a part of Mr. Harris establishment in his small settlement upon the Susquehanna, and by his light heartedness and his labor, seemed to repay all obligations which his purchase devolved upon him. He had a song for the youngsters who visited the place, and he could dance with the Indians that resided a short distance above; and whether in the field or at the mill, he was trustworthy, active, industrious, and never for a moment did his worthy master find cause to regret his purchase.

"Done enough for to-day?" would Pompey inquire.

"You have done more, Pompey, than I directed, and you have done it well; and excepting your habit of singing foolish songs, and dancing like a madman among the Indians and squaws that come down from the Juniata, I have been well compensated for your cost."

"But I have not done *that*," said Pompey.

"I tell you, Pompey, that I require only the discharge of ordinary duties; I do not expect you will meet with any occasion for any extraordinary effort in my behalf."

"Well, well, massa—it will come, bym'by, I tell you."

The peaceful, gentle manners of Mr. Harris had their effect upon Pompey's movements, but not to the extent which the master desired. The servant was honest, industrious, and did all the work that was required at his hands, but he could not pretermit his sport. The day of gloom closed with Pompey when Mr. Harris saved him from the sale to the South and the separation from his wife, and Pompey felt a sort of devotion in his wild, irregular dances and his loud, shrill singing. His spirits rose with every recollection of the kindness, and, as he broke into a verse of some favorite song or shuffled out upon the hard earth with bare heels the time of a quickly moving tune, he felt that he was only giving expression to gratitude for his kind master; and who shall say that the offering of the joyous black was not made acceptable above, by the sincerity of the feelings in which it was presented?

It was a clear star-light evening of July, the moon had not risen, and the planetary worlds above seemed to magnify themselves in the absence of the great source of day; a gentle draft of air down the stream was felt, and occasionally a rustling among the foliage was caused by the wind, augmented into a temporary breeze. The whole bank of the river was covered with tall forest trees, save where Mr. Harris's little settlement was placed. On a bold bluff, now washed away, but which then jutted out into the stream, as if for the site of some defensive works, stood a female. She had been long looking up into the firmament, and then casting her eyes around, as if expecting some one to share with her the "contemplation of the starry heavens."

The young woman stepped forward and looked down upon the waters below her for some time, and

then murmured: "They are now, as in years past, above and below—the glorious constellations shining on, and year after year returning, with all their train rich in their lustre, and surveying themselves in the waters beneath. But *we* change. Year after year passes, and my fathers' race, if they appear at all, present themselves in diminished numbers and in wasting forms. The foot of the white man is on the soil, and he treats us as he does the forest trees. Where he finds our race convenient, he leaves them to perish for want of communion with their like; where he needs their lands, he strikes them down as cumberers of the ground; and I, who love the race—I dwell among the pale faces, in peace; nay, I dwell among them of choice. I love their people, and I reverence the precepts by which some of them are governed—by which all profess to be guided. Oh, spirit of my fathers! must all pass away like the wreaths of mountain mist, and, as they fall, shall it be the disgrace of their name that vice, and not vengeance, swept them from the earth?"

"Oh, what is this new principle which the whites have infused into my soul—the means and condition of future happiness? What is it that bids me forbear the wish that I was a man—a chief among my fathers' people, that I might chase the intruder from our hunting-grounds, and restore to our nation the land which was purchased by trinkets and baubles, costless to the whites and useless to the red men? What is that principle that *bids* me, nay *makes* me, pray for the good of the whites around me, and look to the destruction of my father's race as a means of that good?"

"I cannot tell. And the teachings of the whites concerning the requirements of their own religion, become dark and confused when they attempt to reconcile their practice with their precepts; at least, those who teach most do most confound. But Father Harris, who has little to say, how good are all his *deeds*! how like the shining of those stars upon the water is his benevolence to my race! beautiful in itself, and reflected in the hearts of the red men with constant lustre. Oh, if all were like him! but then—"

"Then what, Dahona?"

The interruption was caused by a young man who had followed the speaker to a place of frequent resort.

"Then what, Dahona?"

"Nay, William, nay, do not call me Dahona; at least, do not call me thus in *this* place—do not call me thus when you find me alone—when the wildness of the scene begets wildness of thought, and the breeze which comes down from the hunting-grounds of my fathers, seems to fan into a flame the lingering sparks of native fire which civilization, as yet, has not quenched. Do not, by such a name, call up my almost buried thoughts of those who owned these lands when the white men were enjoying that which they stole from their conquered enemies; do not tell me, in the midst of these returning pangs of pride and regret—do not by that name tell me, that I am the daughter of a chief killed upon his own hills; and when I would calm down those feelings of vengeance, which come with longer intervals, do not, with the name of Dahona,

goad me on to those wishes which must be sinful, for they are unjust to Father Harris."

"Well, then, my dear Rebecca, if all the whites were like Father Harris, what then?"

"They are not all like him. Those who taught me to read and write, and who tried to teach me to pray, are not like him. They talked of the equality of man, and yet treated me as the child of a monster. Father Harris knows that I am human, like himself, and he treats me as if I was immortal, as he is."

"Well, should not the virtues of such a man redeem from censure a thousand offending whites?"

"Perhaps so, William—I think so now; but there are times—moments like some which I pass alone on this point of land—in which the virtues of that good man seem to me a motive for vengeance upon *him*. Were he like others, the red man could strike; were he like others, I could strike; if, instead of kindness, which demands gratitude, and constant care and parental watchfulness, which beget affection, he had treated me as other whites treat my race, it might be long ere the hunting-fields of the tribe submitted to the plough. But the virtues of the whites subdue the feelings of the Indians, and the vices of the whites destroy the race. And yet, William, Father Harris, with all this virtue, forbids our union!"

"*Forbids* it, Rebecca, but does not hinder it."

"Not hinder it? Does he not hinder it by his refusal to sanction it?"

"May we not go down to the lower settlement and be married, as others are?"

"Will that procure his consent, William?"

"No; but, of course, it will be followed by his pardon."

"Alas, William, even the poor theology of my native tribe forbids the hope of pardon for a sin committed in the hope of pardon."

"But he has no right, Rebecca, to prevent our happiness by his refusal to sanction the union."

"He has over me the right of a father, and shall never complain of a want of obedience. I may suffer by his refusal, but if he is wrong he must bear the consequences. No, William, no. I have told you that I would marry none other than you; but I will not marry you without the consent of Father Harris while he lives, with power to give or to withhold that consent."

"His reasons are insufficient."

"Nay, William, say not that; though he has not told me his reasons, I think I comprehend them. In the first place, you are the son of his old friend and relative; can the strong prejudices of your race be appeased, if you should marry the daughter of an Indian? It is true that I was a princess; and the whites whom I met at the school in the city, always appeared to worship those of royal blood, and I do not know that the crown of the parent country might not devolve upon the head of a man or woman as black and as curly as our Pompey, if such an one should, by the accidents of taste and the favor of the right *creed*, fall into the channel of succession by an admitted marriage. That strong prejudice, I am persuaded, influences Father Harris."

"But it does not influence *me*, Rebecca; and why should it? Associated with the best of our people in the city, you have acquired their habits; you have, with all the delicacy of your sex, twice the learning that can be boasted of by many of ours; and if—"

"Yes, yes, William; you mean by '*if*,' that if I had ceased to feel, and sometime act, like an Indian, *then*—But I have not ceased to feel and to act, *sometimes*, like my father's child; and all the learning which the whites have imparted, seems only to enable me to appreciate more correctly the sufferings and wrongs of my people; and if it were not for the gentle teaching of that Quaker woman—nay, the teaching rather of the *spirit* by which she is influenced—I should, perhaps, make my knowledge a means of vengeance. But, William, there is another cause, founded on sound policy, for the refusal of Father Harris."

"And what is that?"

"I am the daughter of a chief of a tribe that scarcely thinks of peace; and when my father was tortured by his conquering foes—tortured to death, but not to a groan—and my mother was struck down by the hatchet of a warrior of the tribe above us, I was redeemed from captivity by Father Harris—saved from a miserable death—treated, educated and loved by him as his child. While I am here, it may be that the warriors of my tribe will respect his settlement; if I should marry you, the tribe above, always friendly, might grow jealous of the connection."

"There is more of worldly policy in that than Mr. Harris is wont to exercise," said William.

"Let us be content," said Rebecca "with his decision for the present. He who has always intended right, cannot long persist in wrong."

The dialogue of the lovers became less and less argumentative, and was soon changed from that of an educated, high-minded woman and a deferential young man, to the gentle intercourse of two lovers—more pleasing to themselves, though perhaps less interesting to my readers. The moon had risen, and the light of its diminished form was dancing on the ripples of the river, and lay broad and lovely upon the side of the mountain above.

"What was that sound?" asked Rebecca, with evidence of fear. "Surely some one is abroad."

"It was only a deer, or some such animal, on the other side of the river."

"But, William, the deer does not move thus by night, unless alarmed by the hunter or some animal. Let us return; we may be injured, even on this side the river."

The pair withdrew to the little settlement; and as they passed one of the out-houses, they discovered, through the interstices of the logs of which it was constructed, the white teeth and shining eyes of Pompey, who, not having any love affair on hand, was very willing to have a laugh at "Massa William," or a little knowing wink at Rebecca, the next day.

Rebecca was soothed to repose by the quiet of her conscience and the healthful, gentle influence of the prayer with which she sanctified her little chamber—prayer that included blessings upon the head of her benefactor, her early friend and father—prayer that

expressed confidence and love for Him who was her "Father in Heaven." The noise of the river, hastening downward in its eternal course, was lulling, and in the strong light which the moon poured through the little window of her chamber, the enthusiastic girl seemed to find the forms of guardian angels; and she sunk to sleep in the confidence that she was in the care of Heaven.

And was she not? What but Heaven provided for her the ample affection of Harris? What but Heaven made his teachings operative upon her conduct? What threw across the dark mind of the Indian girl the light of Christian truth?—a light whose reflection was certainly tinged with a portion of the hues of the object which it reached, but which still was Christian light, doing its perfect work and effecting, by constant operation, the character, condition and habits of Rebecca.

It was but a short time before daylight that the young sleeper, who had retired to rest in the consciousness of Heaven's guardianship, was alarmed by loud cries, and on looking abroad she saw that one building of the little hamlet was wrapped in flames, while the wild yells of the savages told the poor girl what was the cause of the danger, and left little doubt as to its extent; and she knew, too, that the savage intruders were the people of her own tribe. Scarcely had she thrown a few clothes around her, and wrapped herself about with a blanket from her bed, when the voice of Pompey, as he passed her window, was heard. One sentence only did the poor fellow utter:

"Save all the time you can, Miss Rebecca!"

In two minutes more the little settlement was surrounded by the savages. William, who had been aroused later than the black, sought to save Mr. Harris, but failed, and seeing no chance of escaping through the line of Indians, he rushed into the room of Rebecca, and opening a small door took refuge in a cellar beneath.

Rebecca, it was known, incurred little personal risk. She was of the tribe of the invaders; and vengeance upon the whites, and the spoliation of their goods, were the objects of the attack.

Scarcely had William reached his hiding-place when the chief of the small tribe of invaders presented himself at the door of Rebecca's room, and demanded William.

"He is not in my room. Do you think men are to be found in my bed-chamber?"

"A white man may be found any where in time of danger," said the savage. "But I do not care for the fellow; I want to know where Harris has hidden his goods—especially where he has concealed the rum."

"I do not keep his goods nor hide his rum."

"But you know where he hides them, and you shall tell me, or I—"

"Or you will kill me—kill a woman! Brave chief! Has the influence of the white man reduced our tribe to that?"

"I did not threaten you, Dahona; but I will strike where you can feel as keenly as on yourself. Tell me where these goods are secreted."

"I will not; and you dare not take vengeance on me."

"Look, Dahona, through yonder window!"

The girl turned her eye to the window, and by the broad blaze of the burning building she saw a stake erected, near the river, and numerous savages were heaping around it quantities of wood.

"Is that for me?"

"No—for Harris."

The young woman checked the exclamation which was rising to her lip:

"And you will release him if I will point out to you the goods; you will do no personal injury to any one, and spare the rest of the property?"

The Indian hesitated; but the lie which seemed to struggle for utterance, against the habits of his race, was spoken:

"I will spare all—"

"And the people of the tribe—will they spare?"

Just then a band of savages was seen conveying Mr. Harris down to the stake.

The spirit of Rebecca was shaken. She did not know, indeed, *where* any goods were concealed, and the small amount which had been put aside was then brought forward by some of the Indians, who were more occupied with the rum they had secured than with the other articles.

She looked through the window again, and Harris was at the stake, and, with impatient yells, the savages were making ready for the sacrifice.

"Spare him—only spare the life of Harris, and take all!"

"We *have* all, and now we will consummate the work. Hark ye, Dahona! Harris must suffer the torments to which our captives are condemned. We have been injured by the whites. Your father was our chief—they destroyed him; and whose blood has flowed in revenge? You, the daughter of that chief, have been made to despise the people of your tribe, and to adopt the faith of the whites—a creed that makes one portion cowards—afraid of the life or the death of a warrior—and leaves the other portion to commit what crimes they choose upon the red men.

"Now, hear me, Dahona. It is the creed that makes the man, and not the man the creed; and the influence of your profession of that creed—the devotion which you pay to that book now lying at your feet—are weakening the attachment of our people to their chiefs, and giving power to the whites. Renounce the creed, spurn the book at your feet, and follow your brethren to their hunting grounds, and we will spare Harris."

"I will follow you whither you wish—take me now; but first release that man."

"Do you renounce the white man's creed—will you spurn the Bible in presence of our men?"

A few hours before, the troubled spirit of Rebecca had been moved almost to doubt the truth of the religion into which she had been initiated; but when the question was its renunciation, she felt the hold which it had upon her mind—she showed the hold which it had upon her heart. Could she, with some mental reservation, make the renunciation, and thus save her benefactor's life? She was not well versed in casuistry, but she knew that religion was of the heart.

"Speak," said the chief; "the people are waiting my signal."

"Give me a moment to think."

"Take it. I will leave you until the messenger returns twice with new combustibles for the old man's fire."

The chief closed the door, and Rebecca turned to seek guidance in her troubles.

The savage crew had seized upon the person of Mr. Harris, and dragged him from the house to the place appointed for his torments. A slow fire was to be lighted around him, and his dying moments were to be embittered by their blasphemies, and his pains augmented by the torments which they would inflict before the flame should have done its work.

The good man looked around. William he had heard in the first of the attack, and he now believed him dead. He knew that he had little to fear for Rebecca; her captivity might be irksome, but beyond that they would not injure her. But Pompey, with all his professions, where was he at such a time? How useful he might have been—how consoling, even now, to have seen him near, and to have sent by him messages to his friends. But he was forsaken of all—of all but his enemies; and so he looked upward, to ONE that had ever been his friend. Release was not to be expected. Mercy, fortitude, resignation—and the good man breathed a fervent prayer.

"The time is up," said the stern chief, as he opened the door of Rebecca's chamber. "What say you—life or death to Harris?"

"Let me see my father, even as he is—let me commune with him for one moment, and I will answer."

The chief led forth the girl; and as he passed two of his men he said, in his own language:

"Watch the house; and when the fire is lighted at the stake, set the house on fire—both the white and black are in it some where. See that none escape."

Rebecca heard and understood the terrible order.

The young woman ascended the pile, and threw her arms around the neck of Harris.

"My father! my father! must this be?"

"There is no preventive," said he, "short of a miracle."

Rebecca sobbed into the ear of her benefactor, the condition of his release.

"They will never release me," said he; "they may make you an apostate, but they will also make me a martyr."

"My father, they have sworn the oath that has never yet been violated, when given from Indian to Indian, that they *will* release you on those conditions."

"Has that oath never failed?"

"Never—never, my father."

"Let me not fall into the hands of man," said the prisoner; "in this hour, God, be my guide and counsel."

"What is the answer, my father? Remember, your life—your precious life, may be saved, and that of William," she whispered softly in his ears. "Do not hesitate."

"I do not hesitate for myself. How, my child, is thy faith?"

"Firm—fixed, my father."

"Will you renounce it, if by that you could save the life of William and become his wife with my consent?"

"I would not renounce that faith to add one moment to my life. Now, more than ever, do I see and feel its excellency. But you, my father, in whom it shines, may, by a protracted life, disseminate that faith to thousands."

"Shall I insure the faith of others by my own apostacy? You have my answer."

Rebecca gave one wild, frantic shriek, and was forced, almost lifeless, from the embraces of Harris.

"And what says Dabona now?"

"I will not renounce my faith."

The signal was given, and the men arranged themselves between the river and the stake, and two or three sprung forward and applied their torches to the dry wood; slowly the smoke ascended, and then the blaze crept upward, while the loud shouts of the exulting savages drowned the prayer and groans of Harris and the wild shrieks of Rebecca.

"Apply the tortures," said the chief, and he sprung forward to give the example; when, suddenly, he pitched forward upon the fire, and the crack of numerous rifles told whence his death had come.

In one minute the ground was filled with Indians of another tribe, and the survivors of the invading band were escaping down the river.

Through the mingled throng of living, and over the bodies of the dead, sprung one being upon the burning pile, and with a hatchet released the sufferer from his perilous position, as the fire was doing the work which the savages had left unaccomplished.

As the rescuer laid Mr. Harris on the ground, he exclaimed:

"Hi! Massa Harris, did n't I tell you, great while ago, 'bym by come sometime or odder?'"

Pompey had escaped before the Indians surrounded the house, and knowing the attachment to Mr. Harris of a tribe a short distance above, and their hostility to those who had invaded the settlement, he was sure of aid if he could summon them in season.

The friendly Indians descended the river rapidly in their canoes, and were only in season to save the life of the whites.

William was brought fourth wounded, but not dangerously, and the family assembled in prayer and thanksgiving, while their friendly deliverers were discharging some of the minor offices of their calling and celebrating their victory by some characteristic attentions to the wounded whom the enemy had left on the shores of the Susquehanna.

"Did you not hesitate, my child," said Mr. Harris to Rebecca, "when death or apostacy was proposed?"

"When your death was the alternative, I did."

"Where, then, was your faith in Christianity—in its author?"

"Father, I am weak. I owe you obligations—I would sacrifice my life for your comforts; I knew you good—I knew you would decide correctly. My faith, then, was in you."

"In me?"

"In you—in you, oh, my more than father. You are the embodiment of that *spirit* by which I am guided. My faith in you, then—is it not my faith in the creed which you profess, and by which you live?"

No sooner had William recovered from his wounds, than Mr. Harris called Rebecca to him and signified his consent to the union between her and William, and his determination to make their circumstances as comfortable as the state of the neighborhood would allow.

"It is late, now," said Rebecca to William; "let us separate. The morrow will require our early attention, and Father Harris will be astir early in the morning."

"And he not the only one," said William; "for some of us must go down and bring the magistrate up, to perform the ceremony. We will meet early to-morrow morning."

Before the dawn of the day fixed on for her marriage, Rebecca left her chamber, and hastened along the banks of the river to the jutting promontory that she so much loved. Leaning there upon the side of a rock, she gave vent to all those feelings which spring up in the heart of a girl who stands upon the verge of marriage. Well up from that heart were the waters of pure, holy affection for Harris, and of deep, abiding love for William. There was no want of all true feelings—no doubt of the high deservings of her lover. But Rebecca's education was imperfect; it had never eradicated the strong feelings for her own people; it had led her to see how rapid must be their decay, but it had not made her cling with undivided love to those whose superiority in certain points was exhibiting itself in the destruction of the natives; for she saw that the friendship of the whites was as fatal to the Indians as was their enmity. The lands passed as fast by cession as by conquest, and vices were sent with the wampum of peace as readily as with the weapon of war. And while she felt that she could apply no remedy, or become a preventive, she yet felt for those whose blood was in her veins—whose fathers' fame had been her glory.

"Oh, children of the forest," said she, as she bent her eyes upon mountains and table lands above, "ye are passing away like the leaves of autumn. The frosts and the sunshine are alike fatal to you, and ere long you will be known only by your decay. Men will tell of your glories—but who shall see them? Dim shadows yet linger on the forest edge, and I catch the view of half fading forms as I look along the valley of the stream. Are these the spirits of my fathers come to chide me, their daughter, for my apostacy. Alas! what an apostacy is that of their sons, who retain the customs of the tribes, and yet adopt the vices of the whites."

"The light of another day is springing up, and a thousand shapes are visible; are these spirit-hunters of the red men—do they sanctify the night by their chase? They are not like the red men of those days. Mighty ones they are, and they pursue the mammoth for their sport. But how they depart before the coming light, as their descendants waste in the influence of the arts of the white men."

But ought I to wish it otherwise. Will not science

make more happy, and religion repay by its influences all the evil which has been brought on its name? Has it done it? Alas! I am distressed. What is to be the effect of all? Are the white men, with their religion, to drive the red men from their possession only to have more ample scope for vice, only to waste each other by the fraud with which they, in most places, overcome the Indians? or is the establishment of both to produce the happiness to all which is promised by their leaders? And are these doubts, these apparent difficulties, the result of my inability to judge of what is to follow, as the vision is now disturbed by the uncertainty of the dawning light, whose perfection will restore all things to their proper appearance?"

"Oh, let me yet, as I shall abide with these conquerors of our people, let me at least acknowledge that it is not they but their religion that detains me. No, deeply as I reverence my Father Harris, and much as I love William, I would join the wasting, the decaying remnant of my tribe; and if I could not revenge their wrongs, I would die with them undisciplined by treachery. But that religion—ah, they hold me there; they have driven from my heart most of the creed of my childhood. Only here and there is found a belief, green, from its association with infancy, but still beautiful, still cherished. While they have erected in my heart the form of their own faith, unfinished yet, but still promising, still sheltering. They have dealt with me as with our forests, in which our tribes had their home, they cut them down, leaving here and there a tree to tell of the things that were, and placing incomplete edifices for their own shelter—edifices that they promise shall be sufficient and beautiful in time."

The sun was rising above the horizon, and not a cloud stood in his whole pathway to the west. The tops of the mountain caught and reflected its first rays. As the warmth increased, the mists, which had fallen thick toward the base of the hills, began slowly to rise and roll in massive columns upward, or to pass off by the gap through which the river rushes. Rebecca gazed at the scene until her fancy moulded these morning mists into the forms of cherished beings. The whole energies of her tribe seemed to revive within her, and all of the wild and the unearthly that distinguished the dreams of her childhood rushed back upon her mind.

"I see you all," said she, "chiefs, warriors and women. I know ye now; every one has his form, and ye are returning from the hunting-field of spirits. Ye return mournful, though borne down with game; sad, for ye cross the fields which the whites have torn from your descendants; angry, for a child of a warrior is to be of those who are your enemies—and yonder group of little ones, they are my brothers and sisters, airy ones now, but happy in the mimic hunt, happy till they turn their faces on me, the last of all the household. And, father—oh, my father, the death-wound is yet upon thy breast, as thou movest onward in the air. Mother! mother! look not thus on thy child! Oh, turn not to me that breast whence I drew my life-nurture; that breast on which I rested when the life-drops were oozing forth from the wound which the enemy inflicted. But they are happy—happy in their

union, happy in the smiles of the Great Spirit whom they adored in their homes and their hunting-grounds, whom they propitiated by terrible vengeance upon those who desecrated those homes and destroyed those hunting-grounds. They are happy, for the mist that gathers round my mother's brow is resplendent with rainbow beams, and as she passes upward to the mountain's summit, she waves her hand to me in peace. Thy pardon and thy blessing, oh, my mother—prostrate, I invoke them both."

William, who had witnessed the last agonizing scene, then stepped forward and raised the girl from the damp earth. She scarcely noticed his presence, the wildness of her eye denoted thoughts differently placed; and it was several minutes before she recovered her usual self-possession.

"It is passed, William, and we will now return to the house."

"But, Rebecca, why should you thus have exposed yourself and your health by such a yielding to the influence of your feelings and your imagination?"

"William, I am, or I would be, a Christian; and when I have given myself to *you* and to God, I would have no reserve in my heart from either, and therefore, before the sacrifice was made, as the daughter of the Judge of Israel went forth upon the high-places of her land to mourn, so I came hither to weep for what I was to leave, and to leave that for which I wept. The last sacrifice upon the altar of my fathers and my fathers' deities has been made. I have torn from my heart the flowers which grew upon the Indian's belief, and have prayed that the tree of life may overshadow the wild plants, that they blossom not again. I have taken down from the recesses of my soul, the gods which my mother enshrined there, and have taken leave of the living and the dead of my father's race. And now, William, now my beloved one, I am thine—thine in all seasons and all changes—thine, loving and loved; but, oh, do not forget that my mind, though dedicated to Christianity now, has been the *home* of the red man's creed, and may yet while it is sanctified by the new altar, reflect something of itself, its other self upon the purer worship, as the temples dedicated to the pagan god seem to cast some air of their origin upon the new and sanctified rites which they now enclose; and in moments of feeling, or when some additional wrong to my fathers' race is done in the name of our new creed, bear with me, if for a moment, I forget the blessed teaching of the gospel, and yield to the earlier influences of blood, of education and patriotism. It shall not be often, not for the world. Henceforth, my beloved one, I am thine; all of childhood's home—all of a people's wrongs—all of a nation's faith and a nation's gods, are given up—and all of thine adopted. Thy breast shall be my pillow in trouble, and thy smile my token of joy; thy welfare shall be my happiness, thy dwelling shall be my home, 'thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

William pressed to his heart the confiding, beautiful girl; and they turned to leave the eminence upon which they stood, and to join the family below.

The exceeding beauty of the morning induced them to look once more and admire the scene. The whole

broad river below them seemed one floating mass of light; and as the current passed on, its surface was disturbed by the boughs of the overhanging trees that dipped into the water, and created ripples that reflected all the hues of the moving light. The mountains in the west seemed clothed in gorgeous sunbeams, and nature appeared to have assumed her richest garb, to bless the nuptials that were about to take place.

"I love this scene," said Rebecca, "it tranquilizes me—it soothes my spirit, it elevates without agitating my mind—such a morning is a teacher of religion."

"The Spirit of God is teaching every where," said William.

"True, true," said Rebecca, "but I seem to lack some visible object, something upon which my eye may rest, something like the ladder of Jacob, by which I may ascend; the visible is necessary to me, to fix my thought upon and draw it up to the invisible. Is not your creed deficient in that?"

"Can there be a better man than Father Harris, and have you ever heard of one less influenced by the visible and tangible, and more guided by faith in the unseen?"

"True—but it is his goodness, his attainment in that grace which enable him to dispense with the visible. You white men cut and blaze the trees of the forest so that you may recognize the course by which you are to reach a desired point, but the Indian passes onward through the densest wood, with no visible sign, no outward evidence of the path."

"But, Rebecca, the white men find that their cuttings and blazings are imitated, so that it is difficult to tell in time which is the right mark, and resort must be had yet to the invisible to correct the visible. The former deceives us often—the latter never."

Hand in hand the pair returned to the mansion of Mr. Harris, and the day thus began in sacrifice and prayer, was closed in festivity. And William received to his arms his Indian bride.

The little enclosure at Harrisburg is a frail but eloquent memorial of the virtue and sufferings of Mr. Harris, and the fidelity of Pompey. The former handed down his name and his virtues to a numerous posterity.

Pompey, undoubtedly, is represented by some of his own color even in the present day. The great reward which he claimed for his successful exertions to save his master's life, was permission to introduce a fiddle into the settlement; and for years afterward the banks of the Susquehanna were made melodious by the joyful notes which Pompey drew from his favorite in-

strument, while blithely and strong was heard the footfall of the young at night, as they danced to the music of the Orpheus of their time.

William's descendants are in and around Harrisburg, holding office when they can get it, and dividing themselves between the two, or occasionally among the many parties, so that the advantage of ascendancy by either fraction may not be entirely lost by all. These are not the children of Rebecca; she died young—her frame of mind was not favorable to long life. She died a Christian, firm, consistent, active, growing always in faith, and full of good works; and yet it was remarked by the excellent clergyman whose teaching she followed, that her mind seemed never to have dismissed entirely the creed of her childhood—and all her pure faith, all her Christian zeal, all her holy life, appeared to have some tinge of the creed of her fathers—not to alter the body of her faith, but merely to give it, at times, a color. "And," said a successor of that clergyman, "have not the teachings she adopted, teachings of Christianity, always been thus affected by the previous character of the community or individuals by which they have been received?" No requirement diminished, no duty changed, no obligation dispensed, but a sort of reservation of a non-essential, which served to reflect a separate ray upon the admitted and the requisite. Religious truth, though enforced by divine grace, must in general be conveyed by a human medium, which will impart a portion of itself or its accidents, as the color of the atmosphere through which light is conveyed to earth gives hue and tinge to the rays, without diminishing essentially their powers to guide by their light, or invigorate by their heat. Nay, when we concentrate these rays to convey them to particular objects, the light not only takes the tinge of the medium, but it has also the divergency and eccentricity consequent upon the inequalities of surface, or the impurities of the glass through which it comes.

Rebecca lived to bless her husband by her domestic virtues and her unflinching affection. Her death was mourned wherever her beautiful example of womanly virtue and Christian integrity was known.

[After the above narrative was prepared for the press, numerous letters that passed between Rebecca and her school-mates—one or two to Mr. Harris—and some to her lover, and two to her husband, near the close of her life, were supplied to the writer by the same person who furnished the materials for the story. They could not well be introduced with the narrative, but may be given hereafter, should it appear that they have interest enough for the pages of this Magazine.]

TRANSLATION

OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT* OF A POEM BY SAPPHO.

BY G. HILL.

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TWO HOURS OF DOOM.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

HOOR I.—*A Betrothal.*

THE princes of the night came, one by one, into the halls of Heaven, and each, from his refulgent throne, sped far and wide through space his beams of glory. The earth saw the regal train, and rejoiced, saying, "I am their sister;" then the shadows passed away from her bosom, and she stood in radiance amid her starry compeers, sending back ray for ray.

"My Lillian, let us look upon the night," cried Kenneth—and he led her forth beneath the stars. They smiled upon the maid, and crowned her forehead with their beams, and her beauty grew as lofty and mysterious as their own.

The pair walked in silence, for each bosom throbbed heavily, with its burden of unspoken love; they walked in silence, for youth was in flushing, and they heeded not the speeding hours.

First Kenneth spoke, for man must *act* while woman muses, and the spells of night oppressed him.

"Look, Lillian, on the shining orbs above us, circling their mysterious round! Knowest thou, the starry firmament is a vast prophecy of things to be? Yon burning record of the decrees of fate rolls its stupendous riddles in mighty round, and mock our earnest inquiry. The learning of the Magi, the "Persians starry wit," may catch but faint and far-off glimpses of the truths they blazon yet conceal. The boasted lore of the Chaldean, reads but imperfectly their dim revealings, while the Gheber, wiser in his ignorance than either, bows in worship to the celestial mysteries he presumeth not to compass or comprehend."

There was a majesty and gloom in the boy's conceptions that charmed and oppressed fair Lillian; and, as woman is prone to do, she turned from all the rolling worlds of which he spoke, to the deep, silent, and no less enigmatical world of her own heart.

He looked again upon the heavens on which was written, as he believed, the fate of nations, while her meek eyes followed his, striving to read from the jeweled scroll, her own doom.

"Kenneth," she cried, abruptly, and in awe, "I feel that I am approaching a crisis in my fate!"

"Thy fate, sweet one, is also written in letters of light above us. I am not deeply versed in heavenly lore, but from thy presentiment and mine, I read a crisis is at hand. Seest thou yon pale orb," he continued, raising his hand aloft, "my father told me once it shone upon *thy* birth, and from that hour it has been the object of my vigil and study; so pale, so pure, it seemeth like thy fair face set in heaven. Of late methought it shone with sadder beam, and wandered from its track. See!" he cried with a shout, "it journeys the skies, side by side, with yon red-eyed planet."

Lillian raised her soft eyes, and met the lurid glare of the blood-red star.

"What orb is that?" she inquired, with a shudder, clinging closer to Kenneth's side.

"*The star of my nativity!*"

"Lillian! *my* Lillian! tremble not, beloved! hath not kind Heaven given thee to me?" He wound his arms around her frail form, and laid her to his heart.

"Dark youth, I fear thee!" she shrieked, and bursting from his embrace, fled into the night. Suddenly she paused, and covering her face with her hands, crushed the big tears that were gushing from their fountains, "ay!" he murmured, "but I love thee also!"

"Thou dost, my fawn!" said Kenneth, as he regained her side, "swear, then, to be mine."

The maiden hesitated, for the angel whose ward she was, whispered a warning.

"Swear not, for his brow is dark and his heart fierce—his path lieth through blood, and endeth in blackness!"

Then love lifted up his voice, crying, "What grief so great as parting from thy beloved! What wo so heavy as a disappointed heart!"

And the maiden said, "I swear! Whether for good or evil, for blessing or for blight, my doom is sealed, and I am thine."

"The crisis is past, beloved," whispered the wooer—"where is now thy fear?"

The maiden abode in the halls of her sires, while the youth rode forth intent on valiant deeds, for 't was in the days when a hero's laurels were his bridal gift. But his heart was not strong in hope—neither was it girt with patience—neither was it seasoned with denial; and temptation beset him by the way and endurance failed, and when he returned, his knightly spurs were dimmed, and tarnished his knightly honor.

"Oh, spurn me not, beloved!" he cried, in agonized abasement.

And the lady answered, "Through glory and shame I will be true to thee."

Then was Kenneth comforted by her tenderness, and strengthened by her counsels—and he went forth with hope to retrieve the errors of the past.

But the glory of his youth had departed, and the fear of God dwelt no more in his bosom; and his heart was curdled by the scorn of men, and hardened against his kind; and his right hand became a hand of power, but it was red with wrath—and injustice, and oppression, and cruelty; and wrong, and rapine, and murder, stalked in his train. Then he returned to his lady, and stood before her with a sullen brow, saying,

"By my valor have I won my bride!"

"Ah, Kenneth!" she faltered, "thou hast despised my counsels, thou hast mocked at my love; thy path hath been a path of blood, and thy crimes rise mountain-high between thee and thy affianced! Oh, why hast thou done this?"

The scales fell from his eyes in that pure presence, and looking back over the guilt of years, he felt appalled by his own sins.

"The stars, in their courses, fought against me,"* he answered gloomily—"it was my destiny."

"Oh, abandon that fearful error, and cease to burden Fate with thy misdeeds. Thy destiny hath been of thine own choosing. Didst thou not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of all good angels? Didst thou not yield an easy prey to the devices of thine own heart? For the sake of the future, look back upon the past, and tell me if thou canst not recall the hour when two paths were spread before thee, and thou didst choose thy lot; tell me no more of destiny!"

"My lady hath forgotten her meekness as well as her love."

"Kenneth, reproach me not! I have wasted my youth in vigils for thee; I have watched, and wept, and waited, now in hope, and anon in hopelessness, until sorrow shadowed my father's halls, and mildew settled down on my heart. Now in the depths of my despair I love thee still, but I *dare not* wed thee! Go in peace; if man may ever meddle with his fate, mine shall be of my own moulding."

"Fashion it as thou wilt," he answered fiercely, "*I will come to claim thee in the appointed hour!*"

Fair Lillian sitteth in her husband's home, but a great shadow lieth athwart the hearth; 't is the memory of an earlier, wilder, fonder love; and the fierce fame of her warrior, reacheth her ever, terrible as the roar of distant battle.

[HOUR II.—*The Consummation.*]

The princes of the night mounted their flaming steeds and coursed through heaven. Lillian sat in widow's weeds, and watched them from her great round tower. Suddenly the clang of a mailed heel rung on the winding stair, and her cheek paled—for those halls no longer echoed with martial sounds since Lord Ulric had been gathered home. Near and more near, loud and more loud, and a warrior strode into the apartment, and folded the lady in his embrace!"

"*I have come!*"

Those old, familiar, long beloved tones, how they broke upon the loneliness, thrilling to its centre her sorrow-stricken heart. What marvel if she wept unresistingly on his broad breast, in her agony of surprise.

"I have come to claim my bride!"

Then was the spell broken, and her soul awoke to a sense of its stern resolves. She freed herself from that passionate embrace, saying,

"I may not wed thee, Kenneth."

"But listen to my pleadings, my long lost one; canst thou not divinely forgive the past, and be my guardian angel for the future? Hast thou ceased to love, or hast thou learned to fear me?"

"Kenneth, thou art accursed of God, and all of men, and yet I fear thee not. Thou wert th of my youth, ever fond, ever tender; and thy so dreaded in the land a talisman of gentle n

* The stars in their

I have walked through life with a strong hand on my heart, curbing its warm impulses, crushing its fond love. It hath plead passionately for thee, but I hearkened not, and by this bitter schooling have I learned to resist *even thee.*"

"And I, have I not, 'mid sin and sorrow, 'mid wreck of hopes and ruin of soul, preserved undimmed my one bright dream of thee? Have I not sat by a lonely hearth, while thy smile filled the home of my rival with joy? Have I not forborne to tear thee thence, because I would not offer violence to thee or thine? And now wilt thou reject the love which youth hath sanctified, and manhood ripened?"

"Oh, why hast thou not wedded and forgotten me," she cried, in anguish.

"Because the hope of thy pale waning beauty was dearer to my heart than all the daughters of bloom. Because I would be ever ready for the hour when fate should say, 'arise, make ready thy bower for thy promised bride;' *that hour has come!* Mark the heavens where 't is written, thou art mine. Once, long ago, we looked upon the night with all its circling stars; thou seest them now, as then, treading their solemn round, unchanged, unchangeable. Not one of all the starry hosts may wander from its appointed pathway; and canst thou, child of destiny, escape thy fate? The hand that guides *them*, governs *thee*, and the decrees of the Omnipotent have been, from all eternity, and are immutable."

"Oh, tell me no more of thy stern, un pitying faith! thou hast imbued my mind with thy belief, until, like the scorpion girt with fire, I have almost turned on myself despairing. I would fain believe that the struggles and strivings of humanity are not without their fruits; that the fervent prayer, the earnest effort, are heard, and heeded; that man may wrestle all night with his Maker, and when the morning breaks, prevail."*

Very touching was the fierce man's tenderness, but the lady was strong in her heart's martyrdom. Then he turned away, saying,

"Thou hast destroyed the hope of a lifetime, and my father's lore hath failed me. How could I thus misread the stars!"

From the battlement he looked on heaven thus questioning, and the stars grew dim beneath his gaze.

The orb that beamed upon his lady's birth, sent down its calm, cold ray; his own more fiery planet blazed in lurid light, while an ocean of space rolled between.

"Lost to me!" he murmured.

As he spoke, the red planet shot madly from its sphere, careering athwart the concave like a sword of

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ERMENGARDE'S AWAKENING.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Dear God and must we see
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to Thee? E. B. BARRETT.

It was an altar worthy of a god!

All of pure gold, in furnace fire refined;
And never foot profane had near it trod,
And never image had been there enshrined;
But now a radiant idol claimed the place,
And took it with a rare and royal grace.

And the proud woman thrilled to its false glory,
And when the murmur of her own true soul
Told in low, lute-tones Love's impassioned story,
She dreamed the music from that statue stole,
And knelt adoring at the silent shrine
Her own divinity had made divine.

And with a halo from her heart she crowned it,
That shed a spirit-light upon its face,
And garlands hung of soul-flowers fondly round it,
Wreathing its beauty with immortal grace,
And so she felt not, as she gazed, how cold
And calm that Idolon of marble mould.

Like Egypt's queen in her imperial play,
She, in abandonment more wildly sweet,
Melted the pearl of her pure *Life* away,
And poured the rich libation at its feet,
And in exulting rapture *dreamed* the smile
That should have answered in its eyes the while.

And all rare gifts she lavished on that altar,
Treasures the mines of India could not buy,
Nor did her foot-fall for a moment falter,
Though the world watched her with an evil eye,
And sad friends whispered "Soon she'll wake to weep,
For lo! she walks in an enchanted sleep."

Oh! glorious dreamer! with dark eyes upturned
In wondering worship to that godlike brow,
How the rare beauty of thy spirit burned
In the rapt gaze and in the glowing vow,
How didst thou waste on one thy soul should scorn
The glory of a blush that mocked the *Morn*!

She turned from all—from friendship and the world—
Only *Love* knew the way to that dim glade,
And calm her sweet, yet queasily lip had curled
Had the world's whisper reached her in that shade,
But she was deaf and dumb and blind to all,
Save to the charm that held her heart in thrall.

And Love, who loved her, flew at her sweet will,
Bringing all gems that hoard the rainbow's splendor,
And singing-birds with magic in their trill,
And what wild-flowers fairy-land could lend her,
And flower and bird and jewel all were laid
To grace that golden altar in the Shade.

Fair was that sylvan solitnde I ween—
The lady's charmed and tranced spirit lent
The starlight of its beauty to the scene,
And joy and music with the fountain went,
While in a still enchantment on its throne
The lucid statue cold and stately shone.

Love lent her, too, th' enchanted lute he played
And she would let her light hand float at will
Across its chords of silver, half afraid,

Like a white lily on a murmuring rill,
Till Music's soul, waked by that touch, took wing,
And mingling with it hers would soar and sing—

"Dost thou see—dost thou feel—oh, mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine?
Dost thou thrill to the tones of my melody sweet?
Does it glide to thy *heart* on its musical feet?
Dost thou love the light touch of my hand as I twine
My passion-flower wreath for thy beauty benign?"

"Dost thou know how I've gathered all gifts that I own
To bless and to brighten the place of thy throne,
How my thoughts like young singing-birds flutter and fly
With a song for thine ear and a gleam for thine eye,
How Truth's precious gems, that drink sunbeams for wine,
Are wreathed into chaplets of light for thy shrine?"

"How Fancy has woven her fairy-land flowers
To garland with odor and beauty thine hours,
While Feeling's pure fountains play softly and free,
And chant in their falling 'For thee! for thee!'
Dost thou feel—dost thou see—oh! mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine?"

Thus sang the lady, but her waking hour
Drew near; for when her passionate song was mute,
And no fond answer thrilled through that hushed bower
Into her listening heart, she laid the lute
Within her loved one's clasp and prayed him play
Some idyl sweet to wile the hours away.

From his cold hand the lute dropped idly down
And broke in music at the false god's feet;
Love's lute! ah Heaven! how paled the peerless crown
Above that brow when with a quick wild beat
Of fear and shame and sorrow at her heart,
The lady from her dazzling dream did start.

And the dream fell beside the broken lute,
And the flowers faded in their fairy grace
And the fount stopped its glorious play, and mute
The birds their light wings shut in that sweet place,
While the deep night that veiled the woman's soul
O'er shrine and idol cold and starless stole.

And in her desolate agony she cast
Her form beside Love's shivered treasure there,
And cried, "Oh, God! my life of life is past!
And I am left alone with my despair."
Hark! from the lute one low, melodious sigh
Thrilled to her heart a sad yet sweet reply.

Then through the darkness rose a voice in prayer,
"My Father! I have sinned 'gainst Thine and Thee.
The idol, whom I deemed so grandly fair
That its proud presence hid thy heaven from me,
Shorn of his glory, shrunk to common clay,
Behold for him and for my heart I pray."

Take *Thou* the lute—the shattered lute of love—
And teach my fluttering hand to tune it right
To some dear, holy hymn—which, like a dove,
From silver fetters freed, may cleave the night,
And fluttering upward to thy starlit throne
Die at *Thy* heart with blissful music moan.

THE CAPTIVE OF YORK.

BY STELLA MARTIN.

THE winter of 1692 was no mild specimen of the climate of the New England wilds. The settlers on the inhospitable coast of Maine found its severity to exceed all their apprehensions. The few comforts which they had as yet been able to gather around them, were inadequate to the wants of that long and dreary season. Many fell victims of hardships and despondency; while not a few toiled on, cheerful and uncomplaining examples of endurance and suffering. It was perhaps more fortunate for the northern settlements than their pioneers, that they were commenced in summer, for the cold and inclemency of their early winters were enough to sadden the heart, and blast the hopes of the most visionary dreamer. The stranger who built his rude open hut in pleasant June, fanned by cool breezes during his summer toil, wot not that a few months would bring a bleakness of which he had little conception. The settlements on the Piscataqua are among the oldest in Maine; and to those who first selected the romantic site of the now beautiful village of York, it seemed enchanted land. Primeval forests covered the whole country through which the Piscataqua and its Naiad Sisters wound their way to the sea. The delicate foliage of the beech and poplar, the deep sombre green of the hemlock and fir, the pale, graceful willow, and the bright emerald maple, all blended to form a perfect forest robe, as yet untouched by the devastating hand of man. Bald peaks lent wildness to the scene, already diversified by the commanding banks of the rivers which lay calmly mirrored in their deep, clear waters. No wonder the early adventurers looked with rapturous delight upon the broad bays studded with islands, the green promontories and quiet harbors into which the streams widening their channels, gradually lost themselves in the Atlantic. The sea-fowl bathed its drooping plumage unmolested on the shores, the wild-cat ran at will, guided only by the impulses of its savage nature, and the graceful deer proudly reared its antlered head, and bounded away, the undisturbed inhabitant of the mighty wilderness.

To him who, tired with the bondage of the old world, sought refuge in the new, these were glowing emblems of that liberty he so earnestly longed for. He hailed the land spread out before him, in all the magnificence of nature, as that which would realize his most chimerical ideas of happiness. Imagination added to its charms, and converted what was truly wild and beautiful into a paradise. The toils and dangers of the frontier life vanished away; and with a buoyant heart the wanderer adopted the unknown soil, alike ignorant and unmindful of the ills that would cluster around his future path. When want shall have been encountered in every form, sickness endured, famine driven from the door, and "hope, the star that

leads the weary on," delusive hope, shall whisper of bliss to come, he is destined to find in the savage tribes of the country, enemies more formidable than the evils of his condition. Hard fate! to survive the strife of the elements, to escape pestilence and danger only to perish by a relentless human foe.

The settlement of York had enjoyed several years of prosperity, the effects of which were perceptible in a considerable degree of neatness and comfort about its dwellings. This appearance of thrift made it a surer mark for destruction. In January, 1692, a band of Abenakis and French burst upon this defenseless village, "offering its inhabitants captivity or death." A terrible storm had just covered the earth with snow, to a depth which would have proved a barrier to any but these intrepid barbarians. They had walked on snow-shoes, the long distance from the basin of the St. John's, the difficulties of the way only serving to increase their insatiable thirst for bloodshed. It was a serene winter's evening, when the Abenaki braves surrounded their council-fire, a few miles from the doomed village, to determine upon their mode of assault. The purity of nature in these snowy solitudes strangely contrasted with the sanguinary deeds plotted there. She witnesses in silence the offences of her children. She beholds the members of the great brotherhood of man rise up and destroy each other, yet thunders no warning to the victim, nor hurls the fire of heaven upon the destroyer.

Stealthily advanced the murderers, while the peaceful inhabitants of York were gathered around their happy firesides. Ah, never more will those family groups meet around the altar of prayer, never again together join the festive dance. That ringing war-whoop which strikes the ear is the death-knell of the unsuspecting villagers. Mother, take a last look at thy darling, ere its baby face is snatched forever from you. Husband, clasp thy wife to thy bosom, for that fond embrace shall be the last. Lover, thou art vainly striving to wrest thy cherished one from the barbarian's grasp—thy agonizing efforts to save her, make her a prize in those savage eyes; and, unfortunate girl, instead of mingling thy blood with thy kindred, a captivity awaits thee a thousand times more horrible than death.

This lot befell Amy Wakefield. She saw her mother fall lifeless from the first blow of the tomahawk. Her father, with the fury of a madman, sprung upon the assassin, and proved the avenger of his wife. Swift as thought, however, he was overborne by the comrades of the dead Indian, and he lay a mangled corse beside his beloved companion; one son and a servant girl shared the same fate. Poor, gentle, timid Amy! there she stood petrified by the awful sight before her, but she made no effort to escape. Vain in-

deed would have been the attempt; her nonresistance saved her life, and prolonged her sufferings. No scalping-knife was uplifted over her head, but as if her sentence was written on her brow, they proceeded without a moment's hesitation to bind her hands behind her. Richard Russel rushed into the street at the first alarm, and ye who know a lover's heart can tell why he flew with the speed of lightning, to seek Amy Wakefield—his betrothed bride. He entered the dwelling where he knew carnage and death were doing their dreadful work; but what was danger to him, with such an object at stake!

"Oh, Richard," said Amy, opening her lips for the first time since her mother's dying shriek had sealed them, in a tone which would have melted a heart less sensitive than his. He darted forward, seized the Indian who was binding her, and with a maniac's gripe wrestled for the mastery. Young Russel, tall and athletic, was considered the most vigorous young man in the colony, but his strength was unequal to that of the sinewy son of the forest. A blow from a war-club felled him senseless to the earth. "Merciful God!" cried poor Amy in the anguish of her soul, as her last earthly hope was quenched within her. She was dragged from the spot where lay all she held dear. As she passed the door, a kindly stupor seized her; neither the screams of the villagers, nor the kindling flames of the cottages, roused her. She looked vacantly around, but heeded not what she saw. She felt no grief—she had no consciousness. The scenes of the past half hour had banished her senses, and bewildered her mind. They seemed like a terrific vision in a dream—hideously vivid, without the power of realizing or escaping from it. Why did not oblivion forever steal over the past, or delirium cheat the soul in future?

The work of death was done. The slain were sepulchred in the ashes of their cottage homes; the captives were divided as spoils among the warriors, and toward morning they started for the northeast. Amy Wakefield and three other prisoners were the especial care of two Abenakis and a Frenchman, Jean Mordaunt. The whole party moved rapidly, lest the neighboring settlements should see the light of the burning village, and pursue them; but this little company were the foremost. The other captives with Amy were men, but she kept pace with them and the Indians.

She hurried along as if she were fleeing from enemies. All that day she traveled on, taking no food, uttering no complaint; and at last, when night came, she sunk down unconcernedly to sleep. It was one of their former stopping places, and the Indians rekindled the fires, which had scarcely expired. The poor captives gathered around them and welcomed the burning heat, though hardly more comfortable than the chilling blasts to which they had been exposed. Oh, the sorrows of that weary journey—cold, hunger and thirst were among the least of them. The Indians returned by the trail in which they came; but the snow was untrodden and deep, and the path lay through forests and across rivers. Some drooped by the way and received beatings for their manifestations of fatigue,

whilst many found snowy graves. For many days they traveled on together, but finally separated in little bands for the settlements where they belonged, each carrying with them their captives. This last sad comfort of friends and neighbors traveling together in their misery, was now denied them, and they looked each other a last adieu.

I said Amy slept. It was a blessed sleep, for it carried her back to childhood's days; now she was gathering violets with her little brothers on the river's bank; now she saw her brother's angel face, and heard her father's "dear little Amy." Then time flew by, and she felt her lover's warm kisses; years seemed moments, and moments years—and still she slept on. Would that she might have slept "that sleep from which none ever wake to weep."

The sun was high in the heavens ere they roused them from their slumbers. The labors of the previous day were exhausting even to the Indian's strong frame. Some of the wretched captives had passed a sleepless night from fear or excessive weariness; and to some their aching limbs forbade rest. But Amy still lay with her head thrown back, her hands clasped; her marble face and motionless lips rendered still more striking by the profusion of black hair lying disheveled about her. The Indian who advanced to awaken her, paused, as if he shrunk from such a personification of purity. He took hold of her shoulder and shook her; but it seemed as if her senses were bound by death's icy chains. He struck her a rough blow on the side of her head. She opened her eyes, and tried to rise, but her limbs refused her support, and she fell back. She looked up—her consciousness returned. The sight of the Indian's face brought back the scenes of that dreadful night, and she trembled like an aspen leaf. But another blow for her tardiness, brought a full conception of her situation, and a flood of tears. Her stiff, feeble movements, the tears running in torrents down her cheeks, were a strange counterpart to the day before. They started; she tried to proceed, but her limbs seemed paralyzed, and her heart died within her. She forgot all around, even her own wretchedness; she remembered only that cottage scene, Richard, and her parents—and she prayed for death. Her sobs were heart-rending, still the cruel savages urged her on. Oh, were there no friendly angels abroad in the earth; was mercy fled, and vengeance dead! At length the Indians, enraged at what they considered the girl's obstinacy, raised a club to strike her, but Mordaunt, who, perhaps, had enough of humanity to be touched by the spectacle before him, leaped forward, averted the blow, and talking with them a few moments in their own rude, wild tongue, seemed to calm their anger. Soon after this there was a division of the company; Amy and some others, who were incapable of keeping up with the main party, were put together and allowed to proceed more slowly; still she went weeping on—that painful way was traced in tears, and the desert solitudes echoed with her sighs. After about three weeks, the Indians discerned their "smokes" in the distance, and saluted them with shoutings and expressions of great joy. Amy's peculiar grief had awakened some little pity, even in

the bosoms of her savage captors. To this, and the influence of Mordaunt, whose notice she had attracted ever since the first morning, when she lay an unconscious sleeper beside their fires, she owed her comparatively easy lot. She was given to Wiloma, the wife of Great Turtle, the last king, who kept her to do her menial drudgery, but treated her with some kindness.

Jean Mordaunt was a Jesuit missionary. He belonged to a class of whom mankind has drawn widely varying pictures. Pious, devoted, self-sacrificing, ambitious, crafty and revengeful, are, doubtless, all true descriptions of this fraternity, who have left no country without its representatives, and whose name is Legion. America, the "land of mountains and eagles," early drew them hither, and here we see their character in all its phases. They penetrated nearly every recess on the northern part of our continent, and visited almost all of the Indian tribes, teaching them the name of Jesus and the Virgin Mother; some affirming in their enthusiasm, that "the path to heaven was as open through a roof of bark, as through arched ceilings of silver and gold." "Not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way," says the eloquent historian, Bancroft. "The cross and the lily, emblems of France and Christianity," were carved on the trees, and inscribed on the rocks. Many, like Mesnard, or the gentle Marquette, found quiet resting-places in the wilderness; and the western waters which wash their graves, perpetually sing their dirge. But Gabriel Lallemant, Father Jaques, Jean De Brebeuf, René Goupil, and many others, sealed their labors with their blood. Their memory is precious to the mother church; and what wonder that her sons and daughters revere them as saints. But there were a vast multitude who claimed the same mission of love and mercy with these martyrs of holy zeal, whose lives and characters too plainly betrayed their hypocrisy. There were those whose religion cloaked their ambition, and others in whom intrigue had supplanted all the simplicity of the gospel. Instead of religious teachers, they often became artful politicians. That the French Jesuits participated in, and often instigated the attacks upon the English border settlements, is so well attested, that it cannot be denied. The enmity between the French and English nations was too deeply seated to be forgotten by their colonists, and often led them to rouse the merciless savage against their unguarded neighbors. It is difficult to conceive how a minister of that blessed religion which proclaims "peace and good-will to men," should have so far forgot its precepts, as to be present at the bloody massacre of York; but Jean Mordaunt was there. Perhaps he did not stain his hands with blood, but he spotted his soul with guilt.

Amy Wakefield gradually recovered her spent energies. Her elastic constitution rebounded from the severe shocks it had received, but her sufferings left an indelible impress on her spirits. Time could not restore the loved ones sleeping in the dust, and smiles bade adieu to her once happy face. Like Egeria of yore, she forever mourned her heart's lost treasures. Mordaunt dwelt upon that beautiful sor-

rowing face until it seduced him from his priestly vows; but it was a problem to the wary Frenchman how to approach Amy. Though a submissive slave, she was unapproachable; she answered no signs, nor noticed the broken English addressed to her. She shunned every one, and seemed to scorn sympathy with her foes. Months passed, and still she toiled on in Wiloma's cabin, but her grief was not assuaged, nor the fountain of her tears dried up. As spring came, she would steal away by herself without the wigwam to admire the opening buds, which filled the air with their perfume, and with delight would listen to the carol of birds, as they hopped merrily from branch to branch, fit emblems of happiness. The cheerfulness and beauty of all around her, contrasted strangely with her own condition, but at times she would forget her sadness, and soothed by the wild music of the waterfall, lose herself in some day-dream of happiness.

Old Wiloma scarcely watched her captive. Indeed, the thought of escape never entered the mind of Amy. Where should she fly, when all she loved were in heaven. True, she did not *know* that two of her brothers were dead. The eldest, Winthrop, was at a distant settlement at school; and little Johnny, the pet, was sweetly sleeping in the chamber when they were attacked, so it seemed certain that he was slain. But the chance of life vanished when Richard fell.

"Alas! the love of woman; it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of hers upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life has no more to bring
To her, but mockeries of the past alone."

Amy was one day sitting in the wigwam-door when she saw Mordaunt coming toward her, and rose to retire. "In the name of Jesus, tarry," said he, in a manner so earnest and imperative, that she stopped involuntarily. "I have prayed for thee to the Holy Virgin and the Saints," continued he, crossing himself. It was the first intelligible sentence in her own language that Amy had heard since she parted with her companions in misery. Some of the Indians spoke a broken English that she understood, but she had never heard Mordaunt utter a word before.

"I need not thy prayers to thy saints," said Amy, after recovering from her astonishment, and recollecting the teachings of her infancy.

"Speak not lightly of prayers, child, thy soul hath need of them," said Mordaunt.

"I know it, but those now sleeping in death, taught me that there is but One that heareth prayer," said she, her eyes filling with tears, "and He is our Father in Heaven."

"They were heretics, and knew not the communion of the true church," said the Jesuit. "They taught thee wrongly, child; and I fear their souls are now suffering the pains of purgatory, but for thy sake I would gladly pray them out."

Amy's eyes flashed indignantly. "That may be thy portion, deceiver; but those of whom you speak, killed by your murderous bands, are angels in heaven. I know it," said she, with an assurance that silenced Mordaunt. "I saw them last night, they beckoned me upward. Oh, Father, have mercy! and she lifted her eyes and hands heavenward, with an expres-

sion, as if her soul were quitting its earthly tabernacle. Mordaunt was awed. He sat silently gazing at her, and she into the azure above. Old Wiloma, who had been asleep in the wigwam, at this instant awoke, and calling Amy, brought her wandering senses back to earth. She rose and obeyed the bidding. Mordaunt departed, but the expression of that upturned face haunted him. There was a touching serenity about Amy, as she gazed into the land of spirits, that commanded his admiration. Duplicity had indeed made him its disciple, but it had not entirely blunted his perceptions of the beautiful; his coarse heart was not impervious to a scene like that.

He sought another interview, but Amy avoided him more than ever after that conversation. Mordaunt often visited old Wiloma's cabin, for she had learned the sign of the cross, but never could he gain an opportunity of speaking with her who now had his every thought. Cupid's arrows were too deeply transfixed to be withdrawn, and the more he was foiled, the more necessary seemed the object he would gain. One day Amy was walking in the woods, when Mordaunt coming up hastily behind, surprised her with, "My dear mademoiselle." She could not retreat, and had not time to reply, before his pent-up feelings found utterance in the best English he could command. He talked not of saints, or the "blessed Virgin." He had been seeking this opportunity too long, another was too uncertain, and above all, he felt too deeply to allow of any delay.

In a broken and tremulous manner he told her of his love; how his thoughts had dwelt upon her night and day, and swore to be faithful forever, would she but bless him with her affection. Amy's countenance indicated no participation in the confusion manifested by Mordaunt. The color came and went upon his cheeks, as hope or fear predominated—a fitful anxiety pervaded his whole frame. Nothing could have astonished Amy more than the declarations of Mordaunt. She had felt a decided aversion to him, without knowing why, or having the slightest suspicion of his real state of feeling. Her features were rigid, and bespoke no emotion, her voice calm, and her whole manner self-possessed.

"I have given my heart to my own dear Richard, and though he lives no more, I will not, I wish not to recall it. Where he lies, there lie buried my earthly hopes and affections."

"But," said he, "you are pining in this captivity—love me, and I will rescue you. I will fly with you. We will make our home amid the vine-clad hills of France; I will be thy deliverer and protector, and happiness shall crown thy days."

"I am pining," said Amy, "but it is not captivity that makes me sigh; I grieve for that which thou canst never restore; happiness has fled from my sad heart. The world is desolate. This wilderness is lonely, but even here nature has left witnesses of her loveliness," said she, pointing to the flowers at her feet.

"But be my bride," continued the impassioned lover, "and forget thy troubles."

"Never! never! I cannot forget, I would not be thy bride."

Mordaunt saw in her firm, determined manner, the death-blow to his bliss; but in her refusal there was something so pensive, so mournfully beautiful, that it set his soul on fire; he could not be refused—he begged on, as wretches do for life, for one assurance of her affection, but in vain. Flatteries, promises and entreaties were alike to her—she spurned them all. Mordaunt really loved Amy as purely as he was capable of doing, and could he have gained her by persuasion, the base passions of his soul might not have been roused from their lethargy; but the object was too precious to be abandoned until every expedient was exhausted. Desire prompted him—there was one art untried; principle deterred him not—he had no honor to forbid. He knew Amy's shrinking nature; he had observed her tremble when the Indians approached her, as if she dreaded contamination.

"Proud girl," said Mordaunt, "thou must marry me or an Indian."

"Terrible alternative, but rather the savage than thou, and rather death than either."

"Well," responded the Jesuit, seeming to be satisfied; "thy fair form will pander to the appetite of Manuki. He will exultingly gloat over his pale-faced bride. *Thine is a good taste.* Mordaunt or the savage." The last sentence fell from his lips livid with anger; but Amy noticed it not. Had a thunder-bolt flashed out from the clear sky above, she would not have been more terrified than at this disclosure. She had been more kindly treated than the other captives—but was it for this? Was it that Manuki, he who had torn her from her home, and murdered her lover, should press her to his bosom? Once, indeed, the appalling idea, that she might be forced to become her captor's wife had crossed her mind, but it was only a momentary suspicion. Manuki had been gone for weeks on a hunting excursion, and the thought had never returned until now—but now all was clear; Mordaunt had confirmed her worst fears; it must be so—he had all the Indian's secrets. The announcement was awful. A ghastly paleness overspread her face, and cold sweat stood upon her brow. She was a picture of misery and despair. She uttered not a sigh, but a crushing heart-sickness came over her, and she resigned herself to her fate. The keen eye of the priest marked the change. He thought the victim was within his grasp, and slowly advancing with an air of fiendish triumph, he took her gently by the hand,

"Poor girl," said he, "while Mordaunt lives thou art safe. Love me, I will save you from that you so much dread."

"No," she returned, "the Indian's embrace would be less terrible than thine, thou hollow-hearted seducer."

This was too much for Mordaunt. The two passions, love and anger, drove him to desperation. Firmly grasping her arm, he said through his clenched teeth, "Heretic! thou canst not escape me!"

At this Amy seemed transformed; her eyes rolled wildly in their orbits, and she quivered with anger. In an instant Manuki and every thing connected with her captivity was forgotten. One only thought took possession of her soul, and that was of the priest be-

fore her. Hitherto she had feared and hated, now she despised him. She shook him from her, as if he had been a viper, saying, as she drew herself up to her full height, "Back, vile wretch, back! call upon thy saints, count thy beads, and pray poor souls out of purgatory, but touch me not—I know thee."

This was said in a tone so imperious and commanding, that Mordaunt, accustomed as he was implicitly to obey superiors, shrunk involuntarily back, and Amy, turning slowly around, walked away. But there was so much of the heroic in her despair, so much loftiness of spirit in her defiance, that he dared not follow. He knew not why, but there was something in that poor girl that awed him.

On that night, memorable to York, when so many closed their eyes in death, Amy and the Indians left Richard Russell senseless, and, as they supposed, lifeless. But He who holds the springs of life, had ordered otherwise, and reserved him for future purposes. The blow which prostrated, stunned him so completely, that it effectually deceived his enemies. Mr. Wakefield's house was one of the first attacked, and sometime elapsed before the pillagers had finished their work, and were ready to fire the village. Richard lay in an oblivious insensibility for a while; but when partially recovered, he opened his eyes, and discerned by the flickering firelight the devastation around him. He comprehended his situation, sprung to his feet, and running out the back way, and creeping behind fences, he escaped unobserved just as the flames were blazing out from the neighboring cottages. A large hollow tree stood near the fence back in the clearing, and Richard bethought himself of this asylum. He crawled until he reached it, and gave a long leap into its capacious trunk, sinking into the snow, and heaping it over his head. By this artifice he saved himself. He staid there long after the sounds of savage warfare ceased, until he was nearly frozen. At length exhuming himself, he looked toward the village, but he saw nothing save the consuming habitations—he heard nothing but their crackling timbers. He soon ventured out, and was going to warm himself, but when the scorching heat struck his chilled body, it caused intense pain. This, and the fear of some lurking foe, induced him to direct his steps toward the nearest settlement. He ran most of the way, rubbing and striking his almost torpid limbs, else he had never survived to tell the woful tale of his sufferings. Half dead from fear and pain, he reached the neighboring colony. The kind settlers bound up his wounds, and ministered to his wants. He now, for the first time, began to feel his loss, and exposure added to injuries and dejection, threw him into a violent fever. For weeks he lay upon the borders of the grave, the prey of racking pains and fierce delirium. Sometimes he seemed struggling with an unseen foe; at others he would call wildly upon Amy, and anon beckoning, seemed to fancy her by his side, and fall gently to sleep. At last the disease left him, but he was helpless as an infant. Gradually he recovered his strength, but months had passed, when he again stepped upon the earth. Health returned to Richard, and with it came thoughts of Amy. From his best recollection of her it seemed certain she was made a

captive. *She must be redeemed.* But was she alive? Could she outlive the dangers of the journey she must have taken, when he sunk under the few trials he endured? Long months had elapsed. Had she been burnt at the stake, or more probably, had she not been sacrificed to the passions of the Indians? All these were painful suspicions, which constantly forced themselves upon his mind. But Hope, the "lover's staff," as Shakespeare truly says, stayed him up. As soon as he was able to ride on horseback, he started to find Winthrop Wakefield, who was about fifty miles distant, and the only one of all the inhabitants of York whom he knew to be alive. By riding slowly he performed the journey in a few days, and found Winthrop, who was quite overjoyed to see him, and learn that there was any reason to believe that Amy was still alive. From what he had gathered from the uncertain reports of the destruction of his native village, he supposed himself both orphan and friendless. This seemed confirmed by the fact that no tidings of any of his family later than that fatal night had ever reached him. Winthrop needed no persuasion to enter into a plan for rescuing his only sister from her deplorable condition. It wanted more eloquence to enlist others. All pitied the misfortunes, and were interested in the deliverance of the unhappy girl, and the other captives, if yet living. But there were so many difficulties attending the project, that to most it seemed entirely impracticable. The general direction of the Abenakis they knew; but it was a long and difficult expedition; the tribe was large, and scattered over an extensive tract of country, and they would be a feeble, unprotected band, without knowing to what particular point to direct their efforts. It was late in the spring—just the season when it was absolutely necessary for every man to be upon his little plantation to provide for the coming year.

But Peter the Hermit was not more indefatigable or importunate than Richard. To him the crusade was imperative, and the importance of the end to be secured exceeded the perils of the enterprise. He at last succeeded in inducing eight men from the different settlements to accompany Winthrop and himself. Providing for, and arming themselves as well as possible, they started on their hazardous excursion. It was the beginning of summer, and nature had on her gayest mantle. Fragrant blossoms strewed their path, and the groves were vocal with the melody of birds. As they advanced new objects called forth their admiration. The weather was fine, game was plenty, and they met with no insurmountable obstacles. Their march was much less tedious than they had anticipated. A different history theirs from that of the gloomy passage made by the captives the winter previous. When they had arrived at the Penobscot, they were surprised to find a man, whom they soon ascertained to be one of the captives of York. Escaped from the Indians, he had traveled many days, living on plants, twigs or roots, without a gun or knife, with which to procure food or defend himself. The poor man evinced the greatest joy on meeting them, and offered to return and guide them near where he conjectured Amy might be, though he had not seen her during his captivity, and had no positive knowledge concerning her. With more com-

fidence and renewed courage, they now pressed forward rapidly, not a little stimulated and incited by the melancholy narrations of their guide. He led them until they heard the sound of the waterfall, when he prudently concealed himself, knowing that he would be a sure mark for the missiles of the vindictive savages.

After the last interview with Mordaunt, Amy was distracted with tormenting fears. The more she thought the more painful became her apprehensions of coming evil. She knew she had made a bitter enemy of the Frenchman, and his lowering visage, and uneasy, troubled appearance, boded no good. She was each day more strongly convinced of the truth of the frightful intelligence he communicated. She knew the warriors were to return during that moon, which was a festival time with the Abenakis, and she felt assured Manuki would then carry his designs into execution. Her misery was now complete. Distressing surmises by day, only gave place to horrid dreams during her unquiet sleep at night. Amy resolved to attempt an escape. She knew not where to go; she had a vague hope, but no expectation of reaching the haunts of civilized men. But, thought she, "I would welcome death in the wilderness, with no covering but the leaves of the forest, and no memorial save the flowers that would spring from my dust, rather than life and pollution with the Indians." In this state of mind she left old Wiloma's cabin, as if for her customary walk, intending never to return. She looked back toward the wigwam where she had passed so many wretched hours, and breathed a prayer for its old occupant, whom she had seen for the last time. She had none but feelings of good will toward Wiloma. She had suffered her to go and come when she pleased, and treated her kindly in her own way, and Amy felt something akin to regret on leaving her. She bent her steps toward the waterfall, for as she often walked there, it would excite no suspicion. It was a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of June; every thing animate, save herself, seemed rejoicing. Since the day Mordaunt overtook her in the woods, she had ventured but a few steps away from their hut. For two or three days she had missed him, and presumed he had gone to meet the returning party; nevertheless, she wound her way along, cautiously, and afraid, starting back from the springing partridge and flying hare, timorous, as if each rustling leaf portended danger. The cascade which Amy often visited, was, indeed, a charming sight. It was produced by a little mountain-stream, which came tumbling impetuously down a ledge of rocks, and lost itself in foam. By the distance and vehemence of its fall, rather than the volume of water, it made the hills resound with its mimic thunder. The predilection which the red men have ever manifested for the roar of water, was probably the reason why the principal rendezvous of the Abenakis had been selected within the echo of this little cataract. Amy seated herself upon the rocks, where she could look into the sea of bubbles and diamonds below. The roar of the cataract contrasted strangely with the quiet of every thing around, but it was in harmony with her own agitated heart, and its dashings drowned the tumult of her spirit, and calmed its perturbations. She gathered the rich hanging moss which grew in profusion about

her, and felt irresistibly enchained to the spot. Thus spell-bound by the simple grandeur of the place, she forgot for a time her perplexities, and even her original intentions. Ah, little did she think danger or deliverance were so near.

After leaving their guide, Richard and his party proceeded in the direction indicated by the sound of the waterfall. Their plan was to secrete themselves in the cliffs about there, until they could discover if the chief part of the Indians were away. If so, they would fall upon the villages and secure the captives; but should the "braves" be there, they must await some more favorable opportunity. Advancing noiselessly, they came up within sight of the cascade, when a female figure attracted their attention. She was loosely clad; a robe of hair, dripping with spray, hung wildly down her shoulders, and, as she sat on a projecting rock, seemed the genius of the place. The keen eyes of Richard and Winthrop failed to recognize Amy. Her dress was devoid of every thing characteristic of civilization, and they thought her an Abenaki maid; still, something led them to doubt it. They halted, and Richard proposed to go forward alone and ascertain who it was. He could not see her face, but felt assured, as he advanced, that hers was no Indian form. Could it be Amy, thought he, proceeding less cautiously. Hearing his footsteps she turned her head. One wild scream of joy, and she was in Richard's arms. That meeting! who could describe its smiles and tears? "Absence, with all its pains, was by that charming moment wiped away." To Amy it was a resurrection from the dead; to Richard a long lost jewel found again. Winthrop's affectionate heart was not long in comprehending the scene before him, and following Richard, he embraced and kissed his sister again and again. Tears of joy choked his utterance as he sobbed forth his delight. Amy and Winthrop had passed the morn of life joyously with each other; they "grew together, slept together, learned, played, eat together," sharing their childish happiness and wo; and when Winthrop heard the tidings of his family's misfortunes, it was the loss of Amy that brought forth his bitterest tears. This meeting brought back the associations of days gone by; but the past, as well as the present, was clouded by the recollection that all those near and dear had passed away, save only this, "his first love and his last."

Amy was not mistaken. Mordaunt *had* gone to meet the returning Abenakis. They advanced with shoutings, as usual, but the noise of the cataract overpowered every thing beside, and the unguarded trio were too much absorbed by their unexpected happiness to think of safety. The reserve party heard the yellings of the Indians, and foresaw the threatening danger, but tried in vain to arrest the attention of Richard and Winthrop. One of them bravely started forward to warn them; but he had not advanced more than a hundred paces when he saw the Indians emerging from a little ravine opposite the falls, and sunk down into the thicket. A shower of arrows was the first premonition of their approach to the unfortunate dreamers. One bruised Amy's arm, one entered Richard's hat and

grazed the top of his head, and one sunk deep into the breast of Winthrop. "I am killed," cried he, as the fatal shaft pierced his vitals. Richard caught the gun that lay at his side, and, fleeing, discharged it toward their enemies. Amy, following him, ran until the sounds of the Indians grew faint and distant, and convinced them they were not pursued.

Poor Winthrop had run but a few steps when he fell dead into the bushes, unobserved by his forward associates. "Where is Winthrop?" asked Amy, as soon as recollection returned. The last few moments had too much happiness crowded into them—evil spirits looked down with malignity, and a blight came over the scene. But who shall tell the frightened Amy that Winthrop is no more? They listened—there seemed a howling joined with the roar of the falls. A thrill of horror passed over Amy as she thought that her poor brother might have fallen, wounded, into the hands of their foes. Exasperated at her loss, he would find far less humanity than she had experienced. Still that moaning sound continued and increased. Richard climbed a tall tree, thinking he might hear more distinctly, and perhaps discern what it was. What was his amazement when he found that his position enabled him to see the Indians—for in their hasty flight they had not noticed their ascent of a hill. He saw them crossing the stream below the waterfall. There were a multitude of them near together, winding their way upon the rocks. Richard had an acute, far vision; he never exerted it more than now. The howling swelled upon the breeze—what were they doing? "Oh, Heavens!" murmured he, "it is Winthrop." They seemed carrying a man, and occasionally he could distinguish the face of a white person. He looked again and again—it was not a red man. But then, thought he, would they be mourning over a slain enemy? It must be for a captive lost. They were crossing from the same side on which they had first seen them. There had not been sufficient time, and there could be no motive for crossing and recrossing with a dead enemy; more probably they would leave him to the wolves. But one thing was certain—Amy and himself were in danger, and would be pursued. He quickly descended, and taking her concealed themselves in a clump of cedars growing thick and full from the ground. So close was the covert that a pointer could scarcely have found them. "Where is Winthrop?" said Amy, imploringly. Richard dared not—could not tell her his fears, but spoke cheerily, and whispering of love she soon forgot every thing but her lover and her joy in seeing him once more. But the more Richard considered upon what he saw from the tree, the more inexplicable it appeared, and he resolved to relate it to Amy.

"Ah," said she, "it was Mordaunt, that dead body; and for him they were mourning. That random shot of yours killed their priest, wicked, miserable Mordaunt. You, Richard, have avenged my wrongs," continued she, bursting into tears at the remembrance of her insult.

"Yes, that accounts for all—their carrying the body, their howling, and not pursuing us," said Richard, still dwelling upon the sight and sounds of the after-

noon. "But dry up your tears, my sweet Amy; deliverance and happiness have come at last," and he strained her in ecstasy to his bosom. But the transport of her lover's embrace soon gave way to grievous apprehensions for the welfare of her favorite and now only brother. "We will go and seek him and our party," said Richard. "The Indians will scarcely follow us now; the burial of their priest will occupy them too much to think of pursuit." It was dim twilight when they crept forth from their hiding place. They had gone but a little distance when they heard a whistle, which started Mary, but which Richard understood was from one of his comrades, and soon they saw a moving figure near them. This proved to be the man who had vainly endeavored to warn them of their peril before their attack.

"Have you seen Winthrop?" asked Amy.

"Alas! my poor young woman," said the kind, honest man, "I hate to grieve you, if you do not know it, but I saw the dear lad fall by the way."

"Tell me where he lies," said the shocked, terrified girl.

"May be I can," said the man. "I was looking for some one to come with me, when I heard you and whistled."

He led the way and they followed silently, except the exclamations of grief that ever and anon broke from Amy. They had nearly reached the falls, the sight of which recalled the few delightful moments spent with Winthrop, when their leader, stooping down into a bunch of alder, said—"Poor, brave boy, here he lies." It was not yet dark; the pale twilight just revealed his pale, dead face, his garments dyed with blood, and the murderous arrow still deep in his breast. Amy kissed his cold, pallid cheeks, and bathed them in tears. "My ransom was too dearly paid," said she bitterly. "Why was Winthrop, so happy, so noble and so young, the one to fall by savage hands, when death would have been sweet to me, their wretched slave?"

"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," ejaculated their pious companion. "Clouds and darkness are about His throne, but He doeth all things well. We must not linger here."

He and Richard bore the dead body, and Amy followed, until they heard a signal, which told them they were in the vicinity of their party. They halted, and their friends gathered around them. The object before them disclosed the tragical history of the afternoon, and they mingled their tears for one whom they all loved. The full moon rose, and looked down through the forest trees upon that weeping band. The head of the dead Winthrop rested upon Amy's lap. He was even yet beautiful—the lustre of his eye was gone, but the clustering curls still lay life-like upon his placid brow, and his features were tranquil as if he were sleeping. There they sat, surrounding him, "dumb as solemn sorrow ought to be." At last a low voice fell upon the air, and prayer arose from that stricken group—such prayer as only ascends from the dependent, helpless and bereaved wanderer in the wilderness. Comforted and refreshed, they removed the fatal dart, brought water from a spring and washed the body of poor Win-

throp, wrapped it in a blanket, and buried his bloody garments. They resolved to relieve each other by turns, and carry the body with them until morning.

"I know they cannot hurt his corpse," said Richard, "but let us take it out of the enemy's country. He would have performed the like service for any of us."

An affecting sight was that funeral train. That solitary female, bent like a drooping flower by the tempest of grief that had swept over her, the chief mourner, followed close behind the dead, borne without coffin or bier. All that night they walked in slow procession, the stillness only broken by the occasional sobs of Amy, when her overwhelming grief burst its barriers afresh. There was a "mournful eloquence" in that mute sorrow. It bespoke deeper emotion than the clamorous wailings of the Indians over their dead. The moon sunk behind the hills, and the quiet stars shed their mild radiance upon them, until their twinklings were lost in the light of the breaking morn. Weary and sad, they were cheered by the signs of returning day, and by faith the pilgrims hailed it as the blest harbinger of the resurrection morn, when, after the long night of death has passed, the final trump will awake the righteous to "life immortal in the skies." Just as the silver clouds began to streak the east, they reached a beautiful green slope, with but few trees and a gentle streamlet bounding two sides of it. They stopped—every one seemed impressed with the fitness of the place for the burial. Amy first broke the silence, exclaiming, "It is a lovely spot!" but as they proceeded to lay down their unconscious burthen, she commenced weeping, and said, "Will you leave Winthrop here?" She uncovered his head and again pillowed it in her lap, kissing and caressing it, as if, perchance, she might awaken a smile upon that ghastly face, then mourning as if her heart would break when attracted toward the grave they were preparing for him. It was under

a spreading oak that they chose his resting place. The earth around was carpeted with flowers, the rivulet gliding below, and the place was in unison with the young and beauteous form they were about to entomb there. They finished their work—they brought shrubs and flowers and sprinkled in the grave, and wrapped their cherished one in his rude pall and laid him in the narrow bed. They knelt around, Richard supporting Amy, who seemed to forget every thing but that form so soon to be buried forever from her sight. The same good man who led their supplications the evening before, was now their chaplain, and his prayer brought holy consolation to the hearts of the afflicted. He spoke of the blessedness of the dead, who had passed from the cares of earth and entered "the mansions of rest above." He prayed most fervently for the living, who would, if faithful, soon partake of the same glory. When they arose death seemed disarmed of his terrors, and Heaven appeared *very* near. They covered their companion with boughs and fresh earth, and Amy cheerfully brought honey-suckles and strewed over his grave. The sun had begun to pour his mellow beams over the wakening world when, with grateful and subdued hearts, they bade a final farewell to the burial place of Winthrop.

What though they left him without guard or memorial, alone in the wilderness! Kind hands had laid him there, prayer had hallowed the spot, tears of affection bedewed his grave, and guardian spirits would watch with jealous care his "sleeping dust." "Rest, thee, my brother, last of my kindred," said Amy, sending a lingering look backward.

"There softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground,
The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more 'll disturb thy deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

KUBLEH.

A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

Sofuk, the Sheik of the Shanmar Arabs, was the owner of a mare of matchless beauty, called, as if the property of the tribe, the Shammeriyah. Her dam, who died about ten years ago, was the celebrated Kubleh, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory, and the day of whose death is the epoch from which the Arabs of Mesopotamia now date the events concerning their tribe. Mohammed Emir, Sheik of the Jebour, assured me that he had seen Sofuk ride down the wild ass of the Sinjar on her back, and the most marvelous stories are current in the desert as to her fleetness and powers of endurance. Sofuk esteemed her and her daughter above all the riches of the tribe; for her he would have forfeited all his wealth, and even Amsha herself.

LAYARD'S NINEVER.

The black-eyed children of the Desert drove
Their flocks together at the set of sun.
The tents were pitched; the weary camels bent
Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand;
The hunters quartered by the kindled fires
The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain,
And all the stir and sound of evening ran
Throughout the Shanmar camp. The dewy air
Bore its full burden of confused delight
Across the flowery plain, and while, afar,
The snows of Koordiah Mountains in the ray

Flashed roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound
Se broad and black against the burning west.
The shadows deepened and the stars came out,
Rinking in violet ether; one by one
Summured the ruddy camp-fires on the plain,
And shapes of steed and horseman moved among
The dark tents, with shout and jostling cry,
Children ran
rider drove
and by his door
midst of all

Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared not touch—
The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the Sheik
A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.

But when their meal was o'er—when the red fires
Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bayed—
When Shammar hunters with the boys sat down
To cleanse their bloody knives, came Alimar,
The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love
Are sweeter than Balsora's nightingales—
Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood
Like war itself: who knows not Alimar?
Then asked the men: "O Poet, sing of Kubleh!"
And boys laid down the knives, half-burnished, saying:
"Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never saw—
Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer flocked the group,
With eager eyes about the flickering fire,
While Alimar, beneath the Assyrian stars,
Sang to the listening Arabs:

"God is great!

O Arabs, never yet since Mahmoud rode
The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gate
That winged steed bestrode, whose mane of fire
Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah called,
He bore the Prophet to the walls of Heaven,
Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk's wondrous mare:
Not all the milk-white bars, whose hoofs dashed flame
In Bagdad's stables, from the marble floor—
Who, swathed in purple housings, pranced in state
The gay bazars, by great Al-Raschid backed:
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed
That went o'er half the world with Tamerlane:
Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago
From Ormuz brought by swarthy Indian grooms
To Persia's kings—the foals of sacred mares,
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea!

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell
Whence came she, whence her like shall come again?
O Arabs, like a tale of Sherazade
Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts are tried
On the hot eve of battle, is her story.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say,
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.
The well had dried; her fierce, impatient eye
Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs
Were lean with thirst. He checked his camel's pace,
And while it knelt, untied the water-skin,

And when the wild mare drank, she followed him.
Thence none but Sofuk might the saddle gird
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear
About her shining head, that brooked no curb
From even him; for she, alike, was royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace,
Than some impassioned Almée's, when the dance
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets gleam
Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air.
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;

Between her slender and transparent ears
The silken forelock tossed; her nostril's arch,
Thin-drawn, in proud and pliant beauty spread,
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy neck
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's wing,
And all her matchless lines of flank and limb
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes of air
By hands of lightning. When the war-shouts rang
From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye
Shone like a blood-red ruby, and her neigh
Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

11

"The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew her:
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she bore
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not
To bid her welcome; and the savage Koord,
Chased from his bold irruption on the plain,
Has seen her hoof prints in his mountain snow.
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,
O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep amid
The Sinjar hills, she ran the wild ass down.
Through many a battle's thickest brunt she stormed,
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock deep
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid haze
Stifled the crimson sun, she swept before
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty mane
Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay
Groaning and helpless on the fiery waste.

"The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her:
The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet neigh
Before the walls of Tefis; pines that grow
On ancient Caucasus have harbored her,
Sleeping by Sofuk in their spicy gloom.
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her flanks,
When from the shore she saw the white-sailed bark
That brought him home from Stamboul. Never yet,
O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh!

"And Sofuk loved her. She was more to him
Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.
For many years she stood beside his tent,
The glory of the tribe.

At last she died.

Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs—
Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she loved.
The base Jebours—on whom be Allah's curse!—
Came on his path, when far from any camp,
And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang
Against the javelin points, and bore them down,
And gained the open Desert. Wounded sore,
She urged her light limbs into maddening speed
And made the wind a laggard. On and on
The red sand slid beneath her, and behind
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbulence,
As when some star of Eblis, downward hurled
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning hair
The waste of darkness. On and on, the bleak,
Bare ridges rose before her, came and passed,
And every flying leap with fresher blood
Her nostril stained, till Sofuk's brow and breast
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have turned
To save his treasure, though himself were lost,
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen rein.
At last, when through her spent and quivering frame
The sharp throes ran, our hundred tents arose,
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy
O'ercame its agony, she stopped and fell.
The Shammar men came round her as she lay,
And Sofuk raised her head and held it close
Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye
Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.
Then like a child his bursting grief made way
In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe
Wept for the faithful mare.

They dug her grave

Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where she lies
Baried with ancient kings; and since that time
Was never seen, and will not be again,
O Arabs, though the world be doomed to live
As many moons as count the desert sands,
The like of wondrous Kubleh. God is great!"

A MEMORY.

BY MRS. JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

The shadows are dark on thy soul,
And thoughts of the lost will throng,
For a voice hath vanished from the earth,
Sweeter than the spring bird's song.

Thou lookest on the still blue sky,
And pinest 'mid its peace to be,
For the grass springeth green on a grave,
And the world hath a grief for thee.

The flowers may be bright as they were,
And a fragrance as soft may fling,
But the verdure hath faded from thy life—
And the heart hath but one sweet spring!

I was a transient dweller in a strange land—one distant from my childhood's home, and far away from those who knew me first and loved me best. Gradually, as the vivid excitements of life had surrounded me, as new ties had sprung up and old hopes faded, I had lost the intimate knowledge of the welfare or the afflictions of many who had formerly been familiar friends, and a lengthened separation had produced that ignorance of the details of their destiny frequently occurring, even where affection still lingers unaltered. But there are periods when, as it were, remembrance irresistibly presses upon us, and we all have seasons when old times and buried associations crowd around us with inexplicable distinctness—when the actual loses for a while its absorbing interest, and the past, with all its radiant dreams, its rainbow illusions, is enchanting reality once more.

I was sitting alone, at the close of a lovely autumn afternoon, before an open window, my fancy busy with the throng of older associations, and inattentive to the beautiful view stretching beneath me, strikingly fair as were its features, now glowing through the crimsoning sunlight. But something—I know not what, for such glimpses are among the spirit's mysteries—had recalled other times, and my soul communed with itself and was still. The mind has its own restless and concealed creation—its hidden world of active silentness; and to those who have battled with the de-

ment attendant on human experience, there is un-
told the crowding memories
that haunt the heart. Even as I sat thus
idly reflecting, I recalled
friendly hands, and as I
would have loved to enter, I poured out
words of love.

Each well-known name
led me to a
realm of old
days, and each
recalled a
time when I
was young and
full of life.

where, side by side, were chronicled marriages and deaths. The first were those of strangers; among the last was noticed the final departure of one whom I had once loved, as we only love in the purity of youth. The announcement was worded in the usual form with which we herald to the careless world that a soul has gone to the mysterious future. Nothing was there to arrest the contemplation of the reader—to speak of inevitable human destiny to a throbbing human heart—to reveal the agony of mortality, the bitterness of death, or the trials of the wearily burdened and loving ones, perchance well-nigh borne down by that one event. "Died at sea, during her homeward voyage, Mary Vere, aged 24, for three years a resident missionary in Persia." And this was all! The ending of the saddest life I ever knew, the knell of as pure a spirit as was ever bowed and fettered by earthly cares—this was the cold, brief recording of the history of a warm nature, that had patiently toiled and uncomplainingly suffered—that even in its youth had been old in grief—that had wandered abroad and found no rest, and then, like a wounded bird, had winged its way homeward to die! Ah, Mary! little dreamed we, in our sunny days, that mine eyes should ever trace the chronicle of such a destiny for thee!

We had first met, in childhood, at the country residence of a friend, where we were both spending the summer months. She accompanied her mother—her only surviving parent, then slowly declining in the last stage of consumption. Mary and myself, thrown continually together, without other companions, speedily became warm friends, though her pensive, irresolute disposition, had little in common with my natural impetuous animation. She had been the attendant on suffering from her earliest recollection, for her father had died after a lingering illness, during which he had desired the constant enlivenment of his only child's society, and her mother had for years been a resigned but hopeless invalid. All who have closely observed children, are aware of the influence such things half-unconsciously exert over minds susceptible to every impression, and it was not strange that one so used to look on sorrow, should have learned at last to doubt the very existence of happiness.

Mary was a strikingly beautiful child, with dark, soul-revealing eyes, bright with the mystical fire of the burning thoughts within. I well remember their rapt expression when she was excited by some tale of heroism—for she was full of a strange, quiet enthusiasm, that wasted itself in fruitless sympathy with the weak with painful dis-
pulsive guidance.
ly touched by the
her being was too

sensitive for her ever to be thoughtlessly happy. Her look and manner were peculiarly winning in their tranquil, subdued gentleness; and when this was, occasionally, though rarely, laid aside for awhile, amid the irrepressible mirth of childish amusement, her laugh had the ringing, silvery melody which seems the musical essence of enjoyment. For two successive summers we met and were inseparably intimate, and then four years elapsed before we were again together. During this interval Mary's mother died, and she went far from my home, to reside with a distant relation. We had, from our first parting, corresponded regularly, and her letters were, like herself, poetical and visionary. I know not wherefore, for she wrote no murmur, but they left the impression that she was not satisfied with her new home, and my heart yearned to comfort her, to remove from her lot its loneliness, from her soul its dimness. But she shrunk, with what then appeared to me morbid delicacy, from all approach to confidence on this subject, and gradually grew in all things less communicative regarding herself, as if doubting the response of sympathy. There was evidently a constraint placed on her spontaneous emotions—a quiet concealment of her deeper interests, which to me spoke mournfully, and recalled that silent, dejected consciousness of mental and spiritual solitude, which is the saddest portion and the most touching consequence of an orphan's unshared and melancholy destiny. It was not until long afterward that I learned the domestic trials and annoyances to which she had been subjected, and the dreary, joyless routine in which she dragged on the years that should have been her brightest ones.

It was with many a sweet anticipation of friendly, unreserved intercourse and affectionate solace—such dreams as are borne by loving angels to hearts strong in youth and rich in tenderness, that I looked impatiently forward to my next meeting with my old playmate, for now we had both glided from childhood to womanhood, and the firm bond was between us that links those who remember together. I shall never forget my astonishment when, after our first fond and impetuous greeting, I turned, with tearful eyes, to mark the alteration time had wrought in the appearance of my companion. She was calm and composed, almost to coldness, and there was no visible exhibition of the agitation struggling beneath, or of all the afflicting reminiscences which I knew were recalled by looking on my face again. She had grown from the timid, irresolute girl, to the proud, self-possessed woman, and her manner had the tranquil air of one aware of her own moral strength, and of the existence of impulses and feelings too pure and sacred to be lightly displayed to a world which had nothing in common with them. She was more beautiful than ever, and I have never seen a being whose polished, intellectual tranquillity was so faultlessly graceful. She had acquired the early maturity of mind given in kindness to those who are tried in their youth; for she had evidently "thought too long and darkly;" her feelings were still from their intensity, and hers was the reflective repose which, wearied and desponding, folds its drooping pinions and sleeps on the bosom of darkness.

Ah, me! it is a dreary thing to feel alone in the world—to have no eye brighten at our coming, no voice ever ready with its eager welcoming, nothing to tell us we are beloved, and that fond thoughts and wishes are around our onward pathway. O, ye who have never felt this worst of desolations—ye whose best affections bind ye still, who have no link broken, no yearnings unfulfilled, fold to your hearts the precious blessing that lives in domestic ties and speaks in household love, and greet kindly and gently those whose life is lonely—who look around them and find no answering gaze, who pine with many tears for one glimpse of the tenderness whose living light is daily yours, who go forward sadly and silently, with none to love them, save those who are angels in Heaven.

But there is a romance in every one's experience, evanescent though it be; and at length its bright change rose upon Mary's existence. I heard she was soon to be married, to a young clergyman, of whom all spoke in terms of approval and admiration. I sincerely rejoiced at an event so calculated to relieve at once her perplexities and regrets, and to summon sweet visions for one who had too long lived without affection in the world. I wrote to her, expressing all I felt—all my fervent hopes for her dawning welfare. I longed impatiently for her answer, anxious to discover if she realized as I wished the brighter career opening before her; but several weeks wended on, and brought me no reply. It was from another source I learned the dangerous and protracted illness of her lover, and a paper, tremulously directed by Mary's hand, at length informed me of his death.

Finally a letter came, with its black seal. It was the last farewell of one who loved me—the last pouring forth of tenderness from a heart that was broken; and yet, sorrowful as those lines were, they spoke of hopes unshadowed and immortal—of a pilgrimage troubled and toilsome, but full of reward, and of all an enthusiast's delusive anticipations in the sacred enterprise before her.

She wrote on the eve of her departure from her native land, and with her singular, acquired shrinking from the avowal of her feelings, she made no allusion to the connection recently broken; and not a word revealed the grief that clouded over her fairest prospects and sent her forth an exile. Frequently afterward I saw her name mentioned as one of unwavering zeal in her adopted cause, and faithfully devoted to the laborious responsibilities of her mission. But between herself and her early friends a gulf seemed to be, perhaps because she did not wish to revive the overpowering recollections of the past. The absence of all communication with those once dear to her, must have been intentional, for she was not one to forget. Three years of this unbroken existence of care and labor had gone by, and then I had thus accidentally learned the mournful doom of a being endowed with all earth's purest impulses, yet so soon recalled from its wanderings. Hers is no uncommon history—for many such are on our daily annals. O! give them kind thoughts and words, for these are the sad heart's treasured gems!

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

This world of ours is beautiful—right beautiful, I ween,
Are all its mountains tipt with gold, its valleys tinged
with green,
Its thousand laughing streams that sport, half sunshine
and half shade,
Like love's first herald seen upon the rosy cheeked maid.
The springing flowers are beautiful that open to the day,
And spread their perfume far and wide along the sunny
way;
The vine-clad rocks and shady dells that bask in beauty's
shen;
This world of ours is beautiful—wherever it is seen.

This world of ours was beautiful in those good olden days
When knights would battle valiantly for ladies' smiles
and praise;
When in the list and on the turf, with lance and spear
and sword,
These iron-handed men would meet no bond but plighted
word.
Each castle was a fortress then; each man could bend the
bow,
Or lead the dance, or join the song with voice as soft and
low,
As maidens when at night they hear their lovers' whis-
pered praise;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those good olden days?

This world of ours was beautiful, when troubadours first
sang,
And castle hall and cottage roof with love and glory rang;
When high-born damsels clustered round—perhaps to
hear of one
Who joined the armies of the Cross, to fight 'neath Syria's
sun;
How he had borne the banner high amid the thickest fight,
And placed his name where it will shine like stars amid
the night;
And then bright eyes would brighter beam, despite the
truant tear;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when minstrelsy was
here?

This world of ours was beautiful when Rome was great
and free,
And proudly shone her mountain-bird, the type of Liberty;
When Freedom found a resting-place within those tro-
phied walls,
And circled with her eagle wing its temples and its halls;
When on the yellow Tiber's wave the shouts of victory
came,
And pride and glory mingled with the conqueror's lauded
name;
Then came the proud triumphal march, the heroes crowned
with bays;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those her palmy days?

This world of ours was beautiful when Venice ruled the
tide,
And thousand voices rose to greet the old man's ocean
bride;

The waters gladly danced around the castles old and proud,
And from the latticed balconies, upon the passing crowd,
Gleamed forth the light of beauty's eye—Venetia's daugh-
ters fair,
With hearts as pure as were the gems that glistened in
their hair;
As bold in danger, true in love, as brave men's brides
should be;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Venice ruled the
sea?

This world of ours was beautiful when 'neath Italia's skies
Her passion sons, like meteor stars, flashed on their won-
dering eyes.
Born in that sunny clime of love, where beauty tints the
air,
And earth and ocean, sun and shade, are more divinely
fair;
No marvel that their minds upgrew full freighted with
each tone,
And Love and Beauty sheltered them within their magic
zone,
Till all they saw and all they felt found in each work a
birth;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Genius walked
the earth?

This world of ours was beautiful when by fair Arno's
stream
Sweet Florence lay bedecked with gifts, like beauty in
her dream;
So soft her skies, so mild her suns, such perfume in each
breeze,
Such songs of gladness from her plains, such flowers upon
the trees;
And then her dowered children stood like jewels in her
crown,
Or sun-clad monuments on which Time's rays come
proudly down,
To gild with beauty e'en decay—but what decay hast thou?
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Florence decked
her brow?

This world of ours was beautiful in England's palmy times,
When merrily from church and tower pealed out the spor-
tive chimes,
When deep within the greenwood haunts dwelt honest
men and free,
With hearts as gay and minds as light as birds upon the
tree;
Right honestly the day was passed; at night, upon the
green,
All joining in the merry dance the young and old were
seen,
And many a jocund song was sung, and many a tale was
told;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those good days of old?

This world of ours was beautiful when valiant men and
true
Spread their white sails, and sought a home beyond the
waters blue—

They found it 'neath the forest old, 'mid wild and savage
men,
Beside the ocean's rocky shore, within the mountain
glen;
And there was heard the childish laugh, and there the
mother's tone,
Brought joy and gladness in their sound to many an altar-
stone;
Men toiled and strove, and strove and toiled, through all
the weary hours,
Oh! was not the world beautiful, this western world of
ours?

This world of ours was beautiful, when Freedom first
awoke,
Its cradle song the trumpet call, its toy the sabre stroke,
Full armed, like Pallas, then she stood amid the deadly
fight,
And man by man stood boldly up, and clenched their hands
of might,
The tempest came, no cheek turned pale, no heart un-
nerved with fear,
They grasped their swords more tightly then—'t was vic-
tory or a bier;
Long was the struggle, hard the fight, but liberty was
won;
Oh! was not the world beautiful beneath fair Freedom's
sun?

This world of ours was beautiful in times long, long ago,
When those good men of earnest souls dwelt with us here
below;
Large was their faith in human kind; their mission seemed
to be
To teach man all his duties here—Love, Faith and Energy,

To link each man to brother man, with links of firmest
steel;
Then touch the spark of sympathy, and all the shock will
feel;
Stamp the nobility of truth upon each deathless soul;
Oh! was not the world beautiful beneath such pure con-
trol?

This world of ours was beautiful, and still is so to me;
Since boyish days I've clung to it, with wildness and
with glee;
Have laughed when others talked of wo beneath so fair a
sky,
When time, like flights of singing birds, with melody
went by,
Have roved amid its fairy bowers, and drank of every
stream
Of joy and gladness, till I lived within a blissful dream,
And life, deep laden with its fruits, slept like a weary
child;
This world of ours is beautiful as 't was when Eden
smiled?

This world of ours is beautiful despite what cynics say;
There must be storms in winter time as well as flowers
in May;
But what of that?—there's joy in both the sunshine and
the shade,
The light upon the mountain-top, the shadow in the
glade.
Be free of Soul, and firm of Heart, read all life's lessons
right,
Nor look for roses in the snow, nor sunbeams in the night.
Up! up! to action, armed with Love, Faith and Energy;
And then this world is beautiful, as beautiful can be.

MY SPIRIT.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Spirit, my own proud spirit!
We may not sleep in dust,
There is a path marked out for us
Of a high and a holy trust;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born,
To die as cravens die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

We came up life together,
We have lived but a few short years,
We have tasted well at the fountain head
Of human hopes and fears;
Yet life is young, shall we not be so?
Shall we not drink and sing
Of the many glorious hopes that flow
From many a hidden spring?

Ay, and the streams shall gather
In a broad and open sea,
The laving of whose crystal tide
Is immortality;

There shall be a time when we shall rest,
Some gentle summer even,
With a calm content, upon its breast,
And an opening view of heaven.

Storms will be wild around us
Before that time shall come,
And the thunder of blame will fill the air,
And the voice of praise be dumb;
Yet as we draw from the glorious stars
Beauty and light and love,
Hope's wing shall gild the closing bars
That shut us from above.

Spirit, my own proud spirit,
Thou wilt not fail me now,
Thy hands shall wreath the chaplet well
And place it on my brow;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born
To die as cravens die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



[*Sarcorampus Gryphus*, male.]

THE CONDOR. (*Sarcorampus Gryphus*.)

THIS bird is one of the largest of the vultures. The early Spanish writers on America gave the most exaggerated accounts of its size and strength; and its true history and dimensions have been only recently ascertained. The bird was compared with the Roc of the Arabian romance writers. Acosta says that the bird called Condor is able singly to eviscerate and devour a whole sheep or a calf. Garcilaso de la Vega makes them measure 16 feet from tip to tip of the extended wings; he says their beaks are sufficiently strong to perforate and tear off a bull's hide, and to rip out its entrails; and that a single Condor "will set upon and slay boys of ten or twelve years;" which last exaggeration, though now exploded, has found its way into our common school geographies.

Investigation has shown that the Condor is merely a large, perhaps not the largest of the vultures. "The Condor," writes Mr. Bennett, "forms the type of a genus, a second species of which is the *Vultur papa* of Linnæus, the king of the vultures of British writers. They are both peculiar to the New World, but approach in their most essential characters very closely to the vultures of the Old Continent, differing from the latter principally in the large, fleshy, or rather cartilaginous, caruncle which surmounts their beaks, in the large size of their oval and longitudinal nostrils, placed almost at the very extremity of the cere; and in the comparative length of their quill feathers, the third being the longest of the series. The most important

of these differences, the size and position of their nostrils, appears to be well calculated to add to the already highly powerful sense of smell possessed by the typical vulture, and for which the birds have been almost proverbially celebrated from the earliest ages. There is also a third species, the Californian vulture, two noble specimens of which, the only pair in Europe, are preserved in the London Zoological Society's Museum, rivaling the Condor in bulk, and agreeing in every respect with the generic characters of the group, except in the existence of the caruncle, of which they are entirely destitute.

"In size the Condor is little, if at all, superior to the Bearded Griffin, the Lämmergeyer of the Alps, with which Buffon was disposed conjecturally to confound it, but to which it bears at most but a distant relation. The greatest authentic measurement scarcely carries the extent of its wings beyond fourteen feet, and it appears rarely to attain so gigantic a size. M. Humboldt met with none that exceeded nine feet, and was assured by many credible inhabitants of the province of Quito that they had never shot any that measured more than eleven. The length of a male specimen somewhat less than nine feet in expanse was three feet three inches from the tip of the beak to the extremity of the tail; and its height, when perching with the neck partly withdrawn, two feet eight inches. Its beak was two inches and three quarters in length, and an inch and a quarter in depth when closed.

"The beak of the Condor is straight at the base, but the upper mandible becomes arched toward the point, and terminates in a strong and well curved hook. The basal half is of an ash brown, and the remaining portion, toward the point, is nearly white. The head and neck are bare of feathers, and covered with hard, wrinkled, dusky reddish skin, on which are scattered some short brown or blackish hairs. On the top of the head, which is much flattened above, and extending some distance along the beak, is attached an oblong firm caruncle or comb, covered by a continuation of the skin which invests the head. This organ is peculiar to the male. It is connected to the beak only in its anterior part, and is separated from it at the base in such a manner as to allow a free passage of the air to the large oval nostrils, which are situated beneath it at that part. Beyond the eyes, which are somewhat elongated, and not sunk beneath the general surface of the head, the skin of the neck is, as it were, gathered into a series of descending folds, extending obliquely from the back of the head over the temples, to the under side of the neck, and there connected anteriorly with a lax membrane or wattle, capable of being dilated at pleasure, like that of the common turkey. The neck is marked by numerous deep parallel folds, produced by the habit of retracting the head, in which the bird indulges when at rest. In this position scarcely any part of the neck is visible.

Round the lower part of the neck both sexes, the female as well as the male, are furnished with a broad white ruff of downy feathers, which forms the line of separation between the naked skin above and the true feathers covering the body below it. All the other feathers, with the exception of the wing coverts, and the secondary quill feathers, are of a bright black, generally mingled with a grayish tinge of greater or less intensity. In the female the wing coverts are blackish gray; but the males have their points, and

frequently as much as half their length, white. The wings of the latter are consequently distinguished from those of the female by their large white patches. The secondary quill feathers of both sexes are white on the outer side. The tail is short and wedge shaped. The legs are excessively thick and powerful, and are colored of a blueish gray, intermingled with whitish streaks. Their elongated toes are united at the base by a loose but very apparent membrane, and are terminated by long black talons of considerable thickness, but very little curved. The hinder toe is shorter than the rest, and its talon, although more distinctly curved, is equally wanting in strength, a deficiency which renders the foot much less powerful as an organ of prehension than that of any other of the large birds of the raptorial order."

The Condor is found in various parts of the vast mountain chain on the western border of the American continent, but it is most common in Peru and Chili. Its habitation is most frequently at an elevation of 10,000 or 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and there these birds are seen in groups of three or four, but never in large companies like the true vultures. Some of the mountain peaks bear names which in the Indian tongue mean Condor's Look-out, Condor's Roost and Condor's Nest. Two of them will attack a vicuna, a heifer or even a puma, and overcome it by repeated strokes of their beaks and talons. When gorged, says Humboldt, they sit sullen and sombre on the rocks; and when thus overloaded with food they will suffer themselves to be driven before the hunter rather than take wing. They do not attack men or even children, although it is admitted that two of them would be a match for a powerful man without weapons. Sir Francis Head gives an amusing account of a contest between one of his Cornish miners and a gorged Condor, which lasted an hour, and terminated in the escape of the bird.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

MY DEAR JEREMY.—I presume you are shaking the spray from your locks, and are over head and ears in love with salt water, while I am among the weeping willows in these days of hydrophobia, when water—that we cannot get at—provokes a feeling of madness. You glory in a proprietorship over which your plough passes, turning up soil that is all your own, while the nodding grain, golden and pulpy, ripens in your absence for your abundant granaries, while I cultivate this, my small patch, "a tenant at will," whose harvest of gleaming would be blown to the winds without a painstaking care and watchfulness. You are the lord of acres, while I wander around forbidden enclosures, and look upon many a Castle of Indolence longing but for a yard of ground all my own, upon which to plant a firm foot, to sound the challenge and cry—*war!* The very utterness of poverty is grandeur and riches, compared to the feeling of having the pent-up energies, which have found a full outlet in enterprise, growing fiery in inaction, and panting for room, continually battling at the heart, and knocking in vain for freedom and exercise. But if you have ever felt the utter insignificance of wealth and high advantage combined with indolence and

inactivity, and forever do-nothingness, before the godlike attributes of persevering energy and indomitable will, you have felt the pride of manhood in its full force and power. You have reaped in anticipation the rewards of high courage, of manly resolve, of personal industry and victory. You have enjoyed in your day-dreams the full fruition of assured success—and awoke to hope on, to resolve and to conquer. Consider me, my dear Jeremy, as winding myself up for the next seven years, after having run down—as having stopped, if you please, to blow; and while you are luxuriating in the surf, and shaking the briny water from your shoulders, as throwing off surfdom, with a defiant air, and a determined purpose of taking a few strides forward, to meet that "good time a coming."

Who does not love the sound of the breakers at Cape May, who has once listened to their wild melody? What a chance for love-making is the evening stroll upon the beach. On the one side the rugged bank, on which the white houses sit like a flock of wild-birds suddenly alighted, and the faint twinkle of rush-like lights dancing like fire-flies in the night air; on the other, the wild waters—and emblem of the wild unrest of the human heart—their huge waves reflecting from their sides the quiet light of the moon,

while the white-caps come trooping in, like a squadron of dragoons, with their plumes dancing, and a roar, as if the tread of an army were near, and a thousand park of artillery were booming in the distance. The music of rich voices hushed amid the uproar—the light of kind eyes sparkling with a subdued eloquence—the loved face impressively thoughtful, indicating that God has laid his hand upon the heart, and whispered amid the tumult of its worldly thoughts, “be thou still!”

It was my good fortune to see both Cape May and the Falls of Niagara, for the first time, by moonlight, and whether the hush of evening naturally associated in the mind with twilight, deepened the impressions of awe and wonder with which I gazed upon them, or to the greatness of the novelty was added through the misty twilight, a dim religious sanctity to the impression, I know not, but they have never since charmed me so much in the broad glare of day, as in the evening, with a quiet moon looking placidly down upon the flashing foam, seemingly rebuking the uproar.

The bathers, too, at mid-day, screaming like sea-birds amid the surf, with their many-colored garments dancing amid the foam—beauty floating upon the breakers as calmly as if reposing upon the virgin snow of her own pillows. Manhood breasting the billow, and riding securely far out where the huge porpoise rolls lazily along, while tiny feet go patting, and tiny hands go clapping along the shore, the very idleness and luxury of the sport impressing upon the beholder a sense of enjoyment, a feeling of relief from the work-day world, a consciousness of manhood and freedom above the value of dollars—a heart eased of the oppressiveness of brick and mortar, and open to a sense most acute of the very luxury of being idle.

If Philadelphians had made half as much of Cape May as the New Yorkers have of Saratoga, or the Yankees have of Newport, its visitors from all parts of the country would number tens of thousands; but I question whether its present character of being Philadelphia in holiday dress, let loose for a romp, does not add much to its charms. The relief from absurd ceremony, where every face is familiar. The easy, unrestrained life, the freedom of remark and retort, and the exuberant gayety of the whole company, add to the enjoyment of the place, and make it a home in a family circle greatly enlarged and full of good humor.

But, my dear Jeremy, you must have observed that at Cape May we got along comfortably, without the towering and overshadowing influence of the “upper ten thousand,” which stands up to be worshiped by the people without money or brains. It might be a serious question, how long a man may exist, with great self-complacency, without heart, or intellect, yet with a purse well lined with gold—regarding the world of men and of matter as especially made for him—the lord paramount of the soil, and of the sinews, which of right belong to his betters. Cannot some one curious in nature and philosophy, analyze one of this genus, and tell the world how the appearance of humanity can be preserved without a single attribute of it, existing life-like and active in his breast. The whole effort of this air-drawn animal appears to be to rise, to get up in society, to overlook the pigmies who toil and sweat for bread—to loose his identity in the upper circle, that he may forget his grandfather, the soap-boiler, upon whose bubbles he has been shot upward—as we expel a pea from an air-gun. Prick the bubble, and the thing vanishes into air, without leaving behind him a trace of existence of the value of a pepper-corn, and so,

—“Grows dim and dies
All that this world is proud of.”

The gifts of God are equal. He sheds upon us all the

same glorious sunlight, and gives us the same heritage of dew and showers. The air has no monopolist, but its balmy odors as kindly kiss as well the beggar as the king. The mountain stream and the mountain flower acknowledge no master but the hand that formed them. The very beast that roams over the boundless prairies, and tosses his wild mane to the breeze, snuffs in an atmosphere sanctified by its freeness. God, over all his own works sheds the benignant light of universal benevolence and goodwill. The hues of a heaven-tinted charity blend kindly together the world over—the laws of a love undistinguishing are impressed upon all nature.

It is *man*—but a handful of his mother earth—that wrongs her kind bosom, and says to his brother, stand aside, the heritage is mine—we are not equals in birth-right. I claim by pre-emption a supremacy which makes me thy master. The very purple I wear, when contrasted with the faded russet of thy poor garb, makes me thy lord. The jeweled rings of these fingers clasp thy neck, and make thee bondman. Thou shalt go at my bidding and come at my call. Thou shalt toil until thy weary bones crack, to pamper to my luxurious desires! Thou shalt not even *think* but at thy peril! By the high authority of what is called *LAW*, thou art enslaved!

By this right of *law*, how many wrongs are done, which the cold eye of day gazes on in silence, whilst hearts wrung with anguish weep on unpitied. This strong arm, when its fist clutches dollars, how terrible is it in its willingness to crush and overwhelm the unsheltered, the unbefriended, the poor, unpitied victim. But if a breast sparkling with diamonds interposes, how palsied and feeble becomes the blow—the *justice, the equity of the law*, how considerate and kind!

Yet law, according to the lawgiver, “is the perfection of reason,” which must account, I suppose, for the difficulty which the learned counsel experiences in expounding it to an “intelligent jury.” The poor thief therefore remains in profound ignorance of the equity of the decision, by which he is consigned to three years of penitence in solitary confinement, while his gayer brother in crime dashes through the streets with his carriage and scarlet housings, basking in the worship of wondering and approving eyes, his penalty for having started a bank, and *stopped it*, by which thousands of poor men lost the dollars which paid for the equipage, and furnished the viands for his pampered appetite, the meanest of which would have driven starvation from their doors. He is beyond the law. Let an hundred operatives agree in thinking that the wretched pittance for their daily labor will not suffice to feed the mouths of a half dozen famishing children, the law has its kind and protecting eye upon them at once—and if they *dare* express so infamous a sentiment, it immediately takes care of them as conspirators. But the masters of an hundred mills may openly avow their determination to close their doors and send starvation into a whole village, the law instantly closes its watchful eye, and dozes over the scene, deeming it right and proper that capital should be indulged in its absurdities.

Should John, upon the box of a gentleman’s carriage, come in contact with the hub of the humble cab of Jehu, and thereby disfigure the carriage and irritate the temper of the great owner, his honor, who may have had *dealings* with him, deals with Jehu, who is glad to get off for his five dollars, and thinks it a kindness that he is not imprisoned for the intolerable crime of John not giving an inch of the road to a vulgar cabman. When diamonds are trumps, take care of knaves.

It is a fiction of law—for even “perfect reason” has her fictions, it seems—that people who are standing at a distance in a riot, are as culpable as those who are throwing

the brickbats—and it is certain they are the more likely to be killed, probably from a humane feeling of not wishing to irritate those who are too near—and it is for this reason, we presume, that after the riot is over, a number of citizens, against whom nothing can be proved, are arrested, to assert the majesty of the law, while the real rioters and murderers are perfectly unknown to the police. The law being discriminative thus administered, as well as stringent when necessary.

Great names, which provoke a riot, or lack the nerve and manliness to suppress it, have an overshadowing influence, which awes even the majesty of the law—it

would be indecorous in *the law* to meddle with greatness, even when it is impertinent.

"La-w me!" exclaims an old lady, who has upset the contents of her frying-pan into the fire. But the poor soul little knows the calamity she invokes. It is doubtful whether fire and frying-pan would not follow, if her request were complied with. The law being at times both expensive and speedy.

"So wags the world along."

But, my dear Jeremy, I have rambled somewhat in this letter, so without more ado, I'll cur this. O. R. G.



"THE UPPER TEN" AND "THE LOWER FIGURE."

LENDER'S BOOKS.—NO. II.

By my right hand, Graham! by my right hand, which for — odd years hath traveled and travailed over much foolscap, (and under much fool's-cap quoth the fiend,) I am more and more convinced of the truth of the words of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" I have just laid aside "Mardi," (the gift of my warm-hearted friend, L. G. C., of the Knickerbocker,) it lies atop of old Du Bartas and some withered budlets of forget-me-not, and in like manner I sit with a few fragmentaries of old literature at bottom for my *primitiver*, some tender remembrances for my *secondary*, and for the *alluvial* stratum of my perieranicks (as gentle Charles hath it) these fripperies by the Author of Typee. Confound the book! there are such beautiful Aurora-flashes of light in it that you can almost forgive the puerilities—it is a great net-work of affection, with some genuine gold shining through the interstices.

Let us turn over the leaves a little—hear ye now—

"And what to me thus pining for some one to page me a quotation from Burton on Blue-Devils." V. I. p. 15.

What is *paging* a quotation?

"Anoint the ropes and they will travel deftly through the subtle windings of the blocks." p. 33.

Why not say—"apply some oleaginous substance to the ambulatory cords, and prevent the inarticulate dissonance caused by the inharmonious attrition of the flaxen fibres against the ligneous particles?"

But this passage I especially commend:

"Good old Areturion! Maternal craft, that rocked me so often in thy heart of oak, I grieve to tell how I deserted thee on the broad deep. ('Maternal craft—maternal old oak-hearted craft—maternal old oak-cradle hearted craft' is good!) So far from home, with such a motley crew, so many islands, whose heathen babble *echoing through thy Christian hull must have grated harshly on every carline*." p. 38.

"Many there are who can fall," says Martinus Scriblerius, "but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully."

How beautifully he embellishes the most commonplace ideas:

"Among savages, severe personal injuries are, for the most part, accounted but trifles. When a European would be taking to his couch in despair *the savage would disdain to recline*." p. 96.

"At Ravavai I had stepped ashore some few months previous; and now was embarked on a cruise for the whale, *whose brain enlightens the world!*" p. 1.

Jarl steals a keg of tobacco—

"From the Areturion he had brought along with him a small half keg, at bottom impacted with a solitary layer of sable Negrohead, fossil-marked, like the primary stratum of the geologists." (Ahem! primary stratum fossil-marked!) p. 68.

He surmisseth that Samoa likes to get swipesy—

"Nor did I doubt but that the Upoluan, like all Poly-nesian, much loved getting high of head; and in that state would be more intractable than a Black Forest boar."

Sometimes he breaks into hexameter:

"In the verdant glen of Ardair, far in the silent i
of Amma,
Shut in by hear old cliffs, Yillah the maiden al "

This reminds one of Evangeline—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minos, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré Lay in the fruitful valley."

Let us hexametrize another passage, and we will have done with these fopperies:

"'T is no great valor to perish sword in hand, and bravado On lip; cased all in panoply complete. For even the alligator dies in his mail, and the sword-fish never surrenders. To expire, mild-eyed, in one's bed, transcends the death [of Epam-
inondas." p. 46.

I have done with Mardi—one is reminded in reading it (after Typee) that "there is as much skill in making dikes

as in raising mounts—there is an art of *diving* as well as *flying*," and who knows but what the author, after attaining a comfortable elevation by his former works, may not have made this plunge *on purpose*, as men do who climb to the top of a high mast that they may dive the deeper.

Now do those crushed, withered budlets of forget-me-not, peeping from under the book covers, remind me of those beautiful hope-flowers that opened their pale blue eyes in the morning of my life, and bloomed and drooped—and passed away—

"How fair was then the flower—the tree!

How silver-sweet the fountain's fall!

The soulless had a soul to me!

My life its own life lent to all!

The universe of things seemed swelling

The panting heart to burst its bound,

And wandering fancy found a dwelling

In every shape, thought, deed and sound.

Germ'd in the mystic buds, reposing,

A whole creation slumbered mute;

Alas! when from the buds unclosing,

How scant and blighted sprung the fruit!"

Alas! alas! young life, and young hopes are not perennials; even in the lofty conservatories and crystal hot-houses of wealth and station they flush into a sickly existence, and then perish like the meanest flower by the wayside. Did it ever strike you how much we are alike in this particular? Every one looking back upon his past life as the shipwrecked merchant looks upon the broad sea that hath swallowed up irretrievable treasures. Do you believe that if one had the power of investing his new created babes with a course of life, that he would say, "Do as I have done—pass through my joys and my afflictions, and in the experience of my experience you will be happy!" Do you believe that any one—even the wisest, the purest, the best could say this? By my faith, I do not! And the great focal-glass of a common destiny brings down prismatic, many-hued humanity to a point hue, as a convex lens gathers and concentrates prism-bundles of light and heat from the broad disk of the sun. Human suffering is the chord universal that swells from the vibration of numberless strings.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;

This vast and universal theatre

Contains more woful pageants than the scene

Whereon we play—"

But, "Mardi" and forget-me-nots have spoiled three good sheets of foolscap, and I fear that I am too much i' the sentimental vein; let me therefore conclude with quoting a sweet little piece of philosophy, and lay aside these *lender's books* for a period.

"A swallow in the spring

Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves

Went to make a nest, and then did bring

Vet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,

With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned

Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,

And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,

Not cast down, forth from the place she flew,

With her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,

And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed

Last soft feather on its ample floor,

A wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,

And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,

Toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,

Ced, and lo! three little swallows slept

Within the earth-made walls.

Truth is her D man!
k. count in the early dawn!
A. trust or plan?

RICHARD HATWADE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Characteristics of Literature. Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Tuckerman has written many interesting books, but we think the present volume is his most attractive if not his best production. It is characterized by his usual refinement of analysis, wealth of illustration, felicity of allusion, and mellow richness of style, while in the range it evinces over widely varied provinces of thought and character, it indicates more versatility than any of his other compositions. The volume includes a discussion and representation of eleven departments of literature, through a searching examination of as many authors, each of whom is taken as the exponent of a class. Thus Channing stands for the Moralist, Sir Thomas Browne for the Philosopher, Swift for the Wit, Shenstone for the Dilettante, Charles Lamb for the Humorist, and Macaulay for the Historian. The selection of men to illustrate the subjects is, of course, not free from cavil. We should say that Burke was not exactly the man to stand as an expression of the Rhetorician, for his rhetoric, though matchless of its kind, is secondary to his philosophy. He appears to us, even as analyzed by Mr. Tuckerman, in the character of a profound, vigorous and vital thinker, and is no more a rhetorician, in any exclusive sense of the term, than Bacon, Hooker, Taylor, or even Milton. Where style is the incarnation of thought, the visible image of the mind that employs it—and this is its nature in all the greatest authors—the word rhetoric is hardly applicable to it. Macaulay is more emphatically the rhetorician than Burke.

Select Comedies; Translated from the Italian of Goldoni, Giraud and Nola. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

A volume like the present, giving the English reader a good idea of the spirit and form of Italian comedy, has long been wanted, and we have little doubt that it will be successful. To the lover of the English drama the plays may seem to lack solid character and unctuous humor; but they are still distinguished by a fertility in the invention of ludicrous incidents and positions, and a mischievous quick-footed spirit of intrigue, that no person with a sense of the comic can read them without exhilaration. The translations are, we believe, from an American pen, and appear to be well executed. Six complete comedies are given, and the translator has been fortunate in his selections both in respect to merit and variety. The two comedies of Goldoni are alone richly worth the price of the book.

Kaloolah, or Journeys to the Djebel Kumri. An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is something strange for a writer to present himself for the first time as a candidate for public favor with a volume indicating so much power and originality of mind, and such practiced talents of composition as the present. The book is a regular tale of adventures, as interesting as exciting incidents nicely told can make it, and interwoven with the story are many graphic descriptions of scenery and keen delineations of character. Considered in respect to the originality of the new vein of romance it opens, and of the narrative, we think that it will attract the attention which it will.

The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its Relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this valuable Manual is Professor of Physical Geography and History in the same institution to which Agassiz is attached, and originally delivered the present lectures in French to an audience in Boston. They have been elegantly translated by Professor Felton, of Harvard University, and are very warmly recommended by the New England Savans for their union of profundity and simplicity. The subject is one of the most important in the whole range of science, and is one in which all can take an interest, and all obtain information, as popularized by Professor Guyot. Agassiz says of the book and its author: "Having been his friend from childhood, as a fellow student in college, and as colleague in the same university, I may be permitted to express my high sense of the value of his attainments. Mr. Guyot has not only been in the best school, that of Ritter and Humboldt, and become familiar with the present state of the science of our earth, but he has himself in many instances drawn new conclusions from the facts now ascertained, and presented most of them in a new point of view. Several of the most brilliant generalizations developed in his lectures, are his; and if more extensively circulated, will not only render the study of geography more attractive, but actually show it in its true light, namely, as the science of the relations which exist between nature and man, throughout history."

The Life of Maximilien Robespierre. With Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. Lewis. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this biography is but little known in this country, and has hardly received his deserts from the critics on either side of the water. He is a clear, close, vigorous thinker, an accomplished scholar, and a nervous, condensed and brilliant, though slightly aphoristic writer. Though his ideas and style occasionally betray the influence of Carlyle, and though his English nature has been a little modified by an infusion of French metaphysics, he generally appears as an independent as well as a forcible thinker. In the present volume, though he appears largely indebted to the works of Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc, he has still produced a book original in the main, and has been especially happy in steering a middle course between those writers who have represented Robespierre as a monstrosity of malignity and cruelty, and those who have tried hard to make him appear a persecuted and virtuous patriot, whose most questionable acts sprung from exalted motives. The reader closes the book with the feeling that he has gained a better insight into the character of the immortally infamous revolutionary leader than he had before. The letters of Robespierre, which the author obtained in MS. from Louis Blanc, and the extracts from his speeches in the Convention, add much to the interest and value of the volume.

History of Maria Antonietta. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is another of Mr. Abbott's beautiful series of pocket histories, having for its subject a story so exciting and so mournful that the novelist or dramatist could hardly treat

its incidents with more pathetic effect than the chronicler who confines himself to the literal facts. The characteristic merit of Mr. Abbott's books is the knowledge they display not merely of their subjects but of the exact nature of the ignorance of the general class of readers, and this merit is well illustrated in the present volume. The French Revolution is to most minds a confused mass of terrible events without any connecting principles; but few can read its history, as far as it is presented in Mr. Abbott's simple and orderly narrative, without obtaining clearer ideas of the whole matter.

A History of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Africa, Europe and North America. By William Gammel, A. M., Professor in Brown University. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

We like the present volume for the indication it gives of the rich materials for history and biography which lie almost unused in the various records of Christian missions. All the heroic qualities developed in man and woman by religious principles and religious passions, are visible in those records to the initiated eye, but they are commonly so submerged in the affected phraseology and sectarian jargon of mediocre compilers, that they are commonly set aside as vulgar and fanatical by the general reader. Professor Gammel has written a volume in which all the worn and wasted terms of the pedants of cant are discarded, and the subject, as far as the Baptist missions are concerned, is treated in a style intelligible to all who have any perception of beauty, holiness or heroism. The work, apart from its theological character, is one of great interest and excellence.

Sacred Rhetoric; or Composition and Delivery of Sermons. By Henry J. Ripley. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

This treatise should be carefully pondered by all clergymen who have a contempt for the graces and proprieties of composition, arising from their apprehension of being interesting to their congregations. Professor Ripley has produced a searching treatise, in which, with a true critical remorselessness, he lays bare the defects of arrangement and composition most likely to beset the productions of his profession, and gives a clear statement of those principles which should guide the brain and pen of the preacher. The volume also includes Dr. Ware's admirable "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching."

History of Wonderful Inventions. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publishers of this elegantly printed volume have included it in a series called the Boy's Own Library, but its interest and value are hardly confined to youth. It is a book containing carefully written accounts of the invention of the Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, Clocks, Printing, the Telescope and Microscope, the Steam-Engine, the Electric Telegraph, and many other wonderful events in the history of the intellect. We never read a volume of this sort without giving a new and vivid impression of the grandeur of human nature, considered as possessing the powers of creation and combination.

Manual of Ancient Geography and History. By Wilhelm Pütz. Translated from the German. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Professor Green, of Brown University, is the American editor of this valuable manual, and his name is a guarantee that it has been revised and corrected with scrupulous

care. To the general student of history the volume will be of great service, as it maps out the whole ground of historical study, gives the names of the authorities for the history of each nation, and in the smallest possible space consistent with clearness, presents a view of the history, geography, religion, literature and art of all the ancient nations, European and Asiatic. The work indicates an erudition as minute as it is vast.

The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground. By the Author of *The Pilot*. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Longevity is no characteristic of novels, and Old Parr is the last name which could be applied to a hero of fiction. The romances which flare in the parlors of one year are pretty sure to repose in the cemeteries of the next. To this empirical law, Cooper's *Spy* is one of the honorable exceptions. It at once attained popularity, and it has kept it, surviving all those mutations of the public taste which, since its first appearance, have consigned so many brilliant fictions to oblivion. As an old friend in a new dress, we welcome this volume. Its value is enhanced by the revision of the author, and the addition of an introduction and notes.

A Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume is careful to write himself down an "honorable" on his title page, and the whole tone of the composition evidences that self-satisfaction which is so apt to accompany social position. Though the reader is inclined to be prejudiced against an amateur author who assumes so confident a tone, the feeling wears away as he reads the volume. It contains a great deal of information pleasantly told, has some capital sketches of curious character, and ranks among the sprightliest of recent books of travels. The American edition is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

The Adventures of Captain Bonnerville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. Digested from his Journal and Illustrated from various other sources. By Washington Irving. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This delightful work forms the tenth volume of the revised edition of Irving's works, and has for its subject a theme especially interesting at the present time, when more than ever, "westward the course of empire takes its way." We hardly know of a more felicitous partnership than that of Bonneville and Irving—one to perform the deeds of adventure which the other records.

Life in the Far West. By George Frederic Ruxton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume died at an early age, but not before he had partly fulfilled the destiny to which his talents and adventurous spirit pointed. "His adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," and the present work, indicate not merely the courage and enthusiasm of a traveler, but much felicity in transferring to other minds the objects and incidents which filled his own.

Pottleton Legacy.

This is the title of a novel, by Albert Smith, published in the cheap form of the present day, by Carey & Hart. It is a pleasant, readable, and interesting work, and will be found caustic as well as funny. The characters are well sustained and the plot well developed.





was now on a rattling quick-step, the red flannel gentleman now made a spring in the air, and then dashed out into a "heel and toe" dance, flourishing his rifle as if it had been a walking-stick, now over his head, and now on each side of him, and making every thing fairly echo with his loud and frequent whoops. He at length became the loadstone of all eyes, except those of the musicians, fairly driving these worthies in the most ungrateful manner (they being the source of his inspiration) into the shade; becoming, as it were, the centre of a circle of grinning faces, until completely tired out with his exertions, he broke away, ascended the tavern stoop, and the next moment made the bar-room ring with his vociferation for "a small pull of some of the rael grit!"

By and by the "trainers" began to appear at all points, some in groups, some singly, some by wagon loads. And one wagon came in so filled with bristling muskets, that it had the appearance of a huge steel porcupine.

The population of the surrounding country, men, women and children, commenced streaming in to gaze upon "the show," and make merry amongst themselves. A number also of the surrounding farmers and their wives came as venders of pies, cake, small beer, cider, etc., turning their wagons into shops, wheeling them under the shadows of the trees, detaching the horses, flinging at the same time quantities of hay before them, and covering the seats of the wagons with cards of yellow gingerbread, mingled with pies, carved generally into quarters, and cider barrels at the ends, with faucets resembling hooked noses. Others again had erected booths of rough boards or hemlock boughs filled with articles of consumption. I looked at one for a few moments which Aunt Betsy Lossing had (as usual) erected.

It was composed of hemlock boards, with branches of the same tree. A rude counter had been placed athwart the entrance, behind which appeared Betsy's red face and burly form, together with a boy and girl as assistants. Upon shelves were rows of casks lettered gin, brandy, whisky, etc.; on the highest shelf were two or three boxes of cigars, a dozen thick glass tumblers, and a small box of lemons, whilst below all, two barrels of cider (probably) looked out dimly from the shadow. The sunshine streamed richly in, lighting the lemons brilliantly, giving to the cigars a warm tint of brown, flashing upon the gilt letters of the casks, dancing on the glasses, and only failing to penetrate the recess where the barrels lay on their stomachs.

Still did the soldiery and country people stream in. By this time several pedlars had established their box wagons upon the grassy margins of the broad village street, and were as clamorous in their vocations as crows around a carrion.

The village was now a scene of active, noisy, bustling life. I amused myself for a short time by examining in detail the human current that flowed past my office steps. Now passed a pair of country lovers, the girl in the act of biting off a huge piece of mince pie, whilst the "he" was industriously engaged in puffing at a great black cigar, giving his rosy-cheeked sweet-

heart the benefit of the smoke gratis. Next came a little rustic maiden alone, all beflowered and beribboned like a walking milliner shop; then a young woodsman, who had scarcely ever emerged from the forest before, but who had "left the saw-mill to-day to go a trainen," sauntered past with his rusty old musket (which doubtless did service at Minisink in "granddaddy's" hands) horizontal upon his shoulder; then a rough-looking check-shirted hunter, with his rifle in his grasp, and then a bumpkin from "Strong's Settlement," with his hands deep in his pockets, his "limpeey" hat upon one side of his head, minus half the crown and the whole of the rim, and opening his gray eyes so wide as fairly to pull his mouth open.

Succeeding this interesting specimen of humanity, minced along a youthful, undersized soldier, in an old blue artillery coat, made in the Revolution, the red-striped skirts striking his heels, the breast down to his hips, and the sleeves tucked up nearly to the elbows; and next strode a brawny hero, who had crowded himself into a gray cavalry jacket, with its shadow of a skirt cocked up behind like the brush of a deer, and the breasts shrinking away nearly under his arms.

"I say there, had n't you two fellers better swap?" shouted a pedler from his box as the twain passed. "Darn me," added he, in an under tone, as they went regardless along, "if one of them are chaps do n't look loose enuff to run out of his coat like this ere old woman's cider, whilst that are other crittur is screwed up so tight that he'll sartenly bust up afore long. Howsever it's their business, not mine. HERE'S a lot of fine spoons! no Garman silver about *them*. Come, roll up, tumble up, any way to get up—come, give us a bid!" etc. etc.

The rolling of drums now announced that the time for the mustering of the different companies composing the regiment (the bloody 185th) had arrived. Lines of soldiers were soon seen scattered along the street, and the loud voices of the sergeants calling the roll were heard. There were two uniform companies attached to the regiment, beside "the troop," or light-horse company, viz., the artillery and rifle. The dress of the former was a blue jacket, with red tufts on the shoulders, and caps with red tufts in front, whilst that of the latter was a green hunting shirt fringed with black, with black plumes in their hats. The cavalry company were dressed in red coats faced and cuffed with black velvet. The rest of the regiment were clothed, some in odd uniforms, others in their every-day clothing, and presented a strange and motley array of colors and accoutrements.

The preliminaries being gone through, the arduous duty of forming the companies into line was now to be accomplished. A great stir was at this instant discernible amongst the crowd before Wiggins's steps, and shortly I observed the figures of several officers waving and glittering with feathers and tinsel rising above the surface of heads as they mounted their prancing steeds. Spurring them through the throng, they succeeded after a while in clearing a long space and extending the breadth of the village street. The word was then given to form the line, and amidst the loud orders of the officers I could see the different

squads arranging themselves into marching order. A few minutes elapsed, and then arose a din sufficient to drive one crazy, and yet of the most ludicrous character. Each company was furnished with its own drum and fife, and, in some instances, bass-drum and cymbals. The three or four companies near me commenced marching in columns at nearly the same moment, their respective bands striking up at the same time, each playing its own tune. The effect was laughable in the highest degree. "Hail Columbia" had its slow heels tripped up completely by the *pirouettes* of "Yankee Doodle;" the "Girl I left behind me" and "Miller's Quick Step," locked themselves together in a perfect wrestling match, first one down, then the other—now a bar struggling convulsively, then a strain nearly throttled; then high and low notes, tug and tug, heard alternately, the whole at last mingling itself up into the strangest entanglement possible—a maelstrom, so to speak, of whirling music. A bass-drum would thunder down, breaking the back at a stroke of a long roll proceeding from a tenor one near by, whilst another of the latter species would rub-a-dub right into a pair of cymbals, and scatter their silver clashings into an entire route. New tunes would be constantly arriving as the distant companies came marching up to give fresh life to the wrangling discord, whilst to add to the uproar, the whole pack of peddlers, amounting to nearly a dozen, had given tongue at the first hurly-burly of the music, bursting out, as it were, in full cry. "*Here's* your fine penknives, all a going at onst," shouted a tall, ram-rod looking fellow, with a knob of a hat, and a nose that seemed stretching out on purpose to scent a good bargain. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," bawled another, with a white broad-brim so weak and slouchy as to look as if about to faint away off his head. "How much for this splendid necklace!" yelled another, in a higher key, with the rim of his beaver cocked fiercely in front, and with a patch in the back of his coat, as though he had an eye there to look after his articles in that direction. "Come, gentlemen, can't wait, onst, twice! wont you say sixpence more!" said a fourth, sinking from a shout gradually down to a coaxing whine, whilst a fifth, with straight, black hair and saturnine complexion, giving him quite a sanctimonious look, let his tongue run on in chase of "a penny, a penny, a penny, a penny," with the perseverance of a bloodhound.

Elevated on one of the wagons was a member of the light-horse company. He had taken the post as a matter of joke, and was now holding up the different articles for sale with a merry smile on his face, and every now and then winking to the crowd as if to remind them what a capital jest his being there was. The pedler himself in the meanwhile, with an apple of a face perched upon a bean-pole of a form, was with great *nonchalance* seated upon his box, evidently quite content that the light-horseman should do the work, and he sit by and receive the profits. So exciting and pleasant did the soldier find his self-imposed task, so elated by the possession of this new accomplishment, which had remained undeveloped even to himself until now, and so intoxicated with the flattery which the laughter of the throng at his jokes offered,

that he continued there all day, incurring a fine for non-attendance at the parade.

At the next "General Training" I saw the same fellow. Turned topsy-turvy by his success, he had abandoned his farm and "took to peddlen" on his own hook. But what a difference. Interested now in the occupation personally, and having the "keenest sort" of an eye to the profits, his selling was no longer a joke. The merry glance was replaced by a look of care, his dashing, off-hand manner was exchanged for an eager, beseeching air, his jokes were few and evidently forced; in short, in making his amusement his trade, he had made himself a very poor pedler.

What became of him I don't know, but I heard casually once that he had after a while betaken himself again to his little farm, (which he had mortgaged to obtain his fitting out as a pedler,) quite broken-spirited and out at elbows.

Foremost in the tempest of martial music, towering, as it were, the very genius of the scene, was Joe Lippett. Joe was a capital hand at a fife, his long chin serving as a resting-place for the instrument. He was therefore engaged to play for half a dozen companies. It was a sight to see him. Marching forward with immense strides, his puckered lips and promontory-like chin forming a deep nook into which his fife was thrust, he sent forth his piercing notes like a north-wester. After escorting a company "into line," he would vanish, and in a minute would be seen at the head of another, blowing away like Tophet, and after performing the same service to it, *presto!* his shrill music would be heard, and his legs and chin seen coming from a different quarter.

At last, after great exertions, involving vast displays of horsemanship, and large, particularly guttural, words of command, continual risings in their stirrups, and occasional looks of deep ferocity, the junior officers of the day succeeded in getting the regiment into line, as it is called in military parlance, but in fact into a curve, as the middle sagged a good deal inward. Still it presented something of a front, and along it the young officers went into violent spasms of dexterous riding, spurring their horses and curbing them tightly at the same time, thus causing them to advance backward, as it were, and perform feats with their hoofs, somewhat dangerous to the pie-eating and cider-drinking spectators.

At length I discovered the cause of this great display by the youthful gods of war, by happening to observe them glancing at the windows opposite, where I discovered their dulcineas looking at the whole affair with immense interest.

It was amusing to note the various aspects of the soldiers composing the line. One had a nose like a triangle, another as if an oblong piece of dough had hit him in the face, and had clung there; the next had a little pair of eyes flying about as if anxious to hide away in their sockets, whilst the next appeared so determined to stare with his great goggle eyes that he seemed to suppose to wink would be time wasted. Here was a mouth with the corners turned up into a sculptured grin; there was another turned down, as if with a perpetual colic. Here were cheeks rounded

out as if blowing a trumpet, whilst there were others so fallen in, that they seemed glued to their side teeth. In short, there was no end to the differences in the physiognomies of the "citizen soldiery," as that patriotic and intellectual portion of our people, the politicians, (those particularly who wish to go to the "legislator,") term them.

A file of men was now detached for the standard of the regiment—a great blue thing, as large nearly as a ship's top-sail. The men were paraded in front of the tavern steps—the standard appeared on the stoop—a flourish of drum and fife—the standard waved, then descended, and borne by little Billy Waddle, went gayly to its appointed place under the inspiriting influence of a favorite quick step.

The reception of the colonel was now also gone through, and he rode in very stiff dignity, with his legs sticking out on each side of his steed, very much like a pair of open compasses, toward the line, with his peacock tail of a staff trailing behind him. Taking, then, his station, with his horse (tickled constantly by the spur) making uneasy motions, as if itching all over, he gave utterance to a few shouts, made hoarse for the occasion, which were followed by convulsions of carrying, presenting, and supporting arms, on the part of the soldiers, some together, and some not, just as it happened. Preparations were then made for the march to the village-green, where the exercises of the day were to take place. The music was all collected in front, and the order was given to wheel into platoons. Each man performed this manœuvre at his own time and "on his own responsibility," and consequently such a fluttering took place as to throw the whole scene into confusion. The feat was, however, at last performed, the drums began to mark time—the men ditto, (after a fashion,) and the order from the colonel was, "by platoons, march!" the last word uttered with most tremendous emphasis. The order was taken up and sent along from company to company in every variety of tone, from a growl to a squeak, ending at last like a faint echo at the extremity of the array. The whole regiment then moved, the drums still keeping up their preliminary tapping. At length the music burst out into a terrific explosion of sound, and onward marched the martial pageant. The sight was ludicrous enough. Some had started with the right foot foremost, and were entangling their legs in the most unjustifiable way, with those of their neighbors, endeavoring to change to the left foot; some, owing to the extreme tightness of their belts, (these were principally in the uniform companies,) hitched along as if their hips went on rusty hinges, and others, owing either to the want of a musical ear, or recklessness, sauntered along in their natural gait, which did not happen to suit the air, and consequently carried disorder along the whole rank. In the former class was a little irascible-looking fellow, who, starting the wrong way and endeavoring to get right, and who being met in his efforts at precisely the wrong times by a lank genius next him, kept hopping testily from one foot to the other, whilst his companion did the same at alternate moments, until the legs of both went backward and forward like a quick cat's-cradle. On

swept the array, the colonel looking sterner than forty Napoleons on a field of battle. Conspicuous in the front rank of "the music" was Joe Lippett, chinning his fife, whilst amidst a row of drums came my friend with the red feather, working his mouth in the most emphatic manner, and looking down upon his instrument as if he thought that the withdrawal of his eyes would cause an instant paralysis of his sticks.

Then followed the artillery and rifle companies, and in the midst of the regiment, who should appear but little Billy Waddle, staggering up under the enormous regimental standard. Billy, in being the bearer of the silken honor, had allowed his ambition to run away with his discretion. He was evidently supplying his strength from the very depths of his despair, humoring in a variety of ways the blue flaunting tyrant which held him completely under control, bracing against its frequent lurches with efforts that made him grin like a death's-head, and struggling up convulsively as it plunged downward with pitchings and totterings worthy an animal afflicted with the blind staggers.

With wonderful efforts, however, he continued to keep the flag somewhat in order, until he arrived opposite my office. A beautiful basswood was growing there, on the outer verge of the side-walk, and spreading its broad branches considerably over the street. The regiment swept underneath these branches in its progress upward to the village-green. Billy saw the impediment and lowered his standard. He did it, however, with such quick effort, that he lost all control over its descending weight, which pitched the luckless manikin forward so irresistibly that the steel points of the staff struck with somewhat of an emphasis right into the calf of Jim Thompson's leg, who happened to be marching directly before. Never shall I forget Jim's hop on the occasion, or the terrified look he cast backward. It appeared as if he thought that the rear rank had suddenly taken it into their heads to charge bayonet upon those in front, and that he was to be the first victim. But his look changed as he perceived the cause, and the glance of contempt and vexation which he shot at poor Billy, as he commenced limping along rubbing the offended part, was ludicrous in the extreme.

The regiment now arrived at the green, where it was to be inspected. The Inspector was an imperturbable, square-built Dutchman, bestriding a horse as imperturbable and donkey-like as himself. He now appeared upon the ground, as the regiment, after performing half the circuit of the green, was halted in the order it had marched.

Dismounting, the inspector gravely commenced his task. Moving from man to man, he examined the musket and other accoutrements of each, the inspected bringing his piece to a present with a quick jerk as the inspector presented himself, and the latter trying the lock with a sharp click, and making the ramrod jump with a keen jingle in the barrel. Occasionally, some piece, loaded by its wag of an owner, would explode with a loud report as the inspector drew trigger, followed by a great snickering and chuckling on the part of those near by, but the inspector never relaxed his heavy muscles for a moment. Thus he went from

man to man, and rank to rank, until the whole process was completed.

In the meanwhile the music had gathered in a cluster at a little distance, surrounded by the boys and "loafers" of the village. Now and then the muffled sound of a tattoo, beat upon the cords of the drum, arose, with the comic squeak of a fife accompanied by loud laughter from the idlers around, and sometimes a single "boom" from a blow upon the bass-drum.

But the inspector, having left his last man, the word "attention the whole," was loudly sounded, and the scene was changed in an instant. Those who had been lounging "at ease" upon their guns, stood erect and soldier-like—those seated upon the grass sprung to their places—the band hurried to its station at the head, and, in a short time the whole regiment was in marching order.

The time had now arrived to pass in review before the colonel. With his staff upon either hand, that redoubtable hero had now stationed himself at the head of the green for the regiment to march past him. The command of "march" was given, the music struck up, and the regiment moved. Playing most obstreperously, the band passed the colonel, who sat, chapeau in hand, and then fell upon one side. The sight now became comic. The officers as they approached, prepared with great solemnity and very apparent consciousness of the importance of the manœuvre, to salute with their swords the puissant presence of the commandant, and the "rank and file" to perform the same ceremony with their presented guns. The first officer, who was a captain from the wilds of Lumberland, was so taken up by the immensity of the act he was to perform, that he forgot to perform it at all until quite past the colonel. Remembering himself then, in his nervous hurry, he brought his sword up so quickly to his face that he knocked his hat off, and stooping to recover it, he received such an impetus from his front rank, who were too intent upon their part of the performance to see any thing, that he was pitched without ceremony, in the most headlong and sprawling manner, after his hat.

The next officer was but a little more fortunate. He had witnessed the performance of his predecessor, and being nervous, was thrown into a considerable flurry thereby. Determined not to be caught in the predicament of delaying his manœuvre, he went to the opposite extreme. Miscalculating his time in his agitation, and seeing the colonel's eye fixed upon him, he, some distance before he reached that functionary, brought his sword up with a great flourish, and saluted. By the time he reached the colonel, his part was, of course, performed, and the air of sneaking and deprecating consciousness with which he slunk past was so marked, as to cause a smile even upon the grim features of the commandant himself. After this, things went on pretty well, until a tall, awkward, rawboned lieutenant, who "tended saw-mill for a liven" on the Sheldrake Brook, approached the colonel. Fixing his eyes on his officer, he thrust his sword out horizontally, as if to charge bayonet. Not seeing where he was going, so intent was he upon his staring, that, meeting with some obstruction, he stumbled, pitched forward,

and before he could recover himself, he had run his sword half way into the soft turf of the green, with the hilt striking against his breast with an emphasis that made him gasp like a frog in an exhausting receiver. He was the last officer, and with this interesting exhibition of soldierly grace and dignity, the ceremony closed. The colonel clapped his chapeau on his head, and, attended by his staff, once more took his place in the regiment, and, after a short march, the order was given to form a "hollow square," for prayer and a speech from the judge advocate. After considerable trouble the square was formed, with all the officers in the middle. The prayer was offered by the "learned and pious" Dr. Stubborthought, and at the conclusion, the colonel proclaimed, in a pompous tone, that the judge advocate would now commence his address. Instantly this functionary spurred from the side of his superior to perform this duty. He was an ambitious young sprig of the law, always on the look-out for distinction, and seeking where he could make a speech turn up with all the keenness and avidity of a hound on the track of a deer. He was withal very irascible. With his usual ambition, he had now selected the most fiery and run-away steed in the village, being convinced that he was as good a horseman as he was a speaker, and that, let me tell you, is saying a great deal. Direct upon his announcement, as before observed, he made his way in the midst of the square, and endeavored to settle himself in his saddle to commence his address. But this was more difficult than he imagined. Having given a severer dig with his spur into the side of his animal than the latter bargained for or relished, it began to testify its anger by a series of prancings and curvettings decidedly more ornamental than either useful or agreeable. Grasping his bridle, however, firmly, and knowing that delay in endeavoring to soothe his horse might ruin his speech, the youngster, after giving birth to a loud preliminary h-e-m, commenced.

"Fellow-soldiers, (whoe, Jim,) I appear before ye, (whoe, I say,) on this occasion to address you briefly upon the duties of the citizen soldiery of our country. The duty of defending our homes and firesides, (whoe, whoe, you brute you,) our homes and firesides, (whoe, you rascal,) homes and, (well, I never saw such a devilish creature in my life, whoe, I say,) homes and firesides is a paramount duty. Who—would—evade—it! Who—wou-wou-wou-wou-would, (whoe, whoe, who-o-o-e—you most infernal of all devils,) who would sh-h-sh-hun or fly—here the question bolted out at broken intervals, occasioned by the thumping in his saddle from the prancing of his excited horse, was to the great horror of the square, answered practically by the questioner himself. If no body else would fly he, or rather his steed, showed that he would. Giving a tremendous leap, Spitfire (the horse's name, and a capital one, too,) broke through an opening in the square and "rattle-te-clatter," (as Loafing Joe, in describing the scene afterward to a knot of the village young men in Wiggins's bar-room said,) the way he streaked it over the green, was nothen to nobody's folks. He went like a shot from a shovel past Old Cheese's as if he was a goon to pitch right into John

P.'s donyard. But old Spitfire catty-cornered round so quick that "little Blackberry" (the rider's nickname in the village, from his dark complexion,) swung sideways like old Lummoicks when he 's slewed, and then, Lordjersees Massies, if he did n't slap it down the turnpike in a hurry, with little Blackberry a hold of the mane, and a grinning like a wild-cat, you may say to my face that I'm a liar, that's all. However, Spitfire could n't git past Wiggins's, no how you can fix it, for he 's eat too many oats there, so he gives another sheer so that little Blackberry's right leg stuck out like a pump-handle, and bolt he went under the shed, and brought up all standen. Little Blackberry pitched into the manger, and the hoss began to eat hay as if nothen had been the matter, and that, boys, is the eend on 't. Who's a goen to treat !"

In the meanwhile, the regiment had been again arranged in marching order, and with a blithsome quickstep, had left the green, swept up the little village to its outskirts, and then turning, was now on its way back to its starting place before Wiggins's tavern-

porch. A cloud of dust gave token to those at the porch that the martial show was approaching. The piercing fife—the rub-a-dub of the drum—and the deep blows of the bass-drum, were next heard; the arms broke glistening from the dusty cloud—down came the column with its hasty tread, and fronted before the tavern in one long line. After a few words of command, the magic words, "you're dismissed," sounded upon the air, and with a wild hurrah, the ranks broke into scrambling confusion, and "General Training" was ended. Wagon after wagon filled with the soldiery, rattled away; throng after throng of those on foot hurried off by the numerous roads leading into the adjacent country, and at sunset, the village had once more relapsed into its customary quiet. So have we seen a pool, shaken by a breeze, tossing its waters in confusion, and then calming itself into its usual tranquillity, uniting the scattered fragments of rock, tree and sky, again into the soft, reflected picture of its quiet and beautiful mirror.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

SWEET little flower,
That hang'st thy fair and modest head
Beneath the shower,
And bendest o'er thy parent bed,
As mourning for thy sisters dend—
Oh ! smile again—the storm has fled.

Ah ! who could break
Thy tender stem, so very fair,
So very weak—
To deck his breast, to perish there,
Beneath the coldly piercing air,
Of harsh neglect, regret, despair ?

Nay, droop not so—
No ruthless hand shall touch thee here—
No, gentlest, no—
I 'll hide thee where, devoid of fear,
Thou 'lt bloom, to one lone heart most dear,
Nor ruder love than mine be near.

And I will leave
All other cares, and steal to see,
At morn and eve,
Mine own lov'd flowret's purity—
For I alone shall smile on thee,
And thou alone shalt smile on me

And when thou 'rt gone
And all thy sweetness buried deep,
And I alone—
Still will I in my fond heart keep
Thy memory green, and come to weep,
Where thou, my loved one, shalt sleep.

And soon, dear flow'r,
Ah, very soon I 'll follow thee—
My little hour
Of fated life must quickly flee—
Then cold and lone my grave shall be,
Without a tear—oh ! not like thee.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

"Good-night !" the words were spoken, and we parted,
I to my lonely home, to muse on thee,
With spirit bowed and saddened, broken-hearted—
And *thou*, to dreams of joy—but not of me.

"Good-night !" how very coldly it was spoken ;
But those loved tones are lingering near me yet,

And though of tenderness they bring no token,
I would not, if I had the power, forget.

"Good-night !" and happy, dearest, be thy morrow—
From gloom and sadness be thy future free ;
Be mine alone the darkness and the sorrow—
For where *thou* art not, all is night to me.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;
OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 91.)

THE morning was still very young, and the sun, which was but just beginning to rise above the brow of the eastern hill, poured his long, yellow rays, full of a million dusty notes, in almost level lines down the soft, green slopes, diversified by hundreds of cool purple shadows, projected far and wide over the laughing landscape, from every tree and bush that intercepted the mild light.

The dews of the preceding night still clustered unexhaled, sparkling like diamonds to the morning beams, on every leaf and flower; a soft west wind was playing gently with the thousands of bright buds and blossoms which decked the pleasant gardens; and the whole air was perfumed with the delicate fragrance of the mignonette and roses, which filled the luxuriant parterres. The hum of the reveling bees came to the ear with a sweet domestic sound, and the rich carol of the blackbird and the thrush came swelling from the tangled shrubberies, full fraught with gratitude and glee.

It was into such a scene, and among such sights and sounds, that the young free-trader wandered forth from the tranquillity and gloom of the sick chamber in which he had spent a sleepless night; but his mind had been too deeply stirred by his conversation with Sir Miles St. Aubyn, and chords of too powerful feeling had been thrilled into sudden and painful life, to allow him to be penetrated, as he might have been in a less agitated hour, by the sweet influences of the time and season.

Still, though he was unconscious of the pleasant sights and sounds and smells which surrounded him, as he strolled slowly through the bowery walks of the old garden, they had more or less effect upon his perturbed and bitter spirit; and his mood became gradually softer, as he mused upon what had passed within the last hour, alone in that bright solitude.

Wild and impetuous and almost fierce by nature, he had brooded from his very boyhood upward over his real and imaginary wrongs, until the iron had so deeply pierced his soul, that he could see nothing but coldness, and hostility, and persecution in the conduct of all around him, with the exception of his old student uncle and his sweet Theresa. Ever suspecting, ever anticipating injury and insult, or at least coldness and repulsion from all with whom he was brought into contact, he actually generated in the breasts of others the feelings which he imputed to them all unjustly. Accusing the world of injustice or ere it was unjust, in the end he made it to be so indeed; and then hated it, and railed against it, for that which it had never dreamed of, but for his own fantastic waywardness.

It was unfortunate for Durzil, that the good man,

into whose care he had fallen, ever of a philosophical and studious, nay, even mystic disposition, had become, since the sad fate of his beloved sister, and the early death of a yet dearer wife, so wholly visionary, so entirely given up to the wildest theorizing, the most abstruse and abstract metaphysical inquiries, that no one could have been devised less fitting for the guardian and instructor of a high-spirited, hot-headed, fiery boy than he was.

The consequence of this was, as it might have been expected, that disgusted early with the strange sorts of learning which the old man persisted in forcing into him against the grain, and discontented with the stillness and deathlike tranquillity of all around him, the boy ran away from his distasteful home, and shipped for the India voyage in a free-trader, half merchantman, half-picaroon, before he had yet attained his thirteenth year. In that wild and turbulent career, well suited to his daring and contemptuous spirit, he had, as he himself expressed it, become hardened and inured not to toils and sufferings only, but to thoughts and feelings, habits and opinions, which perhaps now could never be eradicated from his nature, of which they had become, as it were, part and parcel.

When he returned, well nigh a man in years, and quite a man in stature, and perhaps more than most men in courage, resource, coolness and audacity, old Allan, to whom he had written once or twice, apprising him that he had adopted the sea as his home and his profession, received him with a hearty welcome, and with few or no inquiries as to the period during which he had been absent.

Thereafter, he came and went as he would, unasked and unheeded. When he was ashore, the cottage by the fords of Widecomb was his home; and his increasing wealth—for he had prospered greatly in his adventurous career—added materially to the comforts of old Allan's housekeeping. His life was, therefore, spent in strange alternations; now amid the wildest excitement—the storm, the chase, the fierce and frantic speculation, the perilous and desperate fight, the revelry, the triumph, and the booty; and now, in the calmest and most peaceful solitude, amid the sweetest pastoral scenery, and with the loveliest and most innocent companion that ever soothed the hot and eager spirit of erring and impetuous man, into almost woman's softness.

And hence it was, perhaps, that Durzil Bras-de-fer had, as it were, two different natures—one fierce, rash, bitter, scornful, heedless of human praise or human censure, pitiless to human sorrow, reckless of human life, merciless, almost cruel—the other generous, and

soft, and sympathetic, and full of every good and gentle impulse.

And it was in the latter of these only, that Theresa Allan knew him.

It must not be supposed, from what I have written that Durzil was a pirate, or a buccaneer—far from it. For though, at times, he and his comrades assumed the initiative in warfare, and smote the Spaniards and the Dutchmen, and the French unsparingly, beyond the Line, and made but small distinction between the *meum* and the *tuum*, especially if the *tuum* pertained to the stranger and the papist, still neither public opinion, nor their own consciences condemned them—they were regarded, as Cavendish, and Raleigh, and Drake, and Frobisher and Hawkins had been, a reign or two before, as bold, headlong adventurers; perhaps a little lawless, but on the whole, noble and daring men, and were esteemed in general rather an ornament than a disgrace to their native land.

As men are esteemed of men, such they are very apt to be or to become; and, having the repute of chivalrous spirit, of generosity and worth, no less than of dauntless courage, and rare seamanship, the adventurous free-traders of that day held themselves to be, in all respects, gentlemen, and men of honor; and holding themselves so, for the most part they became so.

It was, therefore, by no means either wonderful or an exception to a rule, that Durzil Bras-de-fer should have been such as I have described him, awake to gentle impulses, alive to good impressions, easily subject to the influences of the finest female society, and in no respect a person either from his habits, his tastes, or his profession to be rejected by men of honor, or eschewed by women of refinement.

And now, as he followed slowly on the steps of his beautiful cousin, the young man was more alive than usual to the higher and nobler sensibilities of his mind. The information which he had gained concerning his own father's feelings, at the moment of his death, had greatly softened him, and it began to occur to him—which was, indeed, true—that he might have been during his whole life conjuring up phantoms against which to do battle, and attributing thoughts and actions to the world at large, of which the world might well be wholly innocent.

Up to this moment, although he had long been aware of his constantly increasing passion for his fair cousin, he had rested content with the mild and sisterlike affection which she had ever manifested toward him; and, having been ever her sole companion, ever treated with most perfect confidence and sympathy, having found her at all times charmed to greet his return, and grieved at his departure; knowing, above all things, that at the very worst he had no rival, and that her heart had never been touched by any warmer passion than she felt toward himself, he had scarcely paused to inquire even of himself, whether he was beloved in turn, much less had he endeavored to penetrate the secrets of her heart, or to disturb the calm tenor of her way by words or thoughts of passion.

Now, however, the words, the questions of the old cavalier had awakened many a doubt in his soul; and with the doubt came the desire irrepressible to envisage

his fate, to learn and ascertain, once and for all, whether his lot was to be cast henceforth in joy or in sorrow; whether, in a word, he was to be a wanderer and an outcast, by sea and by land, unto his dying day, or whether this very hour was to be to him the commencement of a new era, a new life.

Now, as he walked forth in the beautiful calm morning, in that old, pleasant garden, which had been the scene of so much peaceable and innocent enjoyment, he felt himself at once a sadder and a better man than he had ever been before; and while determined to delay no longer, but to try his gentle cousin's heart, he was supported by no high and fiery hope; he seemed to have lost, he knew not how or wherefore, that proud heaven-reaching confidence, which was wont to count all things won while they were yet to win, still less did his heart kindle and blaze out with that preconceived indignation at the idea of being unappreciated or neglected, which would a few hours before have goaded him almost to frenzy.

I have written much of his character to little purpose, if it be not plain that humility was the frame of mind least usual to the youthful seaman, yet now, for once, he was humble. He had discovered, for the first time in his life, that he had erred grossly in his estimate of others, and was beginning to suspect that that false estimate had led him far away from true principles, true conceptions; he was beginning, in a word, to suspect that he was himself *less* sinned against than sinning; and that his was, in fact, a very much misguided and distempered spirit.

He clasped his brow closely with a feverish and trembling hand, as he walked onward slowly, pondering, with his whole soul intent upon the future and the past. He was inquiring of himself, "Does she, can she love me?" and he could make no answer to his own passionate questioning. While he was in this mood, bending his steps toward the favorite bower wherein he half hoped half feared to find Theresa, a soft voice fell upon his ear, and a light hand was laid upon his arm, as he passed the intersection of another shady walk with that through which he was strolling.

"Good-morrow, Durzil," said the young girl, merrily. "I never thought to see you out so early in the garden; but I am glad that you are here, for I want you. So come along with me at once, and tell me if it be not a nest of young nightingales which I have found in the thick syringa bush beside my arbor. Come, Durzil, don't you hear me? Why what ails you, that you look so sad, and move so heavily this glorious summer morning? You are not ill, are you, dear Durzil?"

"Dear Durzil," he repeated, in a low, subdued tone. "Dear Durzil! I would to God that I were dear to you, Theresa—that I were dear to any one."

So singular was the desponding tone in which he spoke, so strange and unwonted was the cloud of deep depression which sat on his bold, intelligent brow, that the young girl stared at him in amazement, almost in alarm.

"You are ill," she cried, in tones of affectionate anxiety; "you must be ill, or you would never speak so strangely, so unkindly; or is it only that you are

overdone with watching by that poor youth's sick bed? Yet no, no, that can never be, you who are so strong and so hardy. What is it, dearest cousin? Tell me, what is it makes you speak so wildly—would that you *were* dear to me! why, if not you, *you* and my good, kind father, who on the face of the wide earth is dear to poor Theresa! That you were dear to any one! You, whom my father looks upon and loves as his own son; you, whose companions hold you as almost more than mortal—for have I not marked the inscriptions on your sabre's guard, and on the telescope they gave you? You, who have saved the lives of so many fellow mortals; you, to whom those ladies, rescued at Darien from the bloodthirsty Spaniards, addressed such glowing words of gratitude and love; you, cousin Durzil, *you*, who are so great, so brave, so wise, so skillful, and above all, so generous and kind; *you* talk of wishing you were dear to any one! Good sooth! you must be dreaming, or you are bewitched, gentle Durzil."

"If I be," he replied with a smile, for her high spirits and gay enthusiasm aroused him from his gloomier thoughts, and began to enkindle brighter hopes in his bosom, "if I be, thou, Theresa, art the enchantress who has done it."

"Ay! now you are more like yourself; but tell me," she said, caressingly, what was it made you sad and dark but now?"

"Only this, dear Theresa, that I am again about to leave you."

"To leave us—to leave us so soon and so suddenly, Why you have been here but three little weeks, which have passed like so many days, and when you came you said that you would stay with us till autumn. Oh, dear! my father will be so grieved at your going. You do not know, you do not dream how much he loves you, Durzil. He is a different person altogether when you are at home—so much gayer, and more sociable! Oh! wherefore must you leave us so quickly, and after so long an absence, too, as your last? Oh, truly, it is unkind, Durzil."

"And you, Theresa, shall you be sorry?"

"I will not answer you," she replied, half petulantly, half tearfully. "It is unkind of you to go, and doubly unkind of you to speak to me thus. What have I done to you now, what have I ever done to you, that you should doubt my being sorry. Are not you the only friend, the only companion I have got in the wide world? Are you not as near and dear to me, as if you were my own brother? Do not I love you as my brother, even as my father loves you as his son? Ah, Durzil! if you are never less loved than you are by poor Theresa Allan, you will ne'er need to complain for lack of loving."

And she burst into tears as she ended her rapid speech; for she did not comprehend in the least at what he was aiming, and her innocent and artless heart was wounded by what she fancied to be a doubt of her affection.

"And if you feel so deeply the mere temporary absence which my profession forces on me, Theresa, how, think you, should you feel were that absence to be eternal?"

"Eternal!" she exclaimed, turning very pale. "Eternal! What do you mean by eternal?"

"It may well be so, Theresa; and yet it rests with yourself, after all, whether I go or not—and yet be sure of this, if I do go, I go forever."

"With *me*—does it rest with *me*?" she cried joyously. "Oh! if it rests with me, you will not go at all—you will never go any more. I am always in terror while you are absent; and the west wind never blows, howling as it does over these desolate bare hills, with its mournful, moaning voice, which they say is the very sound of a spirit's cry, but it conjures up to my mind all dread ideas of the tremendous rush and roar of the mountain billows upon some rock-bound leeward coast, as I have heard you tell by the cheerful hearth; and of stranded vessels, creaking and groaning as their huge ribs break asunder, and of corpses weltering on the ruthless waves; oh! such dread day-dreams! If it rest with me, go you shall not, Durzil, ever again to sea. And why should you? You have won fame enough, and glory and wealth more than enough to supply your wants so long as you live. Why should you go to sea again, dear Durzil?"

"I will *not* go again, Theresa, if such seriously be your deliberate desire."

"If such seriously be my deliberate desire!" the fair girl repeated the words after him, with a sort of half solemn drollery. Was it the native instinct of the female heart, betraying itself in that innocent and artless creature, scarcely in years more than a child—the inborn, irrepressible coquetry of the sex, foreseeing what was about to follow from the young man's lips, yet seeking all unconsciously to delay the avowal, to protract the uncertainty, the excitement, or was it genuine, unsuspecting innocence? "You are most singularly solemn," she continued, "this fine morning, Durzil, wondrously serious and deliberate; and so, as you are so precise, I must, I suppose, answer you likewise in due set form. Of course, it is my desire to have the company of one whom I esteem and love, of one to whom I look up for countenance and protection, of my only relative on earth, except my dear old father, as much as I can have it, with due regard to his interests and well-being. My father is getting very old, too, and infirm; and at times I fancy that his mind wanders. I cannot fail, therefore, to perceive that he needs a more able and energetic person near him than I am. I can, moreover, see no good cause why you should persist in following so perilous and stormy a profession, unless it be that you love it. Therefore, as I have said, of *course*, if it rest with me to detain you, I would do so—but always under this proviso, that it were with your own good will; for I confess, dear Durzil, that I fear, if you were detained against your wish, if you still pant for the strong excitement the stormy rapture, as I have heard you call it, of the chase, the battle, and the tempest, you *never* could be happy here, whatever we might do to please you. Now, Durzil, seriously and deliberately, you are answered."

"I could be happy here. I am weary of agitation and excitement. I feel that I have erred—that the path I have taken leads not to happiness. I want

tranquillity, repose of the heart, above all things—love!"

"Then do not go—then I say positively, Durzil, dear Durzil, stay with us—you can find all there here."

"Are you sure—all of them?"

"Sure? Why, if not here in this delicious, pastoral, simple country, in this dear cottage, with its lovely garden and calm waters, where in the world should you find tranquillity, if not here, in the midst of your best friends, in the bosom of your own family, where should you look for love?"

"Therea, there be more kinds of love than one—and that I crave is not cold, duteous, family affection."

Now, for the first time, it seemed that the young man's meaning broke clearly upon her mind; now a sudden and bright illumination burst upon all that seemed strange and wild and inconsistent in his conduct, in his speech, in his very silence. Unsuspected before, it was now evident to her at once that deep, overmastering passion was the cause to which she must refer all that had been for some time past to her an incomprehensible enigma in her cousin's demeanor.

And now that she was assured, for the first time in her life, that she was really, deeply, ardently beloved—not as a pretty, childish playmate, not as an amiable and dear relative, but as herself, for herself, a lovable and lovely woman, how did the maiden's heart respond to the great revelation?

Elevated on the instant from the girl to the woman, a strange and thrilling sense, a sort of moral shock affected her whole system—was it of pleasure or of pain?

It has been often said, and I presume said truly, that no woman—no, not the best and purest, the most modest and considerate of their sex—ever receive a declaration of love from any man, even if the man himself be distasteful to her, even if the love he proffer be illicit and dishonest, without a secret and instinctive sense of high gratification, a consciousness of power, of triumph, a pride in the homage paid to her charms, a sort of gratitude for the tribute rendered to her sex's loveliness. She may, and will, repulse the dishonorable love with scorn and loathing, yet still, though she may spurn the worthless offering, and heap reproach upon the daring offerer, still she will be half pleased by the offer—if it be only that she has had the power, the pleasure—for all power is pleasure—of rejecting it. She may, and will, gently, considerately, sympathetically decline the honest offers of a pure love which she cannot reciprocate or value as it should be valued; but even if he who made the tender be repulsive, almost odious, still she must be gratified, perhaps almost grateful for that which he has done.

To a young girl more especially, just bursting from the bud into the bloom of young womanhood, scarce conscious yet that she is a woman, scarcely awake to the sense of her own powers, her own passions—a creature full of vague, shadowy, mysterious fancies, strange uncomprehended thoughts, and half perceived desires, there is—there must be something of wondrous influence, of indescribable excitement in the receiving a first declaration.

And so it was with Therea Allan. She was, in

truth, no angel—for angels are not to be met with in the daily walks of this world—she was, indeed, neither more nor less than a mere mortal woman, mortal in all the imperfection, and narrowness, and feebleness, and inability to rise even to the height of its own best aspirations, which are peculiar to mortality—woman in all the frailty and vanity and variety, no less than in all the tenderness, the truth, the constancy, the loveliness, the sweetness of true womanhood. She was, in a word, just what a great modern poet has described in those sweet lines,

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

and no one who is a true judge of human, and yet more of woman nature will regret that she was such; for he must be a poor judge indeed, he must know little of the real character of womanhood, who does not feel that one half of her best influences, one half of her sweetest power of charming, soothing, controlling, winding herself about the very heart-strings, arises from her very imperfections. Take from her these, and what she might then be we know not, but she would not be woman, and until the world has seen something better and more endearing, until a wiser artificer can be found than HE who made her, even as she is, a help meet for man—away with your abstractions! give her to us as she is, at least if not perfect, the best and brightest of created things—a very, very woman.

She heard his words, she felt his meaning, yet the sense of the words seemed to be lost, the very sounds rang in her ears dizzily, her breath came so painfully that she almost fancied she was choking, the earth appeared to shake under her feet, and every thing around her to wheel drunkenly to and fro.

She pressed one hand upon her heart, and caught her cousin's arm with the other to support herself. Her whole face, which a moment before had been alive and radiant with the warm hues of happiness and youth, became as white as marble. Her very lips were bloodless; her whole frame trembled as if she had an ague fit.

He gazed on her in wonder, almost in terror. For a moment he thought that she was about to faint, almost to die; and so violent, in truth, was the affection of her nerves, that, had she not been relieved by a sudden passion of tears, it is doubtful what might have been the result.

They were standing when Durzil Bras-de-fer uttered the words which had wrought so singular a change in Therea's manner, within a pace or two of the sylvan bower, of which she had spoken, and without a moment's pause, or a syllable uttered, he hurried her into its quiet recess, and placing her gently on the mossy seat within, knelt down at her feet, holding her left hand in his own, and gazing up anxiously in her face.

He was amazed—he was alarmed. Not for himself alone, not from the selfish fear of losing what he most prized on earth—but for her.

He knew not, indeed, whether that strange and almost terrible revulsion arose from pleasure or from pain. He knew not, could not even conjecture whether it boded good or evil to his hopes, to his happiness. But the scales had fallen from his eyes in an instant. He

had discovered now, what her old father, recognizing genius with the intuitive second-sight of kindred genius, had perceived long before that this young, artless, inexperienced, child-like girl, was, indeed, a creature wonderfully and fearfully made.

He had never before suspected that beneath that calm, gentle, tranquil, unexcitable exterior there beat a heart, there thrilled a soul full of the strongest capabilities, the most earnest aspirations, the most intense imaginings, that ever were awakened by the magic touch of love, into those overwhelming passions, which can tend to middle state, but must lead to the perfect happiness or utter misery of their possessor.

But he saw it, he knew it now; and he felt that so soon as the present paroxysm should pass over, she too would feel and know all this likewise. Whether for good or for evil, for weal or for woe, he perceived that he had unlocked for her whom he truly and singly loved, the hitherto sealed fountain of knowledge.

And he almost shuddered at the thought of what he had done—he almost wished that he had stifled his own wishes, sacrificed his own hopes.

For though impetuous and impulsive, though in some degree warped and perverted, he was not selfish. And when he observed the terrible power which his words had produced upon her, and judged thence of the character and temper of her mind and intellect, a sad suspicion fell upon him that hers was one of those over delicate temperaments, one of those spirits too rarely endowed, too sensitively constituted ever to know again, when once awakened to self-consciousness, that quietude in which alone lies true happiness.

Several minutes passed before a word was spoken by either. But gradually the color returned to her lips, to her cheeks, and the light returned her beautiful blue eyes, and the tremor passed away from her slight frame; but her face continued motionless, and so calm that its gravity almost amounted to severity. It was not altogether melancholy, it was not at all anger, but it was, what in a harder and less youthful face would have been sternness. Never before had he seen such an expression on any human face—never, assuredly, had hers worn it before. It was the awakening of a new spirit—the consciousness of a new power—the first struggling into life of a great purpose.

Her hand lay passive in his grasp, yet he could feel the pulses throbbing to the very tips of those small, rosy fingers, so strongly and tumultuously, that he could not reconcile such evidence of her quick and lively feeling with the fixed tranquillity of the eye which was bent upon his own, with the rigidity of the marble brow.

At length, and contrary to what is wont to happen, it was he who first broke silence.

"Theresa," he said, "I have grieved—I have pained—perhaps offended you."

And then she started, as his voice smote her ears, so complete had been the abstraction of her mind, and recovering all her faculties and readiness of mind on the instant,

"Yes, Durzil," she said, very sweetly, but very sorrowfully, "you have grieved me, you have pained me, very, very deeply; but oh, do not imagine that you have offended—that you could offend me. No; you

have torn away too suddenly, too roughly, the veil that covered my eyes and my heart. You have awakened thoughts, and feelings, and perceptions in my soul, of whose existence I never dreamed before. You have made me know myself as it were, better within the last few minutes than I ever knew myself before. It seems to me, that I have lived longer and felt more, since we have sat here together, than in all the years I can count before. And, oh, my heart! my heart! I am most unhappy."

"You cannot love me, then, Theresa," he said, tranquilly; for he had vast self-control, and he was too much of a man to suffer his own agitation or distress to agitate or distress her further. "You cannot love me as I would be loved by you—you cannot be mine."

"Durzil," she said, in tones full of the deepest emotion, "until the moment in which you spoke to me, I never thought of love, I never dreamed or imagined to myself what it should be, other than the love I bear to my father, to you, to all that is kind, and good, and beautiful in humanity or in nature. But your words, I know not how nor wherefore, have awakened me, as it were, into a strange sort of knowledge. I do not love, I almost hope that I never may love, as you would wish me to love you; but I do feel now that I know what such love should be; and I tremble at the knowledge. I feel that it would be too strong, too full of fear, of anxiety, of agony, to allow of happiness. Oh, no, no! Durzil, do not ask me, do not wish me to love you so; pray, rather pray for me to God rather, that I may never love at all—for so surely as I do love, I know that I shall be a wretched, wretched woman!"

That was a strange scene, and it passed between a strange pair. Great influences had been at work in the minds of both within the last few hours, and it would have been very difficult to say in which the greatest change had been wrought.

In her, the tranquil, innocent, unconscious girl had been aroused into the powerful, passionate, thoughtful woman. A knowledge of that whereof she had been most ignorant before "her glassy essence" had awakened her, as the breeze awakens the lake from repose into power.

In him, the violent, hot-headed, stubborn, and impetuous man of action had been tamed down by a conversion almost as sudden and convincing into the slow, self-controlled, self-denying man of counsel. As the discovery of power had aroused her into life, so had the discovery of long cherished, long injurious error, tamed him into tranquillity.

One day ago he would have raved furiously, or brooded sullenly and darkly over her words. Now, even with the fit of passion all puissant over him, with the wild heat of love burning within his breast, with the keen sense of disappointment wringing him, he had yet force of temper to control himself, nay, more, he had force of mind enough to see and apprehend, that *this* Theresa, was no longer the Theresa whom he loved; and that, although he still adored her, it was impossible either for him to meet the aspirations of her glowing and inspired genius, or for her to be to him what he had dreamed of, the tranquillizing, soothing spirit which should pour balm upon his wounded,

restless, irritable feelings—the wife, whose first, best gift to him should be repose and tranquillity of soul.

He pressed her hand tenderly, and said, as he might have done to a dear sister,

"I have been to blame, Theresa. I have given you pain, rashly, but not wantonly. Forgive me, for you are the last person in the world to whom I would give even a moment's uneasiness. I did not suspect this, dear little girl. I did not dream that you were so nervous, or moved so easily; but you must not yield to such feelings—such impulses, for it is only by yielding to them that they will gain power over you, and make you, indeed, an unhappy woman. You shall see, Theresa, how patiently I will bear my disappointment—for that it is a disappointment, and a very bitter one, I shall not deny—and how I will be happy in spite of it, and all for love of you. And in return, Theresa, if you love poor Durzil, as you say you do, as your true friend and your brother, you will control these foolish fancies of your little head, which you imagine to be feelings of your heart, and I shall one day, I doubt not, have the pleasure of seeing you not only a very happy woman, but a very happy wife."

"Oh, you are good, Durzil," she said, tearfully and gently. "Oh, you are very good and noble. Why—why cannot I—" and she interrupted herself suddenly, and covering her eyes with both her hands, wept silently and softly for several minutes. And he spoke not to her the while, nor even sought to soothe, for he well knew that tears were the best solace to an overwrought over-excited spirit.

After a little while, as he expected, she recovered herself altogether, and looking up in his face with a wan and watery smile.

"You are not hurt, you are not wounded by what I have done," she said, "dear Durzil. You do not fancy that I do not perceive, do not feel, and esteem, and love all your great, and good, and generous, and noble qualities. I am a foolish, weak little girl—I am not worthy of you; I could not, I know I could not make you happy, even if I could—if I could—if you know what I would say, Durzil."

"If you could be happy with me yourself," he answered, smiling in his turn, and without an effort, although his smile was pensive and sad likewise. "No, my Theresa, I am not hurt nor wounded. I am grieved, it is true, I cannot but be grieved at the dissipating of a pleasant dream, at the vanishing of a hope long indulged, long cherished—a hope which has been a solace to me in many a moment of pain and trial, a sweet companion in many a midnight watch. But I am neither hurt nor wounded; for you have never given me any reason to form so bold, so unwarranted hope, and you have given me now all that you can give me, sympathy and kindness. Our hearts, our affections, I well know, let men say what they will, are not our own to give—and a true woman can but do what you have done. Moreover, even with the sorrow and regret which I feel at this moment, there is mingled a conviction that you are doing what is both wise and right; for although you have all within yourself, though you are all that would make me, or a far better man than I, by, the best man who ever breathed the breath

of life, supremely happy; still, if you could not be happy with me, and in me yourself—how could I be so?"

She looked up at him again, and now, with an altered expression, for there was less of sadness and more of surprise, more of respect for the man who spoke so composedly, so well, in a moment of such trial, on her fair features. Perhaps, too, there might have been a shadow of regret—could it be of regret that he did not feel more acutely the loss which he had undergone? If there were such a feeling in her mind—for she was woman—it was transient as the lightning of a summer's night—it was gone before she had time even to reproach herself for its momentary existence.

"You are astonished," he said, interpreting her glance, almost before she knew that he had observed it, "you are astonished that I should be so calm, who am by nature so quick and headlong. But I, too, have learned much to-day—have learned much of my own nature, of my own infirmities, of my own errors—and with me to learn that these exist, is to resolve to conquer them. I have learned first, Theresa, that my father, whom I have ever been forced to regard as my worst enemy, died conscious of the wrong he had done me—done my mother—and penitent, and full of love and of sorrow for us both. And therein have I convicted myself of one great error, committed, indeed, through ignorance, which has, however, been the cause, the source of many other errors—which has led me to charge the world with injustice, when I was myself unjust rather to the world, which has made me guilty of the great offence, the great crime of hating my brother men, when I should have pitied them, and loved them. Therefore I will be wayward no more, nor rash, nor reckless. I will make one conquest at least—that of myself and of my own passions."

"I know—I know," said the girl, suddenly blushing very deeply, "that you are every thing that is good and great; every thing that men ought to admire and women to love, and yet—"

"And yet you cannot love me. Well, think no more of that, Theresa. Forget—"

"Never! never!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands eagerly together. "I never can forget what you have made me feel, what I must have made you *suffer* this day."

"Well, if it be so, remember it, Theresa; but remember it only thus. That if you have quenched my love, if you destroyed my hope, you have but added to my regard, to my affection. Promise me that wherever you may be, however, or with whomsoever your lot shall be cast, you will always remember me as your friend, your brother; you will always call on me at your slightest need, as on one who would shed his heart's blood to win you a moment's happiness."

"I will—I will," she cried affectionately, fervently. "On whom else should I call. And God only knows," she added, mournfully, "how soon I shall need a protector. But will you," she continued, catching both his hands in her own, "will you be happy, Durzil?"

"I will," he replied, firmly, returning the gentle pressure, "I will, at least in so far as it rests with man to be so, in despite of fortune. But mark me, dear

Theresa, if you would have me be so, you can even yet do much toward rendering me so."

"Can I—then tell me, tell me how, and it is done already."

"By letting me see that *you* are happy."

"Alas!" and again she clasped her hand hard over her heart, as if to still its violent beating. "Alas! Durzil."

"And why, alas! Theresa?"

"Can we be happy at our own will?"

"Independently of great woes, great calamities, which we may not control, which are sent to us for wise ends from above—surely, I say, surely we can."

"And can you, Durzil?"

"Theresa, *this* is to me a great wo—yea, a great calamity; and yet I reply, ay! after a time, after the bitterness shall be overpast, I can, and more, I will. Much more, then, can you, who have never felt, who I trust and believe will never meet any such wo or grief—much more can you be happy. Wherefore should you not, foolish child—have you not been happy hitherto? What have you, that you should not be happy now?"

"Nothing," she replied, faintly. "I have nothing why I should be unhappy, unless it be, if I have made you so."

"Theresa, you have not—you shall see that you have not—made me unhappy."

"And yet, Durzil, yet I feel a foreboding that I shall be, that I must be unhappy. A want—I feel a want of something here."

"You are excited, agitated now; all this has been too much for your spirits, for your nerves; and I think, Theresa, I am sure that you are too much alone—you think, or rather you muse and dream, which are not healthy modes of thinking—too much in solitude. I will speak to my uncle about that before I go—"

"Before you go!" she interrupted him, quickly. "Go, whither?"

"To sea. To my ship, Theresa."

"Then you *are* hurt, then you *are* angry with me. Then I have no influence over you."

"Cease, cease, Theresa. It is better, it is necessary—I must go for awhile, until I have weaned myself from this desperate feeling, until I shall have accustomed myself to think of you, to regard you as a sister only; until I shall have schooled myself so far as to be able to contemplate you without agony as not only not being mine—but being another's."

"Would it—would it be agony to you, Durzil? Then mark me, I never, never will be another's."

"Madness!" he answered, firmly; "madness and wickedness, too, Theresa. Neither man or woman were intended by the great Maker to be solitary beings. God forbid, if you cannot be mine, that I should be so selfish as to wish your life barren, and your heart loveless. No; love, Theresa, when you can, only love wisely; and the day shall come when it will add to my happiness to see and know you happy in the love of one whom you can love, and who shall love you as you must be loved. Never speak again as you did but now, Theresa. And now, dearest girl, I will leave you. Rest yourself awhile, and compose yourself, and then go if you will to your good father."

"Shall I—shall I tell him," she faltered, "what has passed between us?"

"As you will, as you judge best, Theresa. I am no advocate for concealment, still less for deceit—but here there is none of the latter, and to tell him this might grieve his kind spirit."

"You are wise—you are good. God bless you."

"And you, Theresa," and he passed his arm calmly across her shoulder, and bending over, pressed his lips, calmly as a father's kiss on her pure brow. "Fare you well."

"You are not going—going to leave us now?"

"Not to-day—not to-day, Theresa."

"Nor to-morrow?" she said, beseechingly.

"Nor to-morrow," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "but soon. Now compose yourself, my dear little girl. Farewell, and God bless you."

CHAPTER V.

The Parting.

Addio Teresa, Teresa addio.
No pianger, bella, no pianger, no.
Quando To ritorno
Ti rivedro.

After scenes of great excitement there ever follows a sort of listless languor; and, as in natural commotions the fiercest elemental strife is oftentimes succeeded by the stillest calms, so in the agitations of the human breast, the most tumultuous passions are followed frequently, if not invariably, by a sort of quiet which resembles, though it is not, indifference.

Thus it was, that day, in the household of William Allan. Tranquil and peaceful at all times, in consequence of the reserved and studious habits of the master of the house, and the deep sympathy with his feelings and wishes which ruled the conduct of his children—for Durzil was in all respects, save birth, the old man's son—that house was not usually without its own peculiar cheerfulness, and its subdued hilarity, arising from the gentle yet mirthful disposition of the young girl, and the high spirits of Durzil, attuned to the sobriety of the place.

But during the whole of that day its quietude was so very still as to be almost oppressive, and to be felt so by its inmates. Allan himself was still enveloped in one of those mysterious moods of darkness, which at times clouded his strong and powerful intellect, as marsh exhalations will obscure the sunshine of an autumn day. Durzil was silent, reserved, thoughtful, not gloomy or even melancholy, but—very unusually for him—disposed to muse and ponder, rather than to converse or to act. Theresa was evidently agitated and perturbed; and although she compelled herself to be busy about her domestic duties, to attend to the comforts of the strange guests whom accident had thrown upon their hospitality, though she strove to be cheerful, and to assume a lightness of heart which she was far from feeling, she was too poor a dissembler to succeed in imposing either on herself or on those about her, and there was no one person in the cottage, from the old cavalier down to the single female servant, with the exception of her father, who did not perceive that something had occurred to throw an unwonted shadow over her mind.

Jasper, alone perhaps of all the persons so singularly thrown together, was himself. His age, his character, his temperament, all combined to render him the last to be affected seriously by any thing which did not touch himself very nearly. And yet he was not altogether what is called selfish; though recklessness, and natural audacity, and undue indulgence, and, above all, the evil habits which had grown out of his being too soon his own master, and the master of others, had rendered him thoughtless, if not regardless, of the feelings of those around him.

All the consequences of his accident, except the stiffness and pain remaining from his contusions, had passed away; and though he was confined to his bed, and unable to move a limb without a pang, his mind was as clear, and his spirit as untamed as ever.

His father, who had been aroused from the state of indolence and sedentary torpor, which was habitual rather than natural to him, by the accident which had startled him into excitement and activity, had not yet subsided into his careless self-indulgence; for the subsequent events of the past evening, and his conversation with Durzil on that morning, had moved and interested him deeply; had set him to thinking much about the past, and thence to ruminating on the future, if perchance he could read it.

He by no means lacked clear-sightedness, or that sort of worldly wisdom, which arises from much intercourse with the world in all its various phases. He was far from deficient in energy when aught occurred to stimulate him into action, whether bodily or mental. And now he was interested enough to induce him so far to exert himself, as to think about what was passing, and to endeavor to discover its causes.

It was not, therefore, long before he satisfied himself, and that without asking a question, or giving utterance to a surmise, that an explanation had taken place between the young seaman and Theresa, and that the explanation had terminated in the disappointment of Durzil's hopes. Still he was puzzled, for there was an air of tranquil satisfaction—it could not be called resignation, for it had no particle of humility in its constituents—about the young man, and an affectionate attention to his pretty cousin, which did not comport with what he supposed to be his character, under such circumstances as those in which he believed him to stand toward her.

He would have looked for irritability, perhaps for impetuosity bordering on violence, perhaps for sullen moodiness—the present disposition of the man was to him incomprehensible. And if so, not less he was unable to understand the depression of the young girl, who was frequently, in the course of the day, so much agitated, as to be on the point of bursting into tears, and avoided it only by making her escape suddenly from the room.

Once or twice, indeed, he caught her eyes, when she did not know that she was observed, fixed with an expression, to which he could affix no meaning, upon the varying and intelligent countenance of his son—an expression half melancholy, half wistful, conveying no impression to the spectator's mind, of the existence in hers either of love or liking, but rather of some sort of

hidden interest, some earnest curiosity coupled almost with fear, something, in a word, if such things can be, that resembled painful fascination. Once too he noticed, that not he only, but Durzil Bras-de-fer likewise, perceived the glance, and was struck by its peculiarity. And then the old cavalier was alarmed; for a spirit, that was positively fearful, informed the dark face and gleaming eyes of the free-trader—a spirit of malevolence and hate, mingled with iron resolve and animal fierceness, which rendered the handsome features, while it lasted, perfectly revolting.

That aspect was transient, however, as the short-lived illumination of a lightning flash, when it reveals the terrors of a midnight ocean. It was there; it was gone—and, almost before you could read it, the face was again inscrutable as blank darkness.

The thought arose, several times, that day in the mind of Miles St. Aubyn, that he would give much that neither he nor his son had ever crossed the threshold of that house; or that now, being within it, it were within his power to depart. But carriages, in those days, were luxuries of comparatively rare occurrence even in the streets of the metropolis; and in the remote rural counties, the state of society, the character of the roads, and the limited means of the resident landed proprietors rendered them almost unknown.

There were not probably, within fifty miles of Widecomb, two vehicles of higher pretension than the rough carts of the peasantry and farmers; all journeys being still performed on horseback, if necessary by relays; even the fair sex traveling, according to their nerves and capability to endure fatigue, either on the side-saddle, or on pillions behind a relative or a trusty servant.

Until Jasper should be sufficiently recovered either to set foot in stirrup, or to walk the distance between the fords of Widecomb and the House in the Woods, there was therefore no alternative but to make the best of it, and to remain where they were, relying on the hospitality of their entertainers.

Durzil's manner, it is true, partook in no degree of the coloring which that transient expression seemed to imply in his feelings; for, though unwontedly silent, when he did speak he spoke frankly and friendly to the young invalid; and more than once, warming to his subject, as field-sports, or bold adventures, of this kind or that, came into mention, he displayed interest and animation; and even related some personal experiences, and striking anecdotes, of the Spanish Main and of the Indian islands, with so much spirit and liveliness, as to show that he not only wished to amuse, but was amused himself.

While he was in this mood, he suffered it to escape him, or to be elicited from him by some indistinct question of the old cavalier, that he intended ere long to set forth again on another voyage of adventure to those far climes which were still invested with something of the romance of earlier ages.

It was at this hint, especially, that Miles St. Aubyn observed Theresa's beautiful blue eyes fill with unbidden tears, and her bosom throb with agitation so tumultuous, that she had no choice but to retire from the company, in order to conceal her emotion.

And at this, likewise, for the first time did William Allan manifest any interest in the conversation.

"What," he said, "what is that thou sayest, Durzil, that thou art again about to leave us? Methought it was thy resolve to tarry with us until after the autumnal solstice."

"It was my resolve, uncle," replied the young man quietly, "but something has occurred since, which has caused me to alter my determination. My mates, moreover, are very anxious to profit by the fine weather of this season, and so soon as I can ship a cargo, and get some brisk bold hands, I shall set sail."

"I like not such quick and sudden changes," replied the old man; "nor admire the mind which cannot hold to a steady purpose."

The dark complexion of Durzil fired for a moment at the rebuke, and his nether lip quivered, as though he had difficulty in repressing a retort. He did repress it, however, and answered, apparently without emotion:

"You are a wise man, uncle, and must know that circumstances will arise which must needs alter all plans that are merely human. *L'homme propose, as the Frenchman has it, mais Dieu dispose.* So it is with me, just now. The changed determination which I have just announced does not arise from any change in my desires, but from a contingency on which I did not calculate."

"It were better not to determine until one had made sure of all contingencies," said William Allan, sententially.

"Then, I think, one never would determine at all. For, if I have learned aright, mutability is a condition unavoidable in human affairs. But be this as it may, the only change, I can imagine, which will hinder me from sailing on the Virginia voyage, so soon as I can ship a crew and stow a cargo, will be a change of the wind. It blows fair now, if it will only hold a week. One other change there is," he added, as his fair cousin entered the room with a basket of fresh gathered roes, "which might detain, but that change will not come to pass, do you think it will, Theresa?"

"I think not, cousin Durzil," she replied with a slight blush, "if you allude to that concerning which we spoke this morning."

The old knight looked from one to the other of the young people in bewilderment. Their perfect understanding, and extreme control of their feelings was beyond his comprehension, and yet he could not believe that he had mistaken.

"What, are you too against me, girl?" said her father quickly. "Have you given your consent to his going?"

"My consent!" she replied, "I do not imagine that my consent is very necessary, or that Durzil would wait long for it. But I do think it is quite as well he should go now, if he must go at all, particularly as he intends, if I understand rightly, that it shall be his last voyage."

"I did not promise that, Theresa," said the sailor, with a faint smile—"although"—

"Did you not?"—she interrupted him quickly—

"I thought you had; but it must be as you will, and certainly it does not much concern me."

And with the words, she left the room hastily, and not as it appeared very well pleased.

"There! see'st thou that?" cried her father—"see'st thou that, Durzil?"

"Ay! do I!"—replied the young man with a good deal of bitterness. "But I do not need to see that to teach me that women are capricious and selfish in their exigency of services."

There was a dead pause. A silence, which in itself was painful, and which seemed like to give birth to words more painful yet, for William Allan knit his brow darkly, and compressed his lower lip, and fixed his eye upon vacancy.

But at this moment Jasper, whose natural recklessness had rendered him unobservant of the feelings which had been displayed during that short conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and looking eagerly at Durzil exclaimed:

"Oh, the Virginia voyage! To the New World! My God! how I should love to go with you. Do you carry guns? How many do you muster of your crew?"

The interruption, although the speaker had no such intention, was well timed, for it turned the thoughts and feelings of all present into a new channel. The two old men looked into each other's faces, and smiled as their eyes met, and Allan whispered, though quite loud enough to be audible to all present:

"The same spirit, Miles, the same spirit. As crows the old game cock, so crows the young game chicken!"

"And why not?" answered Durzil, with a ready smile, for there was something that whispered at his heart, though indeed he knew not wherefore, that it were not so ill done to remove Jasper from that neighborhood for a while. "If Sir Miles judge it well that you should see something of the world, in these piping times of peace, it is never too soon to begin. You shall have a berth in mine own cabin, and I will put you in the way of seeing swords flash, and smelling villainous saltpetre, in a right good cause, I'll warrant you."

"A right good cause, Durzil? and what cause may that be?" asked his uncle in a caustic tone.

"The cause of England's maritime supremacy," answered the young man proudly. "That is cause good enough for me. For what saith bully Blake in the old song—

'The sea, the sea is England's, quo' he again,
The sea, the sea is England's, and England's shall remain.'

And he caroled the words in a fine deep bass voice, to a stirring air, and then added—"That, sir, is the cause we fight for, on the Line and beyond it—and that we will fight for, here and every where, when it shall be needful to fight for it. And now, young friend, to answer your question. I do carry guns, eighteen as lively brass twelve-pounders as ever spoke good English to a Don or a Monsieur, or a Mynheer either, for that matter; and then for crew, men and officers, I

generally contrive to pack on board eighty or ninety as brisk boys as ever pulled upon a brace, or handled a cutlass."

"Why you must reckon on high profits to venture such an outlay," said Sir Miles, avoiding the question of his son's participation in the cruise.

"Ay!" answered Durzil, "if no gold is to be had for picking up in Eldorado, there is some to be gained there yet by free-trading—and once in a while one may have the luck to pick up a handful on the sea."

On the sea, ay! how so?"

"Once I was going quietly along before the trades, with my goods under hatches as peaceable and lawful a trader, as need be, when we fell in with a tall galleon careering. Having no cause to shun or fear her, I lay my own course with English colors flying, when what does she but up helm and after us. In half an hour she was within range and opened with her bow guns, in ten minutes more she was alongside, and—"

"Alongside, in ten minutes, from long cannon range!" exclaimed Miles St. Aubyn—"what were you doing then, that she overhauled you so fast?"

"Running down to meet her, Sir Miles, with every stitch of canvas set that would draw, when I saw that she was bent on having it; and—as I was about to say when you interrupted me—in twenty more she had changed owners."

"Indeed! indeed! that was a daring blow," said the old soldier, rousing at the tale, like a superannuated war-horse to the trumpet, "and what was she?"

"A treasure galleon, sir; a Spaniard homeward bound, with twenty-six guns, and two hundred men."

"And what did you with your prize, in peace time? You hardly brought her into Plymouth, I should fancy."

"Nor into Cadiz, either," he replied with a smile. "Her crew, or what was left of them, were put on board a coaster bound for St. Salvador, her bars and ingots on board the good ship 'Royal Oak,' of Bristol, and she—oh! she, I think, was sent to the bottom!"

"A daring deed!" said Sir Miles, shaking his head gravely—"a daring deed truly, which might well cost you all your lives, were it complained of by the Most Christian King!"

"And yet his supreme Christianity fired on us the first!"

"And yet, that plea, I fear, would hardly save you in these days, but you would hang for it."

"Amen!" replied the young man. "Better be hanged, 'his country crying he hath played an English part,' than creep to a quiet grave a coward from his cradle. And now, what say you, young sir, would you still wish to adventure it with us, knowing what risks we run?"

"Ay, by my soul!" answered the brave boy, with a flashing eye, and quivering lip, "and the rather, that I do know it. What do you say, father? May I go with him? In God's name, will you not let me go with him?"

"Indeed, will I not, Jasper," said Sir Miles, with an accent of resolve so steady, that the boy saw at once it was useless to waste another word on it. "Beside, he is only laughing at you! Why! what in heaven's

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name should he make with such a cockerel as thou, crowing or ere thy spurs have sprouted!"

"Laughing at me, is he!" exclaimed the boy, raising himself up in his bed actively, without exhibiting the least sign of the pain, which racked him, as he moved. "If I thought he were, he'd scarce sail so quickly as he counts on doing."

Here Durzil would have spoken, but the old cavalier cut in before him, saying with a sneer,

"It is like thou could'st hinder him, my boy, at any time; most of all when thou art lying there bed-ridden."

"The very reason wherefore I could hinder him the easier," replied Jasper, who saw by Durzil's grave and calm expression that the meaning his father had attached to his speech, was not his meaning."

"And how so, I prithee."

"Had he, as you say he did, intended to mock me, or insult me otherwise, I would have prayed him courteously to delay his sailing until such time as my hurts would permit to draw triggers, or cross swords with him; and he would have delayed at my request, being a gentleman of courage and of honor."

"Assuredly I should," replied Durzil Bras-de-fer, "and you would have done very rightly to call on me in that case. But let me assure you, nothing was further from my intention than to laugh at you. I sailed myself, and smelt gunpowder in earnest, before I was old as you are by several years; and I was perfectly in earnest when I spoke, although I can now well see that my offer, though assuredly intended, could not be accepted."

Before Jasper had time to reply to these words, his father said to him with a look of approbation,

"You have answered very well, my son; and I am glad that you have reflected, and seen so well what becomes a gentleman to ask, and to grant in such cases. For the rest, you ought to see that Master Durzil Olifaunt is perfectly in the right; and, that having offered you courteously what you asked rashly, he now perceives clearly the impossibility of your accepting his offer."

"I do not, however, see that at all," answered the boy moodily. "You carried a stand of colors, I have heard you say, before you were fifteen, and you deny me the only chance of winning honor that ever may be offered to me, in these degenerate times, and under this peaceful king."

"I do not think that it would minister very much to your honor, or add to the renown of our name, that you should get yourself hanged on some sand key in the Caribbean sea, or knocked on the head in some scuffle with the Spanish guarda costas—no imputation, I pray you believe me, Master Olifaunt, on your choice of a career, the gallantry and justice of which I will not dispute, though I may not wish my son to adopt it."

"I know not what you would have me do," said the boy, "unless you intend to keep me here all my life, fishing for salmon and shooting black-cock for an occupation, and making love to country girls for an amusement."

"I was not aware, Jasper," answered his father more seriously than he had ever before heard him speak,

"that this latter was one of your amusements. If it be so, I shall certainly take the earliest means of bringing it to a conclusion, for while it is not very creditable to yourself, it is ruinous to those with whom you think fit to amuse yourself as you call it."

"I did not say that I ever had amused myself so," replied Jasper, somewhat crest-fallen by the rebuke of his father—"though if I am kept moping here much longer, heaven only knows what I may do."

"Well, sir, no more of this!" said the old man sharply. "You are not yet a man, whatever you may think of yourself; neither, I believe, are you at all profligate or vicious, although, as boys at your age are apt enough to do, you may think it manly to affect vices of which you are ignorant. But to quit this subject, when do you think you shall sail, Master Olifaunt?"

"I cannot answer you that, Sir Miles, certainly. I purpose to set off hence for Plymouth to-morrow afternoon, and, as I shall ride post, it will not take me long

ere I am on board. When I arrive, I shall be able to fix upon a day for sailing."

"But you will return hither, will you not, before you go to sea?"

"Assuredly I will, Sir Miles, to say farewell to my kind uncle here, who has been as a father to me, and to my little Theresa."

"And you will pass one day I trust, if you may not give us more, with Jasper at the Manor. We can show you a heron or two on the moor, and let you see how our long-winged falcons fly, if you are fond of hawking. It shall be my fault, if hereafter, after so long an interruption, I suffer old friendship, and recent kindness also, to pass away and be forgotten."

"I will come gladly to see my young friend here, who will ere then be quite recovered from this misadventure; and who, if he rides as venturesomely as he fishes, will surely leave me far behind in the hot hawking gallop, for though I can ride, I am, sailor-like, not over excellent at horsemanship." [To be continued.

THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

BY MRS. AGNES S. COLEMAN.

A WANDERER o'er the hills of Spain,
I stood one balmy summer's night,
To see come down on hill and plain,
Streamlet and tower fair Luna's light;
While traced on the bright waters deep
Were forest dun, dark mountain hour,
Old ruined tower and castle keep,
Reflected from the emerald shore.

But swift winged thought, so prone to stray,
Was hov'ring o'er a western strand,
When lo! came minstrel's gentle lay,
In tones as from Elysian land.
A Seville girl with jeweled hair
Was near her trelliced window leaning,
And pouring on the balmy air,
This song of love's own gentle dreaming.

"How many an hour, bright Guadalquivir,
I've stood beside thy flowing tide,
And wished my home might be forever,
Near where thy silver waters glide—
Were Carlos near, with brow of snow
His noble intellect revealing,
And that dark eye whose radiant glow
Is lit by high and holy feeling.

"For like fair Eden's early flowers,
Thy groves are in perpetual bloom,
And Love's own wing fans the bright bowers
Of orange, bergamot and broom.
O'er all this region of delight
Spring reigns like one unending day,
No storms its opening blossoms blight,
Nor shades on its pure waters play.

"And when the orb of day hath gone
Down o'er Morena's dusky height,
How beautiful the stars come on,
The blue ethereal arch of night.
Ah this fair earth hath many a scene
By pure and genial breezes fanned,
Yet boasts no realm cloudless, serene,
Like my own Andalusian land.

"But dull to me the fairest clime,
Cheerless its landscapes to my view,
Unless another's eye with mine,
Can gaze upon its beauty too;
And vain to me the rich perfume
Floating on all the ambient air,
From Seville's gardens in their bloom,
Unless a voice I love is there.

"Were India's realm before me laid,
I'd give it all might I recline
My saddened brow my weary head,
Carlos, on that dear heart of thine—
And hear thy soft, low tones again
Fall like sweet music on my ear,
With strange bland influence to sustain
My timid heart, my spirit cheer."

The Spanish maiden ceased her lay,
And slowly from my vision past,
Like some sweet dream in summer's day,
Too bright and beautiful to last—
Yet oft methinks when moonlight clear
Falleth on stream, and tower, and tree,
Again that soft low voice I hear
Murmuring its plaintive melody.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

NO. II.—THE LAST SACRAMENT.

BY GIFTIE.

EVEN from his fairy-like and laughing boyhood, George Atherton had been a dreamer. His soul seemed like a harp whose chords were tuned in heaven, and from which the rough winds of earth could draw forth at best but a sad and broken melody. The spirit of the Beautiful was given him at his birth, to be his constant companion and unfailing friend. It walked with him in his solitary rambles, it talked with him in his lonely hours, it filled his dreams with high thoughts and splendid imaginings. It led him to the solitude of nature, and opened his eyes to behold the beauties of this glorious creation, which even in ruins bears the stamp of the Divinity. And there, as his mind gradually expanded, Religion came to him in the stillness of life's morning, and taught his fresh and unworn spirit of the Highest and Holiest, by whom are all things, and in whom all exist. To his child-like faith the Deity was not a far off and incomprehensible mystery, but an ever present all pervading spirit. In the thousand voices that resound through this wide spread universe, he heard an undertone—a low solemn voice, that said—"be not afraid—it is I."

And then as the youth grew to manhood, wrapt in these high and glorious communings with Nature and his God, the love which had hitherto filled his soul with an unuttered melody sprang like lightning to his lips, and he stood up before the world to tell what the spirit of God should whisper him of Christ and his love to the lost and guilty—of heaven and its inconceivable glories. But even into the holy religion which he preached he carried the ever-present spirit of Poetry, while he neglected not to expound in a simple manner the truths of the gospel, it was plain that he loved better to soar upward into the regions of the vast and terrible unknown where sits the Omnipotent clothed in his own infinity. He roamed the vast field opened by revelation, and culled the fairest flowers and the richest treasures that he might lay them with his heart's devotion a willing offering upon the altar of the Almighty.

Time went on, and a new class of emotions was awakened in his breast. The love which before was lavished on every thing beautiful in heaven or earth, was turned into a new channel, centered upon one object; and within his heart was a secret image that was worshiped as second to naught save his God. The moment that Emma came before him with her delicate and ethereal loveliness, the spirit within him whispered that that pale sweet face should be his destiny. He listened to her voice and the echo of its melody was thenceforth around him night and day, and the very circumstance, that in a more worldly mind would have quenched the first risings of affection by a sense of its utter hopelessness, only served to draw him more closely to her.

In the brightness and in the gloom, in the sunshine and beneath the radiance of the pale-browed queen of night, since the gates of Eden closed on guilty man, there has walked an angel over the earth. Amid the green glades and flowery meads, beneath the mighty forest trees and over the barren wastes, over the tossing billows and within the crowded city, up the majestic rivers and in the wild solitudes whence ariseth the song of Nature untremulous and clear, has her foot-step passed and the light of her starry eye been seen. In that "better land" she is the angel who waits without the gate of the celestial city and opens it to the holy and blessed ones who crowd thither. To them she seems bright and beautiful, and her voice hath an echo of the songs of heaven, but on earth she wears a more sombre garb, and her eye hath a shade of gloom far in its misty depths, and men call her the angel of Death. This angel had for months been walking with Emma, step for step, along the path of life, and sealing with her icy touch the springs of existence. Before George saw her, consumption had marked her for the tomb. He knew it by the strange brightness of her eyes and the hectic flush upon her cheek, and yet the young pastor loved her

—As one might love a star
The brightest where ten thousand are
Sadly and silently,
Without a hope or scarce a wish
That she would link her fate with his
Along life's dreary way.

They stood together beneath the free blue sunny sky. His high brow was flushed, and his whole frame quivered with the impetuous emotions that would no longer be controlled, and even in their hopelessness had uttered the words that might never be recalled.

She listened silently, and when at length she raised her dark blue eyes to his they were filled with tears.

"Have you thought well ere your told me this," she said in a low tremulous tone. "Know you that if you would unite your fate with mine you must turn from the glad pathway of life, and tread a dark lone valley that leads to a shadowy bourne were we must part? Know you that the radiance of youth and health has long since faded from my path, and of all my expectations there remains but one—that one is Death—and of all my hopes, only the hope of heaven. How-ever dearly you may love me, I can never be wholly yours—even now I am wedded to another—I am the bride of the Grave."

"I have known it all—I have felt it all. I know that love's highest boon may be but to catch the last look, the last sigh—yet even with this certainty that love is dearer to me than ought else on earth. I ask

for nothing but to hear you say that I am beloved—I dare expect nothing but to watch with you the fleeting of the few months that remain to you on earth, and as you stand beneath the portals of the grave to receive one last assurance of undying affection as they close between us—one promise that you will be mine—mine still, in heaven.”

“Yet I would not have it so,” said she musingly. “Why should I throw the shadow of the tomb over your path? Why should I chill your blood with the cold touch of death? No, no, George, leave me, and since you cannot forget, think of me but as an angel in heaven.”

But even as she spoke her voice grew fainter and fainter, and when she ceased she sunk upon his breast exhausted by the struggle of feelings too strong for a form so frail. He bent over her—

“Once, only once, thou only beloved—only once say that thou art mine,” he murmured in low thrilling tones.

She raised her face, and their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Then slowly and tremblingly her white lips opened—

“Thine, thine forever.”

He knew that she was dying day by day, and yet he talked to his own heart of life and hope, as if he deemed in the madness of his devotion that such love as theirs would ward off death. And as time passed on we saw his form grow thin, and his pale face yet paler, and his dark eyes were dimmed as if he had looked too long and earnestly into the darkness and tears that overhang the grave. But she—there was a fierce and unnatural glow upon her cheek that told of the deadly fire within, and her step became slow and faltering, but the clear light of her eloquent eyes grew brighter and brighter as if she had looked through the gloomy clouds of death upon the unspeakable glory of God, and in gazing had forgotten how to weep. Thus in that hour did the fair and fragile become the support of the strong-hearted ones who, for her sake, were bowed to the earth with sorrow. Her love was no summer flower to wither beneath the shadows of the dark valley—and they who wondered at its strength knew not that it was fed with dews from the river of Life, and nourished with the sunshine of the world beyond the tomb.

It was the day for the celebration of the sacrament in our church at C—, and at her earnest request Emma was permitted to be with us on this occasion—perchance the last for her on earth. For some time she had been failing rapidly, and it was now evident to all that her pilgrimage was nearly finished. She entered when the afternoon service was over, walking slowly between her aged and heart-stricken parents. The young pastor did not lift his head, but sat with his face buried in his hands till all was still again. He was gathering strength to appear before the people of his charge as became a minister of God, that he might not appear to preach to them of a sustaining grace that had failed to help him in his hour of need.

When he arose his face was very pale, but all trace of emotion had vanished. All human affection incom-

patible with the Divine will seemed to have died within him, and he stood calmly and firmly up, and clasped his hands to pray. Long and earnest was that petition, and its burden was the cry of a suffering heart, “Not my will, oh God, but thine.” When it was ended, then were distributed the emblems of the sacred body that was broken, and the blood that was shed for man’s salvation, and again the pastor rose.

At first he spoke in low tones of the Lamb of God who gave himself to die for man, and of the efficacy of that death; but his voice rose with the theme, his eyes kindled, and his cheeks flushed as he proceeded.

“Since I sat here, beloved friends, I have had communion with the Father of Spirits. I seem to see the blessed Redeemer on the night in which he was betrayed, when he took the bread and brake it among his disciples. I see his glorious yet mournful face as he bade them keep this holy festival in memory of him. He knew that before the next evening the Son of God would have been laid, a bound and bleeding victim, upon the altar of man’s transgressions. Ay! before the morrow he must have offered up the atoning sacrifice that was to take away the sins of the whole world—to open the healing fountain whose waters should mingle with the stream of Death and take away its bitterness. He knew all the terrors of that fearful night in the garden—the bloody sweat, the buffeting, the ignominy, the agonizing death, were all before him. Conceive his feelings as he sat among that chosen band, as he met the earnest gaze of the loved one who lay in his bosom, and heard the eager, tremulous question, ‘Lord is it I.’

“I see him when the betrayer had left the disciples, lead them forth into the garden, where even they who had sworn to die for him could not watch with him one hour—when as he knelt alone beneath the olive trees he heard from afar the clash of arms and the shoutings of the mob that came to take him. I hear the thrilling agony of his mighty heart, as sinking beneath the weight of a world’s iniquity, he cries—‘If this cup may not pass from me, thy will be done.’

“The scene is changed. Behold I see the clouds parted and the veil which hides the awful future is withdrawn. I see heaven opened, and he who agonized in the garden and bled upon the cross, cometh in the clouds, and with him those faithful ones who in all ages of the world have feared not to follow him, even unto death. The brightness of his Father’s glory is around him, and the affrighted earth shrinks away from his presence—‘Behold he cometh in the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also who pierced him, and they shall wail because of him. And the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat—the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light,’ and the whole earth shall be offered as a burnt sacrifice to the terrible glory of God.

“Shout then, ye little flock!—ye chosen ones from the foundation of the world! Lift up your eyes to the celestial city, and lo! the pearly gates are unbarred—enter into Paradise, and join the choral hymns that is chanted before the throne, for worthy is He who hath redeemed you, to receive glory and endless praise.

"The vision hath passed, but the voice of God within me answereth, 'He that overcometh shall inherit the kingdom.'

"And oh! my brethren, what entire sacrifice of ourselves should we give to him who for our sakes condescended to become incarnate. What obstacle should hinder us when we remember that such is our reward. We journey on through this valley of sunshine and tears, our hearts are fettered with the strong ties of earthly love, and we joy and sorrow, hope and fear, as do those who have no support but their own strength—that broken reed that pierces the breast that leans on it. But to our vision there is one bright spot, though earth may be dim around us; there is one hope when all other hopes fail, one refuge when tempests assail us, one friend who will never die."

The pastor paused and gazed mournfully on the group before him. Emma was sitting with her bright beautiful eyes raised upward, while the smile on her parted lips, and the rapt expression of her face, showed that borne on the wings of faith, and the hope of that unutterable glory, she had forgotten this mortal existence, and was communing with her kindred angels. When he spoke again, it was in a lower tone, and his voice trembled slightly for he was but a man, and now that the excitement had passed, his heart filled with a boundless affection for that pale young creature.

"And should not this hope comfort you, oh ye who have so often been sorely tried, and who must now again be called to look through tears up to your Father's throne, while she who leaves you tears the tendrils of your hearts from earth, that she may fix them with the grasp of an all-conquering faith upon the altar of God. Mourn yet not, as comfortless—'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Lift up your eyes from this earthly dust to that celestial home where ye shall dwell forever—in your Father's house are many mansions,' and your Redeemer has said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

As he spoke these last words a long, deep, thrilling sigh, that seemed to bear upon it the anguish of a breaking heart, broke from the mother's lips, and drawing nearer to Emma, she clasped her arms around her as if she feared she would go even then from her embrace. The action and the sigh drew Emma from the height to which her sublime thoughts had soared. She turned suddenly, and a change passed over her beaming face as she looked upon her parents. Her father had bowed his head upon his hands, and his aged frame shook with suppressed sobs. Both had forgotten time, place, every thing but that she was their last, their only one, and the thought that came more than ever to their hearts, that she must leave them. Emma wiped the tears from her mother's face and strove to speak, but the reaction of feeling was too great for her feeble frame to endure; she became violently agitated, a faintness came over her, and starting from her seat, she fell forward into her mother's arms gasping for breath.

Night, solemn and holy! How infinite was the mercy that gave thee to spread thy star-spangled mantle over the tired earth, hushing to repose its misery, and hiding its crime. Night, pure and beautiful! The

fitting time for the soul of the innocent to ascend to a better land.

Midnight had chimed on the old church clock, and the whole world seemed sleeping as if bound by a spell. The stars were looking down from the far off heavens, and the large moon was sinking behind the long low clouds in the west, gilding leaf and fountain with its brightness, and shedding a holy radiance on the face of the dying girl. Emma was reclining on a low couch by the open window, and save the low sighing of the wind all was still in that room of death. The agony of suffering that all day had racked her frame, was now passed away, and she lay in a calm slumber, with her head upon her mother's bosom. George Atherton knelt beside the couch with her hands clasped in his, and her father stood near, silent beneath the pressure of a woe too deep for tears. The last hour had come—they knew that she was dying.

Is it not ever thus? The loveliest, the most utterly beloved are ever the first to leave us. Those on whom we most leaned for support and comfort during this earth-pilgrimage are ever the first victims to the unerring shaft of death. And *it is well*. Fondly as I have loved and deeply as I have mourned for the dead, I feel that it is well. "The branches are lopped off that the tree may fall the easier." The prop to which we clung is torn away that the bleeding tendrils of these wrung hearts may wind themselves more closely around the Rock of Ages. The chords that bound the spirit to earth are severed, that its flight may be unimpeded toward that heavenly city, that New Jerusalem, where God shall wipe away all tears.

How shall I tell of the parting—the *final* parting. How shall mortal language describe the triumph of stern relentless Death over the love of human hearts. He who sitteth in his calm glory above the reach of earthly sorrow—He to whose bosom that cherished one is now departed—He alone can tell the anguish of that trial.

She left them. She who had been the sunlight of their existence, turned from them, and meekly and cheerfully trod the lone valley of Death. But she had listened to "the spoken words," she had caught a glimpse of the glories of her heavenly home, she had heard a faint echo of the harpings of an immortal hymn, and she raised her eyes with glad faith to the throne of the Eternal, and leaning on the arm of her beloved she entered into her rest.

When morning came over the laughing earth, the light looked into that still chamber tremblingly, as if it feared to break the solemn gloom. Still they remained there—those pale watchers beside the dead—and with her head yet leaning on her mother's breast, and a faint smile upon her parted lips, lay the cold lifeless form of the beautiful one who had gone from them forever. That dying smile—it beamed upon their hearts like sunlight from heaven. It was the seal of Love's triumph, of the soul's immortality, and told of a reunion beyond the grave.

Not long did those aged and lonely parents survive her. Gently and easily they were called unto their celestial home. And for him who had so loved her—still he wanders on the earth, working his Master's

will, lonely yet not desolate. He shut his heart above that deep and quiet sorrow, as above a shrine whose lifeless ashes might never be rekindled by the fire of earthly love. Of Emma and of her early death, few ever heard him speak, but all who saw him, knew that the hopes and affections which engross the heart of

man had been forever torn from his, and that amid the changes of his career his calm soul lifted its thoughts upward to the heaven of heavens where *she* now dwells, with an eager and imploring cry—"how long, oh Lord—how long."

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

ON a December evening cold,
Filled with sorrows manifold,
To the sere and fallow wold
With an elfin step I stole,
To hold converse with my soul
Of the loved and lost of yore,
Dwelling on the shadowy shore—
The Spirit-shore.

Very lonely was my breast—
On that night no genial guest
By its hearth-stone paused to rest;
Dim the lamp of Hope did gleam
O'er my young heart's darkened stream;
And I sought from mystic store
In that lamp new oil to pour—
Fresh oil to pour.

Dark and drear and desolate,
On a mossy crag I sate,
Watching through the heavenly gate
Many a solemn Angel-band
Marching to the Spirit-land,
When Love tapping on the door
Of my heart, did there implore—
A Home implore.

Trembling, shivering, timid-hearted,
From that holy dream I started,
As a ghost of the departed
From the gates of light had drifted,
And with icy fingers lifted
Up the latchet of the door
Of my doating heart once more—
Ah me! once more!

Then aside I dashed the tear,
Lower bent my mental ear,
More distinct the taps to hear,
And all thoughtless did begin
To tell Love to enter in,
When an Angel sought this shore
To defeat him at the door—
My lone heart's door.

Low his golden tresses streaming
O'er his wings with soul-light beaming,
Perched he down amid my dreaming,
Perching, sat ere I could rise,
Gazing full into my eyes,
As my soul he would explore—
And this Cupid by the door—
My lone heart's door.

Calmly then the Angel spoke,
Words that o'er my spirit broke,
Like the chimes in dream-land woke—
"Sad, meek solitaire of earth,

Loving, trusting from thy birth—
Soul that heavenward dost soar!
Turn this traitor from the door—
Thy lone heart's door.

"In thy breast he seeks no home—
From the blithest he will roam;
He will enter the heart's dome,
Filch its every jewel fair,
Plant his barbed arrow there,
And then straight go out the door,
Back returning never more—
Ah, never more!

"Search the chronicles of love,
See the nets that he has wove,
To entrap the timid Dove;
See in Lethe's crowded domes
Ashes of his hecatombs;
And I wot thou 'lt keep the door
Of thy heart locked evermore—
Forever more.

"Blossoms in thy heart may bloom,
E'en while Love hath there his home,
But their roots are in the tomb;
And the tramp of funeral-feet
Lone thy spirit's ear will greet,
When too late to lock the door
Of thy heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

"Therefore, mournful child of song,
Leave Love to the heartless throng,
Who can cope with wo and wrong;
Pour thy soul's surcharge of fire
On an altar holier, higher,
And let Reason keep the door
Of thy fond heart evermore—
Forever more."

When the Angel this had said,
Out his burnished wings he spread,
And above the tree-tops sped;
Upward, upward, where the moon
Floated in her cloudy noon,
Leaving me to guard the door
Of my heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

But this heart would not obey
What the missioned sprite did say—
It would have its willful way;
It made Love its chiefest guest,
Till he banished Peace and Rest,
When he straight went out the door,
Locking wo in evermore—
Ah, evermore!

LEGEND

OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DEATH, AND ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE WORSHIP AMONG THE OGIBWAS.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWE.

THE period of time which preceded the introduction of death and evil into the country of the Indians, is represented to have been one which the most fanciful imagination might suggest.

At this late day the son of the forest speaks of it with deep feeling, and sighs for its return.

The following was related to me in a wigwam in which I spent about fifteen years of my early life. It constituted a part of a lecture I received during the ceremony of initiation into the order of the Mysterious Worship of the Medicine Lodge.

When Keshamoradoo made the red men, he made them happy. The men were larger, were fleetier on foot, were more dexterous in games, and lived to an older age than now.

The forest abounded with game, the trees were loaded with fruit, and birds who have now a black plumage were dressed with pure white. The birds and the fowls ate no flesh, for the wide prairies were covered with fruits and vegetables. The fish in the waters were large. The Moredoo from heaven watched the blaze of the wigwams' fires, and these were as countless as the stars in the sky.

Strange visitants from heaven descended every few days, and inquired of the Indians whether any thing was wrong. Finding them happy and contented, they returned to their high homes.

These were tutelar gods, and they consulted with the sages of the different villages, and advised all not to climb a vine which grew on the earth, and whose top reached the sky, as it was the ladder on which the spirits descended from heaven to earth, to bless the red men.

One of these errand-spirits became intimate with one of the young braves, who dwelt in a cabin with his grandmother, and favored him with invitations to stroll with it among the various villages around.

The favor shown by this god to the young man produced a jealousy among his brethren, and during the absence of his distinguished friend, the favored one was much troubled by his neighbors, who envied him his situation.

On one occasion when this persecution became intolerable, he determined to leave his country, and, if possible, accompany the spirit to the skies.

The chief men had enjoined on all the duty to refrain from any desire or any attempt to ascend the vine whose branches reached the heavens, telling them that to do so would bring upon them severe penalties.

The spirit finding the young man quite sad, inquired, learned the true cause of his sorrow, and taking him, reascended.

The old woman cried for his return, "Noo-sis, be-ge-wain, be-ge-wain." "My child, come back, come back!" He would not come home, and the woman having adjusted all her matters in the lodge, after the nightfall repaired to the vine and began to ascend it.

In the morning the Indians found the lodge she had inhabited empty, and soon espied her climbing the vine. They shouted to her, "Hoision shay! ah-wos be-ge-wain, mah-je-me-di—moo-ga-yiesh!" "Holloa, come back, you old witch you."

But she continued ascending, up, up, up.

A council was held to determine what inducement could be made to her to return. They could hear her sobbing for her grandson. "Ne-gah-wah-bah-mah nos-sis." "I will yet see my child."

Consternation and fear filled the hearts of the nation, for one of their number was disobeying the Great Spirit. Indignation and fury were seen in the acts of the warriors, and the light of the transgressor's burning wigwam shed its lurid rays around.

The woman was just nearing the top of the vine which was entwined around one of the stars of heaven, and about entering that place, when the vine broke, and down she came, with the broken vine which had before been the ladder of communication between heaven and earth.

The nations, as they passed by her, as she sat in the midst of the ruin she had wrought, pushed her declining head, saying, "Whah, ke nah mah dah bee mage men di moo ya yilsh." "There you sit, you wicked old witch."

Some kicked her, others dragged her by her hair, and thus expressed their disapprobation. All who shall live after thee, shall call thee *Egua* (woman.)

The news of the disaster spread rapidly from village to village. Soon numbers of men, women, and children were singularly affected. Some complained of pains in their heads, and others of pains in various parts of their bodies. Some were unable to walk, and others equally unable to speak.

They thought some of these fell asleep, for they knew not what death was. They had never seen its presence.

A deep solemnity began its reign in all the villages. There was no more hunting, no more games, and no song was sung to soothe the sun to its evening rest.

Ah, it was then a penalty followed transgression.

Disease was the consequence of the breaking of the vine. Death followed.

One day, in the midst of their distresses, they consulted each other to determine what could be done. None knew.

They watched carefully for the descent of those beings who used to visit them—and at length they came. Eagerly each strove to tell his story. They soon found that the strangers were silent and sad. They asked the natives what words they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress. One said that the vine might be replaced. Another that the Great Spirit might cause the disease to leave them. Another wanted to kill the old woman. Another desired plenty of gam; and another wished the Great Spirit to send them something that would cure.

After this the strangers left, telling the Indians to wait, and they should know what the Great Spirit should say.

Each day of their absence seemed a month; at

length they came, and gathering around, the eager people said to them that they must all die, as the vine that connected earth to the skies was broken, but the Great Spirit has sent us to relieve you, and to tell you what you must do hereafter.

The strangers then gathered all the wild flowers from the plains, and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; wherever they fell they sprung up and became herbs to cure all disease.

The Indians instituted a dance, and with it a mode of worship. These few were the first who composed the Great Medicine Lodge, and they did so from the hands of the Great Spirit.

There is not a flower that buds that is not for some wise purpose, however small. There is not one blade of grass that the Indian requires not. Learning this, and acting in view of it, will be for your good, and will please the Great Spirit.

LILY LESLIE.

A BALLAD.

BY GRETTA.

BONNY Lily Leslie roved
Down among the heather,
In a clear and sunny day
Of the summer weather.
Something seemed to cloud her brow
Mingling with it gladness,
Half the look betrayed a wish,
The other half was sadness.
By the brooklet's flashing course
Then she stopped to ponder—
Why did Lily look so sad?
Why so lonely wander?
Did she gaze within the stream
At the form reflected?
Was her fancy pleased to see
What she there detected?
Did she note her sportive curls,
Did she try to twine them,
As the saucy breeze untied
The snood that would confine them?
Did she mark her rounded cheek
Warm with youth's bright dawning,
Soft as sunlight on the snow
In a winter's morning?
Did she count the summer's o'er
Since she watched them flying?
Sixteen times had known them come,
Sixteen mourned them dying.
Was she thinking how at home
In her mountain shealing,
She unseals her father's heart,
All its love revealing?
How she nestles in his arms
When he says he's lonely,

Tells him he must love her well
Because he has her only!
No! I'm sure that none of these
Made the lassie wander—
Then why did Lily walk alone,
Why did Lily ponder?
Why did Lily sit her down
Mute as Sorrow's daughter,
With her little blue veined feet
Shining through the water?
Why was Lily's voice not heard
Mid the brooklets laughter,
Carroling like free-born bird
With echo babbling after?
Stealing softly through the shade
I heard what she was saying,
And a rare complaint indeed
The maiden was betraying.
She was sighing, "Would that God
—Ere he took my mother—
Had given me, like Mary Hill,
A darling, darling brother!
"How proud that Mary Hill appears,
When Harry comes from sea,
But I have nouse to wish returned,
And none to come to me.
"The old man in our little home
Might then forget my mother,
And when he died would know me safe—
Oh that I had a brother!"
"A brother! Lily," soft I said—
As springing to her side
I caught her, like a startled fawn
Just bounding o'er the tide—

"A brother! Lily, sit thee down
And I will be thy brother;
Dost thou not know, since thine is dead,
That thou may'st choose another?"

She laid her rosy palm in mine,
The artless little fairy,
And said, "Dear Harry, may I be,
Your sister, just like Mary?"

"May I watch to see you come,
May I run to meet you—
May I do the thousand things
Mary does to greet you?"

We sat us down beside the hill
Broad shadowed by the mountain,
And there we talked the matter o'er,
Beside the gurgling fountain.

And when the golden sun went down,
She promised, as I kissed her,
That she would ever, ever be
My darling, dearest SISTER!

Then a thousand plans she told—
Of course none could miscarry—
Oh! she was so happy now,
She had a brother Harry!

But my heart was beating wild
Ever since I kissed her,
And in vain it tried to say
"Love her as a SISTER!"

Softly then I bent me down—
Now the stars were shining—
And my arm around her waist
Brotherly was twining—

"Sister, there is one thing more
I'll tell thee while we tarry;
Lily, *brothers* go away,
Darling, *brothers* marry!"

"Thou wilt be alone again
For thy Harry's going—
Sisters may not keep me here,
Though their tears be flowing.

"Lily! hast thou never heard
Of a bond more tender,
For which the heart a brother's love
A sister's would surrender?"

"Such the spell that binds me now,
Dearest mountain flower,
And I've given all my soul
To its gentle power!"

"Dost thou hear me, Lily, love?
Shall I longer tarry?
Darling *BROTHERS* go away,
Dearest *BROTHERS* marry!"

Lily Leslie bent her head,
Like a dew-wet blossom,
And the tears were falling fast
O'er her heaving bosom.

What she sobbed I may not tell—
What I answered to her;
I only know the night grew dark
On maiden and on wooer.

When the moon was sailing high
She knelt within the shealing;
I beside the old man's couch
Was all the tale revealing.

Soon he laid his aged hands
Tremblingly upon us,
And I heard his fervent voice
Pray for blessings on us.

Lily laughed with merry heart
As she kissed her BROTHER,
"*HUSBANDS* need not go away,
Need not love another."

Now within her mountain home
Long we've lived together,
And my roving since are all
With her, in summer weather.

And so happy have I been,
I ne'er wished another,
Nor have heard my Lily since
Pine to have a—BROTHER!

TO A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

'T is so like life that I could gaze
For aye upon that face,
As pilgrim scans, with uplift soul,
His spirit-resting place.
The brow so calm and passionless—
The eye so purely bright—
As if its every glance was full
Of peace and holy light!

They haunt me wheresoe'er I turn,
Those lustrous eyes of thine,
Although their pleasant smile may rest
Oh never more on mine!
Ah weary—very weary 't is
To look so long on thee,
To love, to worship, yet to know
Thy thoughts are far from me.

And yet I would not have thee mine;
My heart with such excess
Of joy would break beneath the spell
Of its own blissfulness!

Oh no, I do not crave thy love;
I only ask to be
A simple floweret in thy path
While thou art *all* to me!

Who would not weep should never love!
A term of weary years
Is love's best boon to human hearts—
Its brightest guerdon—*tears*!

I would not have it cast for me
A shadow on thy heart,
Or cloud one single ray of thine,
All glorious as thou art!

No—rather let my spirit kneel
As to some distant star,
Whose light illumines my sad soul
From its bright home afar:
And while its beams may gladden those
More deeply—wildly blest,
One truant gleam may haply come
To lull my soul's unrest!

LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWEEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE ENGRAVINGS.]

THE eve of All Saint's Day is memorable in Scotland as a time when the fairies hold a grand anniversary, and when witches and evil beings are abroad on errands of mischief. This superstition, modified in various ways, finds a place also among the peasantry of other nations. In the United States, Halloween used to be observed by country maidens as a time for trying sweethearts, and gaining such an intelligible peep into futurity as would enable them to find out whether they would be married or not; and if that happy event was to crown their lives, who would be the man of their choice. And even at this time, "Hallow-Eve," as it is called, is not suffered to come and go without the effort of some loving maidens to penetrate the mystery of their matrimonial future. The modes of trying sweethearts, and the various love tests applied, are curious enough. Burning nuts, the love-candle, eating an apple before the looking-glass at midnight, the salt egg, and dropping melted lead through a key into a basin of water, are a few of them, and all must be accompanied by particular ceremonies or incantations, in order that they may have the desired power to lift the veil of futurity.

A few years ago we spent Halloween in the family of a friend who resides fifty miles away from any large town in the interior of Pennsylvania. He had three marriageable daughters, who, it may be presumed, felt as much interest in the great question of matrimony as is usual in girls of their ages; and, on the occasion referred to, something of what they thought and felt was clearly enough displayed. One member of this family was an old aunt, whose kind, gentle character and cheerful disposition, made her a favorite with all. She was a widow. Twenty years had gone by since the grass became green over the grave of her husband. She often referred to the past, but not in a spirit of sadness or regret. And when she spoke of her husband, the allusion seemed more to one who was living than dead. And living, in fact, he was to her. The deep affection that was in her heart, made him ever present to her thoughts, and she lived in full confidence of a re-union when she, too, should lay off the mortal robes that enveloped her spirit, and rise into a true and substantial life.

To be with Aunt Edith for half an hour, was to feel toward her as toward an old friend. In less than that time, on our first meeting, I was as much at home with her as if we had been acquainted for years. For her young nieces, Aunt Edith entertained the warmest affection. It is doubtful if she could have loved her own children more tenderly. She was ever ready to take an interest in what interested them; and entered into all their pleasures with a heartiness that made them her own. On the evening to which I have referred, as we sat pleasantly conversing before a bright

fire in the parlor, almost the first of the season, Aunt Edith said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, addressing, as she spoke, the oldest of her nieces,

"Why, Maggy, dear, this is Hallow-Eve. Have you forgotten?"

"So it is!" cried Maggy, in return, clapping her hands together with girlish enthusiasm.

"Hallow-Eve!" chimed in Kate, the youngest of the three. "Oh, we must try sweethearts to-night!"

"Sweethearts!" said Mr. Wilmot, the father of the girls, in a grave voice. "Nonsense! Nonsense, child! What do you want to know about sweethearts?"

Kate slightly blushed, but her smile was so radiant, that it quickly extinguished the deeper hue that had come over her bright, young countenance. She did not, however, reply to her father's question, but looked into the face of Aunt Edith for encouragement.

"Wait awhile, dear," said Aunt Edith, "your father don't understand these matters. But I was a young girl once, and know all about them."

"Trying sweethearts! Why I thought that custom was peculiar only to the Scotch and Irish peasantry."

Aunt Edith looked at me and smiled.

"In cities," she replied, "these customs are hardly known, but here they have always prevailed among portions of the people. Halloween, though not kept with the formality attending the occasion in the rural districts of Ireland or Scotland, is yet remembered by hundreds of young maidens who live far away from the great towns, and who improve the occasion to get, if possible, a peep into futurity, and read therein an answer to their heart's eager questions."

"Can it really be," said I, in return, "that superstition like this prevails in an age and among a people so enlightened. Fortune-tellers would find a rich harvest in these regions."

"Not richer, I presume," returned Aunt Edith, "than among your more enlightened dwellers in cities."

"True, we have fortune-tellers and astrologers in abundance, and they appear to find enough silly people to encourage and support them. But what is the nature of these love tests that so many of your country maidens apply on Hallow-Eve?"

Aunt Edith smiled as she answered,

"They are of various kinds. Among the most common is burning nuts on the hearth. A young maiden will take two nuts, and naming one for the man who is, or whom she would like to have for her sweetheart, and the other for herself, she puts them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, will be the future relation toward each other by the lad and lassie. Don't you remember these verses in Burns' 'Hallowe'en':"

The auld guidwife's well hoordit nits
Are round an' round dividid
An' monie lads' an' lassies' fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie,* side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' with saucy pride,
And jump out-ower the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e,t
Wha 't was she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel;
He bleezed ower her, an' she ower him,
As they wad ne'er mair part!
'Till fuff,‡ he started up the lum,§
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see 't that night.

The girls were all listening with fixed attention, and even Mr. Wilmot was interested.

"This, as I remarked," continued Aunt Edith, "is one of the commonest modes of trying sweethearts. There are many others, and some of them involve ordeals that would make the stoutest nerves quiver."

"Did you ever try any of them?" I inquired, half forgetting myself in asking so pointed a question.

"Perhaps I have," replied Aunt Edith, smilingly. "A young maiden will go through a great deal, in order to get some kind of an answer to a question that so deeply involves her happiness. But you mus'n't expect me to make any confessions."

"Oh no, we wont ask that," said I, "but you will not object to relating some experiments of this kind that you have known others make?"

"Certainly not. When I was a young girl, a great deal more attention was paid to the Eve of All Saints' Day than at present, and love-stricken lasses would look forward for months for its arrival, in order to try their sweethearts. You remember Lizzie Wells, afterward Mrs. Jackson?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Wilmot, to whom the question was addressed.

"I shall never forget one of her attempts to raise the spirit of her future spouse. Poor girl! It turned out rather a serious matter for the time. She was a timid, bashful thing, and was particularly sensitive when any one jested with her about a sweetheart. It is usually the case, that love charms are tried by at least two, and sometimes three or four girls, in order that they may brace up each other's courage. But Lizzie had no sister as a confidante, and there was no maiden of her acquaintance to whom she would betray the anxiety she felt on the momentous subject of love. So, on Hallow-Eve she must try her sweetheart all alone, or still remain in doubt. But doubt had pressed upon her bosom until it could be borne no longer. As the day that closed the month of October began to fade into twilight, Lizzie's resolution in regard to a certain experiment, which had been strong when the bright sun looked down from the sky, began to waver. Clouds had heaved themselves up in the west, and the

cold autumn wind began to moan among the old forest trees. The young girl felt a creeping shudder pass through her frame, as her imagination pictured the weird hour of midnight, and herself, alone, seeking by strange rites to conjure up the spirit of her lover. But the thought of one who, of all others she had yet seen, embodied in her eyes the highest human perfections, and the uncertainty that accompanied this thought, brought her mind back again to its first resolution. To have some sure knowledge on this subject, was worth almost any trial, and the strong desire she felt for its possession, nerved her heart again for the task she had laid upon herself.

"As night closed in, the air became tempestuous. The wind rushed and moaned through the trees that were near and around her father's dwelling. Every window rattled, and the shutters and gates seemed as if moved by some spirit-hands, for they were still scarcely a moment at a time. Lizzie saw in all this disturbance of the elements a sign that weird ones were abroad, and you may well suppose that her heart trembled when she thought of the experiment she was about to make. When Hallow-Eve occurred just one year before, she had tried one of the ordinary love charms; but its indications were not satisfactory to her mind?"

"What was it?" asked Kate.

"The salt egg," replied Aunt Edith.

"Oh!"

"The salt egg?—what is that?" I inquired.

"One or two, or more young girls, as the case may happen to be," said Aunt Edith, "sit up until the witching hour of midnight. Then in the ashes they roast each an egg, from which, after it is done, the hard yolk is taken, and the cavity made in the egg by this removal, filled with salt. Precisely at twelve o'clock at night, the white of the egg is to be eaten with this salt, and then, without drinking, the parties go to bed. Of course, they get very dry in the night and dream of water, and, it is averred that, in the dream, the spirit of the lover presents a cup of water. If the damsel dream that she takes the water and drinks it, the one by whom it is presented will be her future husband; but if she refuse to take it, she will not marry the man, and there are chances in favor of her dying a maid."

"Did you ever try the salt egg, aunty?" inquired Kate, with an arch look.

"Nonsense, child! Don't ask your aunt such a question," said Mr. Wilmot, laughing.

"Yes, dear," was the good-humored reply. "I've tried that charm."

"And how did it come out?" asked Maggy, and Jane both at once.

"All right," returned Aunt Edith, while a beautiful smile played about her features. "Well," she continued, "as I was saying, Lizzie had tried the salt egg, but it had not proved so satisfactory as she had desired, and she resolved to work out a deeper charm, and to interrogate the future by a more earnest rite. What this should be, had for many days been a subject of debate in her mind. The most certain spell was that of the south running spring or rivulet. But not within half a mile was there such a stream in the right location. To make this trial of sweethearts a

* Lovingly.

‡ With a puff or bounce.

† Watchful eye.

§ Chimney.

sure one, the person must go after dark, to a stream running south, and just where three estates meet, dip the left sleeve in the water. She must then sleep in a room where there is a fire, and on going to bed, hang the garment with the wet sleeve to dry. Of course, she must lie awake until midnight, at which time the spirit of the future husband will enter the room, go up to the fire, turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side, and then go away again. But, as I said, this ceremony was out of the question, for Lizzie, even if her nerves would have been strong enough for the trial, there being no southward running spring within a convenient distance. Other plans were next debated, and the final conclusion was to eat an apple before a looking-glass, just as the clock struck twelve, in the hope of seeing the apparition of her spouse to be, looking at her over her shoulder. At first thought this may seem but a little matter, but let any one try it, and she will find her courage put to a severe test."

"A dozen times, as the lonely evening passed away and Lizzie hearkened to the troubled roar of the storm without—for the rain had begun to fall—did her heart fail her. But the intense desire she felt to know something certain in regard to her lover, brought back her wavering resolution. There was no one at home but her father and mother, and they retired to bed, as was their usual custom, about nine o'clock. Three hours yet remained before the all-potent love test could be tried, and there was full time for Lizzie's already weakened nerves to become sensitive to the utmost degree. In order to make the time pass less wearily, she took up some work and tried to sew. But her hand was so tremulous that she could not hold the needle, and after a few trials, she was forced to abandon the attempt. She next tried to read, but with no better success. Her eyes passed from word to word over the open page, but there was not the slightest connection between the words in the book and the ideas that were passing through her mind. Half an hour was spent in this way, and then, startled by a noise as of some one trying to open the outside door, she looked up and listened intently, while her heart throbbed so heavily that she could distinctly hear every pulsation, and feel them as strokes upon her bosom. As she listened, other sounds became apparent. There was the noise, as of feet, walking around the house; voices were heard in the moaning wind, and cries from the distant forest. Now, there seemed to be a knocking at the window-pane, and she half turned herself to look, her heart shrinking lest some fearful apparition should meet her eyes. Even in the room the deep silence was broken by strange sounds—something rustled in one corner, and rattled in another; and even the fire blazed on the hearth with an unearthly murmur, while the sparks flew suddenly out, and darted across the room as if instinct with some living purpose.

"Thus it was that the hours crept slowly on. But still firm to her purpose, Lizzie, though her heart was almost paralyzed with superstitious fear, kept her lonely vigil. At length the clock, which had ticked with a louder and louder noise as time wore on toward midnight, pointed to the minute mark before twelve.

Up to this time the storm without had been steadily increasing. But now there came a sudden lull in the tempest, and the roar of the wind sunk into a low, sobbing moan, that sounded strangely human.

"The hour had come. Upon the table by which Lizzie sat, stood the candle, and near it the apple which must be eaten as a part of the spell that was to raise the spirit of her lover. Strongly tempted was Lizzie, at this crisis, to rush from the room and abandon the bold experiment. Both hands of the clock would be on the point that marked the close of Halloween in a few seconds, and if she did not act now, the secret she so ardently desired to penetrate would still be hidden from her eyes. She felt awful in that moment of deep suspense. Her heart ceased for an instant to beat, and then bounded on again in troubled throbbings. Then, with a kind of desperate energy, she caught up the candle and apple, and turned to the glass that hung against the wall. As she did so, the brief lull in the tempest expired, and the wind, as if it had gained new power, rushed past with a wilder sound, and shook the house to its very foundation."

"One glance into the mirror, as the hammer of the clock began to fall sufficed. A wild scream, thrilling through the house, accompanied by a noise as of some one falling heavily, aroused the sleeping parents. When they descended to the room below, they found Lizzie prostrate on the floor in a state of total insensibility."

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Kate, in a husky voice.

"What did she see?" asked Maggy, who had been listening with breathless attention.

"It was many hours before the frightened girl came back to consciousness," said Aunt Edith. "I saw her on the day afterward, and she looked as if she had been sick for a month. We were intimate, and on my asking her some questions, she told me what she had done, and avowed that, as she looked into the glass, she distinctly saw the face of a man peering over her shoulder."

"But you did n't believe her," said Mr. Wilmot.

"Did she know the person whom she saw?" asked Maggy.

"Yes. She told me who it was; and they were afterward married."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmot. "I'm really surprised at you, sister! You will turn these silly girls' heads. You surely don't believe that she saw any face in the glass besides her own."

"In imagination she did, without doubt. The fact of her fainting from alarm shows that."

"But you say, Aunt Edith, that she afterward married the person she saw?"

"Yes, dear. But that is no very strange part of the story. Young ladies are not famous for keeping secrets, you know. I told a young friend, in confidence, of course, what Lizzie had told me. She, though bound to secrecy, very naturally confided the story to her particular friend and confidante, and so it went, until the young man came to hear of it. It so happened that both he and Lizzie were rather modest sort of young people, and, though mutually in love with each other,

shrunk from letting any signs thereof become manifest. At a distance the young man worshiped, scarcely hoping that he would ever be, in the eyes of the maiden, more than a friend or acquaintance. But, when he heard of the love test, and was told that his face had appeared to the maiden, he took courage. The next time he met Lizzie, he drew to her side as naturally as iron draws to the magnet; and as he looked into her mild blue eyes, he saw that they were full of tenderness. The course of true love ran smoothly enough after that. On next Halloween they were made one, in the very room where, a year before, the never-to-be-forgotten love charm was tried."

On the next morning neither of the sisters were very bright. Maggy was pale; Jane did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, and Kate looked so thoughtful as she sipped her coffee with a spoon, and only pretended to eat, that her mother inquired seriously as to the cause.

Kate blushed, and seemed a little confused, but said nothing was the matter.

"I hope you have not been so silly as to try sweet-hearts," remarked Mr. Wilmot.

Instantly the tell-tale blood mounted to the brow of Kate. Maggy, likewise, found her color, and rather more of it than her cheeks were wont to bear.

"Why girls!" exclaimed the father, who had spoken more in jest than in earnest. "Can it be possible—"

But, before he could finish the sentence, both Kate and Maggy had risen from the table—their faces like scarlet—and were hastily leaving the room.

"Really," said Mr. Wilmot, "I thought better of them girls! What nonsense! This is all your fault, sister. I should n't at all wonder if you were up with them trying *your* sweetheart."

Aunt Edith smiled, in her quiet, self-possessed way, as she replied—

"I hardly think, brother, you will find it any thing more serious than eating a salt egg on going to bed, or some trifling affair like that; for which I can readily excuse a young maiden."

"To think they should be so weak as to believe in nonsense of this kind!" said the father. "I hoped that my daughters had better sense."

"Do n't take the matter so seriously, brother," replied Aunt Edith to this. "It has only been a little frolick."

"It has been rather a serious one, I should think, to judge from the effects produced. Jane, I presume, is too much indisposed to get up; and I am sure both Maggy and Kate look as if they had been sick for a week."

"They'll all come out bright enough before noon. Don't fear for that."

The girls, however, were not themselves again during the whole day. Jane's absence from the breakfast table was in consequence of a nervous headache, from which she suffered nearly all day. And Kate and Maggy continued to look thoughtful, and to keep as much away from the rest of the family as possible.

It came out, before night, that each of the girls, on retiring at twelve o'clock, had eaten a "salt egg." The consequence to Jane was a sick headache; and the

others did not feel much better. As to their dreams, they wisely kept their own counsel. That these had some effect upon their spirits, was, no doubt correctly, inferred.

"That a young girl, after sitting up until twelve o'clock at night, thinking of a certain nice young man, and then eating half a cupfull of salt, should dream that she was thirsty, and that this certain young man came and offered her water to drink, is not a very wonderful occurrence, and might be accounted for on very natural principles."

"Of course," replied Aunt Edith, to whom the remark was made, as we sat, all but the girls, conversing before the parlor fire on the evening of that day. "And yet I have known of cases where the dreams that came were singularly prophetic. As for instance. A young friend of mine, when I was a girl, tried, though under engagement of marriage, this experiment. She dreamed that her lover came and offered her water, and that she declined taking it, which is considered an unfavorable omen. In a month afterward, although the time for the wedding was fixed, the young man deserted her for another."

"All that may have occurred," said Mr. Wilmot, "without there being any connection between the dream and the after event."

"Oh, certainly. Yet you must own that the coincidence was a little singular," returned Aunt Edith.

"There are hundreds of coincidences occurring daily that are far more remarkable."

"Very true. But will you say positively that indications of things about to occur are never given? That no shadow of a coming event is ever projected upon our pathway as we move through life?"

"As I do not *know*, positively, any thing on the subject, I will assert nothing. But, as a general principle, we are aware that Providence wisely withholds from us a knowledge of the future, in order that we may remain in perfect freedom. If the knowledge of future events was given, our freedom would be destroyed, for the certainty of approaching calamity, or favorable fortune, would destroy our ability to act efficiently in the present. And as, for so good a reason, our Creator draws a veil over the future, I think it wrong for us to use any means for the removal of that veil."

"To any one," replied Aunt Edith, "whose mind is as clear on this subject as yours, all seeking after future knowledge would be wrong. But all are not so enlightened. All have not the intelligence or ability to think wisely on Providence and its operations with men. To such, in their weakness, the kind Providence that withholds as a general good, may grant particular glimpses into the future, as the result of certain forms which may determine spiritual influences; as was the case in ancient times, when oracles gave their mysterious answers."

"I'm afraid, sister," said Mr. Wilmot, "that you have a vein of superstition in your character."

"No," returned Aunt Edith. "I believe I am as free from superstition as one need wish to be. But I look upon the operations of Providence with man as designed for his spiritual good, and as coming down

to meet him even in his lowest and most ignorant state, in order to elevate him. There may be a condition of the human mind that needs, for its aid, some sign from the world of spirits; and wherever that state exists, such signs will be given. In the barbarous times of any nation, we find a belief in supernatural agencies—in signs, tokens, and oracles—a prominent characteristic. This is not so much an accidental circumstance as a Providential arrangement, by which to keep alive in the mind the idea of a spiritual world. The same is true among the unenlightened classes at the present day; and the reason is of a similar character. To people who know no better than to seek, by certain forms, to penetrate the future, true answers may be permitted sometimes to their inquiries; and this for a higher good than the one they are seeking."

At this point in the conversation the young ladies came into the room, and the subject was changed. During the evening allusion was again made to the topic upon which so much had already been said, when, in answer to some question asked of Aunt Edith, she related the following:

"Before I was married," said she, "there was a certain young man who paid me many attentions, but whom, from some cause or other, I did not particularly fancy. He was an excellent young man, of a good family, and, as sober and industrious as any one in the neighborhood. Still, for all this, I felt more like repulsing than giving him encouragement. He saw that I avoided him when I could do so without appearing rude, and this made him more distant; yet I could see that his mind was on me. I would often meet his eyes when we were in company; and he would come to my side whenever he could do so without appearing to be intrusive. His many excellent qualities, and the manliness of character for which he was distinguished, prevented me from treating him otherwise than respectfully. As a friend, I liked him, but when he approached, as was evidently the case, in the character of a lover, I could not be otherwise than cold and reserved. There were two or three other young men who appeared fond of my company, any one of whom I would have accepted, had he offered himself, in preference to this one.

"Such was the state of my love affairs, when Halloween came round. A cousin, a young girl about my own age, was spending a few weeks in our family, and she and I talked over the matter of trying sweet-hearts. After looking at the subject in its various lights and shades, we finally determined to summon up the requisite courage, and burn a love-candle. So, after all the family were in bed, which was not until after eleven o'clock, we began to make preparations for this ceremony. Burning the love-candle is done in this way. A table is set with bread, cakes and fruit; or any other articles of food that may be selected. Plates for as many guests as are expected are also put upon the table; but no knives or forks, lest the guests should, by any accident, harm themselves. A little before midnight a candle, in which a row of nine new pins have been placed just below the wick, is lighted and set upon the table. The distance between the row of pins and the burning end of the

candle must not be greater than will melt away by the time the hour of twelve strikes. When the candle burns down to the pins, they drop one after the other, and just as the last one falls, the apparitions of the future husbands of those who try the charm will enter, it is said, sit down to the table and eat, and then rise up and go away.

"Well, Lydia and I determined that we would try this love charm; so we arranged our table, placed upon it the candle in which were stuck the row of nine new pins, and sat down to await the arrival of the hour that was to open for us a page of the future. I shall never forget the deathlike stillness that reigned for a time through the room; nor how I started when the old house-dog suddenly raised, almost under the window, a long, low, melancholy howl. My heart seemed to beat all over my body, and I could feel the hair rising on my head. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we lit the candle and returned to our seats on the opposite side of the room to that in which the table was standing, almost crouching down in our chairs. As we did so, one of the shutters, which was merely drawn to without being fastened, flew open suddenly, and was slammed back against the side of the house, at the same time the wind began rushing and moaning through the trees. I felt awful. Spirits seemed all around me, and I looked every moment for some fearful apparition to blast our sight with its presence.

"Steadily the hand passed from point to point, and from figure to figure on the dial of the clock, my feelings becoming more and more excited every moment. At last came the warning that is given just before the striking of the hour, and the minute hand had but a point or two to pass before it was on the sign of twelve. My very breath was suspended. A few moments more, and then the hammer of the clock fell, and each stroke appeared as if made upon my heart. Suddenly there came a rush of wind past the house, and strange, wild, mournful tones it made; then the door swung open, and in came the apparition of a man. I saw in an instant that it was the one of whom I have spoken. His face had a fixed, dreamy, and, it seemed to me, troubled expression. He went up, slowly, to the table, and sitting down at my plate, took some fruit. For the space of nearly a minute it seemed to me, he remained there motionless; but did not eat. Then rising he turned away and left the room. During the brief period he remained, he manifested not the slightest consciousness of our presence. You may be sure we did not remain long after he had retired, but went tremblingly up stairs, half frightened out of our wits, and buried ourselves beneath the clothes without stopping to remove our garments, where we lay and shivered as if both of us had ague fits.

"Well, sure enough," continued Aunt Edith, "it turned out as the sign had indicated. I was married to the young man, and my cousin died an old maid. It was all folly I thought to struggle against my fate, and so from that memorable 'Hallow-Eve' received my lover's attentions with favor."

"And were you so weak as to believe that any one did really come in?" said Mr. Wilmot."

"I was," returned Aunt Edith.

"It was all your imagination," said the brother, positively.

"No, I believe not. I don't think it was possible for both of our eyes to be deceived."

"Then your cousin saw it too?"

"So she would have averred, had you asked her the day before her death."

Mr. Wilmot shook his head; while the girls looked credulous. I noticed that Kate glanced slightly around, every now and then, half fearfully.

"One day," resumed Aunt Edith, "about two years after our marriage, something favoring an allusion to the subject, I said to my husband—'There is one thing that I never could bring myself to mention, and I hardly like to do it now.' 'What is that?' he asked. I then related to him, minutely, all that I have told you this evening. He looked grave, and was thoughtful for some time. Then he said—'And there is also one thing about which I have never felt free to speak to you. I remember that night well, and shall have cause to remember it as long as I live.' 'Were you conscious of any thing?' I asked eagerly. 'Yes, of a great deal,' he replied. 'I saw, in fact, all that passed.' 'In a dream?' said I. 'No, while awake—as fully awake as at this time. To throw off all disguise, and speak without mystery, I happened on that night to be going home at a late hour, and in passing your house saw a light streaming through a small opening in the shutter. It instantly occurred to me that you might be up and engaged in some love experiments, as it was Hallow-Eve; so, stealing up softly, and peeping in, I saw that I was not in error. No very long time was

spent in determining what to do. My decision I marked by suddenly jerking the shutter back, and slamming it loudly against the house. Concealed by the darkness, I perceived the effect of this. It was what I had anticipated. You did not in the least suspect the truth. As plainly as if I had been in the room, I could now see all that was passing; and, as I understood the particular charm you were trying, knew precisely what part I was to act in the ceremony. So, as I had all along believed myself to be the favored one, although you somehow or other appeared to think differently, I took the liberty of walking in, just as the clock struck twelve.

At this part of Aunt Edith's story she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from all in the room.

"And so that was the explanation of the great mystery?" said Mr. Wilmot. "The troubled spirit was a real flesh and blood visiter after all."

"Yes. And in my heart I forgave him for the trick he played off upon me so adroitly."

"Why, Aunt Edith!" exclaimed Maggy, taking a long breath. "How you frightened me! I really thought it was a spirit that had entered!"

"No, child. Spirits, I believe, are not apt to walk about and visit love-sick maidens, even on Hallowe'en, for all that may be said to the contrary. The instance given you is the best authenticated I have ever known."

This relation furnished abundant food for merriment, as well as for some sage reflections during the evening, and even Maggy, Jane and Kate saw reason to join with the rest in laughing over the folly of Love Tests at Hallowe'en.

THE ODALISQUE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

IN marble shells the fountain splashes;
Its falling spray is turned to stars,
When some light wind its pinion dashes
Against thy gilded lattice-bars.
Around the shafts, in breathing cluster,
The roses of Damascus run,
And through the summer's moons of lustre
The tulip's goblet drinks the sun.

The day, through shadowy arches fainting,
Reveals the garden's burst of bloom,
With lights of shifting iris painting
The jasper pavement of thy room:
Enroofed with palm and laurel bowers,
Thou see'st, beyond, the cool kiosk,
And far away, the penciled towers
That shoot from many a stately mosque.

The voice of bill and tinkling water
Sounds cheerily in the cloudless morn,
That comes to thee, its radiant daughter,
Across the glittering Golden Horn;
And like the wave, whose flood of brightness
Is seen alone by eyes on shore,
Thy sunlit being moves in lightness
Nor knows the beauty all adore.

Thou hast no world beyond the chamber
Whose inlaid marbles mock the flowers,
Where burns thy lord's chibouque of amber,
To charm the languid evening hours.
There sounds, for thee, the fond lute's yearning
Through all enchanted tales of old,
And spicy cressets, dimly burning,
Swing on their chains of Persian gold.

No more, in half-remembered vision,
Thy distant childhood comes to view;
That star-like world of shapes Elysian
Has faded from thy morning's blue:
The eastern winds that cross the Taurus
Have now no voice of home beyond,
Where light waves foam in endless chorus
Against the walls of Trebizond.

For thee the Past may never reckon
Its hoard of saddening memories o'er,
Nor voices from the Future beckon
To joys that only live in store.
Thy life is in the gorgeous Present,
An orient summer, warm and bright;—
No gleam of beauty evanescent,
But one long time of deep delight.

JESSIE LINCOLN: OR THE CITY VISITERS.

BY MISS M. J. B. BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of N., reader, where the scene of my story is laid, is truly a most lovely place, so far certainly as Nature is responsible; for a broad, beautiful river bounds it on one side, and a fine range of mountains, picturesquely grand, screen it on another. Wealth, too, has joined hands with Nature to assist in the perfect completion of what *she* had left as it were unfinished. Sweet cottages nestling in green shrubbery, and elegant mansions surrounded by spacious gardens and lawns, glistening with fountains or shady with groves, reveal to the beholder a harmonious conspiracy between taste and affluence to picture Paradise in daguerreotype—every thing must be in daguerreotype in these days.

But the *moral*—perhaps it would be more charitable to say the *conventional* aspect of the village, is not so lovely as the natural aspect. A certain line of distinction has been drawn in society, and has long been assuming a greater and greater stringency, as an old generation passes away, and a new one refining upon its ancestor succeeds it. It is not the aristocracy of family and birth—the pride of nobility, as in England—nor the aristocracy of wit and talent, as in France—nor yet the true aristocracy of intellect and moral worth—but the peculiarly American aristocracy of money! Caste, determined by the possession or non-possession of estates and bank-stock, is scarcely more rigidly guarded on Hindoo ground than here—and intermarriages between the “higher and lower classes”—ridiculous names it is true, to be applied to society in republican democratic America—are regarded as sufficient reason for casting off all association with the *degraded* party, whatever rank said party may have sustained before.

And here I cannot forbear a passing remark on the obvious inconsistency of this principle. The accidents of fortune are so very variable, and its mutations such matters of every day experience, that a more fluctuating or uncertain standard of station could not possibly have been chosen. The possessor of half a million to-day, in a few years may die alone and in penury, the miserable tenant of a deserted garret, while the ragged, shivering, homeless boy, who pays his last hardly earned copper for the privilege of sleeping on an untenanted board, may at length find himself in the enjoyment of the “highest honors in the gift of his countrymen,” the honorable master of thousands, with a once starving and outcast beggar child the sharer of his emoluments and the elegant mistress of his mansion. The *son* of the rich man may die unknown and unblessed in the prison or the almshouse, “while the son of the maid servant who cleaned the President’s kitchen,” may be carried to the “white house” in

triumph, the chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation. But pardon my degression, dear reader—I needed not to *pen your own sentiments*. It is time I should introduce you to some of my people, if I would interest you, as I hope I may, in their acquaintance.

The “first and best” lady in the village of N. was Mrs. Josepha Tower. This lady was a widow, and in every respect, in heart, and mind, and manners, *she* was a truly elegant and accomplished woman. *She* belonged in a measure to the “old school,” and *she* possessed an uncommon share of sterling common sense, and the firmest and most uncompromising Christian principle. *She* was the possessor, too, of ample wealth, and diffused it with a liberality which reflected honor on her generosity, as well as poured a stream of happiness into her bereaved and widowed heart. The earlier part of Mrs. Tower’s life had been passed in a Southern city, though *she* was proud to claim a birth-right on New England’s soil, and an affinity with the upright and earnest New England heart in her purposes and dispositions. When the cholera with pestilential breath swept over the city of C—, it numbered among its victims her husband and her only child; and as the staff and centre of her hopes were thus suddenly cut down at a single stroke, Mrs. Tower turned her face toward the home of her childhood, and sought amid the green hills and quiet streams, where those fresh and careless years had been passed, for that alleviation to her sorrows which *she* must have sought in vain among scenes where her irreparable losses would be constantly suggested by contact and association. *She* came forth from the furnace of her affliction like gold seven times purified, and resolutely declining even the consideration of a second marriage while her heart was bound so fast in its wedlock to the grave, *she* consecrated her influence and her wealth to the noble purpose of promoting the well-being and the happiness of her fellow sojourners in a wilderness world. The star of her hope had gone out while *she* yet watched it in midheaven, and why should *she* not henceforward bind herself to the unselfish aim of spreading abroad the joy which had taken its flight from her own bosom, leaving in its place a calm and holy resignation? So to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, “from the river to the ends of the earth,” flowed the rills, all fresh and fertilizing, which found their reservoir in her kindly and world-embracing benevolence.

Every thing tasteful and elegant in the matter of household appointments, was always to be found at Mrs. Tower’s. Books, not laid upon the shelves of her library merely to dazzle by their gilding, but to be read by every body who would read—pictures and statues—for *she* was a generous patroness of the arts—music and flowers, and the most refined and polished

society, were among the most familiar attractions one always found at the residence of that excellent lady; and yet I tell my readers only the truth when I say that with all her wealth, and her truly enviable social position, Mrs. Tower was the only woman in the whole circle of N. aristocracy who had independence enough to bid defiance to conventional proscription, and invite whom she pleased to tea with her—whether it was the President's lady or her washer-woman. Mrs. Tower to be sure had too much politeness to invite those whom she knew her aristocratic neighbors did not choose to recognize as equals when she invited *them*; but she heartily despised the principle which governed her wealthier acquaintances, in excluding the worthy poor from their society *because* they were poor; and in the face of all expostulation and astonishment, she disdained such unreasonable trammels and acted accordingly, though she well knew what surprise her decision occasioned, and what gossip it furnished. But the fault-finders—what could they do? They could not proscribe Mrs. Tower, for she abounded in that one great requisite for elevated station—a plenty of *money*—and she could gather into her house more distinguished people from the circle of her private acquaintance, than half the village put together—they could not lose the pleasure of such agreeable levees as Mrs. Tower made for strangers who were visiting her at all seasons of the year. Beside, just now when my story commences, the young minister of the village was an inmate of her family, and being unmarried and unbrothered, and there being at the same time, a goodly number of young ladies unmarried, but marriageable, in the most important families of his parish, the minister, Rev. Louis Style, became a very interesting character, aside from his public capacity, and the unconscious prize in quite an extensive lottery. But more of the Rev. Louis Style anon.

CHAPTER II.

One lovely evening in summer, a circle of young ladies was sitting in the delicious moonlight that streamed fitfully through the glancing leaves and fragrant clusters of honeysuckle that shaded the veranda of Mrs. Tower's residence, chatting joyfully—the *girls* I mean—not the honeysuckles or the moonlight, though I could not vouch that *they* exchanged no love whispers audible to the ears of fairies—laughing merrily over the ices and fruit, and of course, gossiping.

Mrs. Tower had been more than usually agreeable, though she was always lovely; and as to Mr. Style, he had carried every heart. The girls had all been completely captivated; some by his calm and manly beauty, and some by the flashing brilliancy of his ripe and richly cultivated mind, and some by those inexpressible fascinations, which, had he been a man of the world, would have made him irresistible in all society. But Mr. Style was a man of pure and exalted piety, and would have conscientiously feared to use his slightest power to interest a heart to which his own must stoop from its own moral height to meet, or to whose affection he could not earnestly respond. Indeed so fastidious was the Rev. Mr. Style, that he had never met the lady, as he determined, whom he could

cordially invite to the queenship of his affections. He was verily so happy and contented as an inmate of Mrs. Tower's family in the pursuit of his daily duties—so happy in the satisfaction and regard of his people, that it seldom occurred to him that “it is not good for a man to be alone.” The manmas and blooming young ladies, however, adopted that doctrine as one of the most important, prominent and practical of the whole creed, and most especially did they set their faces against so Popish a practice as the “celibacy of the clergy!”

Mrs. Tower had withdrawn from the circle a few minutes to examine the dispatches brought in by the evening mail, but returning soon with a smile of unusual gladness illuminating her pensive face, and an open letter in her hand, she said—

“Well, girls, I have intelligence here that makes me very happy. I have at length prevailed with a young friend of mine, to leave the city and pass a few weeks with me during the hottest of the season, and I am so very glad—”

“O, so am I,” interrupted Miss Charlotte Varley, a very languishing young lady, who had great hopes of success with Mr. Style, since she had joined his communion and was a teacher in his Sabbath-school—but withal a *belle*—“a young gentleman from the city will be very refreshing this terrible weather—I hope he is a pious man, Mrs. Tower—we have so few of those—and that he will bring us some new plans about Sabbath-schools and benevolent societies such as are found to be most useful in the city!”

Miss Varley closed her remarks with a small sigh, and looked at Mr. Style for pious sympathy. Mr. Style that moment turned away to pluck a drooping blossom that hung near him, and some of the ruder minxes indulged in mischievous glances and a smothered laugh.

“I declare, Charlotte,” interposed Miss Emilie Jones, who was one of Miss Varley's most sincere despisers, “the effervescence of your regard for Sabbath-schools and ‘cent societies,’ has quite anticipated the sequel of Mrs. Tower's story—you did not allow her time to say whether we are to be favored by the accession of a *lady* or a *gentleman* to our little country community—but consulting your own fancy, I suppose you took it for granted it must be a ‘pious young gentleman.’”

The color deepened in Charlotte's really beautiful face, as a glimpse of her ridiculous position flashed from Emilie's playful satire, and to increase her confusion, the girls all laughed more saucily than before. There might have been some serious heart-burnings, but Mrs. Tower came to the rescue.

“Charlotte is entirely excusable, young ladies,” she said, “and I am responsible for her remark by my own ambiguity. My friend is a *lady*, and one of the loveliest of her sex in mind and heart. I have not seen her since she grew into a woman, but I am confident from what I know of the development of her character, I shall not be disappointed in the promise of her childhood. She will be here in two weeks at most, and possibly sooner. Now I am old and dull girls, and I shall draw largely on your vivacity for her entertain-

ment, at *first for my sake*, and afterward, when you know her, for her own."

"O yes, indeed, Mrs. Tower," promised the girls, and none more promptly than Charlotte and Adelaide Varley, both for themselves and for their mother and three sisters at home. They would specially make a party for her, though they had determined to make *no parties* till their friends, Mrs. Tyler and her daughter, very genteel people from New York, should come, which event could not certainly be hoped for at least for three weeks. And Misses Charlotte and Adelaide telegraphed to each other, while the rest were promising their attentions, how much pleasure it must afford Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth if they should happen to recognize a city acquaintance in Mrs. Tower's expected visitor—"as their metropolitan friends," Charlotte remarked, "were so very gay and fashionable, they had sometimes languished in the country for a city face or something that looked familiar."

"It must be a melancholy and most insupportable deprivation," chimed in Emilie Jones, "to spend a whole fortnight on the stretch in such an ugly and unsightly village as this of N. has the reputation of being, especially in the summer, and all that time, not so much as *see* fiery red brick palisades towering up on both sides of you, and pouring down on your 'devoted head' a perfect torrent of heat! I am sure if I were anybody's 'metropolitan friends,' I should mourn being obliged to set my feet on the cool grass! How I should miss the scorching them on a hot pavement, to say nothing of the disadvantage to my lungs of inhaling fresh clear air, instead of dust and cigar smoke, and all sorts of vile fumes and abominations! What is your taste, Mr. Style?"

"I am a great lover of the country, and particularly of this beautiful village, Miss Emilie," gallantly replied Mr. Style.

"Well, well, Emilie, enough of your mischief for once," said Adelaide Varley, with a very severe smile which she meant for an indifferent one. "We all know you are more wicked than civilized. But my watch says it is time to go home, and I guess Mrs. Tower will be glad to be rid of such a set of chatter-boxes as we have proved ourselves this time."

"Mr. Style will write a livelier sermon for it, I'll wager my thimble, after he has slept upon the savor of our conversation," said Emilie, as she gave him her hand at parting, and turned gayly round to bid Mrs. Tower good night."

"Come again, dears, every one of you," said Mrs. Tower, as she smiled on the youthful group, "come every day and enliven us with the life of such glad spirits. Mr. Style would lead a most monotonous life indeed if I were all the company he could have."

"You, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Tower," replied Emilie. "That man is verily avaricious who covets better or more charming society than our most delightful hostess of this evening, to say nothing of the ice creams and etceteras! Yes, worthy of stripes is he, whether clergyman or layman!"

And Emilie finished her speech with a quick glance at the young minister, and her own peculiarly rich and musical shout of mirth, and tripped lightly down the

terrace and across the wide and shaded street to her own home.

As the other young ladies of the party had farther to go, Mr. Style took them all under his protection, rendering particular assistance to Miss Charlotte, who complained of excessive weariness and lassitude. Beside, being occasionally afflicted with a difficulty of the heart, she could not walk so fast as some of the girls, so Mr. Style found himself safely at Mrs. Varley's door with his delicate charge, many minutes after all the others were laughing and speculating about it in their own rooms.

"Well, Adelaide, what do you think of Mrs. Tower's coaxing a very pretty young lady to her house, to pass some weeks in company with the Rev. Mr. Style?" said Charlotte, very sharply, as she ran upstairs to the parlor, in double quick time, quite independent of the "heart difficulty," that had so impeded her progress home.

"It's downright scandalous!" said Miss Annette, the eldest daughter, "and I should not wonder at any breeze it might raise in the church and society—it may result in something very unpleasant indeed!" and Annette shook her head very doubtfully.

"It is ridiculous! Nothing but a trap, depend on it," said Mrs. Varley, for Adelaide had detailed the whole story with her own annotations long before Charlotte reached home.

"It is really a very presuming thing," seriously responded Annette, shaking her head still more dubiously.

"Yes, yes—very presumptuous indeed!" sneered Mrs. Varley, who never had any opinions, only those that were to be had at second hand. "Just as if Mrs. Tower could not only dictate who we shall have for minister, but also who he shall *marry*! for I declare, girls, it looks like that—do n't it now?"

"To be sure it does, mamma," replied Annette; "you have hit the nail on the head this time! It takes you to see what folks are about behind the scenes. Lottie, did you get any particulars about this person out of Mr. Style, coming home—whether he ever saw her—whether she is rich and fashionable, so it will do for us to notice her—"

"No, Annette, I did not learn any thing about her, though I asked questions, enough in all conscience," fretted Charlotte. "But I think we had better write immediately to Mrs. Tyler and find out something," she continued. "I declare, mamma," and the tears started to her eyes for very vexation and disappointment, "Mr. Style would not speak only on the most indifferent subjects coming home, and if I do n't bring him to the point soon, I do n't believe one of us will ever be married in the world, and I will go to a convent! I *will*!"

"Do n't say so, Lottie! do n't dear," soothed the mamma—"only think what good aim money takes at the hearts of men, and are we not *rich*, child; and are not my daughters fine dashing girls, dressing as well as the best of 'em, and wont they finally marry *just as they please*? The chaff always blows away first, they used to say when I was young!"

"Well, who wants to wait forever, mother, for all

"What?" said Annette, who really had waited a reasonable time, with her purse and her heart in her hand, and yet no bidders.

"I, for one, want to wait till I am *sought*," said Adelaide, and not make such a ridiculous matter of it as Charlotte does, in her pursuit of Mr. Style. The girls all laughed at your speeches, Lottie, till I am heartily vexed and ashamed about the whole game. Do be a little wiser in your demonstrations!"

"I guess I'll come and borrow some of the wisdom *you* have to spare, Miss," retorted Charlotte, very angrily, as she rose and whisked out of the room, slamming the door violently after her.

Mrs. Varley and the three sisters, Annette, Almada, and Cynthia, all pounced upon Adelaide, who was really more shrewd and sensible than they all, till she diverted them from the attack by a narration of what was always interesting, the gossip she had gathered from one and another, together with her own active surmises during the evening.

"If you had seen how Emilie Jones acted, mamma—I could not help thinking Mr. Style and Mrs. Tower were both delighted with her impudence," said Adelaide. "For my part, I think she is one of the sauciest and most sarcastic imps I ever saw. If Capt. Jones was not so rich and his family so influential, I would cut her acquaintance."

"And a mighty deal would she care for that," replied Annette, "so long as Mrs. Tower makes such friends of her and her mother. But did she tell you that her father and George are coming home directly? Mrs. Jones was here to-night, and she said so."

"No—he did not say a word about it. She makes no disclosures to me," returned Adelaide. "There will be another mark for our beautiful Charlotte—the young lieutenant—if she does not succeed in her 'ecclesiastical measures,'" she added, biting her lips in expectation of a torrent of displeasure from her mother and sisters. It came, of course, and in a fit of resentment and passion, she too flitted off to bed.

CHAPTER III.

The Varley family were very wealthy *in purse*, and that was the only anchor with which they were able to fasten themselves on society. They were ignorant, vulgar, and haughty, proud, unprincipled, and deceitful. A more designing, intriguing, manœuvring woman than Mrs. Varley, can seldom be met with, but her plans were all so superficially laid, and so very shallow and short-sighted, they had so far unfortunately failed, at least all the matrimonial alliances she had projected for her five marriageable daughters—inasmuch as they all remained a heavy article in a sated market. Charlotte was the youngest, and in person, so far as the delicate tinting of the face and a faultless chiseling of form were concerned, she possessed unusual loveliness. But the deformity of her ill disciplined and misdirected mind, and the prominent weakness of her character, were so apparent, that in the estimate of really sensible and intelligent people, the one favorable item passed for almost nothing.

Mrs. Varley had resolved to secure the Rev. Mr. Style for her youngest daughter, and she determined

that nothing should be left undone to accomplish so desirable an object. Charlotte was herself too weak to play her part *well* in a well concerted scheme—but in a miserably lame one, she played it wretchedly. Mr. Style saw to his infinite but necessarily concealed disgust, the snare that was spread in his sight, and though nothing in the world was easier than to escape, it subjected him to a mortifying espionage, and most disagreeable caution in his pastoral intercourse with his people. What the designs of others might be he was too high-minded even to imagine; but there was no mistaking Miss Charlotte Varley's intentions, with eyes only half open.

Since Mr. Style had been an inmate of Mrs. Tower's household, Mrs. Varley had been making perpetual attempts to place herself and her daughters on a footing of intimacy there; but her efforts had been unsuccessful, as Mrs. Tower was just as polite as ever, and just as reserved as ever, leaving Mrs. Varley to guess at the reason. Of course she put her own construction upon the matter, and never failed, when she could find or make an opportunity, to hint at something unfavorable in relation to Mrs. Tower. She did, as malicious people often do, foil herself with her own weapons, for almost every body loved and admired Mrs. Tower, and distrusted and disliked Mrs. Varley, though her wealth and standing in society gave her a kind of influence and power, which she and the five Misses Varley most industriously exerted.

Mrs. Tower's clear mind fathomed at a glance the intent of her neighbor, but the sentinels about the outposts of her prudence, were never for once caught slumbering on duty, or taken in a moment of unguardedness; and she sealed her discoveries in her own breast, leaving her friend and protégé, the Rev. Mr. Style, to his own conclusions and his own discretion. He longed to ask her if his observations tallied with hers, but he feared it might savor of conceit, or wear some other unworthy aspect in her eyes, so they remained mutually silent.

Such was the condition of things when Mrs. Tower welcomed to her house and her hospitalities the daughter of her early friend, sweet Jessie Lincoln. An illness of a few days had delayed her arrival, but the paleness it had left on her cheek only added a charm to her sad and lovely face.

"Now you are mine for a long, long time—for *always*, Jessie," said Mrs. Tower, as she folded the gentle girl to her heart. "How long I have urged you, and now you are really with me at length? How like the Jessie of my childhood you are, dearest, and how like the Jessie I laid beside her father in the grave!"

The awakening of painful remembrances brought the relief of mingled tears to the childless widow and the orphan Jessie; but soon controlling her emotions Mrs. Tower continued—

"I shall preach one of my favorite doctrines in your ears, my dear Jessie, till you are my proselyte indeed. This notion of yours about dependence is *only* a notion. It is banishing the bloom from your cheek, and stealing from your whole youth the treasures of joyousness which the young should especially garner.

There is bitterness enough laid up for meridian years, Jessie, without casting so deep a shadow over the light and the hope of your girlhood. You must henceforth make my house your home, and be my own daughter. Say, Jessie, will you not?"

Poor Jessie could only reply with her tears.

"At least you must consider the matter," proceeded Mrs. Tower, "and if I succeed in making your stay with me agreeable while you are my guest, I shall certainly hope to persuade you. But dry those tears, Jessie. I dare say I have opened the subject prematurely—if you are not too weary for company to-night, I must take you down stairs and introduce you to some ladies I see coming up the avenue, to sympathize in my gladness—Mrs. Jones and her Emilie. Mrs. Jones is one of my dearest friends, and Emilie is a wild, crazy-headed creature, but very sensible and affectionate, and I am sure you will love her."

Jessie's plain traveling-dress was exchanged for one of simple white muslin, and the bright mass of her beautiful black hair, released from its confinement, fell in smooth, heavy ringlets over her shoulders. Her whole air was a harmonious combination of ladylike reserve and a native born gentility, which education indeed may polish and improve, but can never implant. Mrs. Tower fondly kissed the cheek of the graceful girl, and then placing Jessie's arm within her own, she led her with almost maternal pride to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Jones and her daughter welcomed the young stranger with the sincere cordiality of old friends, and Emilie, who became immediately fascinated with the simplicity and unassuming gentleness of her manner, expressed the earnest hope that Miss Lincoln would be happy enough to spend the whole summer.

"If you have a country-loving taste, I am sure you cannot find a lovelier spot than our own village, Miss Lincoln—or Jessie—as I mean to call you when we are no longer strangers," said Emilie, her brilliant face sparkling with kindness, as she sat down on the sofa by Jessie's side. "There is every thing beautiful at Mrs. Tower's I know," she continued, "but I am so wild, and so much of a rambler that I love the forests and glens and waterfalls, and above all horseback excursions! We have a pair of fine saddle-horses that papa has just brought home—high-spirited creatures they are—they make me think of Zenobia's horses. Do'n't you ride on horseback, Miss Jessie?"

Jessie had never practiced at all.

"O well! I can learn you in a very little time, and I'll undertake to be your tutor in horsemanship, for I am far more notable in it, than in some *more* feminine accomplishments. Do you hear my my boast Mrs. Tower? I have engaged to learn Miss Lincoln to ride on horseback, in which art I have informed her *I excel!*" and Emilie laughed heartily at her own nonsense.

"No very unreasonable boast, Miss Emilie," said Mr. Style; "and I think Miss Lincoln would have no difficulty in believing every word, if she had seen you practicing your Arabs this morning. I was confident your neck would be broken! But have you found names for the horses yet? You were in a grave study about that last evening!"

"O yes, Mr. Style, I am happily relieved of that anxiety. I could not think of christening them with those Quixotic names which you suggested, for I knew I could never remember them—and I was so troubled to suit myself, that I referred the whole matter to papa and George, and after a protracted and laborious discussion, they declared for the illustrious names of Romulus and Remus! I hope they may not quarrel for precedence, as those old worthies did! Indeed I shall be wrathful enough if Romulus practices any imposition or violence on Remus, for he is decidedly my favorite, and not entirely a *non resistant* I discover. But I shall give Miss Lincoln her introductory lessons on my docile old Betty, who has run so many delightful races for my pleasure. After that I purpose to settle a pension on Betty, and leave her to enjoy a calm old age. O I long to be about it! Will you be too tired to take your first ride to-morrow morning, Miss Lincoln? Betty is quiet as a kitten, and will kneel to take you on her back. Mrs. Tower's avenue behind the garden is just the place too. Mrs. Tower may we ride there?"

"Certainly you may, Emilie," replied Mrs. Tower. "I give you the range of my house and grounds, together with the command of my carriage and coachman, till you shall get Jessie acclimated!"

"That is noble, Mrs. Tower! All I want. Your avenue is longer and wider than ours. I am sure I shall have roses as red as my own on Jessie's cheek in a very little while. And you, Mr. Style, may prepare yourself for a challenge to a horse-race, when Miss Lincoln can ride my Romulus!"

Jessie expressed unbounded delight at the prospect of amusement that was before her, and offered a thousand thanks to Emilie for her willingness to instruct her.

"O pray don't say a word about that," replied Emilie. "Perhaps I shall not prove so competent as I promise. But if I fail, Mr. Style here shall finish your education!"

"Now, Mr. Style," said Mrs. Tower, when the ladies had made their adieux, "you must take charge of Jessie's entertainment, while I attend to a little business. I am sure she will be pleased with the conservatory?"

The young clergyman very readily undertook the commission, and throwing open a door from the drawing-room, he led the delighted girl into a sweet wilderness of flowers and fragrance.

Three weeks glided by almost imperceptibly, for Jessie Lincoln had never experienced such a full tide of happiness. The cool, fresh country zephyr kissed her cheeks, and there crept over them a delicious tinting, delicate as the blush of a rose-bud. Vigorous exercise, rural walks, and every kind of simple pleasure banished the sickly and languid expression from her face, and with returning health came vigor, vivacity, and joyousness. George and Emilie Jones were unwearied in their devotion to Jessie's happiness; the Varleys had outdone everybody in promises of attention and politeness, especially Miss Charlotte, who found very frequent occasion to watch for any indications of Mr. Style's preference of Jessie

before herself. Poor Charlotte! she longed to read his heart; the indifference, nay, positive aversion she would have discovered there, would have been "the gall of bitterness" to her own, for she was deeply and desperately in love, if ever a silly young woman was, and a breath could have fanned her electrical jealousy into an uncontrollable flame. She would have given the last farthing of her fortune for an assurance of affection from the young minister. Alas! he never gave her any; yet at this juncture, without the slightest reason to believe he regarded her with any other sentiment than the commonest acquaintance, she confidently did believe she had taken him in her toils, and he would soon declare himself her admirer, unless Jessie stood in the way.

It was impossible not to see with one's eyes open that Mr. Style was becoming deeply and vitally interested in Jessie, though in her simplicity and humility she was wholly unconscious of it; and if she had conceived the possibility of such a thing, she would bitterly have rebuked her own presumption, for she regarded herself altogether too humble to aspire to such a position in the world as to become the wife of such a gifted man. It is true that the lustre of his mind, the high tone of his moral endowments, and the faultlessness of his exterior moulding, *charmed* her—and what young heart would they *not* charm, I pray you tell me, dear lady reader? But the idea of loving Mr. Style with any other love than that which is inspired and sanctioned by respect and friendship merely never entered her mind. Jessie was, however, the beau ideal of all his visions—the pure, pious, refined, and high-souled woman he had always hoped to meet before he surrendered his heart with its rich treasury of manly and generous love. He knew her history—you shall know more of it anon, reader—and he admired and revered the strength and unconquerable resolution with which she had combated and triumphed in the midst of the most depressing discouragements. Respect, admiration, love, combined to make him—no, not a willing slave at her feet—he felt her moral nobility would revolt at that; but they made him ready to plant his strength by the side of her weakness, to be its defence and protection till the death-angel should come, commissioned to guide her from earth to heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth, Mrs. Varley's genteel "metropolitan friends," had detained themselves at Saratoga so long as the most fashionable company remained. But they at length wrote a hasty note to the "dear Varleys" stating definitely when they should be at the depot in N., expecting to see the carriage in waiting. And they did come, "bag and baggage," to stay till November—it was only *August* then, and they flattered themselves, so they announced, that even in so short a stay, very much happiness might be reciprocated.

The prime advantage of Mrs. Tyler's acquaintance to the Varley family, consisted in the circumstance that that lady and her daughter boarded at what they called one of the most fashionable houses in the city. Mrs. Tyler despised housekeeping; it confined one so

to the mercy of servants, besides *company* made it so troublesome and expensive. The Miss Varleys could go and board at the same place in the winter, and Mrs. Tyler would be so very kind and condescending as to "take all the trouble of *chaperoning* them into the society of the "upper ten thousand," and nobody could with any certainty predict what advantages might accrue; perhaps a splendid settlement, perhaps!—I know not how many inducements she possessed, all of which sounded golden enough in the ears of the Miss Varleys when they made her acquaintance at — Beach the season before, and insured for her what she intended, an invitation to the country when it was genteel to go into the country without such a bill of expense. The sphere in which Mrs. Tyler actually moved was only in the same pseudo-genteel orbit with the Mrs. Washington Potts's, Mrs. De Perouk's and a similar galaxy of inferior magnitude, to whose acquaintance and real claims to respect our shrewd and gifted countrywoman, has introduced so many deluged and instructed readers. Blessings on her simplicity, and on her two-edged satire; blessings on her mind and her pen, for holding up a mirror before the face of society, in which it may see not only its lineaments of loveliness, but also its deformities.

Mrs. Tyler was a very small, *dried-up* woman, if I may be tolerated for the expression, though a row of beautiful porcelain teeth displayed themselves whenever she parted her parched and skinny lips; her cheeks were most unnaturally rosy—I should have said *rougey*! A profusion of smooth and glossy ringlets adorned her head, and her whole dress was so in the extreme of fashion, there could have been, indeed, but a paltry difference between her "polar and equatorial diameter." Brilliantly sparkled in her gay caps, among the ribbons and roses; gems flashed on her withered hands; "tinkling ornaments, cauls, round tires like the moon, chains, and bracelets, and mufflers, bonnets and head-bands, and tablets, earrings and rings, changeable suits of apparel, mantles, and wimples, and crimping-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods and veils," figuratively speaking, the Prophet's whole catalogue of a Judean toilette, was in requisition, with many modern inventions, at which a Judean maiden would have stood aghast, to make a vain old woman young again! O, miserable ambition!

Miss Elizabeth was large and masculine in all her proportions, with an ungraceful stoop in her shoulders, coarse and prominent features, staring blue eyes, a brilliant and exquisite complexion, and most unusually beautiful hair. Her manners were intended to be easy and nonchalant, while in truth, to the eyes of true refinement, they were unpardonably bold and rude. Miss Tyler had persuaded herself she was a *salt*, her sayings had sometimes occasioned so much laughter, and she delighted to use her fancied power everywhere, and on all occasions, shooting the shafts of her sarcasm and irony hither and thither without delicacy, civility, or mercy. She dressed gaudily and expensively, while her father drudged behind the counter of his "hardware and leather establishment," early and late to support such enormous and unnecessary expenditures. She read novels "all night," and was

familiar with the fate of every hero and heroine, from those of Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and George Sand, down to the prettiest specimen of "yellow-covered literature" for sale in small retail beer-shops, or peddled in railroad cars by newsboys. She gloried in the unfeminine and unprincipled habit of laughing at and ridiculing people in their very presence, if their backs were turned, and especially *country people*; was strangely familiar with strangers; laughed and talked very loud in the streets, shops, and public conveyances, *et cetera*. Dear reader, I need not fill my outline more definitely; with a blush for the honor of my sex, I am compelled to admit there is more than *one* Elizabeth Tyler in "these degenerate days!"

Well, the next day after Mrs. Tyler and her daughter arrived Mrs. Varley gave a very extensive invitation to the *ton* of the village, to assemble at her house in the evening, to pay their respects and make the acquaintance of her most distinguished visitors. The invitation, of course, included Mr. Style, Mrs. Tower, and Jessie Lincoln, concerning whom they had unaccountably neglected to make any inquiries, strange as it may seem, when she was the object of such nervous anxiety.

From eight till nine, poor Charlotte sat on the sofa by the side of Miss Tyler, terribly dispirited, and eagerly watching for the announcement of the Rev. Mr. Style. Elizabeth rallied her in vain; she scarcely remembered to introduce her friend, and tried fruitlessly to be amused by Elizabeth's coarse and unladylike satires on the really elegant company as they entered. By and by Charlotte and Elizabeth simultaneously started; Charlotte rose from her seat, and Miss Tyler suddenly seized her arm, as if to detain her till some surprise was explained, and leveled her quizzing-glass deliberately at a group who were that moment exchanging salutations with Mrs. Varley near the door.

"There is Mr. Style! that's him! that splendid figure!" whispered Charlotte, who had neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

"Gracious, Charlotte Varley! what kind of company do you entertain, for mercy's sake!" very audibly ejaculated Miss Tyler. "Upon my word, if there isn't my *mantuamaker*, Jessie Lincoln, invited to a party to honor *us*, mamma! Isn't that a pretty piece of impudence! Well, I did think you were genteel people, and decently aristocratic before—you Varleys!"

"Laud!" chimed the mamma, displaying her elegant row of porcelain, and fanning herself vigorously, "Who is the people that's distinguished by such illustrious visitors as *sewing-women*, and takes 'em out into company? Don't introduce *us*, Miss Varley!"

"Hav'n't you got some tailoress girls, and school ma'ams stowed away somewhere, Lottie, that you are going to bring out, to give distinction to this *mélange*?" sneered Elizabeth, in a lower tone, with a most contemptuous smile, before Charlotte had time to recover from her confusion enough to apologize that the company was no more exclusively patrician.

"She is Mrs. Tower's visitor," stammered Charlotte, in a whisper, as Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth rose from the sofa, and majestically walked a little aside, lest the

despised mantuamaker should approach near enough to make an introduction inevitable.

"A *towering* specimen she must be!" punned Elizabeth to Miss Emilie Jones, who had stood near the sofa, leaning on the arm of her brother. The blood mounted to Emilie's forehead, in an angry flood, and the bitterest retort rushed with the speed of lightning to her lip.

"Hush, Emilie," softly whispered her more prudent brother, as he saw the resentment of the insult to her friends, flashing in luminous sparkles from her black and brilliant eyes. "Silence is the 'better part of valor' just now, sister!"

Emilie darted from his side, and in a few minutes she had clustered a charming circle of ladies and gentlemen about Miss Lincoln, and by the most graceful and assiduous attentions, she sought to banish the cruel embarrassment and mortification Miss Tyler's vulgar rudeness had occasioned, for Jessie had instantly recognized her, and guessed at the import of her contemptuous remarks, by the inquiring eyes that were immediately bent upon her, from the vicinity in which Miss Tyler had made her communications. She did not blush for the truth that she was poor, and had heretofore gained her livelihood by the labor of her hands, but the curious and somewhat disdainful glances which she felt were directed toward her, chafed her sensitiveness to its tenderest vitality. She did, indeed, shrink from the charge of intrusion and presumption, which she had no doubt many hearts were preferring against her, however politeness might for the moment seek to conceal it. Poor Jessie tried to appear composed as if nothing had happened to pain her, but she found her self-possession deserting her in her utmost need. The hand that rested on Emilie's arm trembled—the great tears struggled into Jessie's eyes—her cheeks glowed one moment with the heat of a fever, and the next her face was almost as colorless as the white dress she wore.

"Do take me to some less conspicuous place, Emilie," she whispered, "this cruel scrutiny kills me."

Emilie did as she was requested, and apparently without design, extricated her from the group around her, led her to a seat by an open window, and sat down by her, with so much sympathy and distress in her usually joyous face, that poor Jessie was quite overcome, and was obliged to screen herself with the curtain to conceal her irrepressible tears. As she took hold of the folds of the curtain, the massive drapery fell, and so rich and dark was the velvet, that it entirely concealed those within from those without, who were gayly promenading the piazza, or lingering listlessly in the moonlight.

Some movement diverted almost all the company from the room, and also from the piazza near the window where Jessie and Emilie were sitting, and the same movement gave Mr. Style an unobserved opportunity to join them. Emilie looked in his face—there was a sternness and resentment in its expression that puzzled her for a moment, it was so unlike him, but his first remark solved her difficulty at once.

"Don't be so distressed, Miss Lincoln—it is not difficult to put the right interpretation—" and then he

bit his lips to stay the wrathful thoughts that were clamoring for utterance. A gleam of delight illuminated Emilie's eyes, and she involuntarily extended her hand to him, in token of her sympathy with all he had refrained from uttering.

"Ah!" she said, and the bitterest scorn was in her glance and tone, "you are a prudent man, I know, but I am a fearless and reckless being, and I shall take the liberty to read out the interpretation, you no doubt wisely repress."

"No, no, dear Emilie," expostulated Jessie, "I will beg Mrs. Tower to release me from my promise, and I will go where I shall not involve my generous friends in such painful and humiliating circumstances."

"Never! Jessie Lincoln, never!" warmly remonstrated Emilie, "you shall—"

She was interrupted by the sound of footfalls and smothered voices on the piazza without.

"I would not be an impertinent listener," she said, "but I recognize Charlotte's voice. Something of interest to you, Mr. Style, I presume, for I hear your name."

The footsteps drew nearer, and the voices grew more clear and audible.

"Now we are alone, Elizabeth," said Charlotte, "I must tell you my troubles. I had every reason to believe Mr. Style was in love with me—mamma says I had—and I have no doubt he was on the eve of a declaration, which would have made me the proudest and happiest creature in the world, when Mrs. Tower brought about the advent of that minx of a low-bred Jessie Lincoln, whose true place in the world you have been good enough to disclose. How I do despise her! I know Mrs. Tower got her here on purpose to *foil* me. They say she manages admirably to keep them together, and that Mistress Jessie is ready to dog him everywhere, and throw herself eternally in his way. And then that saucy Emilie Jones, my worst enemy, sustains her in it all, and helps it forward. I do n't know what ridiculous things that bewitched mantuamaker wont do to raise herself into genteel society, and save any more mantuamaking. But I declare, Elizabeth, I shall *dis* without him! What shall I do? How shall I manage it? Come, you know?" Charlotte's voice began to tremble as if she were in tears.

A crimson blush—but it was the blush of indignant innocence—burnt Jessie's face, neck and arms. She rose to go, but Mr. Style, with contempt and disgust, and utter indignation battling with discretion for the mastery in every lineament of his face, gently drew her to a seat again.

"Do?" responded the heartless and unprincipled Elizabeth, "why, let me think. He does somehow seem to be a prize worth capturing, he is so stately and handsome. I am not sure, Lottie, but I shall come into the ranks to contend for him myself, ha! ha! ha! At least you could afford me the pleasure of a flirtation, just while I stay! I would not snap my finger, however, for a little obscure country parson for a *husband*! Well, I guess you must manage to get some story into currency, that will give her an impulse back to her patterns and fashion-plates, and make him a chance to forget such a very meek and meaching face,

and sanctimonious demeanor; but mind you, don't mention your *authority*. I shall be terribly angry if you do, for these sewing-girls get possession of a great many things they might circulate to one's disadvantage you know—and they are so touchy and jealous, they are really a very mischievous class of persons. But let me tell you a fact. I lost a splendid bracelet that cost me forty dollars at one dress-maker's! I will not mention her name, but you can make *your own inferences*! And Elizabeth Tyler and Charlotte Varley maliciously giggled.

"I may draw *mine* too, may I not?" said Emilie Jones, as she sprang to her feet, with flashing eyes and indignation burning in every feature. Thrusting aside the drapery, she presented herself on the piazza, with an air as imperial as a second Zenobia defending the honor of her Palmyra. But the offending parties had hastily retreated, and mingled with the other guests who were returning from a stroll in the beautiful garden, which was gayly enough illuminated to be the trysting-place of Houries.

"Be calm, Jessie—Miss Lincoln," said Mr. Style, as he drew her unresisting arm within his own. "Such malice always works ruin to those who cherish it."

Jessie's wounded heart fluttered strangely. The cruel and unprovoked injustice she suffered, awoke her pride, and made her stronger in body and spirit, while the mingling of the champion and the lover in Mr. Style's tone and manner reassured her, and restored her self-possession. He placed her by the side of Mrs. Tower, who was chatting agreeably, wholly ignorant that any thing had occurred to disturb or distress Jessie, then attached himself to one and another circle, as he saw their entertainment flagging, and at length he found himself by the side of Miss Charlotte and her friend.

"Really, Mr. Style," said Charlotte, as she laid her small, fair hand on his arm, and looked up languidly in his face; "you have been so choice of yourself or so democratic to-night, I have hardly seen you at all. Now it is your duty as a knight-errant, to make yourself agreeable to my dearest friend, Miss Tyler."

Mr. Style was disgusted almost to loathing, and in his soul he shrunk from the false and deceitful woman, whose deliberate wickedness and folly his own senses had so unwillingly attested. But he gallantly bowed in obedience to Charlotte's familiar challenge, and addressed something very common-place to Miss Tyler. She was transformed in a moment, and became all vivacity, and wit, and life. She joked and frolicked, and laughed till the attention of the company was attracted, and poor Charlotte began to be most cruelly jealous. Indeed, so entirely did Miss Tyler attach herself to Mr. Style, that emancipation was hopeless for the remainder of the evening. At a late hour the guests departed; and painful, indeed, were the disclosures Jessie made to Mrs. Tower, of the misery and mortification she had endured so innocently.

"Do let me go to-morrow, dear Mrs. Tower, my mother; I can never endure that the humbleness of my station should expose you to reproach like this."

"No, Jessie," replied Mrs. Tower, as she drew

the weeping girl to her bosom. "You are my own daughter now, and by an instrument legally attested, no longer dependent on your own exertions, but my chosen and acknowledged heiress. It is no reproach to you, my dearest child, among those whose true elevation of mind and character places them above the necessity of those artificial props, which are always called to sustain assumption—that you were reared under the clouds of misfortune, or that your own hands supported an invalid father and mother. Jessie, I honor you for it, and the gift of a fortune is but a trifling reward. Say no more about leaving me—you cannot and you must not do it. Leave this matter all to my 'elder wisdom,' and forget it in the repose your mind and body need."

CHAPTER V.

The following morning, as Mrs. Tower and Jessie were sitting in the library, with Emilie Jones and her brother, a servant brought in an awkwardly folded and hastily written note, and presenting it to Jessie, informed her that the bearer waited in the hall for a reply. Jessie opened the unsealed paper and read:

"Miss Lincoln,—The buttons on my traveling dress, which you made, do not give me any satisfaction. This is for you to come to Mrs. Varley's this afternoon, directly after dinner, and alter them, and I shall expect you to make no extra charge for it.

"ELIZABETH TYLER.

"P. S. Mrs. Varley's family would be willing to employ you on my recommendation."

The color went and came in Jessie's cheek, as she read the deliberate insult the writer evidently intended.

"What is it, Jessie?" said Emilie, whose electrical sympathy was instantly roused, "any thing more from those abominable Tylers? Pray let me see?" Mrs. Tower looked over Emilie's shoulder as she read. "What insolence! Jessie Lincoln, if I were only a man, I am sure I should avenge your insult in single combat! Why, brother, are *you* a man, and will you see a lady treated like that?" she continued with thrilling emphasis, throwing the note disdainfully out of her hands.

"Yes, sister, I hope I am a man," replied the young naval officer, "but not quite so hot-headed and reckless a man as *you* would have made. If you were on board our vessel, I fear we might have our hands full to keep you out of 'affairs of honor!' Miss Lincoln, I presume," he continued, laying down the note, while a flush slowly crept to his forehead, "has wisdom enough to manage with the contempt it deserves, so very contemptible an assault!"

"I will reply to it, Jessie," said Mrs. Tower, as she sat down before her writing-table and wrote:—

"Mrs. Tower takes the liberty to decline for Miss Lincoln, the proposition Miss Tyler has seen fit to make, as the change in Miss Lincoln's circumstances and prospects renders any further intercourse with Miss Tyler unbecomingly entirely. That intercourse is therefore at an end."

Jessie begged that any thing so like retaliation, might not be sent, as Miss Tyler was unquestion-

ably instigated by the Varleys, who were too cowardly to assail her only through a tool.

"It becomes me, Jessie, to vindicate the honor of my family, and I feel justified in checking such effrontery, and foiling it with its own weapons," insisted Mrs. Tower.

"Yes, yes indeed!" said Emilie. "I'm glad of it, Mrs. Tower, and I only wish I had the inditing of the reply. It would scorch like a flame, I'm sure it would, every word of it. Do, please charge me with the delivery of the missive, Mrs. Tower! my fingers ache for the commission, and I'll add an oral appendix on my own hook!"

"O, no, Emilie," replied Mrs. Tower, smiling; "I appreciate your generous intention, but I fear your enthusiasm and indignation might spoil your embassy."

Meantime the whole Varley family were indulging in boisterous exultation over Elizabeth's "capital trick, to show a mantuamaker girl that she was out of her reckoning when she sailed into *their* latitude—she did not belong with *them*, no how you could fix it;" for it must be humiliating, indeed, to be ordered to such paltry service after deceiving such wealthy and important people into showing her some distinguished civilities. Charlotte said she "guessed it would convince Mr. Style that there was something to choose between an heiress and a servant!" Mrs. Tyler simpered from behind her porcelain, that "it would learn people to know their places—and one might lose some *custom* by such a fraud on society—the matter would not stop in a corner!" Annette declared it was "too good." Mrs. Varley echoed, as usual, the respective opinions, as they came from the mint, and Adelaide gleefully suggested that it "might taste a little bitter to Mrs. Tower's palate, as she made such a prodigious favorite of the girl. For *her* part, she expected Mrs. Tower would import a colony of chimney-sweeps, to give brilliancy to society there, she was so much the patron of the 'lower classes!'"

But the reply came far sooner than it was looked for, and exultation speedily changed hands with consternation. What could it mean? "Change in her circumstances and prospects!" What possible interpretation could be applied to that? Charlotte fell into hysterics, and screamed she "knew it could mean nothing less than that Jessie Lincoln was engaged to Mr. Style!" and to complete the excitement, she actually fainted away.

"Good gracious me!" stormed Miss Tyler, almost choking with passion, "I should like to know what 'change of circumstances and prospects,' can license an impertinent, presuming, poverty-pinched hussy of a dress-maker to withdraw her acquaintance from a lady of *my* position in the fashionable world! Mother, did we tear ourselves from the importunities of our city friends, and patronize these Varleys, for such insulting treatment as this? Mrs. Varley, we did not know you lived among Hottentots, or we should have refused to come here, in the face of all your urgency, every soul of you!"

Mrs. Varley and her four conscious daughters, vituperated, apologized, and appeared, as well as their own choler would permit, the excited and wrathful

visitors, who declared "they would leave the house and the town immediately, and spread the story as far as the newspapers would carry it, and that was everywhere!" But it was finally suggested by the daring Adelaide, that her mother should go to Mrs. Tower, clothed with all the terror of their united resentment, and demand a satisfactory explanation. Especially was she commissioned to discover if possible what sudden "change in circumstances and prospects," had set Jessie Lincoln upon such a pinnacle over the heads of everybody."

"I declare, girls," said Mrs. Varley to her daughters, in secret session, before she started on her errand, "I do feel like pizon about this affair! I am half skart out of my wits at such a breeze between us and Mrs. Tower! I wish to the mercy we had never seen these mischief-making Tylers! As if them that touches porcupines mustn't expect the quills! Or them that insults, to be insulted back again. I do n't believe they are half so *rich* and *uppercrust* as they pretend—and then they make such a sight of trouble! Besides, you know what I told you I surmised about Mrs. Tower. If it *is* so, she will be sure to let me and other people know it, if she has n't already!"

The girls all looked doubtfully at each other.

"I wish in my heart these Tylers would go," said Annette, "for of all the conceited trumpery old sights that ever I saw, Mrs. Tyler is the foremost."

"I cannot express my detestation of Liz," interrupted Adelaide. "She is as false and cunning as the very old snake himself, and bad as I am, I do think *she* is worse!"

Charlotte had come to life enough by this time to mention Miss Tyler's flirtation with Mr. Style, when she was checked by Adelaide with,

"Hush! she is coming—it 's said *somebody* is always at hand when you are talking about him!"

"O, do go quick, Mrs. Varley! Hav'n't you got ready *yet*?" I'm terribly impatient for that woman's apology," said Miss Tyler, as she unceremoniously opened the door and thrust in her face. "But what are you talking about with closed doors? *Us*, I presume! You look caught, every one of you," and Miss Tyler turned up her disdainful nose, as if there would be no further amity till she heard a disclaimer of that offence.

"O, no, no, Lizzie, my dear!" supplicated Mrs. Varley, in her blandest and most conciliatory tone. Pray come right in, love, and cheer up these poor disconsolate creaturs while I am gone. Bring my hat and parasol, Adelaide. Shameful, isn't it, to drag a body out in this briling sunshine, on such business?"

"We were saying," remarked Adelaide, as she handed the bonnet and parasol to her mother, "how much we do despise these deceitful kind of upstarts, who pretend to be so much more than they really are!"

"It is the tendency of our American institutions," replied Elizabeth, in a tone more pacific, but very affectedly sage, as she settled herself indolently into a rocking-chair. "They encourage upstarts! You do n't see nothing of this kind in England. For my part, I think it devolves on the higher classes to—to—hem—"

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she found herself unexpectedly wading beyond her depth, and unfortunately afloat in the high flown piece of wisdom she had started to express. Charlotte hastened to the rescue, in a very luminous climax to Miss Tyler's halting proposition.

"To let them know," she interposed."

"Yes, to let them know!" replied Elizabeth, with clinching emphasis.

Meanwhile Mrs. Varley was sailing majestically along the street toward Mrs. Tower's residence. Her face was very brazen, but there was a trembling and apprehension in her heart, which communicated itself to her body, and her hand shook nervously as she twitched the door-bell.

"Is Mrs. Tower in?" she said to the servant who opened the door, in a very sharp and insolent voice—and before he had time to reply, she added, "go and tell her that Mrs. Varley wishes to speak with her alone."

In a few minutes Mrs. Tower entered the drawing-room, her countenance and carriage as placid as if never a breath had disturbed her. A cold and haughty bow was the response she received to her polite and polished greeting. Mrs. Varley seemed entirely at a loss for her next measure—she was confused—exceedingly confused, but the sternness of her coarse features softened not a shadow. Mrs. Tower inquired for the health of her family.

"Yes, ma'am! it becomes you to ask, I should think," retorted Mrs. Varley, very bitterly. "Did you write this note, ma'am?" and she advanced toward Mrs. Tower with the offending document.

"I did, indeed, Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, as she just glanced at the note, and gave it back to Mrs. Varley.

"Ah, you did! and you seem very cool and indifferent about it, too, as if it was a small matter to insult a genteel family like mine, just because we wont have any thing to do with the lower classes, nor uphold *you* in it," said Mrs. Varley, losing all control of herself, and swelling her tones as she grew angrier and angrier, to the keen and wiry pitch peculiar to the voice of an excited woman. "I'll thank you to tell me what it means?"

"Precisely what it says," replied Mrs. Tower, in a low, calm voice; "but what do *you* mean by the 'lower classes'?"

"I mean all *mantymakers*, and servants, and tradespeople, and everybody that *works* for a livin'," quickly responded Mrs. Varley—she was fortified on that point. "I'd have you to know that my family is too rich and high up in the world to have any thing at all to do with them sort of folks, whatever *yours* may be, Mrs. Tower! But I know one's bringing up has a great deal to do with one's genteelty—it don't set easy on everybody!"

"A very pertinent remark, Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, with an effort to repress a smile. "I conclude you do not embrace your visitors in your catalogue of the 'lower classes'?"

"No, indeed! that's what I do n't! they are very wealthy, and fashionable, and high-bred people, and know all the richest and fashionabest people in the

city of New York; and what's more, they know how to resent an affront as well as some other folks—I guess you will find out."

"I must take the liberty to correct one of your statements, madam," replied Mrs. Tower. "Mr. Tyler, the husband and father of your visitors, rents his hardware store in New York of the business agent of my adopted daughter and heiress, Miss Jessie Lincoln, to whom I have given my estates in that city. And, moreover, he is so deeply indebted for borrowed capital, to support the extravagance of his wife and daughter, that every farthing he possesses would not liquidate his debt. So much for the wealth and independence of the *tradesman's* family. As to the fashionable part of the story, without any arrogance I may assert that my acquaintance for years has included the first and wealthiest families in New York, and I venture to affirm that in those circles Mrs. Tyler and her designing daughter were never so much as heard of!"

Mrs. Varley began to look crestfallen.

"Well," she rejoined, "I do n't know but it *may* be so, but I have no reason to think it is. At any rate, they do n't hug up mantymakers, and take 'em out visiting with them!"

"Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, rising from her chair and assuming a moral majesty before which her narrow-souled assailant quailed, "I acknowledge it is exasperation which prompts to the disclosure of another truth, which may sound rather painfully to your pride. I deplore the occasion, but you have really driven me to it, in order to vindicate the dignity of my family, which you have willfully wounded. Mrs. Varley, *you* were a servant in my father's house—you contracted a vicious and disgraceful marriage with a servant in a large gambling establishment in the city of Baltimore, where we then resided, and when you ran away with your husband—my *casket of jewels* went with you! I *saw* you take it, but I forebore to expose you to my father, because I pitied your sin and folly, and I knew the severity of his sense of justice and injury would pursue you without mercy, so he died in ignorance of your crime. You lived in degradation and poverty for years and years, and I have seen those fastidious daughters of yours, now so sensitive lest they should be contaminated by contact with what you are pleased to call the "lower classes," ragged and hungry in the streets of C., while I lived in that city with my departed husband. And more than once have I carried food and clothing to the miserable abode you called your home. Do you remember your own almost mortal illness when the cholera scourged that city? Some fortunate stakes at the gaming-table subsequently put Mr. Varley in possession of considerable sums of money, and the diligent pursuit of the same vicious business for many successful years, has put you and your family in possession of an independent fortune. For these facts I can refer you to authorities if you will. Now, have I read this chapter of your private history correctly?"

Mrs. Varley turned every imaginable color as the relation proceeded—pale, red, speckled and spotted. She was utterly confounded for a moment, and then

she exclaimed, as she seized Mrs. Tower's passive hand in both her own.

"Josepha Gordon! I have sometimes thought it must be the same!"

"Josepha Gordon was my maiden name," replied Mrs. Tower, calmly yet sorrowfully watching the whirlwind in poor Mrs. Varley's soul. "Twenty years, and bitter sorrows, have wrought more changes in me than fortune has in *you*, Cynthia Varley. But have I spoken truly?"

Mrs. Varley could scarcely reply; she sunk down upon the sofa completely overcome. Mortification and deep humiliation seemed to paralyze her faculties. Tears, and sobs, and groans, right pitiful to witness followed. One moment a storm of furious passion rose in her bosom, and the next a torrent of tears poured over her cheeks.

"It is all true," she stammered at length; "but O do n't, for mercy's sake, don't expose us! It would be our ruin, our utter ruin, and I am sure I have suffered enough already. I will restore your jewels fourfold," and she began nervously working at a magnificent diamond that sparkled on her bosom.

"Keep the jewels, Mrs. Varley. I do not need them, neither will I accept what you have so long called your own," said Mrs. Tower mildly. "I know not what remorseful visitings have struggled in your heart, but if they had wrought a moral renovation there, I would have left this painful story in oblivion, and spared you so much humiliation. Believe me, Mrs. Varley, *money* is not the true criterion in estimating respectability or character, as you seem to judge. That man is poor indeed who only possesses heaps of shining gold, though so great he cannot count their value—but the wealth garnered in the heart, the gems of virtue set around the immortal soul, are the only imperishable riches, which are the legitimate and justifiable ambition of an imperishable nature. I will keep your secret sacredly, as I have kept it these many years that we have been neighbors and acquaintances. I will only exhort you to remember, madam, that there is nothing dishonorable in honest, laborious, physical industry—the working with one's hands. The fact that my beloved Jessie toiled to provide for the comfort of her sick and indigent parents, and discharged with her own noble efforts all their pecuniary obligations, only renders her more admirable in my estimation, and worthier to receive the inheritance I feel honored to bestow upon her. Hereafter she will be recognized as my own daughter."

Mrs. Varley was perfectly subdued. The character of the lady she had come armed to annihilate, stood out sublimely before her, in contrast with her own conscious duplicity and assumption—humbled and silenced she rose to go, with very much the feeling of an arrogant general vanquished and routed, and forced into a disgraceful and disordered retreat.

My pen is unequal to the description of the scene at Mrs. Varley's own house, when she at length reached home, and detailed to her daughters the whole story, and relieved the suspense of her guests, by so much of it as related to themselves. Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth both decided to leave in the first train the next morn-

ing, bearing with them any thing but the cordiality and good wishes of their hostess and her five daughters, who gave the "metropolitan friends" definitely to understand that they regarded themselves most scandalously imposed upon, by the shabbiest of pretenders, and that any further acquaintance would be unthought of, which complimentary farewells the guests fiercely retorted.

Mrs. Varley very shortly concluded that the health of her family, which, in truth, had suffered somewhat by their unexpected defeats, required journeying; and in a few days the house was closed, the servants discharged, and the household had departed, rumor said to spend the winter in Cuba. And not long after the citizens of N. were very much astonished by an advertisement in the papers, stating that "the entire establishment lately occupied by Mrs. Cynthia Varley, deceased, would be sold at public auction on such a day—house, grounds, furniture, plate, horses and carriages, etc., and that the sale must be positive, for cash." Subsequently the melancholy report was confirmed, that Mrs. Varley and her fair and beautiful Charlotte were taken with violent fever on their journey southward, and had both died. The fate of the survivors remained in mystery, as the administrator of the estate had no liberty to communicate their place of residence, or their future intentions. No doubt they chose some fashionable resort, and I fear became the prey of fortune-hunters.

Mrs. Tyler, on her return to New York, found not only that her husband was bankrupt, and his affairs in a state of irretrievable ruin, but his mind also was a perfect wreck, fluctuating between idiocy and insanity, but its coloring always that of the most hopeless depression. Jessie Lincoln's bounty long supported him at a lunatic asylum, while his wife and Elizabeth managed to support themselves by the proceeds of a small millinery shop.

The revolution of a few years brought some interesting changes over the society of N. Jessie Lincoln, the faithful and dutiful daughter, became the beloved and lovely wife of—"The Rev. Mr. Style of course!" cries my hasty reader. "Who ever read a story where the hero and heroine were not finally married? it is an event to be fully anticipated." Then, indeed, is my tale a novel one. Be not too confident in coming to conclusions, because precedents happen to be in their favor.

Jessie Lincoln became the beloved and lovely wife of Lieutenant George Jones! I do not know but she would have married Mr. Style, if, like too many others, he had not lingered in the vestibule of the temple of Hymen till another hand lighted the torch, and proudly stood beside her at the altar. The heart of Jessie Lincoln was irrevocably given, with all its wealth of love to the young naval officer, and the minister was left to regret his too confident and presumptuous delay when regrets were unavailing. But Jessie was a "mourning bride"—for only a few weeks after her marriage, her noble and beloved patroness sickened and died, leaving Jessie and her husband the proprietors of her tasteful and elegant mansion, and the principal heirs to her estate.

"But did Mr. Style—such a fine young man, and so royally gifted, consign himself to a gloomy celibacy, and live and die a bachelor—'which being interpreted,' is *half a man*?"

Nay, reader, I'll hasten to tell you that Emilie Jones, that wild, hair-brained, passionate, but truly generous and high-minded Emilie, learned lessons of gentleness and piety, and married—because they mutually and earnestly loved—the young clergyman of the church of N.; and by bequest of Mrs. Tower, the beautiful residence of the Varleys became the village manse, and their lovely home!

TO INEZ.—AT FLORENCE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I WONDER how thou look'st,
In thy home far, far away,
Where thy voice, like Summer's streamlet,
Is singing all the day.

Is thine eye as bright as ever?
Have thy footsteps lost their bound,
That they had when last we listened
To the mooulit ocean's sound?

Has thy young heart quit its dreaming,
'Neath thy own pure sunny skies,
In those nights when stars are vieing
With the lustre of thine eyes?
When the dreams of youth were flinging
Their roses round thy way,
'Mid the perfumed airs of spring-time—
That herald in life's May.

Say, does the Arno run as clear,
Beside thy palace walls,
As when upon its waves we looked
From out thy father's halls?

Music was there when last I pressed
My lips upon thy brow,
And left thee—eye, and voice, and form,
Are all but *memory* now.

But memory, such as o'er the heart
Its rainbow arch still throws,
As bright as when on ocean's breast
Its sunlit beauty glows—
Is with me now; the forest shade,
The brook, the flower, the tree,
The tones of music 'mid the night,
Are peopled all with thee.

Then, Inez, in that distant clime,
If still thou think'st of me,
At evening when thou goest out
Upon the tranquil sea,
Our souls shall meet—for kindred ones,
That bow at memory's shrine,
Oft meet in dreams, and thus my heart
Shall often join with thine.

COMMUNION OF THE SEA AND SKY.

BY ELVIRA JONES.

It was a night whose starry ray
E'en matched the brilliant hue of day,
A night replete with gifts of June—
A flowery earth and silver moon.
Sleep softly waved her opiate rod,
And stilled all things on earth's green sod.
The ocean slept, so gently breathing,
Scarce I marked its bosom's heaving.

In em'rald couch the flow'rs reposed,
The violet's azure eye was closed;
The balmy, odor-laden air
Scarce stirred beneath its burden rare,
Though oft a slumbering breeze would wake,
And on its harp sweet music make;
The list'ning waves would catch the lay,
With silver lutes so sweet they 'd play
That e'en the peerless nightingale,
Warbling within some quiet vale,
Would cease his matchless melody,
To list, and dare no rivalry.

At last a swifter breeze did come
Down from its far off heavenly home;
Bright dew-drops on its wings it bore,
The fairest gems of midnight's store;
O'er all the earth like stars they lie,
As if to imitate the sky;
Brighter than monarch's sparkling gem
Was the lowly flow'ret's diadem.

Methought indeed 't was *love's* own hour—
He could not choose a fairer bower—
A scene so still, so void of strife,
So stirless, yet replete with life.

A lily by a rose-bud stood,
Partaking of its honey food,
With tender and confiding grace
They waved to each a fond embrace.

A star in the far azure sky
Heard a murm'ring streamlet's sigh,
His image in her bosom still
He saw, and blessed the gentle rill.

A zephyr sought the roses bower,
To serenade the lovely flower,
Yet all unlike the constant star,
He sees the streamlet from afar.
For her forsakes his tender rose,
To her his love would fain disclose;
She trembled at his light caress,
Yet kept the image in her breast.

Sudden a voice that came along,
As softly as a fairy's song,
Or like the wind-harp's faintest sigh,
That scarcely lives ere it doth die,
Folded the pinions of my thought,
And deep and mute attention brought—
'T was the voice of the far off sky
Whisp'ring its scarce heard melody

To its kindred sea, whose list'ning waves
Scarce stirred within their azure caves.

"Ocean, sleepest thou thy nightly rest?
Or with thy weight of stars so preat,
Thou canst not hear my lay of love,
My wooing whispers from above?
Thy brilliant burden I will lift,
Awhile withdraw my nightly gift;
My graceful clouds shall intervene,
No more thy brilliant load is seen.
Now listen to my nightly song,
My voice unheard to mortal throng.

"How strange none mark our sympathy,
And yet how like I am to thee.
My voice to thee a passage finds
In music of the tuneful winds,
While soft thy murm'ring waves reply
With a sound more faint than joy's sigh.

"I gaze at thee with eyes of light,
With loving look, from orbs as bright,
Thou answer'st me. My beams I send,
As messengers to thee. They lend
A golden chariot to thy waves,
In which they leave their dark blue caves
And joyously to me they come;
Though grieved to leave their native home,
In purple mansions here they dwell,
But mark thy bosom's sorrowing swell,
And weary of their absence long,
Again they seek their home of song.

"Within thy bosom hidden lie,
Fair pearls unseen to mortal eye—
I, too, have jewels e'n more bright—
My dew-drop gems, which deck the night.

"In their blue home thy gold-fish rove—
I, too, have children whom to love,
My fairy birds who sport along,
Here in their happy world of song."

The voice was still. The ocean sighed,
In harp-like tones its waves replied—
"Our converse, unperceived by men,
Still lasts, though sound is hushed, e'en then,
Though winds are still, nor waves rejoice,
I speak to thee in silence's voice.
What gives to us our hue of love,
This azure tint, below, above?
It is our *depth*, unseen, profound,
In shallow-hearted man ne'er found."

The voice of the sea was hushed.
A fairy cloud the heavens brushed,
And tears of joy the sky was weeping,
Aroused the wavelets lightly sleeping,
They sprang to meet so playfully,
A union 't was of sea and sky.

COLORED BIRDS.—THE BULLFINCH.

FROM BECHSTEIN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS is one of the indigenous tame birds which is a favorite with the rich and noble. Its body is thick and short. Its whole length is six inches and three-quarters, of which the tail measures two and three-quarters; the beak is only six lines in length, short, thick, and black; the iris is chestnut-colored; the shanks eight lines high, and black; the top of the head, the circle of the beak, the chin, and beginning of the throat, are of a beautiful velvet black; the upper part of the neck, the back and shoulders, deep gray; the rump white; the under part of the neck, the wide breast, and to the centre of the belly, are of a fine vermilion, less bright, however, in the young than old; the blackish pen-feathers become darker toward the body; the secondaries have the outer edge of an iron blue, which in the hinder ones is reddish. The tail is rather forked, and of a brilliant black, tinged with iron-blue.

The female is easily distinguished from the male, for what is red on him is reddish-gray on her, while her back is of a brownish-gray; and her feet are not so black; she is also smaller.

This species has some singular varieties; the principal are:—

1. The *White Bullfinch*, which is of an ashy-white, or wholly white, with dark spots on the back.

2. The *Black Bullfinch*. These are most generally females, which become black, either with age, when they are only fed on hemp seed, or with having been kept when young in a totally dark place. Some resume at their moulting their natural colors; others remain black; but this black is not the same in all; some are of a brilliant raven black, others dull, and not so dark on the belly; in some the head only is of a raven black, the rest of the body being duller; in others the black is mixed with red spots on the belly, or the latter is entirely red. I have seen one in which the head and breast, as well as the upper and under parts of the body, were of a raven black, every other part of a dull black, with the wings and tail white; it was a very handsome bird, rather larger than a redbreast.

3. The *Speckled Bullfinch*. It is thus called, for, besides its natural colors, it is spotted with black and white, or white and ash color.

4. The *Mongrel Bullfinch*. It is the offspring of a female reared in the house from the nest, and of a male canary. Its shape and color partake of those of the parent birds; its note is very agreeable, and softer than that of the canary; but it is very scarce. This union rarely succeeds; but when tried, a very ardent and spirited canary should be chosen.*

* However difficult this pairing may be, it sometimes succeeds very well. A bullfinch and female canary once produced five young ones, which died on a journey which they could not bear. Their large beak, and the blackish down with which they were covered, showed that they were more like their father than mother.—*Translator*.

5. The other varieties are: the *Large Bullfinch*, about the size of a thrush, and the *Middling*, or *Common*. As to dwarf birds, which are not as large as a chaffinch, it is a bird-catcher's story, for this difference in size is observed in all kinds of birds. I can affirm it with the more certainty, having had opportunities every year of seeing hundreds of these birds, both wild and tame. I have even in the same nest found some as small as redbreasts, and others as large as a cross-bill.

HABITATION—When wild, bullfinches are found over Europe and Russia. They are particularly common in the mountainous forests of Germany. The male and female never separate during the whole year. In winter they wander about everywhere in search of buds.

FOOD.—When wild the bullfinch does not often suffer from the failure of its food; for it eats pine and fir seeds, the fruit of the ash and maple, corn, all kinds of berries, the buds of the oak, beech, and pear trees, and even linseed, millet, rape, and nettle seed.

In the house those which run about may be fed on the universal paste, and, for a change, rape seed may be added; those which are taught must be fed only on poppy seed, with a little hemp seed, and now and then a little biscuit without spice. It has been remarked that those which are fed entirely on rape seed soaked in water live much longer, and are more healthy. The hemp seed is too heating, sooner or later blinds them, and always brings on a decline. A little green food, such as lettuce, endive, chickweed, water-cresses, a little apple, particularly the kernels, the berries of the service tree, and the like, is agreeable and salutary to them.

BREEDING.—These tenderly affectionate birds can hardly live when separated from one another. They incessantly repeat their call with a languishing note, and continually caress. They can sometimes be made to breed in the house, like the canary, but their eggs are rarely fruitful. In the wild state they breed twice every year, each time laying from three to six eggs, of a bluish white, spotted with violet and brown at the large end. Their nest, which they build in the most retired part of a wood, or in a solitary quickset hedge, is constructed with little skill, of twigs which are covered with moss. The young ones are hatched in fifteen days. Those which are to be taught must be taken from the nest when the feathers of the tail begin to grow; and must be fed only on rape seed soaked in water and mixed with white bread; eggs would kill them or make them blind. Their plumage is then of a dark ash-color, with the wings and tail blackish-brown; the males may be known at first by their reddish breast; so that when these only are wished to be reared they may be chosen in the nest,

for the females are not so beautiful, nor so easily taught.

Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, one need not wait for this to begin their instruction.* for it will succeed better, if one may say so, when infused with their food; since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been observed several times, that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness, for if one ceases before this time, they spoil the air, by suppressing or displacing the different parts, and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good thing to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must

* I do not recommend the employment of bird organs for instructing birds, because they are rarely accurate, and their notes are harsh and discordant; for bullfinches repeat the sounds exactly as they hear them, whether harsh or false, according to the instrument used. The good and pure whistling of a man of taste is far preferable: the bird repeats it in a soft, flute-like tone. When one cannot whistle well it is better to use a flageolet.—*Translator.*

always be repeated whilst they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chatters, which would be doubly vexatious after having had much trouble in teaching them.

DISEASES.—Those bullfinches which are caught in a snare or net are rarely ill, and may be preserved for eight years or more; but those reared from the nest are subject to many diseases, caused by their not having their natural food, or by those injurious delicacies which are always lavished on favorite birds; they rarely live more than six years. The surest means of preserving them healthy for a long time, is to give them neither sweets nor tit-bits of any kind, scrupulously to confine their food to rape seed, adding now and then a very little hemp seed to please them, and a good deal of the green food before mentioned. The bottom of their cages should be covered with river sand, as the bird there finds some stones which aid the functions of the stomach. Their most frequent diseases are moulting, costiveness, diarrhoea, epilepsy, grief, and melancholy, in which case they are quite silent, and remain immovable, unless the cause can be discovered. They must not be given any delicacy, and must be fed entirely on soaked rape seed. A clove in their water, proper food, and particularly a good deal of refreshing green food, enables them to pass the moulting time in good health.

TIME AND CHANGE.

BY ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

TIME's flood sweeps on with censeless flow,
And o'er all things that are below
Change hath his empire: every day
Some object testifies his sway,
The falling leaf, the fading flower
Show Change and Death are Nature's dower;
And every day that passes o'er us
Takes something time shall not restore us;

Some dear delight, some hope in blossom,
Some cherished memory from our bosom,
Some holy impulse which Heaven lent us
When first on life's fair voyage it sent us,

Some sunny hue of childhood bright,
That blest us with its lingering light,
Some pleasant friend, some earthly stay,
We fondly hoped to keep for aye,

These hearts of ours, though once so bright,
Have less and less of love's young light;
The world has lost the charm it had,
Even Nature seems less green and glad,
And from our bosoms, shut and lone,
Faith, like a beauteous bird, has flown.
O, Time and Change! how strong ye be!
How unlike what we were are we!

WOMAN'S HEART:—A SONNET.

FOR JULIA.

BY REV. RUFUS HENRY BACON.

LIKE to a calm and placid inland bay,
Hemmed in by leafy solitudes and hills
That ward the ruder winds, and kindly stay
The tempest—where the forest song-bird fills
Its peaceful shores with music through the day,
And moonlit silence claims the evening hours—
On whose sweet borders bloom the choicest flowers—

A woman's heart should be. In which alway
The cloudless heavens may smile, and gentlest ray
Of stars glide down, to emblem forth the sway
Of purity and truth, and happiness
Made up of innocence and loveliness
Of soul—so rarely found in this sad world of ours,
Where evil mars the good, and wastes divinest powers.

A TRAVELER'S STORY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

We had been out since early morning, rambling amid the rough romance of the Scottish Highlands, in the vicinity of the far-famed Loch Katrine. With Sir Walter's picture of that "burnished sheet of living gold," with its surrounding hills broken by trossach, dell and valley, in my mind's eye, I own that I felt disappointed, as I stood upon an isolated rock at the foot of "huge Ben-Venue," and looked up to the feathered crests of the eternal *mountains*, (by courtesy,) and then gazed where Katrine

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright
Floated amid the livelier light."

The scene *was* grand, and very beautiful, and no soul can be more susceptible than mine to the beauties of Nature in her solitudes of mountain, lake and woodland; but I had expected too much. It needed the love light of Sir Walter's Scottish heart to give the scenery, in my eyes, the loveliness it wore for him. To me the rough hill, with its shingly bosom, its tufts of heather, and ravines fringed with yellow broom, and feathery fern—the precipitous rocks and wooded slopes—the pebbly beach and abrupt headland—the cloud-checked heaven above—and the deep, clear lake that mirrored all these in its trembling bosom, were but as the multitudes of hills and lakes, which every where diversify the surface of our earth. I was disappointed, and of course inclined to underrate the real beauty and sublimity of the grand theatre by which we were surrounded. The enthusiastic admiration which burst in ejaculatory phrases from my companions became distasteful to me; and partly to relieve my own peevishness, and partly to escape from the distasteful demonstrations of the company, I struck into a narrow path that wound spirally along up the precipitous rocky tower at the base of which I had been standing. Higher and higher I ascended, botanizing amongst the plants and lichens, until a stone on which I placed my foot gave way beneath the effort I made to spring higher, and alas for my *excelsior*—after a rapid but very rough descent, I found myself prostrate on the pebbly beach—half buried in rubbish, and the faithless stone that betrayed my unwary foot lying very uncomfortably upon what should have been my lower limbs, though at that time they were elevated considerably above my head, fixed, as in a vice, between a hillock of pebbles and the fallen mass of rock. Great was my fright, greater my pain, and greatest the consternation and alarm of my companions, who soon extricated the fallen greatness from its perilous position, and discovered that one of my legs was badly fractured, and both severely crushed, while several serious bruises, in other parts of my person, rendered me quite helpless, and apparently in great danger. What now was to be done? There was a real tempest of sighs, groans, and lamentations, and no

small shower of tears; a goodly number of which fell from the dark eyes of dear little Charlotte M'Lane, a perfect highland fairy, who had been the joy beam of the party, through the day; ever moving, and never weary, glad herself, and gladdening all around her. Now she sat amid the cloaks which were spread for my accommodation, on a heap of gathered fern, and supported my head in her lap, soothing, condoling, and weeping by turns—or all together. And I, notwithstanding my sorry plight, felt a queer kind of pleasure in being the object of such care and solicitude, to one so young, so lovely, and so joyous-hearted. But what was to be done? Night was gathering her shadows in the dells—and though the day had been fine, we began to feel that

"Not the summer solstice there
Tempers the midnight mountain air."

There seemed no means of conveying my poor mangled carcass along the rugged paths of that broken district, and despair seemed gathering with the gloom of the evening.

Just at this juncture, a young man who stood above me on a crag burst out with a tremendous hallo-o!! and continued to shout boisterously, and wave his square yard of perfumed linen, with a grotesque earnestness. It was soon apparent that he was signaling a boat, which appeared to be crossing the lake, half a mile above us, and which was rendered visible by

"The western wave of ebbing day."

She returns my signal, cried Harry, jumping from his eminence, and immediately roaring out that he had sprained his ankle most unmercifully. Our comrades drew off his boot, and using it in place of a pitcher, commenced pouring water on the injured limb. Meantime the boat approached us, a commodious yacht built craft, carrying two oarsmen and a young highlander, who realized my idea of Sir William Wallace, for he was at once the most beautiful, noble and unconscious creature that my eyes ever rested on. Addressing us with a lofty and yet gentle courtesy, he inquired in what way he could be of service to us. Our forlorn condition was soon explained to him, and it was speedily settled that he should convey Harry, myself, and fairy Charlotte, to his mountain home, while one of his boatmen should pilot the residue of the party to the main road, where we had left our carriages. The young Scotsman, whose name was Malcomb Douglas, assured us that we should receive both medical and surgical attendance at his father's house, where we should be welcome until we were recovered of our injuries, or until we were pleased to leave. My couch was speedily transferred to the bow of the boat, and dear, lovely Charlotte was soon again burdened with my languid head, for by this time I was both dispirited and faint. I took no note of the voyage, except that our benefactor took the place at the oar of him whom he had sent as guide to our party; and long

before we landed the night was dark, for the young moon, which shed a trembling radiance on the opposite mountain shore, left our side of the deep, dark water in a blacker shadow.

At length we landed, and I had become so stiff and sore, from my undrest injuries, that I lost my consciousness as they lifted me from the boat, and on the ninth day after, awoke to find myself in a magnificently furnished room, lying in a bed which might have become a monarch, while near my pillow, in an antique velvet-cushioned easy-chair, reclined my fairy Charlotte, in a deep but apparently troubled sleep. I soon recollected all that had befallen me, except the lapse of time since the memorable night, and thinking that we had recently arrived, did not wonder that Charlotte had sunk under her fatigue. So I composed myself to sleep and kept her company in the land of dreams.

I awoke again. It was still night, at least it seemed so in that darkened apartment, but I could distinguish the rich and heavy ornaments of the walls and ceiling, and the sumptuous embroidery of the heavy tapestries, which swept from the lofty cornice to the floor; the antique chair also stood by the bedside, but its late occupant was not there. I moved, and raised my head somewhat from the pillow, when from the concealment of my bed-curtain came forward a stately lady, apparently fifty years of age, wearing a rich dress of black satin, and holding a small golden night-lamp in her hand. She looked earnestly into my eyes a moment, and then with a gentle grace, which betrayed no surprise or other emotion, she inquired how I had rested, and if I found myself better of my wounds. I replied that I felt quite well, when she shook her head, bade me be quiet, and took her seat in the vacant chair. Presently Charlotte stole softly into the room from a curtained recess, and meeting my smile of recognition, uttered a cry of joy, laughed, danced, wrung her hands, and finally wept like an infant, despite all the efforts of the dark-robed lady to quiet her transports. I now discovered that I had been a week delirious, and considered in a very precarious condition; that Harry was nearly well, and that he and Charlotte had been my constant attendants, aided by the lady present, and other members of her household. Soon after a silvery haired old man, came to my bedside, and being introduced as my physician, congratulated me with courteous politeness on the favorable change in my condition, adding that with proper care my recovery would be certain and speedy.

Did you ever enjoy the luxury of an easy convalescence, surrounded by every comfort, and attended by a smiling beauty, and jovial young companion? What Elysium-like dreams employ the languid fancy—and what a world of impossibilities gather around us, like tangible and familiar things. I dreamed of a life of love and joy with fairy Charlotte. I would win her, and bear her like a rich trophy to my transatlantic home. Oh! we would be so happy. How would her buoyancy of spirit enhance all my joys; and her ready sympathy, how it would soothe my sorrows; and then what a nurse she would be, whenever I was ill. She liked me, that was certain; of course I could

win her love, and then my happiness was secure. And I indulged in all the passionate vagaries of love dreaming, until I felt that unconnected with Charlotte there was for me no futurity. Thus passed one week more, and then I was permitted to occupy the cushioned chair, and sit by the open window. It was singular that I had felt so little curiosity respecting my host, and the singularity of surrounding objects, but my love fancies had fully occupied my mind.

Now, as I sat at the casement, which extended from floor to ceiling, and had no other protection for the crystal crown-glass than the clinging vines without, and the embroidered tapestries within, and looked out upon the wild scenery, apparently uninvaded by the hand of cultivation, which substitutes the useful for the beautiful, the production of Art for the sublimity of Nature, I felt the awakening of a thousand wonders, as to where I was, and with whom, and how the wealth of that chamber found its way to that singularly hidden spot; and who was the stately lady who occasionally came to my bedside; and how such a man as Malcomb Douglas came to be an inhabitant of those mountain wilds? I had seen him but seldom, since I regained my consciousness, but his manners were perfect, and his conversation displayed unconsciously the treasures of a rare and richly cultivated intellect. He seemed a being altogether above the level of mankind. It would have seemed absurd to fancy him talking nonsense, discussing fashions, or inquiring what he would get for dinner. Yet he was not ignorant or unmindful of the courtesies, and little conventionalities of life—but he seemed to hold them of no moment, and give no thought to such trifles—which came to him intuitively, and as belonging to daily intercourse.

As I thus mused, gazing down upon the lake, and away to the opposite hills, I observed, shooting out from behind an abrupt headland, a beautiful little sail-boat, in which stood Malcomb Douglas, and which, coming round the point, ran into a white pebbled bay, just in front of and beneath my window; and then from a clump of hazles emerged my idol, Charlotte, supported by no other than Harry Heath, who, it then occurred to me, had mentioned in the morning that he should take my gentle nurse out for a little exercise, as she was suffering from her close attendance upon me. She was beautiful in the distance, but as she clung to Harry's arm, and looked up familiarly into his face, I felt a pang of jealousy, the first that had ever wrung my bosom. They stepped into the boat, and sat down together, and the little craft, as if proud of her freight, put off gallantly along the shining water. And Charlotte would be by Harry's side—how long?

"I fear you are in great pain," came in anxious, inquiring tone upon my ear.

I started—my jealous feelings were living on my face. "Just a little twinge," I said, "occasioned by shifting my position indiscreetly."

"You should be very careful," returned the good man who had been my surgeon and doctor from the first, and who now advanced, examined the position of my fractured limb, and took a seat beside me at the window. "How gallantly you little boat holds

her way, with her living freight of beauty, love and happiness," he murmured, as if communing with himself; "and yet a single blast of the mountain storm may overwhelm her, with all her warm young hopeful heart, deep down in the cold weltering waves." He finished with a deep sigh, and a cold shudder ran through my frame, in response to his fearful words. "Do not let me make you melancholy," he said, after a pause; "but I am an old man, and have endured many sorrows, and have grown distrustful of the promises of happiness. Reverses come so unexpectedly."

"I think," said I, timidly, "that the owners of this mansion must have known some strange reverse of fortune. It seems so singular to find the manners of a court, and the luxury of a palace, in a rough stone mountain dwelling."

The old gentleman looked earnestly in my face a moment. "I have never spoken of these things to any one," he said, "but if you feel interested, I will tell you a tale, to beguile the time until the return of your companions. Fifty years ago—for I am now seventy-eight—the lady whom you have seen in this chamber was the loveliest creature that ever existed out of heaven."

"Fifty years!" I exclaimed, "why she is not more than fifty years old."

"So any stranger would suppose," was the quiet reply; "but she is near seventy. But fifty years ago she was young, and lovely, and joyous; more, she was the only and idolized daughter of a princess of the realm, whose foreign lord fell in battle, having never seen his infant child. The widowed princess lived in seclusion, though in the neighborhood of a court; and though her daughter, the Lady Anna, received every advantage in the way of education, she was never presented at court, or allowed to mingle with courtly society. And, indeed, she seemed to feel no desire for ostentatious display or admiration, but rather delighted in the quiet of domestic life, and the unceremonious intercourse of confiding friendship. I will not tell you whose son I am, but I was not deemed an unsuitable companion for the royally-descended Lady Anna. My sister was the friend and confidant of the princess, and I was a privileged visitor at her palace-home, and much in the society of her daughter from her childhood. I am an old man now, but then I was a boy, and had a young, ardent heart. I cannot tell when I first loved the Lady Anna. It seems that I loved her from eternity. She was always perfect in my estimation. Her actions were precisely what I would have dictated, and her words, the expression of my heartfelt sentiments. And then she was so beautiful—so truly beautiful. Not pretty; any young girl may be so dressed and ornamented as to appear pretty—and we frequently hear of styles of beauty; but true beauty is independent of dress or adornment; you adore it, not because it is tastefully arrayed, but because it is of itself adorable. I have seen ladies receiving homage as belles and beauties, who, in homely attire, and engaged in household toils, would have been really repulsive; but Lady Anna would have been entrancingly beautiful in any dress, or at any occupation; and notwithstanding her royal descent and superior attain-

ment, she was gentle, unassuming, and of a loving and confiding nature. To me she was always frank and like a loving sister; and, oh, I was happy, perfectly happy in the possession of her pure regards. I had not thought of a change in our relations, of an interruption of our intercourse, of a separation—*never!* I felt as if we should live on, for and with each other forever. Every place where she had been was hallowed; every thing that she had touched, sacred in my estimation; and whatsoever she had looked upon was dear to my eye, and I felt that the light of her glance rested upon it. All my thoughts, and words, and deeds, had reference to her, and her approval was the whole aim of my life; and yet the selfish thought of appropriating her to myself, of making her *mine*, was no part of my soul's worship. To be near her, to see her, and to hear her voice, was enough for my young heart.

"She was fifteen, and I three-and-twenty, when my guardians resolved to send me as confidential secretary to the minister to Sweden. I ought to have felt myself honored by this appointment, but I felt only an agony of grief. To go away from Lady Anna, and all the places where we had been together, was a trial which almost made me frantic. But I could not decline the appointment—I must depart. The affair was so sudden, and I had so little time for preparation, that I found no opportunity for a private interview with Lady Anna. She expressed deep regret at our approaching separation, but I felt, and keenly, that her sorrow was not like mine, not the desolation of soul that made the day dark and the night sleepless to me. Then I longed to tell her all my love—then I felt that I would have her all my own; and then I doubted for the first time the existence in her bosom of a love answering to my own. And in this state of mind the day of departure found me.

"You will write by every opportunity," she said, as I held her hand in my tremulous grasp. Her voice was low and sad, and as she looked into my face, tears gushed over her long eyelashes and fell large and bright upon her bosom. My soul was a whirlwind. I prest her hand to my lips, and hastened with unsteady steps from her presence.

"Three years—only three years—and yet they seemed three ages, was I a wanderer in stranger lands. I did write whenever I found opportunity—but opportunities were not so frequent fifty years ago as they are at present. So my missives were few, and only twice in those three years was my heart delighted by the receipt of a letter from Lady Anna.

"Sweet and gentle were her words, like those of a loving sister, and yet they did not satisfy my spirit. I longed for one passionate regret, one ardent expression of hope for our reunion, one sentence that evidently gushed involuntarily from a devoted heart. These were not in her letters.

"When it was announced to me that we were speedily to turn us homeward, my heart leaped up with a great bound, and then seemed to sink, pulseless, in my bosom. It was an agony like death; and from that hour until we landed on our native shore, my mind was a perfect chaos, or rather a tumult of opposite and

contending emotions. Joy was fettered by apprehension; hope was throttled by deadly fear, and doubt, like a strong giant armed, beat back every ray of gladness, every beam of joyous anticipation, every spirit that dared to whisper of happiness to come. I thought of every event that might have occurred during the three years of my absence—of death—change—misfortune—and I almost wished for death, rather than the knowledge that awaited me; and yet I knew not what was in store.

"I arrived. The white cliffs—the silver beach—the green shore of my native land, were all unchanged. The majestic Thames was all the same as when last I passed down its tide; the mighty city, with its towers and palaces, gleamed in the sunlight, as it had done since my boyhood. *There was no change.* My soul became calm, and as I traced the old familiar streets, and looked up to the well known buildings and paused in the shadow of the well-remembered trees, my heart became joyous, and I sped on to the abode of my dear and only sister. I should hear of Lady Anna there.

"I did hear. The princess had fallen into a decline. A sojourn in Italy had been named as her only chance of recovery, and to Italy she had gone, accompanied, certainly, by her only child, the Lady Anna. They had been gone nearly a year, and I need not tell you, that as soon as I could make arrangements, I followed them to that far-famed lovely land.

"They were at Pisa. I found them there. Our meeting was full of gladness—but *they were changed.* The princess was wholly subdued by pain and weakness. She was attenuated in person, and the lofty expression of her face was softened by a look of meek endurance. Her voice was low, and her smile—it came seldom—was sad, exceedingly.

"And Lady Anna, anxiety and watching had taken away the buoyancy of her person, and the sunlight of her spirit. She received me joyfully; but ere the first interview was over, I detected a restlessness, a sort of watching and insecurity in her eye and manner which had no reference to me, and for which I accounted by referring to the precarious state of her only parent's health. Several times that day I observed her eyes fixed on her mother's face, and dimmed with gathering tears.

"I discovered that here, as at home, she lived in seclusion, never mingling with the gay world, and I sought to draw her into society, with a view to divert her mind from its sadness. "I cannot join the dance, or listen to sweet music," she replied, "while my dear mother is suffering at home." I however persuaded her to go with me to some of the public exhibitions of the beautiful in art. We had visited several galleries, cabinets and churches; we had stood side by side, wrapt in awe or admiration; we had walked together amongst the sweet breathed flowers, and beneath the shadowy trees; we had stood upon the seacoast, when the stars looked down upon their trembling images in the deep mirroring waters; we had looked together on many entrancing beauties of Nature as well as of Art; and I had felt my soul struggling to pour out before her the treasures of the inner

temple of its love, but a something in her manner restrained me—I could not tell her of a passionate love. Now she was unto me as a loving sister—a declaration would change the relation between us, I knew not if for joy or sorrow.

"A mournful day arrived. The princess, who was forgotten by her country, fell unexpectedly asleep to awaken no more till the heavens pass away.

"Lady Anna arose from the heavy blow, and assumed a calm melancholy of demeanor. Yet, to my surprise, she spoke not of returning home. Months passed, and we were still at Pisa. Lady Anna suffering from an uneasiness which she could not conceal, and which at times broke forth in fits of passionate weeping, and again showed itself in almost sullen silence, or something akin to peevishness. The balance of her fine mind was evidently disturbed. She had a sorrow which she had not confided to my love.

"We were walking pensively along one of those glorious avenues, shadowed by tall, dark leaved trees, one fine June morning, when we saw a gay party, in open carriages, advancing from the country. Lady Anna, as usual, drew her veil over her lovely face, and walked on without evincing any curiosity, but I recognized some of the party, whom I had seen abroad, and directing her attention to a particular vehicle, the most magnificent in the *cortège*, I whispered, "there is a lady whom I have heard you wish to see—the Princess L—. Is she not lovely? And her husband is a noble looking man. Did you ever see his equal?" I turned to Lady Anna, expecting her reply. She stood still, and as I touched her hand I started—it was cold and rigid as the hand of a corpse. I lifted her veil, and my heart grew cold with fear and wonder. Her face was white as death, and the features were fixed in an expression of the most intense agony. The carriages had all passed by, and there she stood, apparently changed to marble. I spoke to her, I entreated her to speak or move, and at length the tension of her nerves gave way, and she sunk powerless in my arms. A vehicle chanced that way, and I lifted her in, and bore her to her hotel. Sixteen hours she lay with no sign of life, except an almost imperceptible breathing, and then she rallied, lifted her head from the pillow, and looked wildly round the room, then clenching her hands together, she burst into a passion of lamentation and bitter weeping. I never witnessed distress equal to hers. She cried aloud, and her tears came not in drops, but flowed in continuous streams, and every sob seemed as if it had torn her heart asunder. I dreaded that she would suffocate in that tempest of agony. But she turned from my attempts to soothe, and wept on until her strength was utterly exhausted. She did not rise from her bed until several weeks were past, and then she was more like a corpse than a living woman. The bloom never came back to her cheek, the smile to her lip, or the lustre to her eye. She spoke not of the day, or the cause to the commencement of her illness—and I did not presume to ask any explanation. On the commencement of her illness I had taken rooms adjoining hers, and now I frequently heard her walking to and fro in her chamber a great portion of the night. It was a clear, starry

midnight, one of those holy seasons when the earth is dark, and the atmosphere too transparent to be luminous. When we look away into the clear ether, and almost comprehend the immense distances to the bright distant disc of the innumerable stars. I was sleepless, and stood at my casement looking out upon earth and heaven. There was a knock at my door. I turned and admitted the Lady Anna. Pale she was, as usual, but she seemed unusually agitated. I besought her to be seated, and to honor me with her commands.

"'Godolphin,' she said, solemnly, 'tell me the name and title of the man whom we saw seated beside the Princess L——?'"

"'Surely his name is no secret,' I said; 'all Europe knows him—he is king of ——.'"

"'Swear this to me,' she said.

"'Poor lady,' I ejaculated mentally, 'she is deranged'—but I swore the oath prescribed.

"'Now listen,' she continued; 'this king, under an assumed name, sought me in my seclusion, won my love—my *love*, I say,—and we were privately married, more than two years ago. I need not repeat the sophistries by which he persuaded me that he had imperious reasons for a temporary concealment, reasons which I should one day know, and which I must approve. My mother's illness rendered it easy to elude her suspicion, and when you came, we still kept our secret. He was generally absent from Pisa, on pretence of business—but I saw him frequently. I was expecting a visit from him daily when we met him on that fatal walk. I have not seen him since, though he has implored an interview, if but for five minutes. I will never see him more.' And a wail of anguish, which no words could utter, struggled up from her broken heart. I essayed to speak. 'No, no,' she said, 'I have not finished. I am dead to the world. Let it be understood that I lie with my mother. Would to God it were so, indeed. You will serve me. I know you will. Provide for me, then, a retreat, where none who ever knew me may hear of me again. I have contemplated death—suicide; but I will live to weep, and pray, and suffer.'

"'Oh, what words for my ear were these. I felt to thank heaven that the darkness enabled me to hide my emotions from her, for my suffering was terrible. I felt light and hope, earth and heaven, at once annihilated. When she declared that she had loved another, my heart died within my bosom. It has never since throbbed as it was wont to throb at every thought of her. I no longer loved, but existence had become a void. The fair temple of my youth, with its idol, and all its beautiful treasures, was at once swept away, and the dark flood rolled sluggishly where my joys had been. I felt, not agony, but desolation; not regret, but cold despair. But I would live for her sake—she was miserable, and I could assist her.

"'Then I bethought me of this ancient castle, which had been a stronghold of my ancestors, and had fallen greatly to decay. I offered to repair it, and bring her hither. She thanked me warmly, and I came and commenced my repairs. I had always loved this glorious Highland scenery, where the mountains lie forever watching the reflection of their magnificent

features in the mirroring lake below, as if watching the lights and shadows on their rugged brows, and the graceful floating of the tresses of yellow broom, bound and crowned with the dark wreathing heather, shining with sunlight, or gemmed with drops of dew, or the diamonds of the summer shower. And when the summer is old, and like a forsaken woman, casts her ornaments from her with showers of tears and heavy sighing; the mountains seem to watch the fall of the verdure on the bosom of the waters, until they see the splendor of the wintry stars forming a diadem around their snow-crested heads. These scenes of sublime beauty, I judged, were well calculated to soothe the tumult in both our spirits; and here, where the breezes whisper to each other across the deep, narrow dell, I formed a little paradise of fruit trees and glowing shrubs, and furnished these rough halls with the sumptuousness of a palace; and then I brought Lady Anna and her infant daughter home. To my household I presented her as my sister, and a widow; and their Scottish hearts received her with a ready sympathy, and respected a sorrow which seemed to them so natural and commendable. To those who had known her, I said the Lady Anna is no more. The loss of her mother broke her gentle heart. My heart was dead, yet I regarded her as a dear sister; and to this day she knows not that I ever felt more for her than a brother's love. And now that we were all the world to each other, I enjoyed a calm that seemed very like happiness. Her child, the little Lady Adela, soon engrossed our warmest affections; she was a sweet and lovely child, but no way like her mother. She had clear blue eyes, fair curling hair in rich abundance, a complexion of transparent pink and white, and though delicately formed, she was plump and exquisitely moulded. Her intellect was wonderful, yet she was a simple-minded, loving and confiding child. She grew to be a part of my being. Her mother hardly loved her more than I. Her education was our delight—she was so docile, so quick to receive instruction. ~~Earth~~ ^{Heaven} hath been graced with very few like her. The beautiful bud became a flower, yet she seemed more pure and spiritual than in her childhood.

"'If I might ask one boon for my child,' said Lady Anna, one evening, as we were speaking of Lady Adela's future prospects. 'If I might obtain one boon for her, I would pray that she might never feel the pulse of human love.'

"'Poor Lady Anna, her experience had been bitter—and mine, I could have answered, Amen, to her prayer. But a lone traveler craved hospitality at our postern. He was handsome, noble, and virtuous. Adela learned to reply to the love which grew up in his heart for her. It was a dreadful trial to our doating hearts, but we gave her, with our blessing, to her beloved, and put bonds upon our feelings, when she bade a sobbing farewell, and left her own dear home for a splendid station in the queenly city of Edinburgh.

"'The knowledge that she was happy in her new home, was a sweet solace to our loneliness; and when, in less than two years, she came with her fine young boy to spend the time of the summer heat with us, we were supremely happy. Womanhood had not dimmed

the gladness of her heart, or withered the flowers of her childish glee and affection. Wisdom had come to her, unaccompanied by sadness.

"Toward autumn her young husband arrived, to spend a few days and take her with him home. There was a gay party assembled in these old halls, and for days there was feasting, and mirth, and music, excursions on the hills, and parties on the water. It was a lovely afternoon in the fitful September. The two boats were manned, and the barge provided with implements and tackle for fishing, took the gentlemen on board, while the ladies accompanied them in the lighter and more elegant sail-boat. They shoved out from the shore, with music and shouts and laughter. We wished them a joyful sail, and turned to our avocations of preparation for the evening meal and entertainment of the party. We sighed as we thought how soon we should be left to the old silence and loneliness. Our preparations were completed—the day was drawing to a close. I found Lady Anna at this very casement, looking out upon the lake, watching for the return of our beloved. I took the station I now occupy, but my eyes rested on my silent companion's face. She did not look at me, and I gazed unchecked until the past, with all its shadows rose up around me. I trembled in every nerve, and felt the waters of the swollen heart rise tingling to my eye-lids. I knew not what possessed me, but I felt as if I must kneel before her, and confess all the passion, the presumption of my youth.

"Look! look!" she cried, "they come!" and far up at the point of yonder noble bluff, I beheld the boats heading toward home. Just at that moment came a low growl upon a fitful gust, and instinctively we turned our eyes toward the west. Black, billowy clouds were surging and heaving above the mountain crest like a stormy ocean, and down that rugged gorge the dusky masses of mist came tumbling like giants wrestling in the death-struggle, and the winds groaned and shrieked adown the defile.

"Lady Anna grew white—I had seen her so once before; my own heart grew heavy with a pain like death.

"Oh, God! Oh, merciful God!" came from Lady Anna's still lips, in accents of heart-piercing agony. If they could but outstrip the storm; if they could but near the coast before it leapt upon the lake. It was evident that they knew the danger, and exerted all their powers; the boats glided swiftly over the smooth, black surface of the water, which lay as if concentrating itself to meet the onset of the aerial force. Our eyes turned from the boats to the upheaving storm; our souls were aghast in the horrible suspense—fear—dread—extreme terror—held hope in a throttling grasp; more than our lives were at stake, and we were powerless—utterly powerless to retard the danger or aid the souls in peril. We could only stand here, and gaze with wide-open, glazed eyes upon the scene. Oh, I think I see it now re-enacting before me. The light sail-boat led in the race, and with our telescope we could distinguish our child standing upright in the bow, her face raised, as if watching the portentous clouds, and her white hands clasped over the black mantle that covered her bosom. At the tiller of the barge stood

her husband, while the sturdy rowers strove to keep pace with the flight of the sail-boat; and so they sped on to escape, if possible, the tornado which lay growling like a couchant lion, ready to leap in its irresistible fury upon them. The dark billows of the cloud lay high above yon mountain wall, but for a time they seemed to make no progress, or rather to sink back upon themselves. How our hearts panted and stretched toward our treasures, as if we would draw them from the peril. As they were coming from that point, and the storm rising over that eminence, you will perceive that the wind would take them broadside, and thus greatly increase their danger. You see that all along the opposite shore there is no safe landing place, and they were far out on the lake when they first perceived the clouds rising above the heights. Then there was no time for thought or reflection, and they seemed to imagine that their only chance was to reach the shelter of these heights before the wind should intercept them.

"During the temporary lull of the storm, a trembling angel, almost hope, hovered over us. Our souls went out toward the mariners, every dip of their oars fell upon our distended hearts, striking thence a quick gasp, and a pulse of pain—and thus we stood, the gathering darkness falling like a mountain veil between us and the objects of our anguished solicitude.

"Oh, God! what a blaze of lightning rent the gloom, and pierced, like a shower of flashing poniards, soul and sense; while a clang, as of the rending to atoms of an iron mountain, stunned our ears. Then the storm spread its black wings, and sprang like a fierce vulture from the heights, leaving a line of lurid red between it and the horizon. The crisis was at hand. Were the boats within the shelter of the land? They were nearing our side of the lake rapidly. We could not breathe. At that moment our Adela, who had not moved since we first descried her, lifted her hands to heaven with an expression of the most agonized despair—and now the doom fell. With the rush and roar of a cataract the wind came down upon the lake. It met the water between us and the boats. The spray went up to heaven. Lady Anna sunk back with a shuddering groan. The lake was a tumult of warring elements. Fierce winds, waters, thunder and wrestling flames contending in a horrid turmoil. I turned away and sunk upon my knees beside the mother, whose heart felt upon its quivering chords the death-agony of the dear one who was perishing in the boiling waves. My soul was benumbed with horror; I had no word of hope for her, and there was no consolation. I lifted her form and held her to my heart, with only one wish, that then and there we might die together."

The tremulous voice of the old man ceased, and for a while he wept like a stricken woman. At length he resumed.

"They were lost—all lost. A few fragments of the boats was all we ever found. That storm made many mourners beside ourselves. Widows and orphans, young girls and aged parents, wept the buried in the water. We all sought to sustain each other; and Lady Anna and myself were sustained not merely by a submissive dependence upon Jehovah, but by the

sense of a responsibility toward our lost Adela's infant son. He has been our care, our hope, our pride. You can testify that there are few equals for Malcomb Douglas—that is his baptismal name. His father's name and title may one day be borne by him, and receive more honor than, noble as they are, they can confer.

"I know not why I have told you these things, except it be that our identity may not perish. I will give you on this card our real names, and, as in the revolutions of nations, the forgotten are remembered, and the lost found, you may sometime hear of us honorably, or read our story on the half fabulous page of national history. But I thought not of these things. When I saw the gay young party put off an hour ago, it brought the past so vividly to my mind, that I felt constrained to tell you how the pure may be deceived—how the virtuous may suffer, how the noble may shrink into obscurity, how the world's idols may be forgotten; and, most of all, that nobility, education,

moral greatness and purity, with all gentle virtues and all lofty aspirations, may exist in retirement, unknown and unregarded by a world that should be proud to wear them as jewels upon its bosom. But He that doeth all things well, will reward every man according to his works. So let it be."

I thanked the old gentleman amid the tears that I could not restrain; and he expressed his gratitude for my sympathy.

I knew not what effect his story wrought upon me, but I forgot both my love and my jealousy; and heard the announcement of Charlotte M'Lane's engagement to Harry Heath with real pleasure. I left the hospitable mansion of my illustrious host and hostess with deep regret, impressed with the dignity of virtue, and the importance of a firm trust in the goodness and wisdom of the Ruler of the Universe. I have since heard the name of young Malcomb heralded by the voice of fame, and trust that his career will be one of unparalleled usefulness and splendor.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

THE Lord of all things planted a garden at the foot of the hill of life. It was like a flowered plain. The heavens wore a gentle smile, and the earth was fresh and green, with no deadness of stalk or stem upon flowers or trees. The shout of glad, young voices made its music as birds made the music of the air, and merry troops danced with a lightness peculiar to that garden of joy, over the soft yielding turf from which no serpent's sting ever came forth.

Sweet fountains gushed up in shady places, where the happy ones rested from their play, and beautiful vistas opened on every side, formed of bright garlands, which fell on the brows of the childish throng like crowns. Through the clustering branches of ever-budding trees the bright light glanced, excepting when a transient cloud passed over, leaving dew-jewels sparkling in the sun.

This was the garden of infancy—those clouds the fleeting sorrows of childish hearts which leaves the tear upon the smiling cheek. The fountains in the shady places were those of sinless memory—the vistas were Hope's.

Angels on busy wings swept over the beautiful place, watching, as messengers of the Great Throne, the doings of these young creatures, who in the garden of love and peace knew not the roughness of the road which lay beyond its mossy boundaries. From time to time these angels caught a sweet one from the dancing crowd, and bore it tenderly to the bosom of the "Well Beloved." And such were blessed; for they had only known the joy of their garden home—their feet had never toiled through the dust of that hilly way rising beyond the plain. A line of glistening wings was thus kept up between the garden and the

Throne, by the passing up of angels with their beautiful gifts; and the groups thus broken in upon were taught to grieve not for sweet companions so well beloved of Heaven, so that their sunny sports went on with but a momentary shadow.

The gentle lamb and heavenly dove nestled against the breast of fondling little ones, or answered to their call as if their mate's. With Hope's garlands on their brows, and their feet sandaled with flowers, the dancers counted not time, as those on the outer hill counted it, by hours, but let it make its annual rounds unnoticed, until the period arrived for them to leave the pure retreat. Time was to them no gray-haired tyrant with a warning hour-glass, but a kind friend laden ever with roses and smiles. It beckoned them to play, it beckoned them to rest, and they saw not the different face and burden it sometimes bore until they had gone out beyond the gates.

Upon a mossy bank in this garden of infancy lay an infant boy. Its chubby, dimpled hands played with the flowers of innocence and joy that grew luxuriantly in that pure atmosphere. The light of that blessed place danced in his eyes, and its sweet music was succeeded by his tiny shout. While he thus lay, a little girl stole out from a playful group, and gliding to his side threw her fond arms around him and kissed his beaming face with the quick love of a warm heart. The baby pressed his face against his sister's with an answering lovingness, and passed his fingers through her curling hair with a low laugh of happiness, echoed with the maturity of two summer's longer life, by the little one bending over him. How holy a thing was the love they bore each other, and how stainless were their souls as each answered to the other in purity and joy.

The angels rested on their clear wings to write upon their foreheads "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and rejoiced that they were appointed guardians over them, to whisper good when evil tempted them upon the outer hill.

Some of the older ones even in that peaceful place looked out upon the hill with longing for the journey. They saw the continuous band of youths and maidens going out from the garden gates, and longed to reach the age which was to free them from the gentle laws of their garden nursery. Oh, how sad was the reasoning which had led to this desire—how sure the pleasures of that sweet place they dwelt in—how bitter might be the anticipated delights of the Hill of Life. The gay crowds hurrying up the hilly way seemed in the distance like a merry company with no care or pain. Their shouts and songs came on the breeze like the gushings of sunny hearts knowing no cloud. The listening ears of the waiting ones inside the gates heard not the sighs which broke from gifted spirits, they caught not the silent prayer of the weary and broken-hearted.

The baby boy had grown to take his place in the line of youths who were to leave forever the home of childhood and its innocent delights. His sister was by his side, and on their dear young heads an invisible hand was laid blessingly, as they stepped out upon the dusty way. They had left their home of joy, they were to walk evermore upward, upward, through unknown snares and by the borders of dreadful depths. Yet their hearts beat hopefully and strong, and the first day's travel was so easy and so new, that they mourned not for the childish sports of the garden left behind, and gayly looked forward to their life-long pilgrimage.

Flowers they found in their way somewhat resembling those their infant hands had plucked, and sweet voices fell upon their ears which sounded quite as holy as those in their first home. They talked together of the teachings they had so often listened to, of the warnings they had been impressed with, as the time drew near for them to leave the garden gates. In their young wisdom they believed their guardian teachers had looked with perverted eyes upon the travelers of the hill, and with over earnest zeal had given them too dark a character. They had spoken of serpents hidden beneath the grass—of snares like a mine laid out under flowery beds. They had painted false smiles, and spoken of honeyed words spoken to deceive. They had prayed that the guileless travelers would allow themselves no chain which might seem to be of flowers, but would prove to be of iron, eating deep wounds into the soul. What could they have meant by all these pictures and all these prayers? The way had been as yet but short, yet surely as they looked up, the same appearance of ease and joy broke on them. They still walked hand in hand, still loved such flowers as they loved in the plain beneath, still looked toward the Throne at morning and at night as their eyes had ever been led to do. Their ministering angels still followed them on wings of joy, because they walked so pure and lovingly, and would have spread their brightness round them to have kept off evil forever, if their Lord had not given

to these travelers of the hill a work for their own hearts, which, if "well done," would meet with a most bountiful reward. Prayer, in time of danger from a false step or slippery way, would bring their willing aid, but prayer must first be warmly breathed to show a holy faith.

On, on they went, guarding their days by morning adoration, and bringing by their evening supplication sweet rest to their feet and beautiful visions to their hearts. They had been told that at a certain point two ways met, of which they must choose the right or left. And soon they found themselves surrounded by a hesitating crowd at the entrance of the paths. The narrow one had for its guide-post the holy book of their Lord, with opened page, from which, in golden characters, spoke forth—"The way to Heaven." At the entrance of the other was a figure, the body concealed with flowers, but the face exposed. The eyes were of ravishing delight, and the mouth dropped musical and melting tones, which to that company of inexperienced youth seemed like the sweet promises of heavenly joy. She told of beautiful and social scenes, prepared in lovely places all along the roomy and cheerful way she would lead them through. She spoke with smiling lightness of the dull routine of duties and unexciting pleasures of the path which so few choose, and pointed gayly with tempting finger to the laughing crowds treading the broad way of which she was the queen—and what a queen! So fair of face, so full of joyousness, so innocent of speech. She spoke of the Great Father who was the lord of all upon that hill, and with delicious earnestness pleaded for the hearts of that young company, because their lord would not condemn their feet for dancing on the flowers she would strew along their path. He would not be so cruel-hearted as to frown upon His children's joy. Oh! how the company of angels, who hovered round, watched for the decisive step of the young creatures they had followed from the garden walls. Some had hid their faces in their bright wings for grief, when they had seen the cherished beings of the innocent home choose the left hand path which their heavenly natures knew would lead to Death. Yet, with faces veiled, they followed the deluded ones, in hopes to win them back before they strayed too far.

And what was our brother's and sister's choice? The boy looked wistfully toward the glittering throng, which danced and laughed amid the wreaths and brilliant artificial light of the broad way, but followed his sister's guidance toward the path whose light was from the Throne. The angels, whose care they were, rejoiced, and followed with a low song of triumph the holy travelers.

The boy, through love for his dear friend, murmured not for a time at the calm and peaceful way they trod. But his imagination, naturally so vivid and bright, had nothing to revel in as they walked upward side by side with holy men and pure, who sung the praises of the Good King as they rose toward the crown. This crown glittered upon the summit of the hill as a promise of eternal rest and joy for the un murmuring and patient traveler.

But the heart of the young man became listless; and

his eyes became dull to see the lustre of the crown as it shone fast by the Lord's high throne. From discontent he went to murmuring. His sister and his angel whispered loving words to the clouded heart, and sought earnestly to win it back to feel the beauty of the journey they had commenced so joyfully. But no! the distant sound of mirth, the distant glitter of fine sights, and spectacles appearing so ingenious and rare, caught his wandering senses at every turn. His quiet journey became a burden to him. His sister's face became a sad reproach. The crown looked dim upon the summit. To his changed eye the holy men and women walked like monks and nuns in solemn company. His excited fancy would make it seem injustice that the Lord who made the way, should have had its pavement so hard and rough, when the broader path was carpeted with flowers, which could yield to the bounding foot so gently, and ever be so fresh.

More and more the prospect changed to his changed eyes. The ascent now was steep and wearisome, and oh! how the sad, sweet face of his garden friend, the sister of his childhood passed on the mossy banks, how it looked upon him longingly, as if the pilgrimage even in the narrow way would be half sorrowful if he went not up with her to the end. His angel shone from her eyes its look of pleading, but all were lost upon the evil-awakened youth, who saw no stars in that pure heaven, no guide in that pleasant way worth following. More and more as his heart gave up the treasures of its infancy, the revel of the other path broke on his ear. His eyes gazed oftener on the distant groups than on his sister's face, or the high crown. That sister prayed, besought with tears that he would let his guardian spirit guide him, that he would call upon the messengers of the Throne to disarm the tempters who were changing his heart. And yet he, the object of that fond one's watching thus far upon the road, he who in sweet babyhood had been her pride and hope even in her own young years, he turned and left her! Turned and fled, not daring to look back and catch another glimpse of her pale face! he fled, and how short was now the way to Pleasure's arms; the gain of long year's travels how quickly lost. He stood once more where the two paths met, and looked a moment on the plain below, where yet was green the home of his childhood's innocence. For a moment came the memory of the spirits he had carried from it as inmates of his soul. He gazed upon its quiet loveliness, and sighed in his bewilderment and guilt, for the season of his infancy, that he might be again a child and play amongst those garden flowers.

It could not be! And sealing his brow with the stamp of determined hardihood, he turned from the retrospect of his boyhood's purity, and gave his hand to the fair-faced queen, who welcomed him more gladly that he came from the rival path.

How wildly did he enter now into all the scenes of that gay place! He sought to drown his angel's whisperings in revels, and at first he succeeded well, for the parties he joined were of those, who, like himself, were neophytes to the reigning queen, and were not yet quite slaves to the hideous form so shrouded in flowers. But the innocent joyfulness grew more evil

at every step, for in this gay kingdom there was no restraining power, and the poor misguided youth who had left the quiet walk where every onward step induced to purity, now saw the ruin which came by unsuspected agencies upon the hearts and forms of these thoughtless travelers. Guilt grew more familiar at every turn. He could see that his companions grew old before their time, and almost imperceptibly changed their careless mirth and slight indulgences to wicked merriment and love for evil practices, which they would have once despised.

Palaces rose up on every side, filled with sparkling drinks, which drowned the voices of grieved angels, and gave exulting life to the dread demon of Human Will. The laughter which had come faintly to his ears when he was by his lost sister's side, like the sound of a joyful stream, now was like a raging river, wild and ruinous. Gay women fluttered on with "Vanity" written in jewels upon their foreheads, and the beauty of their girlhood lost under the weight of fashion's charms. How the heart of that lost wanderer turned to his sister's memory, and read there how chaste, how simple, how lovely she walked, unmindful of the garments her body wore if her spirit shone in the garb of holiness.

He looked toward the path she was now treading alone, and could tell her untiring step, and see the light of her high brow as it was at times uplifted to the throne—praying for him! Those gay women looked like painted sepulchres as he turned back; and though they shook their jeweled fingers at him playfully, and tried to win his admiration by outward charms, his heart compared them with the gentle presence of his sister in the heavenly path, and it learned to loathe the beings whose souls were unadorned and dark. They had been beautiful, but had lost the roses of their cheeks, the jewels of their eyes, the sweet sign of modesty upon their brow, and now owed Art a debt which grew with every year.

As he went on he found corners of the road darkened by groups of human forms with faces of spirits from the cave of darkness where the fire burns. They watched with starting eyes the ivory balls they rolled, or painted characters they handled, as if they were the chances of Heaven; and when their gold was lost would start up furious, and commit some dreadful deed upon themselves or their companions. Disgusting pictures of indulgence and debauchery in every shape, now met the almost frenzied eye of the regretful wanderer. Carelessly besotted feet trod the uncertain borders of the frightful precipice, or with uneven step stalked on toward the gulf of hopelessness. The light, which had been so dazzling at the commencement of the way, had been put out, and darkness would have been over all that crowd, if the mercy of the Throne had not let its light fall upon the guilty ones, that, if they would, they might see their passage back to the holy way.

Oh! had that wanderer tasted all the joy he fancied could be drunk of in that broad path? Had the glittering scenes been real? Had the promises of the syren been fulfilled? Had his heart been satisfied with the friendship, his feet with the flowers of that

fair-seeming place? Oh, no! His brain was reeling with the discordant sounds, his senses were confused, his heart was agonized by the cries of rage, and complaints breathed bitterly against the Throne. Oh! could he dare brave the sneers of his companions and turn back: Could he, distressed and weakened, run the gauntlet of that deriding crowd! Oh no he had no courage left for such a trial. He knew the purity of his brow was gone, the freshness of his heart; and how, if he ever should escape from that dreadful way, would his sister's eye rest on him?

As he thought of this, he turned toward the path of her calm pilgrimage, and saw a greater light as a halo round her pale brow, and her pleading eye still turned upward toward the Throne! His angel gently whispered "fly!" And as he stopped upon his course to listen, he felt the pressure of the hand which had been laid upon his head as he went out from the garden-gates, and his strong heart came back! His feet forgot their weariness, his eye grew large with hope, his spirit threw off its cowardice, and with a loud, clear voice, which his sister caught as a joyful answer to her prayers, he declared himself a prodigal, and entreated all that graceless company to follow him to peace and happiness.

Oh! how many accents there were in the answer-

ing shouts that filled the echoing way. Despair sent up its dreadful note—shame and defiance added their discordant tones. From the deep caves of guilty sorrow came a wail, and from lone places where the body diseased with crime lay suffering, a cry arose which chilled even the polluted blood of those who wandered in guilt so near.

None answered the returning one with like repentance, although from the heavy eyes of some a faint desire for a moment gleamed, to flee with him from misery. But the laugh which rung so loud, and with such a mocking echo of contempt, put out the spark which might have kindled to such a glorious blaze, and he turned alone upon his backward way. And now fingers were pointed at him, laughter followed him—his garments were laid hold of to arrest his steps. Many who sighed for his courage, and envied him the way his face was turned, laid stumbling-blocks before his feet, to turn them back—to gain a triumph over him would make their own depravity seem less dark. But they could not conquer him. His angel strengthened him, and he kept the name of the Great Lord upon his lips and in his heart, and so he made his way free from the striving hands and tempting wiles of his companions, and joyfully reached once more the side of his sister in the upward path.

THE RAIN.

BY T. A. SWAN.

The birds sing gayly in their bowers,
And we can gather what they sing;
But what, falling 'mong leaves and flowers,
What is the soft rain whispering

I cannot understand their word—
Some tale those bright drops tell, I know,
For the corn leaves move as if they heard,
And barley fields nod to and fro.

The lily turns its chalice up
To catch the legends as they fall,
And on the blue-bell's tiny cup
Rings many a fairy festival.

The brooklet o'er the meadow spreads,
And then, like elves, they dance and sing;
And clovers hang their blushing heads,
Like little creatures listening.

It is some good thing they relate;
For when the cloud has passed the sun,
The green fields smile with joy elate,
As the world had put new glory on.

And so, to me, they chant a strain
Uncomprehended by the sense,
But when they dash the window-pane,
I feel their soothing influence.

They lead me back to some bright scene,
Some fair spot in the shadowy past,
Which glows like the broad moon's silver sheen
Far off upon the waters cast.

They ope the pleasant gate of dreams,
And from the phantom-world beyond,
How visions bright, in golden streams,
Like gift from an enchanter's wand.

Kind dreams of sweet imagining—
Of the maiden fair shall love me well;
But mystic are the strains they sing,
Who she may be they will not tell.

And through the Future's golden aisles,
They bear me up on angel wing;
And many a truth I've learned the whiles
From the bright rain softly whispering.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE CAROLINA PARROT.

THIS bird is the only species of Parrot found native in the United States. It not only abounds in the rich and flowery groves of our Southern States, but is found in great numbers among the prairies of the West, on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and even along the shores of Lake Michigan. Most Parrots droop or die in cold weather; but the Carolina Parrots are frequently seen during a snow-storm, flying about in flocks, and by their loud cries seeming to enjoy the consciousness of their own hardiness. But though a resident in our Western States it is rarely seen east of the Alleghanies. Its favorite food—the seeds of the cockle-bur—abounds in the wilds and forests of the West. Amid the rich alluvial soils, shaded by dense forests of sycamore and buttonwood, or covered with impenetrable swamps, the Carolina finds a secure and delightful retreat. Here also are found the seeds of the cypress and hackberry, and the beach-nut; while the soil abounds with those formations known as licks, the salt of which is much relished by the Parrot. The Carolina possesses a full share of that love for destructive mischief which appears indigenous to his genus. In the natural state it cares little for apples, if other food be at hand, but it delights to mount an apple-tree, and twisting the fruit off one by one to strew it over the ground.

The Carolina Parrot is about thirteen inches long, and twenty-one across the spread wings. The head is red, the neck a rich yellow; and in other parts of

the body these colors are sprinkled with considerable profusion. The remaining plumage is mostly a bright green, changing to yellow, with light blue reflections. The feet and bill are either a cream or flesh color, and the claws and shafts of the large feathers black. The plumage of the female differs very little from that of the male; but the young birds undergo several changes of color before assuming the dress of their parents.

In captivity this bird appears to lose little of its sprightly habits, although it never becomes entirely reconciled to the cage. Unless closely watched it will gnaw and break through the wood of its cage, and twist the wires, for the purpose of escaping. On the whole, it is a pleasing companion, being in a great measure destitute of the love for clamorous screaming which distinguishes most of the other Parrots. Its usual food in the cage should be corn and beach-nuts, but if hungry it will eat apples, various kinds of seeds and berries.

Wilson in his American Ornithology gives the following interesting account of the Carolina Parrot, as seen by him in its native haunts in the West:

"At Big Bone Lick, thirty miles above the mouth of Kentucky River, I saw them in great numbers. They came screaming through the woods in the morning, about an hour after sunrise, to drink the salt water, of which they, as well as the pigeons, are remarkably fond. When they alighted on the ground, it appeared at a distance as if covered with a carpet of the richest

green, orange and yellow; they afterward settled in one body on a neighboring tree, which stood detached from any other, covering almost every twig of it, and the sun shining strongly on their gay and glossy plumage, produced a very beautiful and splendid appearance. Here I had an opportunity of observing some very particular traits of their character: Having shot down a number, some of which were only wounded, the whole flock swept repeatedly around their prostrate companions, and again settled on a low tree within twenty yards of the spot where I stood. At each successive discharge, though showers of them fell, still the affection of the survivors seemed rather to increase; for, after a few circuits around the place, they again alighted near me, looking down on their slaughtered companions with such manifest symptoms of sympathy and concern, as completely disarmed me. I could not but take notice of the remarkable contrast between their elegant manner of flight and their lame and crawling gait among the branches. They fly very much like the Wild Pigeon, in close compact bodies, and with great rapidity, making a loud and outrageous screaming, not unlike that of the Red-headed Wood-

pecker. Their flight is sometimes in a direct line, but most usually circuitous, making a great variety of elegant and easy serpentine meanders, as if for pleasure. They are particularly attached to the large sycamores, in the hollow of the trunks and branches of which they generally roost, thirty or forty, or more, entering at the same hole. Here they cling closely to the sides of the trees, holding fast by the claws, and also by the bills. They appear fond of sleep, and often retire to their holes during the day, probably to take their regular *siesta*. They are extremely sociable, and fond of each other, often scratching each other's heads and necks, and always at night nestling as close as possible to each other, preferring at that time a perpendicular position, supported by their bill and claws. In the fall, when their favorite cockle-burs are ripe, they swarm along the coast or high ground of the Mississippi, above New Orleans, for a great extent. At such times they are killed and eaten by many of the inhabitants; though, I confess, I think their flesh is very indifferent. I have several times dined on it from necessity, in the woods, but found it merely passable, with all the sauce of a keen appetite to recommend it."



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE. (*Haliaeetus Washingtonii*.)

For a long time this bird was almost unknown; and though specimens of it appear to have been examined even by scientific men, its identity as a distinct species remained hidden until the year 1814. In February of that year Mr. Audubon, while voyaging up the Mis-

issippi, noticed here and there a solitary bird, soaring above the rocky cliffs, entirely different, as it appeared to him, from any species with which he was acquainted. After much search he discovered an eyry on the high cliffs of Green River, in Kentucky, and was en-

bled to make such observations as convinced him that this was a new, and hitherto unknown, species of Eagle. From its noble bearing and majestic size, he named it the Bird of Washington, a title by which it is now generally recognized. Some, however, confound it with the White-tailed Eagle, and others affirm that it is but a full grown Sea Eagle. With better reason it is supposed to be either identical with the great European Sea Eagle of Brisson, or but a variety of that bird. Audubon considers the species as rare. His principal residence is among the rocky shores of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the great northern lakes—in those gloomy solitudes rarely disturbed by the step of man. Winter drives it from these favorite haunts nearer to the abode of civilization; and in a severe season the Washington Eagle has been seen in the vicinity of Concord and Boston. His principal food is fish; but instead of obtaining it in the same piratical manner as is common with the Bald Eagle, he descends, like the Osprey, into the same element with his prey. The circles which he describes in flying are wider than those of the White-headed Eagle, and when about to dive for prey, he sweeps downward in spiral rings, as though endeavoring to prevent the fish's escape. When within the distance of a few yards, he darts forcibly down, and rarely fails to secure his object. He is also remarkable for flying near the surface of the water, especially when retiring with his prize; and when near the

shore he may often be recognized by the same peculiarity.

The Washington Eagle is capable of being domesticated, and is then gentle and docile. The quantity of food necessary to sustain him, either in captivity or among his native wilds, is very great; and it would appear that they are capable, more than most birds of prey, of generating fat. Audubon's specimen was three feet six inches in length, and weighed fourteen and a half pounds. Others have been weighed, much heavier. It should be mentioned as a curious fact, that repeated attempts by Dr. Haywood, of Boston, to poison one of these birds with corrosive sublimate were entirely unsuccessful, although doses of two drams were given to it at a time.

The general color of the upper part of this bird is copper-brown, dark and shining. The throat and breast are a cinnamon color, the wings brown, with sprinklings of black, and the lesser wing-coverts rusty iron-gray. This description should, however, be received with some caution, in consequence of its being taken from but a few specimens, which varied considerably among themselves. The head is more convex than that of the Bald Eagle, the bill more hooked, and the iris of the eye is hazel, inclining to chestnut. Underneath the foot is notched like a rasp, to enable the bird to hold its prey. The majestic appearance of this Eagle, his great strength and superior size, justly entitle him to a rank among the noblest birds of our continent.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. vol. 1.

The object of Mr. Hildreth's ambition in this work is to present an impartial view of the persons and events of American history in their natural order and relations, and in his preface he plumes himself on having accomplished his purpose, at the same time not very modestly indicating his belief that no other American historian has approached it. As far as regards his claim to accuracy and impartiality we doubt not it will be readily admitted, at least in the sense in which he appears to understand the terms. The history is a useful compendium of facts undertaken by a man who does not seem to have sufficient sympathy with his subject to be capable even of partisanship. Everything indicates that the work was manufactured in a spirit of dogged, straight-forward, joyless labor. The author has in his other productions given evidence of passions sufficiently quick and hot, and a talent for hating almost unmatched for brilliancy and intensity, and our surprise was correspondingly great to find him in the present work altogether destitute of enthusiasm, and writing sentence after sentence with no inspiration even from his blood.

To those who require in a history nothing but a series of facts presented in a clear style, without any animation in the narrative, the work of Mr. Hildreth will be very acceptable, and we have little doubt that his labors of research and composition will be rewarded. It seems to us, however, that there is a great difference between facts as

they are in themselves, and facts as they are treated by Mr. Hildreth. Whatever view may be taken of our fathers, there can be no doubt that they were alive, and we have a right to demand that the narrative of their actions, however close it may adhere to the literal truth, shall represent living men and living events. The representation of a fact, therefore, implies a sympathy with it either personal or imaginative, and a capacity to convey it to another mind not only in its form and dimensions, but in its coloring and spirit. The difficulty with Mr. Hildreth's facts consists in their lifelessness. He is "down among the dead men," not up and striving with the living, and his style being deliberately and elaborately destitute of glow and spirit, rejecting all ornament, and varying not with the variations of his subject, is as uninteresting as a newspaper account of a railroad accident. In his narrative of our history, as far as we have read it, there are strictly speaking no events. The landing of the Pilgrims he recounts in a style which would hardly suit an account of a New Yorker's visit to Hoboken, for the purpose of enjoying a cooler air than he found in the city. The most adventurous and heroic actions, the grandest displays of disinterested piety and affection, sink into dull commonplace as treated by Mr. Hildreth. If this be history, then history is hardly worth the attention of a live man. We should rather call it historical geology, having for its subject the fossil remains of men and institutions.

We know there is a large class of readers who consider this mode of writing history as the best, and who are ready to stigmatize all realization as romance. To such a class we can commend Mr. Hildreth's production. He certainly

deserves praise for his diligence, and the strength of understanding he has evinced in educing a connected narrative from his multitude of scattered authorities. But he has not succeeded even in this department of his labors to such a degree as to justify his sneering allusion to other histories of the country as "Continental Sermons and Fourth of July Orations in the guise of history." This hardly does justice to such a man as Bancroft, whose History of the United States, whatever may be its faults, has merits of investigation, narration and reflection, which Mr. Hildreth's more prosaic work does not approach.

Dante's Divine Comedy: The Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original Collated from the Best Editions, and Explanatory Notes. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a most valuable addition to the English translations of the Italian Classics, and is well calculated to convey a vivid impression of the intense beauty and sublimity of Dante's immortal poem to readers ignorant of the original. The translation is faithful even to literal exactness without being clumsy and inelegant, and the Italian text has been collated with commendable care and industry. Indeed the whole book appears to have been a labor of love, and must have occupied the leisure of many years. To those who are learning Italian the volume must be invaluable, as it enables them to read the original side by side with a translation at once correct and elegant.

Dr. Carlyle, the translator, is the brother of Thomas Carlyle. One would suppose that being so nearly related to the latter, he would sedulously avoid all imitation of his manner, yet the preface to the present volume is filled with the most amusing *Carlylisms*. The tone and rhetorical contortions of his brother, Dr. Carlyle mimics rather than imitates, and makes the whole matter more ludicrous by his evident straining after that which on all principles of propriety he should rather attempt strenuously to avoid.

Scraps, No. 1. Sketched, Etched, and Published by D. C. Johnston. Boston.

This thin quarto contains some fifty "hits," humorous and satirical, done on steel. The sketcher is D. C. Johnston, one of the first caricaturists in the country, and an original observer of life and manners. Several of the illustrations are pictorial essays on popular follies and vices, and contain matter enough to supply thought for a volume. We like the idea of publishing occasionally a work like the present, recording as it does, with almost historical accuracy, the various forms assumed by the Protean genius of humbug to diddle our free and enlightened citizens.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel. New York: D. Bixby. 1 vol. 18mo.

Mr. Bixby, the publisher of this elegant little volume, has done a great deal in his selection of books for republication for the elevation of public taste. To him we owe the only editions we have of Goethe's *Faust*, and *Correspondence of Southey's Translation of the Chronicle of the Cid*, and of a number of other valuable works. Having removed from Lowell to New York, we trust that he will continue his speculations on public taste; and as an earnest

of what he intends to do, we hail with much pleasure this handsome edition of Cousin's celebrated dissertation on Beauty, a work written with all that accomplished philosopher's force and brilliancy of style, evincing his usual keenness of analysis and range of generalization, and as readable as it is valuable. We commend it especially to those English readers who are followers of Alison and Jeffrey. The subject discussed is one of the most important in the metaphysics of criticism, and though we cannot say that Cousin has exhausted it, he has presented his own views in a rhetoric so lucid that he cannot fail to charm even the readers whom he may not convince.

Southey's Commonplace Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warter, B. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This volume is calculated to convey even a new idea of the variety of Southey's studies, and the exhaustiveness of his capacity of labor. The number of his works is sufficiently surprising, convicting as it does most literary men either of indolence or barrenness, but we find that in addition to writing his original productions, he was in the custom of transcribing largely from books as he read them, and the present volume, representing but a portion of these labors, would appear to most readers a work for a life. It consists of striking extracts from a large variety of authors, most of them antiquated to the reader of the present day, and illustrating the manners, customs, opinions, and sentiments of Englishmen for the last three centuries. The editor, who reports himself as Southey's son-in-law, is an excellent specimen of a snob, who cannot write a sentence without writing himself down an ass. The Harpers have issued the volume in clear type, on white paper, at about one-fifth the price of the English edition.

A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

The publishers of these volumes have rarely issued a book more intrinsically valuable than the present. It is a work of immense research and labor, undertaken by a German Professor of Theology, and indicating vast erudition. The translation by Dr. Davidson is a faithful reflection of the original, even to the extent of preserving Gieseler's rather inelegant though condensed style of writing. The advantage of the work to students consists in its stating results only in the text, and reserving the notes for authorities and processes. It is a text book, not an elaborate history like Neander's, and as such it has obtained great reputation for impartiality and ability. The American translator has availed himself of the latest German edition, and his version is accordingly the most valuable which has been made on either side of the Atlantic.

The Classic French Reader. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is another of Appleton & Co.'s admirable series of educational books. It consists of selections from the French classical writers for the last two centuries, with a vocabulary of all the words and idioms contained in the work. It is edited by Professor Jewett, the American editor of Ollendorff, and cannot fail to render important assistance to all engaged in the study of French.



the world only must know you. Then, Florence, will you give yourself to me; will you look upon me in the light of that beloved parent whose loss you now deplore—will you confide yourself to me in your loneliness and helplessness?"

And the innocent girl, lifting her meek blue eyes to the furrowed countenance of the old man, threw herself confidingly upon his bosom, and wept her thanks.

They were married; and then, as some priceless jewel committed to his charge, which to guard and cherish was henceforth to be his pride and happiness did Abel May bear home the young orphan.

For many years he had occupied a large mansion near the outskirts of the city, whose dark granite front and heavy wooden shutters kept constantly closed, imparted an air of chilliness and gloom to the neighborhood of flashy brick houses and light airy cottages by which it was environed. Abel May lived alone, keeping no domestics, and either preparing his own meals, or partaking of them at a restaurateur's. Occasionally the woman whom he employed to do his washing was admitted to sweep and arrange his sleeping room and the little parlor adjoining. The other apartments were always locked, baffling all the curiosity of which no doubt the good woman partook with others.

Various opinions and rumors were afloat concerning him in the neighborhood, through which however the old man steered steadily and regardlessly.

Not greater was the surprise of the captive princess in the fairy tale on awakening one morning and finding before her window a sumptuous palace rearing high its golden columns, where alone frowning rocks and dark, turbid waters had before stood, than was the amazement which pervaded the neighborhood, when early one morning they were aroused from slumber by the *clink—clink—clink* of the busy hammer, the crashing of tiles, and sonorous fall of boards upon the pavements. And behold, every window of that gloomy house was thrown wide to the glare of day—workmen were on the roof—workmen were scaling ladders—workmen were tearing off those clumsy shutters, while within, workmen in paper caps and white aprons were busily wielding the several instruments of their handicraft. Day after day their labors went on, and day after day added to the astonishment of the neighbors. Plate-glass and light Venetian blinds soon supplanted the small window panes and wooden shutters—a tasteful portico and marble slabs supplied the place of the clumsy iron railing and high stone steps so jagged and worn. Carpenters, masons, and painters speedily completed the interior renovation, and then followed heavily laden drays bearing rich furniture—and upholsterers flew from room to room giving the last graceful touch of taste and fashion to the arrangement of the various articles.

Next came the overwhelming announcement that old Abel May was married, and that the sylph-like, graceful form, and sunny ringlets of the fair young girl sometimes seen bending from the window, or leaning on the arm of the old man, like a lily grafted on some withered branch, belonged to no other than the bride—and wonder ceased not, but rather grew with the "food it fed on."

Not much less was the surprise of Florence at finding herself suddenly the mistress of a home so charming. She had never connected the idea of wealth with the plainly dressed humble old man who had so benevolently administered to the comforts of her dying parent, and cheerfully did she prepare to follow him to a home, no matter how lowly, so that love and kindness were to be found there. When, then, old Abel May, lifting her tenderly from the carriage which bore them from the church wherein the solemn rite making them man and wife had just been pronounced, and led her into apartments so splendid, with all that a refined taste might approve, or a fastidious eye applaud, was it strange that for a moment the young orphan doubted whether all was not, indeed, a dream or a fairy creation, such as the pen of her father had often sketched for her amusement—for never did her waking eyes or her sober senses dwell on aught so rich and beautiful. Yet neither the elegance by which she was surrounded, nor the charms which novelty lent to her new existence, could for a long time withdraw her mind from dwelling on the irreparable loss she had sustained. Happily, youth is not prone to despondency; hope in the bright future buoys them exultingly over the billows of disappointment which engulf so many sorrow-stricken hearts, and therefore as time wore on it made the old man's soul rejoice to see smiles chasing away the tears from the countenance of this dear child.

The education of Florence had been conducted solely under the careful tuition of her father, and her active mind, regulated and nourished by judicious application. In the French and German languages she was a correct scholar, and had attained some little proficiency in drawing; yet of music or other elegant acquirements she knew nothing.

Hard are the lessons of adversity; and that his humble means precluded his bestowing on his child those accomplishments for which nature had so eminently qualified her, was often a source of deep regret to her fond parent; but now, under the fostering care of the old man, how splendidly did her talents develop themselves. Music and painting opened for her a new world of enjoyment, and no expense did her kind protector withhold to gratify to the fullest extent her eager desire for improvement. He engaged the most eminent masters to attend upon her, nor did the proficiency of the pupil shame their skill.

Very limited was the society which Abel May admitted within his walls, and those only such as he considered worthy of his friendship and confidence. This gave no disquiet to Florence; indeed, company rather pained than pleased her. Her most delightful hours were those in which she could add to the happiness of the old man, by the exercise of those agreeable sources of entertainment owing their origin to him, or when with pencil or book, alone in the beautiful little apartment which the same kind hand had fitted up expressly for her use, the moments flew unheeding in the all absorbing interest they inspired.

Occasionally, at the Opera or Theatre, old Abel May appeared with his beautiful young wife; or perhaps, in the delightful coolness of a summer's morning,

ere yet the noisy din of the city pervaded the air, or the dust of its countless thoroughfares swept over the dewy freshness of night, they sauntered through the silent streets or shady avenues of Washington Square. But more frequently still within the sacred precincts of Laurel Hill were they seen to wander. In one of its most retired spots, where a cluster of drooping willows brushed the dew-drops from the tall, rank grass, and the murmur of the wave below came up sadly yet sweetly upon the ear, a plain monumental stone was planted. "My Father Sleeps," was the only sign it bore; and to this consecrated spot did their steps most often turn, for well did one fond heart know *who* slept so peaceful there, and over this hallowed grave the fair form of Florence bent in filial devotion.

Wherever she appeared the admiration she attracted was universal; and if some were prone to pity her lot, as being bound by such indissoluble ties to old Abel May, they were quite at fault by her bright, sunny countenance which certainly bore no traces of hidden sorrows for their sympathies to probe. This might have flattered the pride of the old man while it aroused his fears. His own life he knew, in the common course of nature, could not be prolonged many years, and then what was to become of that young girl thus thrown a second time upon the world, so beautiful and so unprotected.

There was but one person whom he ever mentioned in terms of affection to Florence, and this was his nephew, and the only son of a favorite brother, long since dead, who bore his name, and whom he had destined for his heir. But for many years young Abel May had not been heard from, and his friends had finally given up all expectations of ever seeing him again. It was said that being repeatedly reproached by envious relatives on account of the interest his rich uncle manifested for him, calling him a poor gentleman—a hanger-on—only waiting to step into dead men's shoes, with remarks of the like nature, originating in low, vulgar minds, and that being a lad of high spirit, he became disgusted and angered, and vowing he would either make his own fortune or never return, young May suddenly disappeared.

At length age and infirmities pressed more and more sorely upon the good old man. Soon he could no longer leave the house or even his chamber—and then it was he felt how rich a treasure he possessed in Florence. With how much tenderness and love did she watch over him, patiently enduring with all the querulousness and complainings of an old age racked with torturing pains; never weary, neither by day nor by night, ever devising, ever executing some plan which might soothe his troubles either of body or mind.

The old man died, leaving his fortune to Florence, upon one condition—the strangest, surely, that ever guided the pen of a dying man.

Never was so singular a will written—never was any thing more absurd! And for more than a month, which is certainly a long time for any wonder to stand its ground against the constant pressure of newer marvels, for more than a month after the coffin and the

tomb had alike received their due, the city rang with the whimsicality of the last will and testament of old Able May, who by this said will had compelled his young, blooming widow either to marry within a year of his demise, or otherwise forfeit to relatives innumerable that fine fortune which, with this proviso, he had bequeathed to her alone. The motives which actuated him were doubtless intended as a kindness to the young girl whom his death would leave unprotected. He overlooked the dangers to which he thus exposed her from the crafty wiles of the spendthrift and fortune-hunter, or he trusted, perhaps, that her innocence and loveliness might shield her against their artifices.

From marble-columned squares and by-lanes—from suburban cottages and distant villages, disappointed relatives came flocking in like a flight of hungry crows, one and all croaking forth the will a forgery; or that their beloved relative, for whom weepers a yard long streamed in the wind, and black veils fluttered hopelessly, through weakness of body and consequent imbecility of mind, had been influenced by an artful young wife to draw up the unrighteous instrument to which his signature was attached. A likely story, truly, that passing by uncles and nephews, aunts and nieces, to say nothing of innumerable cousins of the first and third degree, he should have thrown his whole fortune into the hands of a young girl, one, too, whom they all were convinced he had married only that she might nurse his old body when gout or rheumatism should rack his bones, but that he also should have added to this unheard of folly his commands for her to marry, and by that means allow his hard-earned riches to pass into the hands of nobody knows who—any beggar she might choose to call up from squalid rags to fine linen and broadcloth, why that passed all bounds of belief. There had been intrigue and treachery somewhere; poor old Abel! it brought tears into their affectionate eyes even to think of it.

But, unfortunately alike to their jealous affection and hopeful schemes, the lawyers possessed a quietus in a certain document drawn up and attested by competent witnesses, which ran thus:

"Whereas jealous and evil-minded persons may seem inclined to dispute my last will and testament, I hereby declare in the presence of — and of —, that, as my dear wife, Florence, has been to me the kindest and most tender of wives, denying herself for my sake those pleasures and amusements natural to her youth, and has cheerfully devoted herself to nursing a poor, feeble old man, I do in token of my love, approbation, and gratitude, give unto her without reserve all the property of which I may die possessed, both personal and real. And furthermore, I do most earnestly entreat of her to choose some deserving young man whom she may take as a husband, and that she may be happy in such choice, and be rewarded thereby for her goodness to me, I pray God! And that she may be influenced the more readily perhaps to comply with this, my last request, I do hereby declare that unless within one year from my demise she does make such choice, and marry in accordance, I do annul and make void my will in her

favor, my fortune in such case to be disposed of as stipulated in my will and testament."

Now when the smiling lawyers holding such a damper over the high hopes of the solemn conclave of mourners, made known to them the existence of this last document, uncles and aunts bounced out of the house like roasted chestnuts seething and smoking with the fire of anger.

Not so the young nephews and the gallant cousins. Down they went on their knees before the young widow, swearing she was divine—an angel—a goddess—and right glad were they that the sensible old gentleman had given her his fortune, for she deserved it, in faith she did—and they hoped she would marry immediately; heavens! any body might be proud to receive her hand—what was the paltry gold in comparison.

And each one of the seven secretly resolved to woo and win her, and—the fortune to boot! But Florence only cast down her eyes and wept unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a kind old man—her husband and benefactor.

CHAPTER II.

Florence May was, indeed, a bewitching little widow—only eighteen, and with nearly half a million of dollars in her rosy little palm. The evening star bursting through a cloud was not more bright than were her eyes twinkling through the veil of sable crape, or if perchance some saucy zephyr brushed aside the envious *weed*, what charming flowers were thereby disclosed—what tempting roses and lilies, and sweet, blue violets, all bathed in the golden sunshine of her glittering tresses. Ah, yes—and then the golden sunshine of those glittering guineas—truly was she not a most adorable widow!

And never was a poor little widow so tormented with lovers since the world began. *Dingle, dingle, dingle*, quoth the door-bell incessantly; *tap, tap, tap*, urged the maid at the entrance of her private sitting-room, until the poor child wearied of shaking her little head, and uttering a "No!" to their various demands for admittance. With cards, and tender *billet-doux*, her tables were overburdened, while pluming themselves upon their relationship, the seven cousins and nephews intruded without ceremony into her presence, eyeing each other with jealous defiance, and snarling and snapping like a parcel of angry lap-dogs.

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"I do bite my thumb, sir."

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir—but I bite my thumb, sir."

The neighborhood were kept alive with surmises as to who would win the rich heiress, daily expecting to see a gay wedding party issuing forth, in contrast to the gloomy funeral spectacle so lately before them. Yet weeks and months rolled on uneventful. What could it mean? Was the widow crazy or bewitched? How could she remain so unconcerned when her fortune was at stake! Day after day was poverty stealthily drawing nearer, in as much as she still neglected to fulfill the terms on which her fortune rested, and yet

she moved about as careless and indifferent as though the comforts and elegancies which surrounded her were unconditionally hers—what a strange creature she must be!

It was thus reasoned the "lookers on in Venice."

Six months of widowhood were passed. Florence was still unmarried; and once more the relatives took heart against despair, and golden visions mingled in their day-dreams. Her obstinacy was to them inexplicable—for they knew upon the separate assurances of the several nephews and cousins that she had had *unexceptionable* offers, and if from those choice specimens of man she could not select a husband, why, of course, they had reason to hope she never would be married.

Such was the state of affairs, when one day Florence received the following note, written in an unknown hand, accompanied with a bouquet of beautiful flowers:

"MADAM,—I have seen you, and who that has once looked upon you but must adore you! I dare not approach you, nor would I mingle with the throng of flatterers around you. Enough for me to worship at a distance, and to guard with my whole soul that treasure which may never be mine. My life I would willingly lay at your feet, but there are important reasons why you should not know me. Of one thing, madam, rest assured, you have a friend who will secretly watch over you, and guard you from every danger."

Upon a mind so artless as that of Florence, this singular note, which was without signature, produced a very pleasing influence, and excited a lively interest for the unknown writer. The idea of possessing such a friend inspired her with a degree of confidence such as she had not known since the death of her husband. Nor to that one note did the unknown limit his attentions—they were manifested in various ways. Oftentimes in the sweet language of flowers they were spoken—or to her little boudoir some rare and exquisite painting found its way. Books, too, with penciled margins, all evincing a pure and elegant perception; music, which, when awakened by her fingers, breathed the very spirit of melody; and when from the same unknown hand there came a beautiful cage, whence the tiny warbler trilled forth in sweetest notes her favorite airs, Florence was lost in amazement. Who, then, was this mysterious person who so well understood her tastes, and who was thus ever studying her happiness. The note had stated: "There are important reasons why you should not know me." And Florence was possessed of too much delicacy, and had too much respect for the writer of the note to seek to penetrate the mystery. Yet by the use which she made of his gifts, her silent thanks to the donor were expressed, and insensibly yielding to the delightful associations they called forth, she felt as if some kind guardian was ever near shielding her from evil.

Oft amid the rich braids of her hair those fragrant flowers were intertwined, or rested above a heart not less pure than themselves. The books acquired a new interest that other eyes had dwelt also upon their pages; and never did her fingers so skillfully or so tenderly touch the keys, as when before her was the

music which the unknown had conveyed to her; many times, too, the soft, sweet tones of a flute were heard echoing the strain. When first they reached her ear, Florence hushed her instrument and closed the window; but at midnight, again and again the same sweet strains floated around her, and then she felt it could be no other than the unknown, who, in music's gentle voice, addressed her, and this belief added greatly to the charmed life she was leading, thus mysteriously watched over and protected.

It was now that chance brought her acquainted with a person whom we must allow to introduce himself to the reader by the following letter:

"From Charles Crayford to his friend, Hastings.

"I am in luck, my dear fellow; give me joy, for Fortune, blessed goddess, hath at length wafled me to the favor of wealth and beauty. 'Pon my soul, I know not which I am the most in love with, the person or the fortune of the divinity. Her name is May—Florence May. She is a widow—a young, blooming, bewitching widow, with half a million at her own free disposal, and, happily, without a relative in the world, or jealous guardian to cavil about disparity of fortune, or pry into secrets.

"But how—and when—and where—did you meet your divinity?" you ask. Listen, then, and admire my policy.

"Passing down Chestnut street in a somewhat moralizing vein—unheeding the light forms and bright eyes flitting past me, and coining some new device to elude the importunities of my landlady and tailor, when, just as I reached the Washington House, the whole moving multitude came to a sudden halt—the cause of which I never even thought to ascertain—for "more attractive metal" at that moment drew my attention. On the steps of the hotel, my eye caught the fairest vision ever mortal beheld. It was that of a young and beautiful girl, but whether descending from the house, or newly alighted from Paradise, may I forfeit her guineas if I can tell. She was accompanied by a respectable looking middle-aged woman, whom I judged to be a domestic. I noticed the heavenly eyes of this beautiful creature were bent with pity upon a pale, sickly little girl, who was trying to sell a few bunches of flowers among the crowd.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said the child to a fashionably dressed lady—"Will you buy my flowers—only a *shp.*"

"Really," exclaimed the fine lady, taking no notice whatever of the gentle voice and beseeching looks of the little girl—"these genteel beggars are an insufferable nuisance!"

"Will you buy my flowers?" again asked the child of a pompous old gentleman, who stood puffing and vaporing before me—"Buy my flowers, sir?"

"Out of the way—quick—be off—or I will have you taken up for a vagrant!" cried the pompous gentleman, elevating his gold-headed cane and shaking it over her head. Hastings, you should have seen the bright glow of indignation which flushed the cheeks of my charmer as this rude speech met her ear! My good genius nudged my elbow, and prompted me to

pity the poor child. "Come here, my dear, and I will buy your flowers," I said. The frightened little girl sprang quickly to my side and looked imploringly up in my face. "And where do you live?" I continued, confident that the eyes of the fair one were upon me, and taking out my tablets, I affected to note down her answer—then slipping some money into her hand, (what providence you will say,) I added—"Keep the flowers, my poor child, perhaps you can sell them again." 'Pon my soul, the look of approbation which beamed from her eyes, as mine *casually* glanced toward the beautiful unknown, would have melted the heart of a miser to compassion. The crowd now began to move. In passing the little flower-girl my divinity endeavored to slip some money into her hand, but in the confusion and press of the moment it fell upon the pavement. I quickly picked it up and gave it to the child, and—lucky dog—received a bow of thanks and a sweet smile as my reward. Now mark the continued favors of the jade Fortune. That very evening, I do n't know what tempted me to call upon those prosy, clever people the Livermores, and there who should I meet but the same bewitching fair one. Ah, Hastings, 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends;' have I not proved it to you? I saw at once she recognized me as the hero of the morning's adventure, and having then made my appearance in the character of *excellence*, I now topped the same part to perfection. I found her as far superior in mental as in personal charms to those around her, and when my hostess whispered me that she was also the uncontrolled mistress of a fortune, my heart melted at once—in the crucible of Mammon! The next day I took the liberty to call upon her, and was most graciously received, and have been a frequent visitor since. You should hear my conversation, Hastings—you would discredit the evidence of your senses. I affect morality and virtue—quote Cowper and Milton, and hint at charities committed *sub-rosa*. Think of becoming the husband of such a young, pretty dove-eyed creature—ay, and to husband the money, too, instead of marrying age and deformity for the sake of the gilding! By the way, I find my fair one wastes her fortune prodigiously upon paupers and charitable institutions. I shall look after this by and by; in the meantime, I am willing she should consider me a pattern of disinterested goodness. Yours,

C. CRAYFORD."

CHAPTER III.

It was no wonder that Florence should have been deceived by one so artful and designing as Crayford. Her first introduction to him was calculated to impress her strongly in his favor—a vantage ground which he knew well how to maintain. His conversation so artfully fraught with morality—the correct and refined taste he manifested for music, for painting, and all those acquirements which were so delightful to her—his well argued schemes of philanthropy, added to an elegant person and insinuating address, might have deceived one less ingenuous and confiding than Florence. In him all those delightful influences with which the unknown had surrounded her seemed

concentrated; in fact, as one and the same she began gradually to blend them in her imagination.

Day after day, therefore, was the dangerous Crayford admitted to her presence, and each day more securely planting himself in her favor. In the meantime the seven nephews and cousins made common cause, and fought bravely against this new aspirant, whom they saw plainly was fast bearing off the prize from them, until alarmed by several very unequivocal threats from Crayford, they vanished, leaving the field to him.

But where, all this time, was the friend who had so ardently pledged himself her protector, surely now was the time when his voice should not be silent.

A small casket was one day placed in the hands of Florence, which, on opening, she found to contain a brooch, representing a stem of the lily of the valley, emblem of purity and innocence, composed of beautiful pearls, but around which a small, glittering snake was entwined. The head of the reptile, its forked tongue darting fire, was bent over the sweet floweret as if with its noxious venom it would destroy it forever. The snake was of emeralds—the eyes and tongue of small sparkling rubys. On lifting the brooch, a folded paper dropped from it, on which was traced in the same well known characters:

"Beware, pure and innocent lily—the charmer is near, but his breath is poison!"

To Crayford alone she knew this singular warning could refer, and it caused her at first both dismay and sorrow. Could it be, then, that he was a villain! Could it be that under an exterior so pleasing vice and deformity could hide itself; no, it was impossible! Florence had no room in her heart for suspicions so cruel toward any one. Of friendship abused—of confidence violated, or of the heart's warm affection betrayed, that most bitter lesson of life she had yet to learn. Ah, happy those, who, on their journey through life, may never meet with its truths!

And was it not unjust, she argued, to receive implicitly the words of one unknown to the prejudice of one whom she did know, and who appeared every way so estimable. Might she not also attribute to jealousy this singular interference of one who had already declared himself to be her lover. The more she dwelt upon this conclusion, the more reasonable it appeared; and finally closing the casket, she prepared to fulfill an engagement with Crayford to visit the Academy of Fine Arts.

In the drawing-room she found him already waiting for her, and apologizing for her delay, they immediately set forth upon the intended expedition.

Never had Crayford appeared more brilliant, more fascinating than this morning; and was it strange that the warning of the unknown should have passed from her thoughts as a dream. As they reached the corner of — Square, Florence suddenly observed a young woman, very pale, and meanly attired, who, leaning against the iron railing, was fixedly gazing upon her with a look of such utter despair and misery, as excited at once her pity and curiosity. A miserable cloak closely enveloped her person, the hood of which was held tightly around the lower part of her face by

her thin white hand, yet did not conceal the ghastly pallor of her countenance. Her eyes were uncommonly large, and of a soft, lustrous black; it even seemed to Florence they were filled with tears, and her brow looked as cold and pure as the brow of the dead.

"What beautiful eyes!" said she, in a low voice to her companion; "pray look!"

As Crayford sought the wretched object Florence pointed out, he started as though an adder had stung him, and would have hurried on, but the girl, with an impatient gesture, as if to address him, sprang a step or two forward:

"Poor creature! let us hear what she has to say," said Florence.

"Excuse me, my dear Mrs. May," replied Crayford, with an effort at calmness, "I cannot submit you to the importunities of that woman; is it possible you have never seen her—it is Nell, the crazy fortune-teller!" then throwing her a half dollar, accompanied by a look which Florence did not observe, he passed on with his lovely companion.

"Poor creature! she should be taken care of!" exclaimed Florence. Looking back, she saw the money still glittering upon the pavement, while the girl, with her form slightly bent forward, her arms extended before her, and her small, thin hands clasped together, seemed the very personification of despair.

They soon reached the Academy. At the entrance they encountered several persons, some entering, others leaving the building. As they were ascending the steps, a voice close to the ear of Florence, whispered,

"Beware of the serpent!"

She started and looked quickly around, but saw no one to whom she could attribute the remark. An old gentleman and lady were behind her, and with the exception of a spruce, dandified individual, she could discover no one else. It was sometime, however, ere she could recover from the agitation into which this had thrown her; and Crayford, attributing her abstraction entirely to her pity for the poor fortune-teller, exerted all his skill as a connoisseur to draw her attention to the beautiful creations of the painter and sculptor. He was successful, and the mind of Florence soon engrossed alone by the pleasing objects around her.

Several times, in passing through the rooms, her eyes encountered those of a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be regarding her with a sad and mournful gaze. At first she thought nothing of it; but when again and again she met the same sad expressive eyes, she could not suppress a feeling of agitation.

They spent some hours here, and were about retiring, when, in one of the galleries, Florence observed the same gentleman standing at a little distance attentively regarding a fine group of statuary. His profile was turned toward them, and struck with the intellectual cast of his features, Florence pointed him out to Crayford.

"Heavens, he here!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon him, while a mortal paleness overspread his features; then aware his agitation must appear singular to his companion, he added, "I met that gentleman

abroad under circumstances of very strange interest; some other time I will explain—if you please we will now pass on.”

As they reached the door Florence looked around, but the stranger had disappeared. Once, as they threaded their way homeward through the busy crowd, she thought she met the same mournful eyes, but ere she could take a second look they had vanished.

Poor Florence! what conflicting thoughts distressed her when left to her own reflections, for notwithstanding her resolution of the morning, her confidence in Crayford began to be shaken, and that it was so pained her. She longed for some kind, sympathizing friend to whom she could confide her doubts, and who would counsel her how to act. Among her few acquaintances she knew of none capable of advising her, and the good old woman who acted as her house-keeper, although she loved her dear young mistress, and would go to the ends of the earth to serve her, could be of little assistance in a case like the present. She did not love Crayford, yet she felt he was one who had interested her more than any person she had ever met with, one whom, perhaps, she might learn to love; and then, should he prove the villain, should she find that the warnings of the unknown were but too true—what would be her fate! At one moment she resolved to dismiss him forever from her presence, and the next her heart accused her of prejudice and injustice. Poor girl! never had she felt so unhappy as when that night she rested her aching head upon her pillow. Hark! what sweet music floats around her, and insensibly yielding to its soothing power, she sunk into a gentle, refreshing slumber.

When she awoke the sun was already glinting bravely through the muslin window-shades, and with a much lighter heart, she sprang from her couch. Remembering she had invited Crayford to breakfast with her, she hastily made her toilet. A small pleasure party, acquaintances of Florence, had been formed for Cape May. They were to start at an early hour, and Crayford had so earnestly pleaded to make one of the number, that finally she had consented. They were to breakfast together, and then proceed to the place of rendezvous.

Just as Florence was about descending to the breakfast-room, a note was handed her. She turned pale as she took it, for she saw it was from the unknown. With a trembling hand she broke the seal and read:

“Ere it may be too late, listen to the warning voice of your friend. Let me arouse you from that pleasing repose, which, like the calm preceding a tempest, lulls you in such fancied security, let me bid you shun Crayford—shun him whose breath would sully the purity of an angel—shun him as you would the viper in your path!”

As Florence finished reading, she sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

“Mr. Crayford is below, ma’am,” said a servant, entering.

Alas! how should she act! There was a truth and earnestness about the note she dared not disregard, and a few moments reflection determined her to avoid him until she could learn either the truth or falsehood of these heavy accusations. She therefore bade the servant say that a violent headache would preclude her from joining the intended excursion—and she also sent a note of the same purport to the lady manager of the party.

In a few moments she saw Crayford leave the house. Could she have read the thoughts then passing through his mind, she would have found full confirmation of her worst fears.

She now determined upon a bold step, and with trembling hand addressed a note to her mysterious counsellor:

“If you are really my friend, why do you thus shun me; why, if honest, thus clothe yourself in so much mystery? What proof have you to give me of your sincerity? Alas! I fear, none; and yet I would not have it so, for the thought of your friend-ship has been very pleasant to me! What reliance can I place upon the assertions of one who thus shuns inquiry, against the character of a person bearing the semblance of so much worth as Crayford. I have a right to demand proofs of what you have stated; and I now do so, which, if you withhold, I shall deem all your accusations against that individual as base forgeries. God judge the right!”

This note she sealed, and ordering the servants to inform her when the usual messenger from the unknown should again appear, she sat down to reflect upon the singular position in which she found herself placed.

It was not until the following morning that Florence had an opportunity to forward her note. From her window she at length saw the lad coming down the street with a basket of beautiful roses. She immediately ran down, and as he rang the bell she opened the door quickly, and placing the note in his hand, bade him deliver it to his master. The next moment, how gladly she would have recalled him, so imprudent appeared to her the course she was pursuing. It was too late, however—and in a state of much agitation she now awaited the result. She had not to wait long. In the course of an hour she received an answer couched as follows:

“You demand proof, and you shall have it. Thank God that you are sufficiently alarmed to ask it. Go, then, to No. 7 — Lane, and inquire for a Mrs. Belmont. Be not dismayed at what is before you—shrink not from a step which may save you from wretchedness. Go, then, pure and lovely one, and fear not. One will be near you who will protect you with his life.”

[Conclusion in our next

·A L I C E.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

As in yonder woods I wandered,
By the river-side,
On the bitter past I pondered,
On the gladness I had squandered,
And upon my erring bride,
By her dying sanctified.

Pleasure from a crystal chalice
Once I gladly drained;
Lived we in a fairy palace,
Wildest passion, I and Alice;
Every object seemed attained,
Every joy my soul had gained.

While I trusted her, and thought her
Honest as she seemed;
While I fondest worship brought her,
And my glowing glances taught her
Of the love which from them gleamed,
I awoke—I had but dreamed.

After she became a mother,
Leaving me her child,
Fled she from me with another—
With a man I thought my brother.
Fate its mountain on me piled,
And my mind grew rapt and wild.

So it was, he treated vilely
One who trusted him;
Thus did she with action wily
Lull me, ere she left me slyly—
Left me for her passion's whim,
With my life-lamp growing dim.

Sad I sat me by my lattice,
Where the faded flowers,
Withered poppies, seared clematis,
And the damp-mould which begat is
By the long-neglected hours,
Seemed in harmony with my powers.

Thus my life-lamp's fitful shimmer
Faint and fainter shone;
Thus its fastly-fading glimmer,
Daily growing dim and dimmer,
As I brooded there alone,
Lit my happiness o'erthrown.

Day by day thus wrapt in sadness,
Sat I quiet there;
Desperately rejecting gladness,
 wooing the approach of madness,
Nursing wrongs with savage care,
Whose nurture would create despair.

Time at length it soothed me slightly,
Covering o'er my care;
Made me bear my woes more lightly,
Think my honor less unsightly;
But her absence made her fair,
Though criminal beyond compare.

Years had past, and in this Babel
Of continual din,
I had striven, as I was able,
Till the silver streaked the sable
Of my hair, which growing thin
Showed decay which must begin.

Years had past, but naught could fetter
Love I should have spurned;
Every day I loved her better—
Shame upon me! Then I met her,
In the wo that she had learned,
Under the blow which she had earned.

By her death-hour's turbid river
Stood her trembling soul;
And she asked me to forgive her,
By her shame, which would outlive her,
By her anguish past control,
By the hell which was her goal.

Could I at such time refuse her
Such a sad request?
Could I then of crime accuse her—
At that moment harshly use her?
So I bade her pass to rest,
With forgiveness on her breast.

Smiled the Magdalen, and prayed me
With a feeble pride,
Prayed me by the God who made me,
That when in the earth they laid me
It should be her form beside—
Hers, my false and fallen bride.

As I stood in pity by her,
Looking in her face,
Could I this small boon deny her?
Pride revolted, but a higher,
Holier feeling took its place,
And I smiled the sought-for grace.

This thing won, another favor
From me she did pray;
That, forgetting her behavior,
Ere death's rising waves would lave her,
I would bend and on that day
Kiss her chill lips as she lay.

This I did, and as she started
At my warm lip's touch,
From her form the spirit parted,
Leaving me thus riven-hearted,
Held in Sorrow's iron clutch,
Smiling never, suffering much.

In the dark-brown shade I wander—
Sadness at my side;
Growing of my sorrows fonder,
As upon the past I ponder,
And upon my erring bride,
Who, as I forgave her, died.

THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

LITTLE Dora Stilling was but six years old when her best friend went to Heaven. She was a beautiful child, and her father, Mark Stilling, an old engraver, loved her with a species of blind idolatry. Stilling was by birth a German, and his reading had not gone much beyond the childish romances peculiar to his country, which had left upon his mind an indelible impression. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to an engraver, and since that time had seen little of the world beyond the room in which his noiseless occupation happened to be. His mind, therefore, remained half asleep, and the dreams that passed through it had little in common with the real life around him. He was an old man when he married, and his wife, who passed with many, who did not know better, as his daughter, died a few years after their only child, Dora, was born.

Upon the death of his wife, the heart of Mark Stilling turned toward the sweet child she had left him, with an affection made jealous and intenser by his loss. For her he desired all good in the world's power to bestow; but as to what was the greatest good he had but vague notions. As he grew older, and his mind drooped toward second childhood, from the ideas and feelings of his earlier years the dust of time was blown away, and all was as distinct and fresh as if the spring-time of life were but yesterday. Images of beautiful maidens, wooed by princes in disguise, floated before his imagination; and then his thoughts would turn to Dora, who grew more and more lovely in his eyes every day. Nothing short of some such consummation for his child, he felt, would ever satisfy him.

It was little wonder that the old engraver loved Dora with an absorbing affection; for, opening like a rose, she displayed to his eyes some new feature of loveliness every day, as well in mind as in body. While he sat at his work, tracing out upon the hard, polished steel forms of beauty, Dora was ever present in his mind, more beautiful than any creation of the painter's pencil he had yet been commissioned to copy.

Swiftly the years glided on, and Dora became less and less a child. As soon as she was able to go to school, she was placed under the care of the best teachers in the city, and from that time every dollar earned by Stilling, beyond what the simple wants of nature demanded, was spent upon his daughter, that she might be thought accomplished in every thing, and thus made a fit companion for the best in the land. He wished her to be, in one word, a *lady*—and, in the engraver's mind, a lady was something more than the term conveys in its usual acceptation.

But as Dora grew up lovely and accomplished as her parent's heart could desire, she exhibited a simplicity of taste, and a love for useful employments, that

her father did not in the least approve. Fond old man! Half insane, under the delusion himself had conjured up from among his early fancies, he felt, whenever Dora's hands were engaged in work, that she was degrading herself, and ever sought to keep her above the necessity of entering into any domestic occupation. Dora, as her mind grew clearer, saw the weakness and folly of all this. She saw that her father was old, and growing feebler and less able to work every day, and that his income was steadily decreasing; and she felt that, before a very long time, upon her would fall the burden of his as well as her own support. One day she came to him and said—

"Dear father, you are getting old, and your strength is failing. Let me go and learn a trade, and then I can work for you."

The old man caught for breath two or three times, like one suddenly deprived of air.

"A trade, did you say, child?" He spoke in a low whisper.

"Yes, father, a trade. Let me learn some trade, so that I can help you. I am young, and you are old. You have worked for me since I was child; now let me work for you."

"No, no, Dora! You shall not learn a trade," replied Stilling firmly. Then he added, in a chiding voice, "How could you think of such a thing! You must look higher, my child. You are as good as any lady in the land, and may take the place of the best." Here his voice grew animated. "Do n't you remember the story of the light-haired maiden whom the king's son saw, and loved better than all the proud court ladies, because she was beautiful and good; and how he came in a splendid chariot, and carried her away and made her his bride? True, there are no kings here"—the old man faintly sighed—"but there are many rich and great people. No—no—Dora, you shall not learn a trade."

Dora understood well what her father meant by these allusions, for he had often talked so before, and sometimes more plainly; and she knew that it would be of no use to argue against him. So she said no more about learning a trade. But she engaged more diligently in every useful thing that came to her hand, and sought, by every means in her power, to add to her father's comfort.

Almost alone as Mark Stilling was, and possessing none of those cultivated tastes and accomplishments necessary for one who would introduce a young girl like his daughter into society, the old man saw weeks and months go by, after Dora had become a woman, and yet his lovely flower remained hidden by the wayside. He looked upon her as she came in and went out, and wondered that all the world was not capti-

vated by her beauty. And as he grew older, and his intellect became feebler and feebler, this one idea took a still stronger hold upon his mind.

Dora, at the age of nineteen, began to feel great concern for her father. Both body and mind it was plain to her were failing rapidly; and orders for work were much less frequent than they had been. But even if work had been as abundant as before, he had less ability to perform it; and this was daily decreasing. Again she asked permission to learn a trade; but it was met with as firm an opposition as before, and on the same ground.

"I must have some means of supporting myself and father," she said thoughtfully to herself, "for it will not be long that he can keep at work. What shall I do? He will not let me learn a trade." She reflected for a long time, and then, as if all had become clear to her, she clapped her hands together and murmured—"Yes—yes. That shall be it. I will devote myself to my music until I become proficient enough to teach."

Already much money had been expended on Dora's musical education, and she played and sung well. But she was not skilled enough to be able to give instructions. So from that time she spent many hours each day at her piano; and also practiced on the guitar. As the old man listened to her warblings, how little dreamed he that all this was but the learning of a trade, against which his mind had so revolted.

As we have said, the old man became less and less competent to perform his work well and expeditiously, and it gradually left him and went into other hands. His income thus reduced, it became necessary to abridge the expenses of his household, or fall in debt, something for which Stilling had a natural horror. The first step downward, and one that it hurt the engraver much to take, was the giving up of the neat little house in which he had lived, and taking apartments in a second story, at half the rent formerly paid. Dora urged strongly, when this change was made, to have their domestic sent away.

"I can do all the work, father. Let Ellen go, and then we will save nearly half our living."

But the old man would not listen a moment to this, and silenced his daughter by an emphatic "No."

Yet for all this care in keeping Dora above the sphere of usefulness, her charms had not won for her a distinguished lover. Still Dora had a lover, and this was less wonderful than it would have been had her sweet face not pictured itself on some heart. But her lover was only a humble clerk in a store where she had often been to make purchases. He was as simple and earnest in all his tastes and feelings as Dora herself. Their meetings were not frequent, for young Edwards had been told of the old engraver's weakness, and did not, therefore, venture to call upon his sweetheart at her home.

At length so little work came that Stilling did not receive more than sufficient money to buy food, and actual privation began to creep in upon himself and daughter. Stern necessity required the dismissal of their domestic, and then the old man busied himself in household matters, in order to keep Dora as far as possible above such menial employments. As age crept

on, and his intellects grew still weaker, he clasped his fond delusion more closely to his heart, and observed all of Dora's movements with a more jealous eye.

For as long a time as a year had the faith of Dora and her lover been pledged. Their meetings were generally in the street, on a certain appointed afternoon of each week. Then they walked together and talked about the future, when there should be no barrier to their happiness. But the young man, as time wore on, grew impatient; and his pride occasionally awakened, telling him that he was as good as the old engraver, and worthy, in every respect, to claim the hand of his daughter. Sometimes this feeling showed itself to Dora, when the maiden would be so hurt that Edwards always repented of his hasty words, and resolved to be more guarded in future.

"Let me call and see you at your father's," said Edwards, one day as they were walking together; "perhaps I may not be so unwelcome a visitor as you think."

"Oh, no, no! you must not think of it," replied Dora quickly.

"But where is this to end?" inquired the young man. "If he will not accept me as your lover, and you cannot become mine except with his consent, the case seems hopeless."

Dora did not reply at the moment, and they walked along for some time in silence.

"There is a way. I have thought of it a great deal," at length said the young girl. She spoke with some hesitation in her manner.

"What is it?" inquired her lover.

Dora leaned toward him, and said something in a low voice.

"That's not to be thought of," was the quick reply of the young man.

Dora was silent, while her bosom, as it rose and fell quickly, showed that her feelings were much disturbed.

The suggestion, whatever it was, appeared to hurt or offend the young man, and when they separated, it was with a coldness on his part that made tears dim the eyes of Dora the moment she turned from him.

On their next meeting both felt constrained; and their conversation was not so free and tender as before. It took some weeks for the effect of Dora's proposition, whatever it was, to wear off. But after that time the sunshine came back again, and was brighter and warmer than before.

One day, it was perhaps four or five months after the little misunderstanding just mentioned, the old engraver was visited by a stranger, whose whole appearance marked him as either a foreigner or one who had lived abroad. He wanted him, he said, to copy on steel, in his most finished style, the miniature of a lady. As he mentioned his errand to the engraver, he drew from his pocket the miniature of a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, set in a costly gold locket. Mark Stilling took the picture, but the moment he looked at it his countenance changed.

"Is it not a beautiful face?" said the stranger.

"I have seen it before," remarked the engraver, with a thoughtful air.

"Have you?" was the quick inquiry.

"Yes. But of whom is it a likeness?" asked the old man.

"Of one," said the stranger, "who has flitted before me, of late, the impersonation of all that is lovely in her sex. As she passes me in the street, I gaze after her as one would gaze at an angel. A skillful painter, at my request, has sketched her face, taking feature after feature, as he could fix them, until, at last, this image of beauty has grown under his pencil. And now I want it transferred to steel, lest some accident should deprive me of its possession."

While the stranger thus spoke, Stilling sat gazing upon the miniature with the air of one bound by a spell. And no wonder—for it was the image of his own child! and it seemed, as he looked into the pictured face intently, as if the lips would part and the voice of Dora fall upon his ears. Then he turned his eyes upon the dignified, princely looking stranger, and the thought came flashing through his mind that his dream of years was about being realized. Dora was the lovely unknown of whom he had spoken with so much enthusiasm; with whom he was so passionately enamored.

"Will you do the work for me?" said the stranger, breaking in upon the old man's reverie.

"Yes—yes," answered Stilling.

"How long do you want?"

"Two months."

"So long?"

"Yes, to do it well."

"Take, then, your own time, and charge your own price. Here are fifty dollars," and the stranger handed the engraver some money. "I will call every day while the work is progressing, that I may look at the sweet picture upon which you are engaged."

"How large shall it be?" inquired the engraver.

"Just the size of the miniature," replied the stranger. Then rising, he said, as he bowed to Stilling, "I will see you again to-morrow about this hour."

On the next day, when the stranger called, Dora was sitting by her father. An exclamation of delight was checked upon his lips, as his eyes fell upon the beautiful girl; but his noble face expressed surprise and undisguised admiration.

"The lovely original!" dropped at length from his tongue.

"My daughter," said the engraver.

Dora rose up and made a low courtesy.

"Your daughter! How strange! You did not tell me this yesterday."

"No. But she is my child—my only child—and I love her better than I love my life."

Light kindled in the old man's face, and a quiver of excitement was in every nerve. It was only by an effort that he refrained from giving way to the most extravagant praises of Dora, who sat, with her eyes meekly cast upon the floor.

On the next day, the stranger called again, and found Dora, as at the previous visit, with her father. This time he spoke to the maiden in a familiar, yet respectful way. Every look he directed toward her was one of admiration; yet not a glance of this character escaped the watchful eyes of her father.

From the first Mark Stilling regarded the stranger with especial favor. After the meeting with Dora it was settled in the old man's mind that fortune was at length to crown with joy his dearest wish in life. All suspicion was lulled to rest in his mind. The fact that the stranger withheld his name, but confirmed him in the belief that he was either a nobleman in disguise, or connected with some wealthy and distinguished family at home.

Week followed week, and the stranger came every day to mark the progress of the plate, the execution of which he did not countermand. He never staid over an hour at a time, and that was mostly spent with Dora, whose musical abilities he highly praised, and whom he always asked to play for him. The little parlor of the engraver was on a different floor from that on which he worked, and so, while playing for the stranger, Dora was always alone with him.

Stilling was in no way surprised when the stranger asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Dora was born to be a lady, and now had come the fulfillment of her destiny. The poor old man's mind was so infirm that it could not go beyond this simple idea. No doubt came to trouble him; no suspicion disturbed his happy dream. More than the stranger told him he believed; for as to who he was, or to what station Dora would be elevated, he was silent. But Stilling asked nothing on this head. He believed all he wished to believe. The offer for his child's hand he felt to be a noble offer, and he yielded his fullest consent.

And so Dora was married to the stranger. But not until five minutes before the ceremony was performed, did Stilling know that his name was *Edwards*. The marriage took place in Stilling's little parlor. After the rite was over, and the minister had retired, the bridegroom took the old man's hand, and said to him, as he pointed to the finished plate containing the head of Dora.

"That, father, is your last work. You can rest now after so many years of labor. Come, there is a carriage at the door; we will go to our new home."

Stilling was half bewildered, yet happy. Without a pause or objection, he suffered his children to take him to another home. That home was really a modest one; but in the eyes of the fond old man it was little less than a palace.

On the morning after the marriage, the moustache of young Edwards disappeared, and he went forth daily from that time and engaged in his regular business. But the engraver, who now began to sink rapidly both in mind and body, dreamed not that Dora's husband was only a clerk, whose yearly income fell below a thousand dollars.

In less than a year Mark Stilling slept with his fathers, deeply mourned by the child he had loved with so strong and blind a passion. He was ignorant to the last of the deceit that had been practiced upon him, and as firmly believed that the kind and affectionate young husband of Dora was of noble blood, and one of the great ones of the land, as that the sun arose and set daily. And he was far happier in this belief than he would have been with all as real as he imagined.

JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 150.)

Thus passed the afternoon, until the evening meal was announced, and Jasper was left alone, with nothing but his own wild and whirling thoughts to entertain him. He was ill at ease in his own mind, ill at ease with himself and with all around him. Vexed with Durzil Bras-de-fer, for offering in the first instance to take him as a partner in his adventure, and then for failing at the pinch to back his offer by his stout opinion; vexed with his father for thwarting his will, and yet more for rebuking him publicly, and in the presence of Theresa, too, before whom, boy-like, he would fain have figured as a hero; and lastly, vexed with Theresa herself, because, though kind and gentle, she had not sat by his bedside all day, as she did yesterday, or devoted all her attention to himself alone, he was in the very mood to torment himself, and every one else, to the extent of his powers.

Then, as his thoughts wandered from one to another of those whom he thought fit to look upon as having wronged him, they settled on the most innocent of all, Theresa; and, at the same moment, the wild words, which he had uttered without any ulterior meaning at the time, and with no other intent than that of annoying his father, recurred to his mind, concerning village maidens.

He started, as the idea recurred to him, and at first he wondered what train of thought could have brought back those words in connection with Theresa's image. But, as he grew accustomed to his own thought, it became, as it were, the father to the wish; and he began to consider how pretty and gentle she was, and how delicate her slight, rounded figure, and how soft and low her voice. Then he remembered that she had looked at him twice or thrice during the day, with an expression which he had never seen in a woman's eye before, and which, though he understood it not, did not bode ill to his success; and lastly, the worst, bitterest thought of all arose in his mind, and retained possession of it. "I will spite them all," he thought, "that proud, insolent young sailor, who, because he is a few years older than I, and has seen swords drawn once or twice—for all, I doubt if he can fence or shoot any better than I, or if he be a whit more active—affects to look down upon me as a stripling. His young friend, truly! let him look out, whether he have not cause to term me something else ere he die. By God! I believe he loves the girl, too! he looked black as a thunder-cloud over Dartmoor, when she smiled on me! And my father—by my soul! I think he's doting; and her dainty ladyship, too! I'll see if I cannot have her more eager to hear me, than she has

shown herself to-day. I will do it—I will, by all that's holy! Heaven! how it will spite them!"

Then he laid his head down on the pillow, and began to reflect how he should act, and what were his chances of success in the villainy which he meditated; and he even asked himself, with something of the boy's diffidence in his first encounter with woman, "but can I, can I win her affection?" and vanity and the peculiar audacity of his race, of his own character, made answer instantly, "Ay, can I. Am I not handsomer, and cleverer, and more courtly; am I not higher born and higher bred, and higher mannered, not only than that seafaring lout, but than any one she has ever met withal? Ay, can I, and ay, will I!"

And in obedience to this last and base resolve, the worst and basest that ever had crossed the boy's mind, no sooner had they returned from the adjoining room, after the conclusion of the evening meal, than he contrived entirely to monopolize Theresa.

First, he asked her to play at chess with him; and then, after spending a couple of hours, under the pretence of playing, but in reality gazing into her blue eyes, and talking all sorts of wild, enthusiastical, poetical romance, half earnest and half affected, he declared that his head ached, and asked her to read aloud to him; and when she did so, sitting without a thought of ill beside his pillow, while their fathers were conversing in a low tone over the hearth, and Durzil was absent making his preparations for the next day's journey, he let his hand fall, as if unconsciously, on hers, and after a little while, emboldened by her unsuspicious calmness, imprisoned it between his fingers.

It might have been that she was so much engrossed in reading, for it was Shakspeare's sweet *Rosalind* that the boy had chosen for her subject, that she was not aware that her hand was clasped in his. It might have been, that, accustomed to its pressure, from his involuntary retention of it during his lethargic sleep on the preceding day, she let it pass as a matter of no consequence. It might have been, that almost unsuspected by herself, a feeling of interest and affection, which might easily be ripened into love, was already awakened in her bosom, for the high-spirited, handsome, fearless boy, who in some measure owed his life to her assistance.

At all events, she made no effort to withdraw it, but let it lie in his, passive, indeed, and motionless, save for its quivering pulse, but warm and soft and sensitive. And the boy waxing bolder, and moved into earnestness by the charms of the position, ventured to press it once or twice, as she read some moving

line, and murmured praises of the author's beauties, and of the sweet, low voice that lent to those beauties a more thrilling loveliness, and still the fairy fingers were not withdrawn from his hold, though her eye met not his, nor any word of hers answered his whispered praises.

At length a quick, strong step came suddenly to the door of the room, and almost before there was time for thought, the door was thrown open, and Durzil Olifaunt entered.

Instantly Theresa started at the sound, and strove to withdraw her hand, while a deep blush of shame and agitation crimsoned her cheeks and brow, and even overspread her snowy neck and bosom.

It was not, as that bold boy fancied at the time, in the vanity and insolence of his uncorrected heart, that she knew all the time, that she was allowing what it was wrong, and immodest, and unmaidenly to endure, and that now she was afraid and ashamed, not of the error, but of the detection.

No. In the perfect purity of her heart, in the half pitiful, half protecting spirit which she felt toward Jasper, first as an invalid, and then as a mere boy—for although he was, perhaps, a year her senior, who does not know that boys in their eighteenth year are a full lustre younger than girls of the same age—he had thought nothing, dreamed nothing of impropriety in yielding her hand to the boy's affectionate grasp, until the step of the man, whose proffered love she had that very day declined, led her to think intuitively what would be *his* feelings, and thence what must be Jasper's, concerning that permitted license.

But the wily boy, for, so young as he was, he lacked neither sagacity to perceive, nor audacity to profit by occasion, saw his advantage, and holding his prize with a gentle yet firm pressure, without so much as turning his eyes to Durzil, or letting it be known that he was aware of his presence, raised it to his lips, and kissed it, saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"I thank you, from my very soul, for your gentleness and kind attention, dearest lady; your sweet voice has soothed me more than words can express; there must be a magic in it, for it has charmed my headache quite away, and divested me, moreover, from the least desire to seek glory, or the the gallows, with your bold cousin."

The eyes of Durzil Bras-de-fer flashed fire, as he saw, as he heard what was passing; and he made two or three strides forward, with a good deal of his old impetuosity, both of look and gesture. His brow was knitted, his hands clinched, and his lip compressed over his teeth, so closely that it was white and bloodless.

But happily—or perhaps, unhappily—before he had time to commit himself, he saw Theresa withdraw her hand so decidedly, and with so perfect a majesty of gentle yet indignant womanhood, gazing upon the audacious offender, as she did so, with eyes so full of wonder and rebuke, that he could not doubt the sincerity or genuineness of her anger.

Acquitting her, therefore, of all blame or coquetry, and looking upon Jasper as a mere boy, and worthy to be treated as such only, reflecting, moreover, that he was for the time being, shielded by his infirmity, he controlled himself, though not without an effort, and

with a lip now curling scornfully, and an eye rather contemptuous than angry, advanced to the fireside, and took his seat beside his uncle and Sir Miles, without taking the slightest notice of the others.

In the meantime, Theresa, after she had disengaged her hand from Jasper, and cast upon him that one look of serene indignation, turned her back on him quietly, in spite of some attempt at apology or explanation which he began to utter. Walking slowly and composedly to the table, she laid down on it the volume of Shakspeare which she had been reading to him, and selecting some implements of feminine industry, moved over to the group assembled round the hearth, and sat down on a low footstool, between Durzil and her father.

No one but the two young men and herself were aware what had passed; and she, though annoyed by Jasper's forwardness, having, as she thought, effectually repelled it, had already dismissed it from her mind as a thing worth no further consideration. Durzil, on the other hand, though attaching far more importance to his action, saw plainly that this was not the time or the place for making any comment on it, even if he had been capable of adding to Theresa's embarrassment; while Jasper, mortified and frustrated by the lady's scornful self-possession, and the free-trader's manifest contempt, had no better mode of concealing his disappointment, than by sinking back upon his pillow, as if fatigued or in pain, and feigning to fall gradually asleep—a feint which, as is oftentimes the case, terminated at last in reality.

Meanwhile, the two old men continued to talk quietly, in rather a subdued tone, of old times and the events of their youth, and thence of the varied incidents which had checkered their lives, during the long space of time since they had been friends and comrades, with many a light and shadow. And as they, garrulous, as is the wont of the aged and infirm, and "*laudatores temporis acti*," found pleasure even in the retrospect on things, which in their day were painful, the young man sat beside them silent, oppressed with the burthen of present pain, and yet more by the anticipation of worse suffering to be endured thereafter.

Nearly an hour passed thus, without a single word being exchanged between Durzil and Theresa; he musing deeply, with his head buried in his hands, as he bent over the embers of the wood fire, which the vicinity of the cottage to the water's edge rendered agreeable even on summer evenings, and she plying her needle as assiduously as if she were dependent on its exercise for her support.

Several times, indeed, she looked up at him with her candid, innocent face, and her beautiful blue eye clear and unclouded, as if she wished to catch his attention. But he was all unconscious of her movement, and continued to ponder gloomily on many things that had, and yet more that had not, any existence beyond the limits of his own fitful fancy.

At length tired of waiting for his notice, the rather that the night was wearing onward, she arose from her seat, folding up her work as she did so, and laid her hand lightly on her cousin's shoulder—

"And are you really going to leave us to-morrow, Durzil?" she said, softly.

"For a few days only," he answered, raising his head, and meeting her earnest eye with a cold, sad smile. "I am going to ride down to-morrow afternoon as far as Hexwerthy, where I will sleep, and so get into Plymouth betimes the following day."

"And when shall you come back to us?"

"I shall not stay an hour longer than I can avoid, Theresa; and I think that in three days I may be able to arrange all that I have to do; if so, you may look for me within the week—at furthest, I shall be here in ten days."

"And how long may we count on keeping you here, then? It will be long, I fear, before we shall meet again."

"The ship cannot be fit for sea within three weeks, Theresa, or it may be a month; and I shall stay here, be sure, until the last moment. But as all mortal matters are uncertain to a proverb, and as none of us can say when, or if ever, we shall meet again, and as I have much to say to you before I go to sea this time, will you not walk in the garden with me for an hour before breakfast to-morrow?"

"Surely I will. How can you doubt it, Durzil?"

"I do not doubt it. And then I can give you my opinion about the young nightingales, which we forgot, after all, this morning. I dare say they will turn out to be hedge sparrows."

"I will be there soon after the sun is up, Durzil, and that I may be so, good-night, all," and with the word, kissing her father's brow, and giving her hand affectionately to Durzil, she courtesied to the old cavalier, and left the room without so much as looking toward Jasper, who was, however, already fast asleep, and unconscious of all sublunary matters.

Her rising, though she had not joined in the conversation for the last hour or more, broke up the company, and in a few minutes they had all withdrawn, each to his own apartment; and Jasper was left alone, with the brands dying out one by one on the hearth-stone, and an old tabby cat dozing near the andirons; this night he had no other watchers, and none were there to hear or see what befell him during the hours of darkness.

But had there been any one present in that old apartment, he would have seen that the sleep of the young man was strangely restless and perturbed, that the sweat-drops stood in large cold beads upon his brow, that his features were from time to time fearfully distorted, as if by pain and horror, and that he tossed his arms to and fro, as if he were wrestling with some powerful but intangible oppressor.

From time to time, moreover, he uttered groans and strangely murmured sounds, and a few articulate words; but these so unconnected, and at so long intervals asunder, that no human skill could have combined them into any thing like intelligible sentences. At length with a wild, shrill cry, he started up erect in his bed, his hair bristling with terror, and the cold sweat flowing off his face like rain-drops.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "avert—defend! Horror! horror!" Then raising his hands slowly to his brow,

he felt himself, grasped his arm, and sought for the pulsations of his heart, as if he were laboring to satisfy himself that he was awake.

At length, he murmured, "It was a dream! The Lord be praised! it was but a dream! and yet, how terrible, how vivid. Even now, I can scarce believe that I was not awake and saw it."

But as his eye ran over the objects to which it had become accustomed during the last days, and which were now indistinctly visible in the glimmering darkness of a fine summer night, he became fully satisfied that he had been indeed asleep; and with a muttered prayer, he settled himself down again on the pillow, and composed himself to sleep once more.

He had not slept, however, above half an hour before the same painful symptoms recurred; and after even a longer and more agonizing struggle than the first, he again woke, panting, horror-stricken, pale and almost paralyzed with superstitious terror.

"It was!" he gasped, "it was—it must have been reality. I saw her, as I did last night, tangible, face to face; but, oh God! what a glare of horror in those beautiful blue eyes—what a gory spot on that smooth, white brow—what agony—what supplication in every lovely feature. And he, he who dealt the blow—I could not see the face, but the dress, the figure, nay, the seat on horseback—great God! they were all mine own!"

He paused for a long time, meditating deeply, and casting furtive glances around the large old-fashioned room, as though he expected to see some of the great heavy shadows which brooded in the dim angles and irregular recesses of the walls, detach themselves from their lurking places, in the guise of human forms disembodied, and come forth to confront him.

After a while, however, his naturally strong intellect and characteristic audacity led him to discard the idea of supernatural influence in the appalling vision, which had now twice so cruelly disturbed him. Still, so great had been the suffering and torture of his mind during the conflict of the sleeping body and the sleepless intellect, that he actually dreaded the return of slumber, lest that dread phantom should return with it; and he therefore exerted himself to keep awake, and to arm his mind against the insidious stealing on of sleep, from very fear of what should follow.

But the very efforts which he made to banish the inclination, wearied the mind, and induced what he would most avoid; and within an hour he was again unconscious of all external sights and sounds, again terribly alive to those inward sensations which had already terrified him almost beyond endurance.

This time the trance was shorter, but from the symptoms which appeared on his features, fiercer and stronger than before; nor, as before, when he awoke, did the impression pass away which had been made on him before his eyes were opened. No; as he started up erect, and gazed wildly, scarce as yet half awake, around him, the first thing that met, or seemed to meet, his staring eyes, was a gray, misty shadow, standing relieved by a dark mass of gloom in the farthest angle of the chamber. Gradually, as he stared at it with a fascinated gaze, which, had it been to

save his life, he could not have withdrawn, the shape, if shape it were, drew nearer, nearer, with a slow, gliding, ghastly motion.

The moon had by this time arisen, and cast a feeble, ineffectual light through the mass of tangled foliage which curtained the large diamond-paned casements of the cottage, streaming in a dim, misty ray across the centre of the chamber. Directly in the middle of this pallid halo, as if it had been a silver glory, paused, or appeared to pause, that thin transparent form—so bodiless, indeed, it seemed, that the outlines of the things which stood beyond it, were visible, as if seen through a gauzy curtain. A cloud passed over the moon's face, and all was gloom; yet still the boy's eyes felt the presence of that disembodied visitant, which they could now no longer distinguish in the darkness.

At this moment, as if to add a real terror to that which, even if unreal, needed no addition, the cat, which hitherto had been sleeping undisturbedly by the warm ashes on the hearth, uttered an unusual plaintive cry, most unlike to the natural note of her species, whether of pleasure or of anger, and rushed at two or three long bounds, to the bed on which the boy was sitting up in voiceless horror. Her eyes glared in the darkness, like coals of livid fire, her bristles were set up like the quills of the porcupine, her tail was outspread, till it almost resembled a fox's brush.

The cloud drifted onward, and the moon shone out brighter than before; and there he still saw, that tall white shape, clearer, distincter, stronger than when he first beheld it. The cat cowered down upon the pillow by his side, with a low wailing cry of terror, her back, bristling in wrath but now, was humbly lowered, dread of something unnatural had quelled all her savage instincts.

Clearer and clearer waxed the vision, and now he might mark the delicate symmetrical proportions of the figure, and now the pale white outlines of the lovely face. It was Theresa Allan. Yet the fair features were set in a sort of rigid cataleptic horror, full of dread, full of agony and consternation; and the blue eyes glared, fixed and glassy, without speculation; and right in the centre of the brow there glowed, like a sanguine star, a great spot of gore.

The thing seemed to raise its arm, and point with a gesture of majestic menace, right toward the terrified beholder. Then the white lips were parted with a slow circular distortion, showing the pearly teeth within, and—if a voice came forth from those ghastly lips, Jasper St. Aubyn knew it not, for he had sunk back on his pillow—if, indeed, he had ever, as he believed to the day of his death, raised himself up from it—in a deep trance, from which he passed into a dead, heavy, dreamless stupor, which continued undisturbed until the sun was high in the heavens, and the whole household were afoot, and busied about their usual avocations.

In the meantime, she whose image, whether in truth it was an *eidolon*, or merely the idea of a diseased mind and preoccupied spirit, had been so busy during the hours of darkness, had awakened all refreshed by light and innocent slumbers, with the first peep of day,

and arising from her couch had descended into the garden, still half enveloped in the dewy vapors of the summer night, half glimmering in the slant radiance of the new-risen sun.

She was the first at her appointment, for Durzil had not yet made his appearance, and she walked to and fro awaiting him, among the flowery thickets and sweet-scented shrubberies all bathed in the copious night-dews, half wondering, half-guessing, what it could be that he should so earnestly desire to communicate. And as she walked, she considered with herself all that had occurred during the last three days, and the more she considered, the less was she able to comprehend the workings of her own mind, or to explain to herself wherefore it was that she could not divest herself of the idea that the crisis of her life, the fate of her heart was at hand.

That she had rejected Durzil's proffered love, his honest, manly love, she knew that she ought not to regret, for she felt surely that she could not love him in return as he ought, as he deserved to be loved; and yet she did almost regret it. Then she began to ask herself why she did not, why she *could* not love him, endowed eminently as he was with many high and noble qualities; and she was soon answered, when she considered how far he fell short of her standard, in mental and intellectual culture, in all that pertained to the secret sympathies of the heart, to the kindred tastes and sentiments, to that community of hopes and wishes, which, under the head of *eadem velle atque nolle*, the Roman philosophical historian has declared to be the sole base of true friendship, might he not better have said of true love.

Thence by an easy and natural transition the girl's thoughts turned to the young stranger—to his magnificent person and striking intellectual beauty—to his singular and original character, so audacious, so full of fiery and rebellious self-will, so confident in his own powers, so daring, almost insolent toward man, and yet, at the same time, so fraught with gentle and romantic fancies, so rapt by romance or poetry, so liable to all swift impressions of the senses, so humble, yet with so proud and self-arrogating a humility toward woman.

She thought of the tones of his beautifully modulated voice, of the expression of his deep, clear, gray eye; she remembered how the one had melted, as it were, almost timorously in her ear, how the other had dwelt almost boldly on her face, yet with a boldness which seemed meant almost as homage.

She mused on these things; and then paused to reflect how helplessly and deathfully he had lain at her feet, when he was drawn forth from that deep red whirlpool; and how so sickly those fine eyes swam when she first beheld them. How small a thing would have extinguished, and forever, the faint spark of life which then feebly fluttered in his bosom; how child-like he had yielded himself to her ministration, and with how piteous yet grateful an expression he had acknowledged, when he awoke from his first trance-like stupor, midway as it were between life and death, the gentleness of her protection.

Most true it is, that pity is akin to love; where pity,

as is seldom the case from woman toward man, can exist apart from something approaching to contempt; where it is called forth by the consequences neither of physical nor mental weakness. Still more is it the province and the part of woman to love whom they have protected.

With men sexes, I believe that to have conferred, rather than to have received kindness—to be owed rather than to owe gratitude—is conducive to the growth of kindly feeling, of friendship, of affection, love! But with a true woman, to have been dependent on her for support, to have looked up into her eyes for aid on the sick-bed, for sympathy in mortal sorrow, to have revived by her nursing, to have been consoled by her comforting—these are the truest and most direct key to her affections.

Theresa thought of all these things, and as she did so, her bosom heaved almost unconsciously a sigh, and a tear rose unbidden to her eye. She almost loved Jasper St. Aubyn.

Again, the recollection of his boldness on the previous evening, of his half forcible seizure of her hand, of the kiss he had so daringly imprinted on her soft fingers, of the too meaning words which he had addressed to her, and of the tone, which conveyed even more of consciousness and confidence than the words themselves, all rushed at once upon her mind; and, though she was alone, she started, and her face crimsoned at the mere memory of what she half felt as an indignity.

"And could he think me," she murmured to herself, "so light, so vain, so easy to be won, that he dare treat me thus at almost a first interview? or was it but the rashness, the imprudence, the buoyancy of extreme youth, inspired by sudden love, and encouraged by his own headstrong character." She paused a moment, and then said almost aloud, "Oh, no, no, I will not believe it."

"And what will you not believe, Theresa?" said a clear, firm voice, close behind her, "what is it that you are so energetically determined not to believe, my pretty cousin?"

She started, not well pleased that even Durzil should have thus, as it were, stolen upon her privacy, and overheard what was intended for no mortal ear. Theresa was as guileless as any being of mortal mould may be; but even the most artless woman cannot be altogether free from some touch of instinctive artifice—that innocent and gentle guile is to woman what nature has bestowed on all, even the humblest of its creatures, her true weapon of defence, her shield against the brute tyranny of man. And Theresa was a woman. She replied, therefore, without an instant's hesitation, although her voice did falter somewhat, and her cheeks burn, as she spoke—

"That you are angry with me, cousin Durzil." But then, as she felt his cold, clear, dark eye how piercingly it dwelt upon her features, reading, or striving to read, her very soul, she continued, seeing at once the necessity of placing him on the defensive, so as to turn the tide of aggressive warfare, "but I am angry with you, I assure you; nor do I think it at all like you, Durzil, or at all like a true cavalier, as you pre-

tend to be, first to keep a lady waiting for you, I don't know how long, here alone, and then to creep upon her, like an Indian, or a spy, and surprise what little secrets she might be turning over in her own mind. You must have trodden lightly on purpose, or I should have heard your step. I did not look for this at your hand, cousin Durzil."

He still gazed at her with the same dark, fixed, piercing glance, without answering her a word; and, although conscious of no wrong, she met his gaze with her calm, candid, truthful eye, she could not endure his suspicious look, but was fluttered, and blushed deeply, and was so much embarrassed, that had not pride and anger come to her aid, she would have burst into tears. But they did come to her aid, and she cried with a quivering voice and a flashing eye—

"For what do you look at me so, Durzil? I do not like it—I will not bear it! You have no right to treat me thus! it is not kind, nor courteous, nor even manly! If it be to brow-beat me, and tyrannize over me, that you asked me to meet you here, I could have thanked you to spare me the request. But I shall leave you to yourself, and return home; and so, good-morrow to you, and better breeding, and a better heart, too, cousin Durzil!"

But though she said she was going, she made no movement to do so, but hesitated, waiting for his answer.

"You must be greatly changed, Theresa," he said bitterly, "to take offence at so slight a cause, or to speak to me in such a tone. But you are greatly changed, and there's an end of it."

"I am not changed at all," replied the girl, still chafing at the recollection of that scrutinizing eye, which she perhaps felt the more, because conscious that her own reply had not been perfectly sincere. "But I do not allow your right to pry meanly into my secret thoughts, or to catechise me concerning my words, or to accuse me of falsehood, when I answer you."

"Accuse you of falsehood, Theresa! who ever dreamed of doing so?"

"Your eye did so, sir," she replied. "When I told you that I was determined 'not to believe that you were angry with me,' you fixed your glance upon me with the expression of a pedagogue, who having caught a child lying would terrify it into truth. I am no child, I assure you, Durzil, nor are you yet my master. Think as you may about it."

It was now Durzil's turn to be confused, for he could not deny that she had construed the meaning of his look aright; and would not, so proud was he and so resolute, either deny or apologize for what was certainly an act of rudeness.

After a moment's pause, however, he looked up at her from under downcast eyelids, with a look of defiance mingled with distrust, and answered bluntly,

"I do not believe that *was* your meaning, or that you were thinking about me at all."

"And what if it were not? Am I bound, I pray you, to be thinking of nothing but you? I must have little enough to think of, if it were so."

"You might at least have told me so much frankly."

"I thank you, cousin Durzil," she made answer, more proudly, more firmly than ever he had heard her speak before. "I thank you, for teaching me a lesson, though neither very kindly, nor exactly as a generous gentleman should teach a lady. But you are perfectly correct in your surmises, sir. I was *not* thinking of you at all; no more, sir, than if you were not in existence, and if I answered you, as I did, sir, *falsely*—yes! *falsely* is the word!—it is because, in the first place, you had no right to ask me the question you did, and, in the second, because I did not choose to answer it! Now, cousin, allow *me* to teach you something—for you have something yet to learn, wise as you are, about us women. If you ask a lady unmannerly questions, hereafter, and she turn them off by a flippant joke, or an unmeaning *falsehood*, understand that *you* have been very rude, and that *she* does not wish to be so likewise, by rebuking your impertinence. Now, do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly, madam, perfectly. You have made marvelous strides of late, upon my honor! Yesterday morning an unsophisticated country maiden—this morning a courtly, quick-witted, manœuvring, fine lady! God send you, much good of the change, though I doubt it. I can see all, read all, plainly enough now—poor Durzil Bras-de-fer is not high enough, I trow, for my dainty lady! Perchance, when he is farther off, he may be better liked, and more needed. At all events, I did not look for this at your hands, Theresa, on the last morning, too, that we shall spend together for so long a time."

Angry as she was, and indignant at the dictatorial manner he had assumed toward her, these last words disarmed her in a moment. A tear rose to her eyes, and she held out her hand to him kindly.

"You are right, Durzil," she said, "and I was wrong to be so angry. But you vexed me, and wounded me by your manner. I am sorry; I ought to have remembered that you were going to leave us, and that you have some cause to be grieved and irritable: Pardon me, Durzil, and forget what I said hastily. We must not quarrel, for we have no friends save one another, and my dear old father."

But Durzil's was no placable mind, nor one that could divest itself readily of a preconceived idea. "Oh!" he replied, "for that, fair young ladies never lack friends. For every old one they cast off they win two new ones. See, if it be not so, Theresa. Is it not so with you?"

She looked at him reproachfully, but softly, and then burst into tears. "You are ungenerous," she said, "ungenerous. But all men, I suppose, are alike in this—that they can feel no friendship for a woman. So long as they hope for her love, all is submission on their part, and humility, and gentleness, and lip-service—once they cannot win that, all is bitterness and persecution. I did not look for this at *your* hand! But I will not quarrel with you, Durzil. I dealt frankly with you yester morning; I have dealt affectionately with you ever; I will deal tenderly and forgivingly with you now. I only wish that you had not sought this interview with me, the only object of which appears to have been the embittering the last hours of

our intercourse, and the endeavoring to wring and wound my heart. But I—"

"If you had dealt frankly with me," he interrupted her, very angrily, "you would have told me honestly that you loved another."

"Loved another! What do you mean? What other?"

So evident was the truth, the sincerity of her astonishment, that jealousy itself was rebuked and put to silence in the young man's bosom; and he endeavored to avoid or change the subject. But the womanly indignation of the fair girl was now awakened; her pride had been touched; her delicacy wounded; her sensibilities assailed in the tenderest point.

"Leave me!" she said, after a little pause, during which she, in her turn gazing upon him, now bewildered and abashed, with eyes of serene wonder, not all unmingled with contempt—"Nay! not another word—leave me—begone! You are not worthy of a woman's love—you are not worthy to be treated or regarded as a man. Leave me, I say, and trouble me no more. Poor, weak, mean-spirited, vain, jealous, and ungenerous, begone! You know—no man knows better—the falsehood of the last words you have spoken. No man knows better their unfeelingness, their ungenerous cruelty. But if I had—if I had loved another—in what does that concern you? in what am I responsible to you for my likings or dislikings. Once and for all be it said, I love you not—should not love you, were you the only one of your sex on the face of God's earth—and I pray God to help and protect the woman who shall love you—if ever you be loved of woman, which I for one believe not—for she shall love the veriest tyrant that ever tortured a fond heart, under the plea of loving."

"I go," he replied. "I am answered, once and for all. I go, and may *you* never need my aid, my forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous glance. "Forgiveness! I know not what *you* have to forgive! But you should rather pray that I *may* have need of them; then may *you* have the pleasure of refusing me at my need."

"Ah! it is thus you think of me. It is time, then, that I should leave you. Fare you well, Theresa."

"There is no need for farewells at present. The day is early yet; and I trust still to see your temper changed before you set forth on your journey. It would grieve my father sorely that you should leave us thus."

"He will not know how I leave you. He will see me no more for years—perhaps never!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall mount my horse within this half hour, and return no more until I shall have twice crossed the Atlantic. So fare you well, Theresa."

"Fare you well, Durzil, if it must be so. And God bless you, and send you a better mind. You will be sorry for this one day. There is my hand, fare you well; and rest assured of this, return when you may, you will find me the same Theresa."

He took her hand, and wrung it hard. "Farewell," he said. "Farewell; and God grant that when I do

return, I find you the wife, and not the mistress, of Jasper St. Aubyn."

Ungenerous and bitter to the last, he winged the shaft at random, which he hoped would pierce the deepest, which he trusted would prevent the consummation he most dreaded—that she *should be* the wife of the boy whom he had saved, whom he now hated.

The other contingency, at which he had hinted basely, unmanly, brutally, he knew to be impossible—but he knew also, that the surmise would gall her beyond endurance. That, that was the cruel, the unworthy object of the last words Durzil Bras-de-fer ever exchanged in this world with Theresa Allan.

He turned on his heel, and, without looking back once, strode through the garden, with all his better feelings lost and swallowed up in bitterness and hatred; entered his own apartment, and there wrote a few lines to his uncle, to the effect that in order to avoid the pain of a parting, and the sorrows of a last adieu, he had judged it for the wisest to depart suddenly and unawares; and that he should not return to Widecomb until his voyage should be ended.

Then, leaving the house, where he had passed so many a happy hour, in hot and passionate resentment, he mounted his horse and rode away at a hard gallop across the hills toward Hexworthy and Plymouth.

The last words he uttered had gone to Theresa's heart like a death-shot. She did not speak, or even sigh, as she heard them, but pressed her hand hard on her breast, and fell speechless and motionless on the dewy greensward.

He, engrossed by his selfish rage, and deafened to the sound of her fall by the beatings of his own hard heart, stalked off unconscious what had befallen her; and she lay there, insensible, until the servant girl, missing her at the breakfast hour, found her there cold, and, as at first she believed, lifeless.

She soon revived, indeed, from the swoon; but the excitement and agitation of that scene brought on a slow, lingering fever; and weeks elapsed ere she again left her chamber. When she did quit it, the fresh green leaves of summer had put on their sere and yellow hue, the autumn flowers were fast losing their last brilliancy, the hoar-frosts lay white, in the early mornings, over the turf walks of her garden, ice had been seen already on the great pool above the fords of Widecomb, and every thing gave notice that the dreary days of winter were approaching, and even now at hand.

The northwest winds howled long and hollow over the open hills and heathery wolds around Widecomb Manor, and ever as their wild melancholy wail fell on the ears of Theresa, as she sat by her now lonely hearth, they awoke a thought of him, the playmate of her happy childhood, from whom she had parted, not as friends and playmates should part, and who was now ploughing the far Atlantic, perhaps never to return.

A shadow had fallen upon her brow; a gloom upon her young and happy life.

And where was he who unconsciously, though not perhaps unintentionally, had been the cause of the cloud which had arisen, and whence that shadow, that gloom? Where was Jasper St. Aubyn?

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one,
Who did not love her better. BYRON.

Two years had passed away since Durzil Bras-de-fer set sail on the Virginia voyage, and from that day no tidings had been heard of him in England.

In the meantime, changes, dark melancholy changes, had altered every thing at Widecomb. The two old men, whom we last saw conversing cheerfully of times long gone, and past joys unforgotten, had both fallen asleep, to wake no more but to immortality. Sir Miles St. Aubyn slept with his fathers in the bannered and escutcheoned chapel adjoining the Hall, wherein he had spent so many, and those the happiest, of his days; while William Allan—he had preceded his ancient friend, his old rival, but a few weeks on their last journey—lay in the quiet village church-yard, beneath the shade of the great lime-trees, among the leaves of which he had loved to hear the hum of the bees in his glad boyhood. The leaves waved as of old, and twinkled in the sunshine, and the music of the reveling bees was blithe as ever, but the eye that had rejoiced at the calm scenery, the ear that had delighted in the rural sound, was dim, and deaf forever.

Happy—happy they. Whom no more cares should reach, no more anxieties, forever—who now no more had hopes to be blighted, joys to be tortured into sorrows, and, worst of all, affections to breed the bitterest griefs, and make calamity of so long life. Happy, indeed, thrice happy!

There was a pleasant parlor, with large oriel windows looking out upon the terrace of Widecomb Hall, and over the beautiful green chase, studded with grand old oaks, down to the deep ravine through which the trout stream rushed, in which the present lord of that fair demesne had so nearly perished at the opening of my tale.

And in that pleasant parlor, within the embrasure of one of the great oriels, gazing out anxiously over the lovely park, now darkening with the long shadows of a sweet summer evening, there stood as beautiful a being as ever gladdened the eye of friend, husband, or lover, on his return from brief absence home.

It was Theresa—Allan no longer, but St. Aubyn; and with the higher rank which she had so deservedly acquired, she had acquired, too, a higher and more striking style of beauty. Her slender, girlish stature had increased in height, and expanded in fullness, roundness, symmetry, until the delicate and somewhat fragile maiden had been matured into the perfect, full-blown woman.

Her face also was lovelier than of old; it had a deeper, a more spiritual meaning. Love had informed it, and experience. And the genius, dormant before, and unsuspected save by the old fond father, sat enthroned visibly on the pale, thoughtful brow, and looked out gloriously from those serene, large eyes, filled as they were to overflowing with a clear, lustrous, tranquil light, which revealed to the most casual and

thoughtless observers, the purity, the truth, the whiteness of the soul within.

But if you gazed on her more closely,

You saw her at a nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too.

You saw that how pure, how calm, how innocent soever, she was not yet exempt from the hopes, the fears, the passions, and the pains of womanhood.

The woman was more lovely than the girl, was wiser, greater, perhaps better—alas! was she happier? She had been now nearly two years a wife, though but within the last twelve months acknowledged and installed as such in her husband's house. It had been a dark mystery, her love, the child of sorrow and concealment, although she might thank her own true heart, guided by principle, and lighted by a higher star than any earthly passion, even the love of God, it had not been the source of shame.

Artfully, yet enthusiastically, had that bold, brilliant, fascinating boy laid siege to her affections; and soon, by dint of kindred tastes, and feelings, and pursuits, he had succeeded in winning the whole perfect love of that pure, overflowing soul.

She loved him with that fervor, that devotion, of which women alone are perhaps capable, and of women, only those who are gifted with that extreme sensibility, that exquisite organization, which, rendering them the most charming, the most fascinating, and the most susceptible of their sex, too often renders them the least happy.

And he, too, loved her—as well, perhaps, as one of his character and temperament could love any thing, except himself; he loved her *passionately*; he admired her beauty, her grace, her delicacy, beyond measure. He understood and appreciated her exquisite taste, her brilliancy, her feminine and gentle genius. He was not happy when he was absent from her side; he could not endure the idea that she should love, or even smile upon another, he coveted the possession of a creature so beautiful, a soul so powerful, and at the same time so loving. Above all, he was proud to be loved by such a being.

But beyond this he no more loved her, than the child loves its toy. He held her only in his selfishness of soul, even before his passion had

“Spent as yet its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.”

But he knew nothing, felt nothing, understood nothing of her higher, better self; he saw nothing of her inner light—guessed nothing of what a treasure he had won.

He would have sacrificed nothing of his pleasures, nothing of his prejudices, nothing of his pride, had such a sacrifice been needed to make her the happiest of women. While she would have laid down her life for the mere delight of gaining him one moment's joy—would have sacrificed all that she had, or hoped to have, save honor, faith and virtue. And to yield these he never asked her.

No! in the wildest dream of his reckless, unprincipled imagination, he never fancied to himself the possibility of tempting her to lawless love. In the very boldest of his audacious flights, he never would have

dared to whisper one loose thought, one questionable wish in the maiden's ear. It had, perhaps, been well he had done so—for on that instant, as the night-mists melt away and leave the firmament pure and transparent at the first glance of the great sun, the cloud of passion which obscured her mental vision would have been scattered and dispersed from her clear intellect by the first word that had flashed on her soul conviction of his baseness.

But whether the wish ever crossed his mind or not, he never gave it tongue, nor did she even once suspect it.

Still he had wooed her secretly—laying the blame on his father's pride, his father's haughty and high ambition, which he insisted would revolt at the bare idea of his wedding with any lady, who could not point to the quarterings of a long, noble line of ancestry; he had prevailed on her, first to conceal their love, and at length to consent to a secret marriage.

It was long, indeed, ere he could bring her to agree even to that clandestine step; nor, had her father lived but a few weeks longer, would he have done so ever.

The old man died, however, suddenly, and at the very moment when, though she knew it not, his life was most necessary to his daughter's welfare. He was found dead in his bed, after one of those strange, mysterious seizures, to which he had for many years been subject, and during which he had appeared to be endowed with something that approached nearly to a knowledge of the future. Although, if such were, indeed, the case, it was scarce less wonderful that on the passing away of the dark fit, he seemed to have forgotten all that he had seen and enunciated of what should be thereafter.

Be this, however, as it may, he was found by his unhappy child, dead, and already cold; but with his limbs composed so naturally, and his fine benevolent features wearing so calm and peaceful an expression, that it was evident he had passed away from this world of sin and sorrow, during his sleep, without a pang or a struggle. Never did face of mortal sleeper give surer token of a happy and glorious awakening.

But he was gone, and she was alone, friendless, helpless and unprotected.

How friendless, how utterly destitute and helpless, she knew not, nor had even suspected, until the last poor relics of her only kinsman, save he who was a thousand leagues aloof on the stormy ocean, had been consigned to the earth, whence they had their birth and being. Then, when his few papers were examined, and his affairs scrutinized by his surviving, though now fast declining friend, St. Aubyn, it appeared that he had been supported only by a life-annuity, which died with himself, and that he had left nothing but the cottage at the fords, with the few acres of garden-ground, and the slender personal property on the premises, to his orphan child.

It was rendered probable by some memoranda and brief notes, found among his papers, the greater part of which were occupied by abstruse mathematical problems, and yet wilder astrological calculations, that he had looked forward to the union of his daughter with the youth whom he had brought up as his own

son, and whose ample means, as well as his affection for the lovely girl, left no doubt of his power and willingness to become her protector.

What he had observed, during his sojourn at the cottage, led old Sir Miles, however, who had assumed as an act of duty, no less than of pleasure, the character of executor to his old friend, to suspect that the simple-minded sage had in some sort reckoned without his host; and that on one side, at least, there would be found insuperable objections to his views for Theresa's future life. And in this opinion he was confirmed immediately by a conversation which he had with the poor girl, so soon as the first poignant agony of grief had passed from her mind.

In this state of affairs, an asylum at the manor was offered by the old cavalier, and accepted by the orphan with equal frankness, but with a most unequal sense of obligation—Sir Miles regarding his part in the transaction as a thing of course, Theresa looking on it as an action of the most exalted and extraordinary generosity.

In truth, it had occurred already to the mind of the old knight, so soon as he was satisfied within himself that Theresa's affections were not given to her wild and dangerous cousin, that he would gladly see her the wife of his own almost idolized boy. For, though of no exalted or ennobled lineage, she was of gentle blood, of an honorable parentage, which had been long established in the county, and which, if fallen in fortunes, had never lost caste, or been degraded, as he would assuredly have deemed it, by participation in any mechanical or mercantile pursuit. He had seen enough of courts and courtiers to learn their hollowness, and all the empty falsehood of their gorgeous show—he had mingled enough in the great world to be convinced that real happiness was not to be sought in the hurly-burly of its perilous excitements, and incessant strife; and that which would have rendered him the happiest, would have been to see Jasper established, tranquilly, and at his ease, with domestic bonds to ensure the permanency of his happiness, before his own time should come, as the Lord of Widecomb.

And such were his views when he prevailed on Theresa to let the House in the Woods be her home, until at least such time as news could be received of her cousin; who, certainly, whatever might be the relative state of their affections, would never suffer her to want a home or a protector.

He had observed that Jasper was struck deeply by the charms of the sweet girl; he knew, although he had affected not to know it, that, under the pretence of fishing or shooting excursions, he had been in the almost daily habit of visiting her, since the accident which had led to their acquaintance; and he was, above all, well assured that the girl loved him with all the deep, unfathomable devotion of which such hearts as hers alone are capable. •

Well pleased was he, therefore, to see the beautiful being established in the halls of which he hoped to see her, ere long, the mistress; and if he did not declare his wishes openly to either on the subject, it was that he was so well aware of his son's headstrong and willful temper, that he knew him fully capable of refusing peremptorily the very thing which he most

desired, if proffered to him as a boon, much more urged upon him as the desire of a third party—which he was certain to regard as an interference with his free will and self-regulation—while, at the same time he feared to alarm Theresa's delicacy, by anticipating the progress of events.

Thus, with a heart overflowing with affection for that wild, willful, passionate boy, released from the only tie of obedience or restraint that could have bound her, poor Theresa was delivered over, fettered as it were, hand and foot, to the perilous influence of Jasper's artifices, and the scarce less dangerous suggestions of her own affections.

It was strange that, quick as she was and clever, even beyond her sex's wonted penetration, where matters of the heart are concerned, Theresa never suspected that the old cavalier had long perceived and sanctioned their growing affection. But idolizing Jasper as she did, and believing him all that was high and generous and noble, seeing that all his external errors tended to the side of rash, hasty impulse, never to calculation or deceit, she saw every thing, as it were, through his eyes, and was easily induced by him to believe that all his father's kindness and father-like attention to her slightest wish, arose only from his love for her lost parent, and compassion for her sad abandonment; nay, further, he insisted that the least suspicion of their mutual passion would lead to their instant and eternal separation.

It was lamentable, that a being so bright, so excellent as she, believing that such was the case, and bound as she was by the closest obligations, the dearest gratitude to that good old man, should have consented, even for a moment, to deceive him, much more to frustrate his wishes in a point so vital.

But she was very young—she had been left without the training of a mother's watchful heart, without the supervision of a mother's earnest eye—she was endowed marvelously with those extreme sensibilities which are invariably a part of that high nervous organization, ever connected with poetical genius; she loved Jasper with a devotedness, a singleness, and at the same time a consuming heat of passion, which scarcely could be believed to exist in one so calm, so self-possessed, and so innocently-minded—and, above all, she had none else in the wide world on whom to fix her affections.

And the boy profited by this; and with the sharpness of an intellect, which, if far inferior to hers in depth and real greatness, was as far superior to it in worldly selfishness and instinctive shrewdness, played upon her nervous temperament, till he could make each chord of her secret soul thrill to his touch, as if they had been the keys of a stringed instrument.

The hearts of the young who love, must ever, must naturally resent all interference of the aged, who would moderate or oppose their love, as cold, intrusive tyranny; and thus, with plausible and artful sophistry, abetted by the softness of her treacherous heart, too willing to be deceived, he first led her to regard his father as opposed to the wishes of that true love, which, for all the great poet knew or had heard, "never did run smooth," and thence to resent that opposition as

unkind, unjust, tyrannical; and thence—alas! for Theresa!—to deceive the good old man, her best friend on earth—ay, to deceive herself.

It is not mine to palliate, much less to justify her conduct. I have but to relate a too true tale; and in relating it, to show, in so far as I can, the mental operations, the self-deceptions, and the workings of passion—from which not even the best and purest of mankind are exempt—by which an innocent and wonderfully constituted creature was betrayed into one fatal error.

She was persuaded—words can tell no more!

It was a grievous fault, and grievously Theresa answered it.

When ill things are devised, and to be done, ill agents are soon found, especially by the young, the wealthy, and the powerful.

The declining health of Sir Miles St. Aubyn was no secret in the neighborhood—the near approach of his death was already a matter of speculation; and already men almost looked on Jasper as the Lord, *in esse*, of the estates of Widecomb Manor.

The old white-headed vicar had a son, poor like himself, and unaspiring—like himself, in holy orders; and for him, when his own humble career should be ended, he hoped the reversion of the vicarage, which was in the gift of the proprietor of Widecomb. The old man had known Jasper from his boyhood, had loved Theresa, whom he had, indeed, baptized, from her cradle. He was very old and infirm, and some believed that his intellect was failing. Between his affection for the parties, and his interest in his son's welfare, it was easy to frame a plausible tale, which should work him to Jasper's will; and with even less difficulty than the boy looked for, he was prevailed upon to unite them secretly, and at the dead of night, in the parish church at the small village by the fords.

The sexton of the parish church was a low knave, with no thought beyond his own interest, no wish but for the accumulation of gain. A gamekeeper, devoted to the young master's worst desires, a fellow who had long ministered to his most evil habits, and had in no small degree assisted to render him what he was, only too willingly consented to aid in an affair which he saw clearly would put the young heir in his power forever.

He was selected as one of the witnesses—for without witnesses, the good but weak old vicar would not perform the ceremony; and he promised to bring a second, in the person of his aged and doting mother, the respectability of whose appearance should do away with any scruples of Theresa's, while her infirmity should render her a safe depository of the most dangerous secret.

And why all this mystery—this tortuous and base deviation from the path of right—this unnecessary concealment, and unmeaning deceit?

Wherefore, if the boy were, indeed, what he has been described, and no more, impulsive, willful, rash, headlong, irresistible in his impulses—if not a base traitor, full of dark plots, deep-laid beforehand—wherefore, if he did love the girl, with all the love of which his character was capable, if he had not predetermined to desert her—wherefore did he not wed her openly in the light of day, amid crowds of glad friends, and rejoicing dependents? Why did he not gladden the heart of his aged father, and lead her to the home of his ancestors a happy and honored bride, without that one blot on her conscience, without that one shadow of deceit, which marred the perfect truthfulness of her character, and in after days weighed on her mind heavily?

[To be continued.]

THE FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE northern winds are raw and cold,
And crust with ice the frozen mould;
The gusty branches lash the wall
With icicles that snap and fall.

There is no light on earth to-day—
The very sky is blank and gray;
Yet still the fountain's quivering shaft
Leaps upward, as when Spring-time laughed.

No diamonds glitter on its brink,
No red-lipped blossoms bend to drink,
And on the blast, its fluttering wing
Is spread above no kindred thing.

The drops that strike the frozen mould
Make all the garden doubly cold,
And with a chill and shivering pain
I hear the fall of sleety rain.

The music that, in beamy May,
Told of an endless holyday,
With surly Winter's wailings blent,
Becomes his dearest instrument.

The water's blithe and sparkling voice,
That all the Summer said, "rejoice!"
Now pours upon the bitter air
The hollow laughter of despair.

So, when the flowers of Life lie dead
Beneath a darker Winter's tread,
The songs that once gave Joy a soul
Bring to the heart its heaviest dole.

The fresh delight that leaped and sung
The sunny bowers of Bliss among,
But gives to Sorrow colder tears,
And laughs to mock our clouded years.

A PARTING SONG.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

FREE—as the lonely eagle free—
A leaden sky is o'er me—
I'm out upon a leaden sea—
A wide, cold world before me.
Wait!st thou to woo a breeze, my bark?
The eager wave's upheaving
Chideth thy stay—the little lark
Her upward way is cleaving.

Hymn-bird, how oft thy glorious note
Hath trumpeted the day,
When bark and I were both afloat
Upon our wandering way.
For I have wandered many an hour,
My trusty bark, with thee,
And culled full many a breathing flower
Of wildest Poesy.

In those bright hours, when gliding down
Each flower-reflecting stream,
When health, hope, fancy—all had thrown
Their light o'er boyhood's dream—
Ah! little did I dream, my boat,
That thou and I should be
Alone upon the world, afloat
Upon the wide, wide sea.

Yet speed we forth—what care I now
That once those bright hours shone?
Is there a blight upon my brow?
No—'t is enough, they're gone.
Then speed we forth—we leave behind
A home still passing fair,
Some spot to call a home to find—
I know not—care not where.

Be it but distant, distant far,
Across the billowy deep,
Where thought and passion cease to war—
Where misery may sleep.
Sleep! no—'t is but a foolish thought,
That may not, cannot be—
O'er the wide world there is no spot
Of sleep for misery.

Wherever winds the ocean fan,
To-morrow's born and dies,
Wherever man deceiveth man,
And woman lieth and lies—
In city, or in solitude,
In banquet-hall, or cell—
The past—the past will still intrude—
Memory—the wretch's hell.

Chance choose the clime—I only seek—
To what else tortures bound—
The spirit feel no vulture beak
Of pity in the wound.
Then speed we forth—ay, speed we forth—
I know not—care not where;
Thou'lt build on any spot of earth
Thy lone, proud home, Despair.

So leap, so leap, brave heart, brave will—
Misery hath taught to know
Still the fierce strength invincible,
That springs to meet the blow.
False friends—faded hopes—mad joys of old
May not forgotten be—
But room, and hurrah! for joys untold
Of brave heart's victory.

This joy's infectious—bounds my bark,
As prouder far to bear
Her master, now the heav'ns are dark,
Than when they smiled most fair.
The purpling waters, as they leap
Around her eager prow,
Laugh out in sympathy, and keep
Dark commune with me now.

On, on, my bark, thy gallant keel
Is bounding merrily—
Tossing the white foam, thou dost feel
That now we both are free.
And we are free—oh! we are free—
A sky of storms is o'er us—
A glorious strife, to end with life
And victory, before us.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY MRS O. M. P. LORD.

Thou can'st not dream of darkness now,
My child! so full of radiant light
Thy morning breaks, with song of birds;
That beaming eye no gloomy night
Discerns, when weary petals close,
And birds with folded wing repose.

Nor would I change this fair design;
As well the dew might fall at noon,
Or fierce December's coming blast
Assail the shrinking flowers of June,
As fall o'er hearts in light arrayed,
From dim, prospective ill, a shade.

And yet, my darling child, the night,
With starless depths, may come, and day,
The sunniest e'en, hath gloomy hours;
What then will cheer the darkened way?
Lo here! where deepest shade appals,
The Saviour's constant footstep falls.

Seek thou, my child, the record oft,
When faint thy weary heart, and dim
With tears thine eye; our varied life
Revealed in his appears; from him
A light doth pierce the shadows through,
Which fall on heaven's long avenue.

THE RECREANT MISSIONARY,

JUDAS ISCARIOT:

"Who also betrayed Him."

BY CAROLINE C—.

Thus always, the last mentioned among the holy Apostles, and with the brand of shame attached to his name, is Judas Iscariot, the traitor, brought before us. And inasmuch as from the lives of them, who in all circumstances continued faithful to their Lord, lessons of the highest benefit may be drawn by the teachable mind, I am constrained to think there comes to us a lesson and a warning we may not lightly heed, from him who "by transgression fell." He, too, when the Voice was heard crying in the wilderness gave willing heed; he, too, amid the eager crowd was seen listening anxiously to the inspired word of John the Baptist; he, too, when the meek Saviour came, attended on His preaching, and his heart was stirred by the words of entreaty and condemnation that he heard. He, too, would fain believe, and be forgiven, and be numbered among the disciples of the new king.

When, as one of the twelve Apostles, he was chosen, and in a peculiar manner recognized by the Saviour as one of his own household, Judas rejoiced—for he doubtless conceived that if Christ's kingdom was to be of an earthly nature, it was certainly a great advancement, and a high honor, to be chosen publicly as one of His chief ministers. How then must he have listened to the words of Jesus, when, after he had selected the Twelve, he charged them with their duty, and told them all that they must bear and suffer for His sake. "In the world ye shall have tribulation and sorrow—but, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." One cannot but think that the latter part of this declaration must have fallen with little weight on the disappointed heart of Judas. The Saviour had consecrated them to their holy work—to the lives of persecution, and sorrow, and pain, which He knew awaited them—he was calling down the power of his spirit to rest and abide with each of them, the power which should enable them to release guilty humanity from its load of sin, wherever it should be felt in its oppressiveness—and while in humility the eyes of some of those disciples were fixed upon the ground, unto his majestic countenance others were raised, catching from his fervid devotion the spark of heavenly fire that was to make them indeed beacon lights on the mountain of Truth! By the words he uttered, he bade them remember the difficulties which would beset them—fully pointing out to them the thorny path which they must tread. Not with the conviction that a life of ease was before them went they forth. They had enlisted as soldiers in His service, it was therefore meet that they should know the dangers of the hostile country through which they were to pass. "Behold I send you forth as sheep amidst wolves!"

Danger, privation, and perchance a horrible death were the foes they were to meet.

But, those dangers all revealed, He did not leave them struck down, as it were, by the heavy weight of the cross they had chosen to bear—kind words, encouraging promises, assurances of his fatherly protection and guidance fell from his lips, and comforted and cheered them.

There was one heart on which the words of the Saviour fell with chilling force—in his hearing, was now forever decided the question as to the nature of Christ's kingdom and service. When Judas heard that calm, deep voice telling of the power of the enemy into whose hands they were voluntarily placing themselves—when he became convinced of the danger and woe which would encircle them on every side—that the prison might prove their place of abode—that the scourge and instruments of torture would be the welcoming extended to them in the world—that contumely, shame and reproach, and spiteful treatment would inevitably meet them in all their wanderings, he shrunk back—when he listened to the promises Jesus made to them of rest in heaven, of the continued care of God, which nevertheless might not preserve them from a death of torture and ignominy—when he reflected that the rewards promised were none of them of a temporal nature, and were to be made good only in the dim future, in another existence that was called eternal, he shrunk from the prospect of so much present misery, to be endured for a reward so vague—he forgot the weight of glory that was to be revealed, or, if he remembered it at all, the future of bliss was so far distant, and the promises so obscure, that they fell like dust in the balance of that scale where woe, vexation and privations innumerable were to be weighed. Better, ah far better, he thought, that former life of labor and obscurity he had led, than a life of such publicity and danger as he was now to lead. None ever molested him *then*, quietly and peacefully he had lived till that hour when he lent too willing an ear to the compassionate words of Him who spoke, not as man, but as God and Saviour.

And yet despite this irresolution, when the young man thought of his companions who were setting forth so zealously on the path at whose very threshold he faltered, he was almost constrained to rush boldly onward with them. His pride shrunk from the thought of proving so soon recreant to the cause which he had espoused so gladly and earnestly.

That first moment when he wavered in his zeal—when his determination faltered—we may count as the moment of his downfall, of his fearful ruin—that

moment when the first bewildering thought rushed into his brain, what shall I gain by this life of self-denial?—that moment when the chilling conviction of the folly of his enthusiasm in the service of Christ crept over him—that moment of unguarded temptation when Satan obtained a hearing, that was his trial-time—then he was found wanting—*then he fell*—then was he lost to the cause he had vowed to support.

And yet in that moment of hesitation it is not to be supposed that Judas had the courage, or even the wish, forever to reject and disown his master, Jesus. We cannot believe that he had crept into the camp of Salvation under false colors, merely to spy out its secrets, its most vulnerable points, that so he might deliver the great chief of the army into the hands of his enemy. Not so. It was impossible for the man to harden in unbelief; for such convincing proof of the might and divinity of Jesus had been given him, as it was not possible for him to reject. And as he pondered on the gentle and touching loving kindness that Master had shown toward him and his apostolic brethren, it may be that the desire to aid and to serve him became for the time stronger even than his natural cowardice and selfishness. And this may be the reason why he resolved for a little time, at least, to be considered by the people as one of the followers of Jesus. And in making this decision there may possibly have revived in the man's heart a little of that fervor of spirit which he had once felt for the sacred cause.

So it was, that again his face turns toward the upward path, and for a season he will continue therein. Thus goes he forth on his mission, entertaining in his heart two guests, whose hopes and aspirations, whose every end and aim are totally at variance. Love of the world, of his former life of careless sin, and of money, that root of all evil, was there; and there also was a standard bearer from the camp of Heaven, who came upholding a banner which, at the will of the entertainer, he would have gladly unfurled upon the highest battlement of the castle of his soul—against which the powers of sin and darkness were knocking, and demanding entrance, with voices which reverberated through every secret corner of the tenement.

That banner once unfurled, the importunate foe would flee in haste—oh, why was the word not spoken—the word which would so speedily have scattered those convulsing legions? Because—ponder upon it, thou who art halting between two opinions—because the master of that castle faltered at his post through fear and indecision.

He has gone forth now on the path of discipleship, and his works of miraculous power proclaim him. At his call and command the gates of oblivion are opened, and the dead come back to life—the sick, laid on their couches of pain and agony, arise and walk at his word; and the gospel of mercy and salvation sounds with marvelous success when its blessings are proclaimed by his eloquent tongue to the weary, and the poor, and the heavy-laden. The evil spirits suffered to torment them who would fain tread in the right path are cast forth, and then the sorrowing repentant goeth on his way rejoicing! But, as he works all this good for others, his own mind is tormented by the conflicting

voices which are calling to him. He stills the tempests in the minds of the distressed, and those burdened with cruel doubts, but in his own breast there is a storm raging continually, which he *cannot* command to silence. He holds up to the parched and dying creatures surrounding him a cup, while he proclaims, "Ho ye that thirst! buy wine, buy milk, without money and without price!" "Drink, and ye shall not thirst again!" while he himself is dying of thirst—and ever as he raises to his own lips the cup which contains the healing for the nations, his spirit shrinks back from the draught—it will not drink—it is gall and wormwood to him!

He lifts his voice, and conviction and peace fall upon them who listen to him. Repentance is hurled to the sinful heart with the words, "His yoke is easy, and His burden light!" while himself is drooping and fainting under the weight of deceit which is upon him. Wherever he goes he proclaims "Peace!" to the children of men—and peace visits all who will hearken to him. But in his own breast—ah, *there is warfare* and strife, the accusings of conscience, the warnings of wrath to come! In the chambers of sickness, where the dying were restored to health; by the wayside, where the foully diseased were cleansed—before the opened tomb, whence at his call the dead came clothed once again with the garment of life, amid the multitudes who listened with deepest interest to his most forcible words, alone, in the solitude of his own heart, or when in holy communion of thought with the faithful brethren, alike at all times, and in all places, heard he the still small voice of his accusing spirit.

The outward form of grace was his, but the purification had not penetrated into the recesses of his heart! The agonizing knowledge that at each onward step he was plunging deeper and deeper into the sin which could not be forgiven—the continual remembrance that he was dispensing to others the mercy of that God who would forget to be gracious to him, may be easily conjectured; but may Heaven spare us all from such agony of conflicting thoughts and hopes as must have been the daily and nightly companion of Judas Iscariot, long before he came out from the disciples' ranks to betray his lord into the hands of sinners!

In the magnificent chambers of the High Priest, adorned with so much costliness and luxury, Caiaphas sat in state. Ushered in by menials, a young man enters timidly to the presence of the haughty potentate.

The dignity of mien which once distinguished the ambassador of the Lord, which would not bend to the splendor of court or king, is no longer to be seen in Judas. The meanness of servility speaks in every motion, every word of the man—his self-respect is gone, and with it all the confidence of manhood. But if the craftiness of the stranger's appearance struck most unfavorably on the High Priest, how much more must he have been startled and amazed, as Judas unfolded the reason of his appearance there; and it was not till his mission was fully revealed that Caiaphas recognized in the craven supplicant one of those far-famed Apostles, with whose names he was already familiar.

The proud man must have shrunk back in horror from the revolting proposal of Judas—for, though it placed within his reach the accomplishment of one of the highest wishes of his life, (the deliverance of Christ into his hands,) yet the means by which he was offered the capture were opposed to all the principles of his creed of manly honor. Could he in all his high mightiness stoop to receive the prisoner at the hands of one who had been his friend—his companion and ministering servant? No—he must certainly at the first have turned away contemptuously from the detail of such consummate villainy; it must surely have been more than even he could countenance—for though not wont to cavil at the means employed, when any wished for end was to be gained, yet Caiaphas *must* have wondered, as the question burst from the covetous impatient heart of Judas, “What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?” But as the High Priest pondered on that question, gradually his spirit ceased its noble revolting, he began to lose sight of the contemptible, horrible treachery of the man on his knees before his throne, and he felt something like rejoicing in the thought, that the object he had so longed to accomplish, was within his reach at last. Therefore it was not long ere he turned with a more readily listening ear, and began to *bargain* with the Apostle!

At length the agreement was made—the covenant formed—the price of the Saviour’s life was set, and the thirty pieces of silver were paid into the hands of Judas! And then the traitor arose, and went from the presence-chamber of Caiaphas, but faintness was within his dastard heart, and the flush of shame upon his forehead, and with downcast eyes, and hasty step he went, for in his hands he bore the proofs of his condemning guilt and sordid meanness; knowing also that even the enemies of Christ, gladly as they would receive Him into their power, had shrunk from taking the prisoner from an apostle’s hands. But, the contract was made, the wages of sin were in his hands; for Judas there was no going back; onward—onward—onward he was impelled by the unchained fiend within him, to work out his own eternal ruin.

He must know rest neither day nor night—constantly he must be on the alert, that Jesus should not altogether escape him—and when the favorable moment arrived, he was to deliver Him up to the rulers!

And with that price of the innocent blood in his hands he dared still to labor and associate with the holy Apostles, dared to express submission and reverence for the God who read his every inmost thought. It seems a thing almost incredible—for the paltry sum of money he had dared appoint himself the judge to deliver the prisoner into the executioner’s hands! Already he had been guilty of taking money from the common purse of the disciples, which was entrusted to him, in order that he might gratify his selfish desires—and this guilt was known to Jesus, but the compassionate Saviour had refrained from making it known; it would have brought down dishonor on the holy cause which Judas at the best served so unfaithfully, and would have heaped on the sinful man’s own head shame and condemnation, had the transaction been

made known publicly—thus he was still suffered to retain his post of trust and honor.

Were we not daily beholding crimes, only less heinous than those of Judas, it would be difficult indeed for us to conceive his guilt! We could not believe it possibly within the range of human capability to sin, that he would sacrifice even his God for money! The Saviour’s blood—it was indeed a high price to pay for thirty pieces of silver! But, though his crime was such as has placed the name of Judas the very first on the long, long list of human guilt—though, from the very nature, and necessity of things, there never can be another soul stained with sin so deep and dreadful, though now, when as a completed whole we survey our blessed Saviour’s life on earth, we stand aghast as we think on his betrayer, yet, my reader, who among us shall dare to say that had we lived in those days we surely would have been guiltless of the blood of that just man? There is nothing easier than to accuse our “first parents,” Adam and Eve, of an unaccountable transgression—it is very easy to *say* that nothing could ever have tempted *us* to the commission of a crime so great—I would assuredly be the last to *dare* uphold Judas in his deadly sin, or to endeavor to cleanse from his name the terrible blackness of the crime attached to it—it was monstrous guilt of which he through all the ages has stood convicted, but I repeat, by no means was it unaccountable!

Think of our world, and of human nature as it is now, after so many centuries have passed, and the light of knowledge has spread far and wide. Consider what the covetousness, the folly, the ambition of the heart work among us now; behold even at this hour, what multitudes are there among us who are scoffers, and deniers, and mockers of the Lord who bought them! Ah, were it a veritable truth which the Jews believe and assert, that the Messiah has not yet come, even now would not be found wanting the vengeful unbelievers, the betrayer, the judge, the proud religion, the cross, and the thorny crown, and earth and heaven would be rent again with that cry which a false-hearted people wrung from Him who died upon the cross!

The feast of the Passover was at hand, and the little band of apostles which had been widely dispersed, fulfilling every where they went their onerous duties, met together once more to celebrate the feast.

And at eventide the holy men assembled in the “upper room” of a house to which Jesus had directed them, wherein they had made ready for the ceremonial celebration. But it was a new feast, to partake of which the Saviour had called them together. The forms of the ancient days were being fast set aside; there was no more need that the lamb should be slain in commemoration of the mercy of God in a time when his people were in most dire necessity—soon was a Lamb to be sacrificed whose efficacious blood was to save, and cleanse from sin all who would have faith in God and his crucified Son. And it was meet that *that* night, when the feast of the Passover was wont to be celebrated, should be chosen for the superseding of a dead form by a more living faith. The consecrated bread and wine, the emblems of His sacred body and

blood, these were the symbols to be used—there was not any longer need for the shedding of the blood of beasts.

The twelve were all together. They had come rejoicing that they might meet again with their Master in safety and peace, that they might once more listen to His words and counsel whom they loved so well. In their short time of separation they had met all of them with wonderful success, and the scornful, harsh rebukes they had oftentimes been forced to listen to, they had patiently, ay, gladly endured, for it was all for Him, and they could not but rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. But reproach, and contumely, and condemnation of the world, was not all that they had met; they had looked on eyes their words had caused to brighten with joy—they had heard voices, sad and desponding, raised in hymns of thanksgiving and rejoicing—they had seen many hopeful manifestations of repentance, had pointed out to many the straight path and the narrow way leading to eternal life. Well might they come as faithful stewards with gladness and haste at the call of their Lord!

Did I say *all* came with rejoicing to look upon their Master's face again? nay, verily, *not all*!

One in their midst whose words had flown far over the land, who had besought sinners most effectually to repent, who had given to many a most blessed hope, came among them to partake of the feast of the Passover, to offer to his brethren the hand of fellowship, wherein he had so recently clasped with greedy joy the infamous price of the Redeemer's blood!

He came with a troubled mind, feeling that he had no right to commune with the more faithful eleven, and dreading to meet the glance of the Searcher of Hearts. He knew full well, that though his brethren and fellow-laborers beheld his successful preaching with gladness, that they could see no further—they could do no more than judge him by his outward acts, which had, as far as their knowledge went, been always blameless—but he also knew that He who had bidden them to the supper gazed with more than human power of vision into his evil heart, that He saw and beheld the vile thing which he had done; full well the fearful sinner knew that the flimsy veil he had been able to fling over his guilt, was far from being efficient to screen him from the scrutinizing gaze of his Lord.

Oh, how like the knell of condemnation must those mournful words have fallen on the ear of Judas:

"Verily I say unto you that one of *you* shall betray me!"

It was the sudden death of every hope of concealment.

Fear and wonder filled the minds of the faithful eleven. One of *them* betray their beloved Master? It was a thought inconceivable to them. With astonished looks they turned from one to another, and with full confidence in the integrity of their hearts they asked, "Lord, is it I?"

Solemnly upon the stillness broke that answer.

"He that dippeth his hand into the dish with me, the same shall betray me, and wo unto that man by whom

the Son of Man is betrayed, it had been good for that man had he never been born."

When these fearful words of warning were pronounced, and every voice was hushed, and every heart was awe-struck, again was heard the trembling voice of Judas the guilty, echoing faintly, and as though irresistibly *compelled* to utter the words, "Master, is it I?"

The sad eyes of the eleven were fixed upon their brother and their Lord, and oh what a thrill of horror must have run through every heart as the answer "*Thou hast said*," was whispered in a tone of sorrowful reproach by the Saviour, who knew that he was already betrayed!

When Judas saw the reproachful expression that every face wore, and was thus assured that his treachery was known, he felt his place was no longer amid the faithful followers and servants of Jesus—he knew well enough the just horror with which the holy men surrounding him would look upon his ingratitude and soul-destroying guilt. He had still sense enough left to feel that he should no longer remain among those who had such cause to deeply deplore the deprecation he had done the service of Christ; and, too, his inclination for, and pleasure in that service, and his desire to remain in that holy company was gone. He had chosen another master, even the Evil One—he must fight under another banner, even that of the Blackness of Darkness!

Publicly he had parted with his heavenly portion for a mere handful of silver, and now what part or lot had he in the work, to do which a clean heart and a right spirit were so pre-eminently required? Self-forgetfulness, constancy, devotion, truth, he lacked all these! how then could he further the cause of the Redeemer? Judas must have gone from that chamber of mournful feasting feeling himself to be a doomed man, bearing upon himself the full weight of the heavy curse of God!

An impassable barrier, an unfathomable gulf lay now between him and the works of holiness—a separating wall built even by his own willing hands up to the portal of heaven, shut him forever from the hope of mercy or the possibility of repentance!

It is night. Over the Garden of Gethsemane is spread the shadow of a dark cloud. The moon's light is obscured; or, where at intervals it appears between the broken clouds, its dim rays render the sadness and silence of the place only more mournful still. To the quietness and retirement of that garden, One has come whose soul is filled with sorrow even unto death! He has spoken kindly words of love to his disciples, he has bidden them tarry in the garden to watch with Him; but though Jesus would fain have them nigh, his agony and suffering were too great for any but the Father to witness, therefore he went apart from them, and falling on his face, in the depth of anguish he prayed, "Oh! my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me—nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt!"

Bending submissively to the will of that Father in all things, he could drink even the bitterness of that cup wherein was garnered a whole world's sin. Three

times was the agonized prayer repeated, and still the aid from heaven was not sent, nor the bitter cup removed! Oh, reader, by that night of unexampled agony, by the blood-drops which burst from *our* Saviour in the extremity of His anguish, bedewing the ground of Gethsemane—by the remembrance of the cross-planted Calvary—by the bitterness of that draught the dregs of which were not spared, how are we taught, and warned, and implored to consider well the value of that sacrifice which He has made *for us*! Can'st thou think on that night of unexampled agony and longer refrain from flinging thyself wholly, with no reserve, at the foot of the blood-stained cross? Oh never suffer the remembrance of that night of passion to fade from thy mind or from thy heart—let it cling to thee continually, inciting to patience, and courage, and faith, till thou hast learned by them to enter the path from which His death has taken the sorrow, to which His agony has lent the glory! Thus shall the cross-crowned Calvary prove to thee a sure reliable ray that shall guide thee to heaven; thus shall the blood-dew shed in Gethsemane, spread a reviving freshness over the dying tree of Faith, which perchance is drooping even at this moment in thy heart!

The Saviour's last prayer is breathed forth when the sound as of a multitude breaks on his ear—full well He knoweth who it is that is now hastening on and entering the Garden sanctified by His presence to take Him captive. Foremost among the ruthless intruders comes one whose treacherously smiling face tells of guilt, and ill-concealed shame, and remorse. He treads through the else silent garden, where the night blooming flowers are just opening, shedding their rich perfumes abroad; but Judas heeds not the beauty and tranquillity of that place—carelessly his feet trample upon the fair blossoms unfolding, which though crushed still rise again as the weight is removed, and their perfumes ascend to heaven on the evening air, a living witness against him.

The multitude come armed as if to the fray—swords and staves are in their hands, curses and execrations escape their lips, and thoughts of fiery vengeance and hatred fill their minds. He whom they seek stands awaiting them. He makes no effort to escape, though had He willed it, His Father had instantly sent legions of angels to deliver him. No—his hour was come! the hour for which He left the brightness of the heavenly kingdom—the hour for which he had put on mortality had arrived—he would not delay it.

The torches which the arch-traitor and his companions bore fell on the little group of men they sought—the defiant Apostles, and the calm and unmoved son of Mary. The multitude faltered in their purpose as they looked upon these men—the bold, brave-hearted Peter, the loving John, the humble, faithful, affectionate James, and the man Christ Jesus whom they came to make captive. Sorrow, such as never beamed from the eyes of a mortal being, and the consciousness of a power that was able to scatter at once, as chaff, those who had come out to make Him captive, spoke from His countenance distinctly and audibly to their sin-hardened minds.

But Judas—Judas hesitated not. When he saw the

Man he was to betray standing before him, making no effort to escape, he dropped the torch which had lighted him on his awful mission, and flinging his arms around the Divinity, *he kissed Him!* and as he embraced with the lips the God he had offered to betray, Judas cried aloud in a tone of affectionate and joyful recognition, "Master! Master!"

Aside from the horrible, daring guilt of Judas, there is something humiliating and revolting in the thought of the traitor's assuming friendliness, and love even, as the guise under which to make successful his nefarious scheme. A kiss, the most fond, familiar greeting; by that Christ was made known to those who came to take Him by violence, as though He were a thief, or a common offender, or breaker of the laws of the land!

Of the remainder of that night the Scriptures tell us naught of the betrayer. We do not hear of his appearing before Caiaphas as a witness against his Lord—all his part in that most awful transaction seems to have been fulfilled—the accusation and condemnation were for others to make. It is no pleasant task to picture to the fancy the manner in which the remaining hours of Judas' life must have passed. The torturing of conscience—the deadly fear—the sting and constant consciousness of guilt which *must* have tormented him, is what the mind shrinks from contemplating, but to which it returns, as if of necessity, again and again.

The deed was accomplished, there remained nothing further for him to do, and so he went out from the sacred garden by himself, that he might be alone, and count over in security and feast his eyes on the fruits of his guilt. Ah, that shining treasure! those thirty pieces of silver! At the moment when for the first time a full conviction of the iniquity of his deed swept over his thought, and could be kept back no longer by his will, then it was, if ever, that he *needed* to strengthen his covetous heart; and how better could he accomplish that than by keeping in constant sight the much loved riches he had gained?

But while he counted over the glittering heap, how very strange! he did not rejoice in it as he had thought to! Possession had robbed anticipation of all allurements and pleasure, and while alone, watched only by the eye of his God he counted over the riches, constantly haunted him those words Jesus spoke on the night of the feast of the Passover, "it were better for that man had he never been born!" Judas already was accursed—already was given over to the power of the tormentors; already his terrified mind was conjuring up the death and sufferings of the Saviour he had betrayed, and that coveted, cherished silver was as a stone hanging about his neck, dragging him down, down to the depths of the sea of perdition!

When the first rays of daylight streamed over Jerusalem, might have been seen, I fancy, the form of Judas Iscariot wandering through the city, seeking to escape from his condemning thoughts; oh, the accusations, so fraught with everlasting woe, his heart must have whispered to him, when the sunlight fell upon him and the fresh breeze of morning fanned his brow!

Before the palace where the judges still slept, the wretched man paced to and fro, bearing with him the thrice accursed silver which burned his bosom—burned

his soul. As yet there were few signs of life in the silent streets. Only the humblest laborers had come forth to begin with the earliest light their day of toil. Judas gazed on them as they went calmly and cheerfully about their accustomed tasks, oh, how wistfully! Could *he* only once more know that lightness of heart which innocence alone confers! Could *he* but look on the glad light of the sun, and see there no accusing form which now incessantly uprose before his imagination! Could he but listen to the voice of Nature, without feeling that for him she sung only a far-resounding chorus of condemnation! Could he only go forth to his peaceful labor, and forget that fearful looking for of judgment which now alone awaited him!

As by degrees the streets filled with men, and women, and little children, how suspiciously and consciously his eyes glanced at all who passed by him, the greetings of the companions of former days were unreturned, or misunderstood, for Judas wondered how that *any* should speak to *him*! And when the Pharisee went by, folding his robes closely about him, lest they might come in contact with the garments of the poor publican, when with a supercilious look which said so plainly, "Stand back, for I am holier than thou!" he felt the justice of the unspoken rebuke though it did come from sinful humanity. And when troops of gay and innocent children passed on, their voices of mirth and gladness filling the air which was ere long to echo with the dying Saviour's cry and the mocking shouts of unbelieving Jews, he crept more closely to the wall, fearing lest his sin penetrated garments might by a touch convey contamination!

At last the palace-gates were opened, and breath-

lessly Judas rushed within, and entered unbidden, unannounced and alone the presence chamber of Caiaphas, where he had stood so recently to bargain for the blood of Jesus Christ!

Already the chief priest, and the scribes and rulers had gathered together to confer respecting the fate of their prisoner. How astonished must they have looked upon the haggard, guilt-stricken man who came so suddenly before them! No wonder if they started in fear as they saw the despairing look of his blood-shot eyes, for the glare of a maniac was in them. With outspread hands he held the dear-bought money toward them, while the wailing of a spirit doomed forever to despair broke forth in the words, "I have sinned! I have betrayed the innocent blood!"

In fearful mockery and derision came back the answer, "*What is that to us! See thou to that!*"

Vainly did he look for sympathy there! Hardened, selfish, sinful, they could not even feel for him who had been all too late aroused by the tortures of remorse to a sense of his most awful guilt. It was a vain thing to appeal to them to receive again the silver and let the precious prisoner go free!

Oh, what marvel that the wretched man should have shrunk from an existence which he was well assured would never be blessed by one hour free from the maddening tortures of his conscience? What wonder that he hastened from the presence of the fiendish Caiaphas to die before the sentence of condemnation had been passed on the Master whom his treachery had given to the cross? What wonder, reader, that the wretched man perished by his own hands? and can the wildest hopper believe that his was not an eternal death?

THE BRIDE OF BROEK-IN-WATERLAND.

A DUTCH ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

ONE night, when skies were bright and calm,
I left my home in Amsterdam;
I cast my schuyt from moorings loose
And steered across to Wilhelm Sluis:
Upon the North Canal I sailed;
The wind was fair and never failed.
Quoth I: "My prow shall kiss no sand
Till I reach Broek-in-Waterland."

Before an hour I saw the town,
And soon the tapering mast was down;
But ere I left my graceful schuyt
I heard the music of a flute;
And songs of love and shouts of joy
Upon the wind came floating by.
Quoth I: "They seem a happy band
That dwell in Broek-in-Waterland."

I walked upon a winding street
That seemed too clean for mortal feet,
Ere long a stranger met my gaze—
What joy!—one loved in boyish days!

Quoth he: "We revel here to-night,
That all may share in my delight,
For soon I'll claim the fairest hand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!"

As thus he spoke, we walked along,
And soon were mingled in the throng;
He vowed, in all a lover's pride,
That I should see his chosen bride,
And soon he cried: "Behold her now,
You maiden of the peerless brow.
The richest, claims the fairest hand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!"

I looked, and swift as lightning dart
A hopeless anguish seized my heart!
It once had been my lot to save
A maiden from the Zuyder's wave;
I bore her to her friends on shore,
And never thought to see her more;
Nor did I, till I saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland!

But why such grief? for what to me
This maiden saved from Zuyder Zee?
She knew me not before that day,
Scarce saw me ere I turned away.
I heard her voice, I saw her face,
Yet asked nor name nor dwelling place.
Then why this grief to see her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland?

Love's deeds are wild—his power divine!
The maiden's eye had glanced to mine!
I heard her speak of thanks to me,
My heart was moved and yet was free;
But parting told, and told too late,
That love had mingled with my fate;
And now another claimed her hand
And heart, in Broek-in-Waterland!

Grown sick at heart, I turned to go,
Lest men might see and mock my woe;
But one cried out: "Oh stir not forth,
A storm has risen in the north!"
I looked, the sky, of late so blue,
Was hung in clouds of darkest hue;
An ocean-storm had reached our strand,
And burst on Broek-in-Waterland!

I turned, and heard the maidens shout:
"What reck we for the storm without,
For joy is mistress here within—
Again! again! the dance begin!"
The waltzers float around the floor—
But stay! what means that dreadful roar,
Those shouts of grief or stern command,
In peaceful Broek-in-Waterland?

Alas! the truth too soon was known,
The northern dykes were overthrown;
And far and wide the vengeful waves
Their victims swept to markless graves!
How changed this scene of wild delight!
Some shrieking fled, some swooned in fright;
The bravest hearts were now unmanned
In hapless Broek-in-Waterland!

The bride, who had betrayed no joy,
Yet seemed in truth more sad than coy,
Looked quickly round, with dauntless brow,
And cried: "Come death or freedom now!"
Strange words were these! but marked by none,
For even the lover now had flown,
And I, alone, for her had planned
Escape from Broek-in-Waterland.

Thus far, it seemed she knew me not;
I turned to draw her from the spot;
But long before I reached her side,
She saw—she knew me! and she cried:
"The guardian of my life restored!
My own, though seeming lost! adored!
With thee I dare all storms withstand,
Come! fly from Broek-in-Waterland!"

Around my neck her arms were prest,
She laid her cheek upon my breast,
Then, yielding, swooned, as if no harm
Could pass the shelter of my arm!
An age of thought swept through my brain,
And joy that rose to fearful pain:
"All mad!" I shrieked, "some demon's wand
Is held o'er Broek-in-Waterland!"
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'T was but a moment! then I knew
A chance with every moment flew;
For as I bear her through the street
The waves come dashing round my feet.
My schuyt floats on the deepening tide;
By struggling long I reach her side.
With oar and sail at my command,
We're saved from Broek-in-Waterland!

An hour has past—in Wester Dook
The maid recovers from the shock;
But, danger past, deep blushes rise,
Hot tears of shame start from her eyes;
She feels that fear hath made her bold,
That all her secret love is told
For one who, calmly, saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland!

But love hath power, and bears the will
To clear all doubts with matchless skill!
Before the weeping maid I kneel,
My own long cherished love reveal;
Believing all, she checks her sighs,
And, smiling, gently lifts her eyes,
To tell me why I saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland.

"With strangers I have dwelt," she said,
"For I'm a lonely orphan maid.
They loved me not, and would have sold
My hand to one who offered gold.
I scorned him, for I knew his soul
Was lost to virtue's safe control.
He was a stranger—born in Gand—
No son of Broek-in-Waterland!"

"Yet hold! he was my friend," said I;
"I loved him well in days gone by."
She answered: "But your friend in youth,
In manhood left the paths of truth.
For wealth, how steeped his soul in sin!
How basely sought my hand to win!
And vainly hoped to see me stand
His bride in Broek-in-Waterland!"

"Why *cainly* hoped?" I quickly cried.
"I scorned their power," the maid replied—
"I loved"—she paused—I knew the rest,
And clasped her closely to my breast.
I felt that she was truly mine,
By honor's law, by law divine,
That none with shame our flight could brand,
From hapless Broek-in-Waterland.

We never thought of storm or calm,
But held our course to Rotterdam.
The gale had fallen to a breeze,
And sails were spread to greet the seas.
We bade our native land adieu,
And o'er the waste of waters flew;
And soon we touched a foreign strand
Far, far from Broek-in-Waterland!

And there, in lawful marriage rite,
We claimed the triumph of our flight;
But many a year had passed before
We touched again our native shore.
No traces of the storm were seen,
The meadows waved in brightest green!
We wept with joy once more to stand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!

MINNIE CLIFTON.

A HEART-HISTORY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I wish that those whose vocation it is to tell stories would deal less in the details of human events, and give us a glimpse, sometimes, of the hidden springs which move the human machine, and influence its volition."

In these stirring times of revolution and anarchy, of experiment and discovery, of mighty changes and astounding vicissitudes, it would seem as if a story so simple and uneventful as that I am about to relate, ought to be prefaced by an apology for its very simplicity. But let the world wag as it may there will ever be a few dwellers by the woodland brook, a few sojourners at the cottage door, a few wayfarers along the by-paths and green lanes of quiet life who will like to listen to the "still small voice," that counts the throbbings of a single human heart amid all this sounding tramp of nations. The tale of wild adventure and startling incident charms us by its very wildness and improbability—the story of life's many-colored changes draws us from our own commonplace cares—the glowing record of passionate love comes to us like a realization of our own early ideal, and for all these narratives there are many readers. But who will ponder over the quiet domestic details of a life which wasted slowly away, unmarked even by the ordinary events which checker woman's tranquil existence, and colored with so sober a gray that even the rose-tint of love's romance scarce brightened its dull hue? Who will read such a record save those whose own life presents to their remembrance the same sober volume of tear-blurred pages? Earth holds too many such, but the world knows not of them. Life has been to them a monotonous round of anxiety and care—a November day of clouds unbroken by a single sunbeam, and thus youth passes away, and hope dies out, and in time they forget their own identity, living on to old age with their souls dead within them and their hearts dry as dust. "The heart may break yet brokenly live on," but even this is happiness compared to the slow, chronic heart-withering, which in its dull but certain progress, leaves no remembrance of any healthier or more vivid existence in the past.

The father of Minnie Clifton was one of those gifted and graceful (too often also GRACELESS) persons on whom society generally bestows the mysteriously comprehensive epithet of "*fascinating*." He was exceedingly handsome, possessed many of those superficial accomplishments which the indiscriminating and good-natured world regards as the blossomings of genius, and was master of the most perfect tact in the display of his various gifts. It is in no wise extraordinary therefore that the elegant Charles Clifton should have been one of the most consummate "*lady-killers*" of his time, and that the innumerable hearts he was said to have broken, or at least cracked, during his

fashionable career should have won for him, among graver people, the despicable title of a "*male flirt*." At the age of forty-five, when his credit with his tailor was utterly exhausted, and when his two faithful mirror convinced him that—

"Years may fly with the wings of the hawk; but, alas! They are marked by the feet of the crow,"

He condescended to bestow himself upon a young and pretty heiress, who eloped with him from boarding-school. Fortunately for him, his wife proved to be one of those tender, devoted, womanly creatures, who never call in the aid of the head to destroy the illusions of the heart. Her love for her husband long outlived the qualities, real or imaginary, which had first called it into being, and in the dull selfish egotist of the fire-side she could still see the brilliant and attractive man of fashion who had won her gratitude by deigning to accept her fortune and affection. When a woman is won unsought, in other words, when she loves *first*, she is always doubly enslaved by her affections, and this was decidedly the case with Mrs. Clifton. She fancied she could never do enough for her selfish husband, and he soon showed himself the despot when he found himself possessed of a slave. As he grew older he became a martyr to gout, and in the slovenly, plethoric, testy-looking, elderly man, who swore at his pale wife fifty times a day, and kept his only child in bodily fear by his fierce threats—none of his former friends would have recognized the "*model man of fashion*."

In the atmosphere of such a home, Minnie imbibed her first ideas of womanly duties and womanly rewards. She idolized her gentle mother, and that mother's idea of home duties and virtues was condensed into one single article of faith—perfect submission to the will of a husband and father. Mrs. Clifton's mind was too feeble, her experience too limited, and her affection to her husband too extravagant to allow her to entertain the slightest doubt of his wisdom or his virtue. She honestly believed woman to be the inferior creation, and her ideal of a wife was the patient Grizel of the old Fabliaux—a creature whose will, whose wishes, whose very sense of duty was to be placed at a husband's mercy. That men might be found whose noble, generous, self-forgetting affection would place woman like a queen upon the throne of their hearts, asking nothing in return but the enlightened and true devotion of a loving nature, was an idea that never had been presented to her imagination. She fancied that hers was but a common lot, and therefore she early

trained Minnie to the servitude which she supposed would accomplish her destiny.

Minnie inherited none of the rare beauty which had been her father's greatest charm. She had the soft dove-like eyes, the pale clear complexion, and the peculiar delicacy, almost fragility of frame which she derived from her mother. These personal traits, combined with her timid, gentle manner, her perfect good temper, and quiet undemonstrative tenderness of nature, made her seem merely one of those commonplace children whom old ladies are apt to praise as good quiet little girls. Yet Minnie had a fund of practical good sense, together with a certain playfulness of fancy, and a quick perception of the beautiful as well as the good in life, which if properly trained and cultivated might have made her a very superior woman. But in her early home patience, good temper, and industry were the only qualities called into exercise, and neither her father nor her mother knew or cared for any thing beyond the useful attributes in her character. As she emerged from infancy, she gradually became the little domestic drudge, for the rapid waste of her mother's fortune soon reduced them to the narrowest mode of life, and when her father came home from the club, where he could still keep up appearances, to the small, ill-furnished house where his extravagance had imprisoned his wife, it was Minnie who waited on his caprices and ran at his call like a servant. As he became diseased and still more reduced, matters grew worse, and poor Minnie's home became the scene of discord and discomfort, as well as the abode of positive want. Mr. Clifton grew into a sick savage, Mrs. Clifton sunk into querulous discontent, and Minnie was little more than the recipient of the ill-humor of both.

Yet Minnie loved her parents dearly, and not a murmur ever escaped her lips, however unreasonable might be the demands upon her childish patience or her limited time. But she was destined to a heavier thralldom than that which nature had imposed. One of those local epidemics which sometimes devastate a neighborhood broke out near them, and both her parents fell victims to it while she lay in a state between life and death. When she recovered her consciousness she learned that her father and mother had been buried a week before, and she was now a poor friendless orphan. The tidings, uncautiously communicated, caused a relapse which brought her a second time to the brink of the grave. But the principle of life is wonderfully strong in youth, and after many weeks of suffering Minnie was restored to health. During her convalescence she gradually learned all the circumstances of her bereavement from a kind and careful nurse, in whose neat and pleasant apartment she found herself domiciled.

"But how came I here?" asked the bewildered child, as she looked out upon the green fields that surrounded her present abode.

"Let me answer you, my little cousin," said a strange but pleasant voice, as a tall young stripling entered the room.

The explanation was soon given. There was a certain Mrs. Woodley, the maternal aunt of Mrs. Clif-

ton, who, offended at her imprudent marriage, had refused to hold any intercourse with her. This lady had a son pursuing his studies in the metropolis, who had accidentally heard Minnie's story told by a benevolent physician. To Hubert Woodley such a story would have been felt as a call upon his sympathies under any circumstances, but when he found upon inquiry that the child was his own blood relation, he acted promptly and decidedly. Minnie was removed to healthy country lodgings, and when all danger was over he wrote to his mother requesting her to give Minnie a home with her for the future. To his doting parents Hubert's will was law, and he was fully authorized to bring his little cousin home as soon as her health would bear the journey.

How many people there are in the world who perform all the duties of life, and apparently enjoy a fair proportion of its pleasures, yet are as utterly deficient in all that goes to constitute a warm, generous, sympathizing heart, as if they had been mere animals! They are like machines, moving with clock-like regularity in their own narrow circle, doing exactly what their "hands find to do," but never seeming to suspect that the head might suggest, or the heart might impel to higher duties or broader responsibilities. Such were the new friends who now came forward to claim the friendless orphan.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodley were dull, plodding, commonplace people, who had begun life in a very small way, and by close attention to the "day of small things," had grown moderately rich, exceedingly selfish, and tolerably fat. Mr. Woodley had made his fortune by such minute accumulations that he might perhaps be pardoned for literally believing that

"Trifles make the sum of human things."

And to those who hold the belief in "predestinate missions," Mrs. Woodley's taste for watching over the trivialities of existence proved that she was born "to look after candle-ends and cheese-parings." As soon as they had collected what they considered a competent fortune they had retired to a country town, where the attractions of a new brick-house, planted in the midst of a broad and treeless meadow, proved irresistible to the utilitarian tastes of both, especially as it could be purchased at a low price. In this new home the good couple had ample opportunity to gratify their peculiar tastes. Mr. Woodley raised his own vegetables, and occasionally was not above selling any surplus produce of his land to a neighbor, while his wife succeeded in making her house the very pattern of cold formal neatness, merely at the expense of hospitality, good-humor, cheerfulness, and every thing like rational or intellectual occupation. She scrubbed, and scoured, and scolded, until she drove her single servant to desperation, when a new one was found to go through the same ordeal for awhile. She saw no company, because it was expensive and troublesome—he went no where because she was too busy at home—he enjoyed nothing, not even her own neatness, because there was always some mote in the sunbeam, or some grain of dust in the air which either had, or would, or might fall somewhere in the midst of her cleanliness.

One only feeling seemed to have lived and thrived in the stiff hard soil of these people's hearts, and this was their love for their only son. It is true it had required the death of eight other children to concentrate and condense parental affection into any thing like a sentiment upon the remaining one, but all there was of love in their natures was unreservedly bestowed upon Hubert.

To such parents and in such a home Hubert might well seem like a human sunbeam. He was one of those light-hearted, merry-tempered, affectionate boys, who are always such loveable creatures in early youth, and whose characters are in after life entirely formed by the mould and pressure of circumstances. The only strong quality in his whole nature was ambition, but this ambition was without fixed aim or purpose. To go beyond his companions in whatever they chose to undertake was his usual object, but he never struck out a path for himself. His earliest friends had become students, and therefore Hubert was a student with them; his versatility and quickness of mind enabling him to keep pace with plodding industry, and sometimes even to emulate genius. He was tall, well-made, and handsome, but a physiognomist might have detected infirmity of purpose in his flexible, loosely-cut lips, and phrenology would have turned in despair from a head which exhibited such a deplorable want of balance. But at eighteen Hubert was handsome enough to satisfy a mother's pride, and warm-hearted enough to be agreeable to every one.

Hubert's kind feelings had been especially called forth by the desolate child whom he had rescued from distress, perhaps from death. He looked upon her as his especial charge, and the gratified self-love which is apt to mingle with all our better feelings, made him cherish her with unusual tenderness. But Minnie had been so unused to kindness that she shrunk almost in dismay from her cousin's boyish gayety and boisterous attentions. Disappointed by her cold quiet manner and unconquerable sadness, Hubert soon ceased all attempt to call her out from her shy reserve, and as he soon returned to the city to resume his studies, Minnie was left to learn the routine of daily duties by which she was expected to repay her debt of gratitude to Mrs. Woodley.

Minnie was twelve years old when she entered the dull and quiet home in which she was thereafter to dwell, apart from all companionship with youth, and chained by the strong fetter of gratitude to the most exacting of domestic despots. Timid, submissive in temper, and meek, both from natural temperament and from early experience of suffering, she was precisely the docile, uncomplaining, unresisting slave that realized Mrs. Woodley's ideal of a poor relation. Of course she was thoroughly and severely drilled into an intimate knowledge of all the important minor duties of life. Her early taste for books was diligently repressed, her delicate perceptions of every thing good and beautiful were sadly confounded by Mrs. Woodley's practical views of life, and from a child of great intellectual promise, she was gradually transformed into a faithful, unwearied, and industrious upper servant, in a household where eating and drinking and house-cleaning

were such important objects of existence, that the whole soul must be devoted to them.

And thus passed on the sunny years of childhood and the beautiful days of early girlhood, while not one ray of the sunshine, nor one gleam of the beauty ever blessed the eyes and heart of poor Minnie. A dull calm stole over all her faculties, and in time she might have become the mere machine which her benefactress could best appreciate, had it not been for the occasional visits which Hubert Woodley paid to his quiet home. Hubert was one of those restless versatile beings who in early life often exhibit something so resembling genius that they are allowed to indulge a sort of dreamy indolence, which their friends mistake for the waywardness of superior powers. He was something of an artist, a little of a poet, an easy conversationist, and, as he had really studied much, was certainly superior to most youths of his age. But whether he would concentrate himself upon any one pursuit, or whether he would remain an idle dreamer, or whether, as his father secretly hoped, he would finally centre his ambition upon the rewards of wealth and become a man of business, was yet doubtful. He deferred a decision as long as possible, and it was rather to put off the necessity of choosing a course of life than from any other motive, that he determined to make the tour of Europe.

For more than four years Hubert wandered about the world with a vague purpose and aimless projects, happy only in escaping from the dull monotony of home, until a long-continued illness, contracted by imprudent exposure in the Campagna de Roma, at length sent him to England in the hope of benefiting by the skill of a celebrated physician there. During his stay in that land of wealth and comfort, Hubert found himself surrounded by new and powerful influences. He had learned that he was not born to "build the lofty rhyme," and as he walked through the rich galleries of art in Italy, he had discovered that he was not a painter. What then was his destiny? He still had his old restlessness of ambition, and felt that he must be something in order to satisfy his own cravings. As he stood on the quay at Liverpool, and looked abroad upon the winged ships and crowded storehouses, the mystery of his being was suddenly solved. Commerce was the most liberal of deities to her true votaries, and riches would command rank and control talent. The same sudden impulse which had formerly made him fancy he would be an artist, now decided him to become a merchant and a man of fortune. He determined to return to his native land and devote himself to business. His next letter to his father made known his present views, and while his father gladly made all necessary arrangements for his new pursuit, Hubert hastened his preparations for revisiting his long deserted home.

It is an old proverb that "opportunity makes thieves," and I once heard an old maid say that "opportunity makes wives;" one thing is most certain—that *proximity often makes lovers*. When Hubert returned he found Minnie wonderfully developed in her personal appearance. She was now nineteen, with a graceful figure, a face combining delicacy of feature with great sweetness of expression, and manners of the most win-

ning softness. Yet she was not one calculated to excite admiration, still less was she a person to be fallen in love with suddenly, but there never was a creature so eminently fitted to glide quietly into one's heart of hearts as gentle Minnie Clifton. Hubert had seen much of women while abroad, but a creature so like "the angel of one's home," had never before crossed his path. Had he met her in society she would have been like a lovely picture placed in a wrong light, but in the narrow circle of home every trait in her exquisitely feminine character was unconsciously displayed to the best advantage.

Mrs. Woodley, like all selfishly affectionate mothers, had long dreaded the time when her influence over Hubert would be superseded by that of a wife. Unwilling to have him leave her for another home, she was quite as unwilling to resign her authority, and sink into merely the dowager dignity of "old Mrs. Woodley," yet her good sense told that she could scarcely hope to retain the sceptre of power for many years longer. Nothing could have happened so effectually to disappoint her fears and brighten her hopes, as this dawning affection of Hubert for his "little cousin," as he still called her. With a daughter-in-law so thoroughly trained to submission, so docile, so perfectly good-tempered, so exactly moulded after Mrs. Woodley's own model, she could have nothing to fear either for herself or for Hubert. As for Mr. Woodley he had become really attached to the quiet girl who aired his shirts, mended his stockings, brought him his slippers, and always made his second cup of tea quite as good as the first. He wanted Hubert to marry and settle down to business, but he hated change of all sorts, and if Minnie became Hubert's wife the whole affair could be settled without either expense or trouble; therefore, after talking the matter over with his good lady, it was decided that nothing could have turned out better for all parties.

Minnie was the only one who was ignorant of these new plans and projects. From the time when Hubert had entered her sick-room, and uttered his kindly greeting at the moment when she felt herself the most desolate of human beings, she had regarded him as something more than mere mortal. But when he returned from Europe, so much improved in person, so polished by society, and with a mind enlarged by travel, she looked upon him almost with awe as well as admiration. Unaccustomed as she was to kindness or appreciation, it is not strange that she should have been entirely unaware of Hubert's growing attachment to her. She felt that the atmosphere of her home had become a more congenial one—she was conscious that every thing had grown brighter even to her sad and serious eyes, since he had taken up his abode among them, but she did not dream of the individual influences which were about to waken her to a new perception of life and its enjoyments.

But the chief defect in Hubert's early character was indecision. He loved his cousin Minnie, but, somehow or other, he hated to put it out of his power to change if he pleased. He wanted to be unshackled by any bond except his own inclinations, and feeling very sure that no rivals could ever interfere with his plans, he

made no open avowal of his love for the present. He devoted himself to business with an ardor that showed he had at last found his true bent, and that money was actually the true aim of his ambition. He lived a lonely retired sort of life, being only one of the "singles" in a large private boarding-house, and as he never gave suppers, or went to parties, not even the servants were interested in him. Once a month the stage set him down within a quarter of a mile of his father's door, and then he found himself in the enjoyment of all the attentions that could be lavished upon him for the few days of his stay. To say that he beguiled the time during his visits by making love to his cousin, would be hardly fair, but he certainly said and did things which a woman of the world, without any great stretch of vanity might have understood as love-making.

Thus passed on month after month, and Minnie was unconsciously drinking deep from that fountain of freshness which had so lately sprung up in her lonely path, while Hubert lived in the full enjoyment of all that sweet unconsciousness, which lent such a charm to her manners, such new loveliness to her gentle face. It was not until more than two years had passed that, in an unguarded moment, he was led into such a warm expression of his feelings as to require some decided explanation. He then spoke out plainly and manfully, avowed his love and asked Minnie to become his wife. Terrified at the excess of her own emotions, shocked at her own apparent ingratitude toward her benefactors in being thus made happy by what she could not hope they would approve, Minnie could only weep. But when Hubert assured her that his parents would willingly receive her as a daughter, she gave her whole soul up to the enjoyment of such unlooked for bliss. Yet, even in that moment of full unrestrained affection, why did Hubert counsel silence for the present, and secrecy until he should fix the moment for frank disclosure?

Convinced that matters were going on as they wished, the old people asked no questions. Perhaps Mrs. Woodley was not sorry to defer the period which would elevate Minnie from the humble position of a poor relation into the condition of an equal, so Hubert was allowed to manage matters in his own way, and a stranger would have seen nothing in the manner of the quiet family which portended any change among them. Indeed to no one but Minnie herself had this new state of affairs made any difference. To her, the sad and lonely and unloved orphan, the consciousness of being at last beloved for her own sake, lent a charm to every thing in life. But her heart had been too early crushed to regain the elasticity and buoyancy which ought to have belonged to her youth. She was happy, deeply, entirely happy, but no one could have suspected the fervid thankfulness of her prayerful happiness, beneath the quiet demeanor which had now become so habitual to her. It was when alone, in the solitude of her own chamber, that she gave way to the emotions which almost overpowered her. It was on her knees that she poured out the fullness of her joy to Heaven—it was only for the eye of her Heavenly Father to see the swelling surges of that sea of happy emotion,

which she was too timid, too self-distrustful to exhibit to her lover.

Perhaps there are no people so completely enslaved by habit as those who are only moved by impulse. Persons who have fixed principles of action govern their lives by those principles, and habits are only the secondary forms which those motives assume. But when a man is thoroughly impulsive, and only to be stirred through some strong emotion, a large part of his life must be controlled through the unconscious agency of circumstance and habit, unless, indeed, he should be one of those human volcanoes, occasionally to be met with, who are never in repose except the moment after an explosion. Hubert Woodley was a perfect exemplification of the apparently anomalous fact that a man may have noble and generous impulses yet be involved in a net-work of selfish habits. The selfishness which he had inherited from both parents was overlaid by so much that seemed good and beautiful in his nature, that its existence was utterly unsuspected by every one, and certainly unknown to himself. Yet it was this very quality which had made him ambitious at first of the renown of the scholar, and afterward of the fame of the painter, and now actuated him to seek after great wealth. Self was the soil in which every thing grew, even the herbs of grace, which embellished and concealed the base source from whence they sprang.

Hubert loved Minnie as well as he could love any one beside himself, but he knew nothing of that affection which makes self a forgotten idea, and concentrates the whole being upon another. His love, had been a fancy growing out of the novelty of finding so sweet a flower in such an ungenial spot. Then the desire of approbation, which had always been a latent propensity with him, stimulated him to make love to her. The vague stirrings of passion, the necessity of some habitual stimulus to make home endurable, and the cravings of an unoccupied heart made up the rest of those mixed motives which led him first to stir the quiet depths of Minnie's half-frozen soul. He enjoyed the excitement of her feelings, just as one might enjoy their first glass of champagne. His brain was not in the least bewildered, but the effervescence gave him a new and pleasurable sensation. He liked to hear the hurrying of her quiet footsteps as she came forward to meet him at the door; he loved to see the flitting blush come over her pale face when he took her hand in his; and it was with a sort of epicurean pleasure he felt the trembling of her shrinking frame as with an excess of maiden reserve she would glide from his encircling arm in some moment of endearment.

But never once did Hubert reflect on the rights which all these things were gradually giving her over him. Never did he consider that those quiet depths of affection which but for him would have been sealed forever, were now destined to become a fountain of sweetness, or a pool of bitter waters, according as he directed their flow.

Months had now become years, and yet the relations between the cousins remained unchanged. Living amid all the gentle ministry of affection, Hubert scarcely felt the want of any thing beyond what he

had already won. Minnie was tender, gentle and affectionate, ever meeting him with a smile of welcome, ever studying all his humors, never thwarting his moods, never exacting any return except such as his own whim might dictate; content if he was cold and absorbed, grateful and happy if he was affectionate in his manner; and Hubert certainly enjoyed some of the pleasanter privileges of married life, without any of its attendant evils, and therefore he was content to go on year after year, heaping up money, of which he had become exceedingly careful, and growing richer every day, while his marriage seemed just as much hidden in the mists of the distant future as it had been years before.

But changes will occur in human life, notwithstanding all our efforts to prevent them. The Woodleys had a sort of morbid dread of a wedding, but they did not seem to remember that there might be such a thing as a funeral to alter the aspect of affairs, until one fine morning, just as Mrs. Woodley had succeeded in turning the whole house out of the windows, preparatory to what she called her "spring cleaning," she was struck with apoplexy, and died in a few hours. The shock was a terrible one to the family, and in addition to the grief of such a loss, the fearful quiet of the house, now that the voice of the restless mistress was silenced forever, pressed with overpowering weight upon the spirits of the survivors. But there was little of the sentiment of affection to embalm the memory of the dead. Mrs. Woodley was buried, and under the direction of Minnie the house cleaning was completed, after which matters seemed to resume their old course. Mr. Woodley said something to Hubert about "settling himself," and giving the house a mistress, now that his poor mother was gone. But Hubert looked down at his deep mourning dress, and seemed shocked at his father's irreverent haste in suggesting such ideas, at such a moment. So nothing more was said on the subject.

In the meantime, what thought, and what felt, and what said Minnie? She said nothing—she *thought* she was most unreasonable and ungrateful not to be perfectly contented—she *felt* as if the best years of her life were gliding away, and bearing with them the youth, and freshness and cheerfulness which were her chief claims upon Hubert's affection.

Ten years had passed away since the quiet, half-acknowledged engagement which bound the cousins to each other, and opened for Minnie a vista of happiness which seemed ever receding as life advanced. Ten years had passed and Minnie was certainly changed. The unsatisfied yearnings of affection, the wearing anxiety of hope deferred, the dull stagnation of a life whose destiny seemed decided, yet never fulfilled, all aided the work of time, and the thin, pale, careful-looking woman of nine-and-twenty was only the shadow of the quiet, gentle, graceful creature of nineteen. Busied in accumulating wealth, Hubert had scarcely noticed these gradual changes, but when the shock of his mother's death awakened his faculties, and startled up his home feelings, then he beheld Minnie's faded face in the mirror of his own altered heart. At thirty-four he was as handsome as ever, notwith-

standing the lines of care which Mammon had stamped on his brow. He was rich, too—rich even beyond his hopes; he felt full of the energy of animal life, for his health was perfect, and he began to fancy that he had made a mistake in confining himself to so monotonous a kind of existence. There was an uncomfortable smiting of conscience whenever he caught himself thinking of Minnie's faded looks, so, with his usual palliating policy, he resolved to settle up his business, spend a winter in Washington, and marry Minnie the following spring.

His business was soon arranged, he retained a special partnership in the lucrative concern, leaving all responsibility in the hands of trusty persons, and, without informing Minnie of his *final* intentions, set off on his winter's pleasuring. It was just as well that he was silent on the subject, for it would only have increased the turpitude of his conduct. His good looks, pleasant manners, and great wealth, made him a favorite in that emporium of speculation. His vanity, which had been kept so long in abeyance by his love of money, was called forth by the flatteries and attentions of society. He was surrounded by beautiful and gifted women; he lived in a constant whirl of excitement, and the remembrance of his home, haunted by the sad-eyed spectre of the woman he had once loved, became utterly disgusting to him.

The end of all this may easily be guessed. One night Hubert sat until dawn, pondering over a letter which he wanted to write, which he felt he must write, yet which he knew not how to shape into words without branding himself as a villain. At last the letter was written and dispatched; he had not quite satisfied himself, but it read thus:

"I write to you, my dear cousin, because I want you to inform my father of an event which may not be altogether pleasing to him, but which you can soften away so as to quiet any irritation he may feel. You perhaps know, Minnie, that he has always wished *you* to become my wife, indeed I partly made him a promise to that effect, ages ago, at the time when you and I had some boy-and-girl love-passages—do you remember them, my little cousin? or have you forgotten our moonlight rambles, and all our juvenile love-making when I first returned from Europe. It seems to me like a far-off dream, and yet it was only ten or twelve years ago. Well—I was a romantic boy then, and you as romantic a little girl—my father always liked you, and fearing I might be led into bondage by some strange Dalilah, he wanted to make a match between us. My mother, poor soul, liked your housewifery, and so she joined in the plot. Had we been married *then*, Minnie, we might have been a quiet, comfortable couple, treading in the footsteps of my honored parents; I, daily growing puffy and plethoric, you a matron, in all the dignity of lace-caps, growing more learned every year in the management of children and the making up of baby-linen. When I look back at the past, Minnie, I can almost find it in my heart to wish it had been so. But perhaps it is best as it is. If under the excitement of my boyish passion I ever said any thing to you, Minnie, which could involve any bond between us, I pray you to forgive me, and

to attribute it entirely to my ignorance of my own nature. We have lived on terms of the closest intimacy ever since I found you, a little sick and suffering child, without a friend or protector in the wide world. It has been a bond closer than that of brother and sister, because it had much of the peculiar piquancy which belongs only to that sweetest of all relationships, which early entitled me to call you my little cousin. But I am dallying with old recollections, when I should be telling you of coming events. I am going to be married, Minnie; you will wonder when I tell you that my bride has not yet counted her eighteenth summer. She is the prettiest little fairy in the world, and as artless as a child, indeed she has not been *out* in society, so I have plucked the flower with the morning dew yet fresh upon it. My father will object to her youth, and will conjure up the image of my mother, armed with her bunch of keys, the insignia of her old-fashioned housekeeping. But you must make my peace with him, Minnie. My intention at present is to take furnished lodgings in New York, where I can be near my business, which I mean to resume as soon as this affair is settled. You will of course remain with my father and watch over his declining years, unless you should marry, when I shall take care that a suitable provision be made for you. And now, my dear cousin, having wearied you, doubtless, as well as myself, with this long epistle, I bid you adieu; trusting that my father may not be inexorable under your kind ministry, I shall wait with some impatience for your reply."

Such was the heartless, yet craftily worded letter which was put into Minnie's hands, as she sat watching beside the sick-bed of poor Mr. Woodley, who had been stricken with paralysis, and now lay between life and death. It would require a colder heart and more graphic pen than mine to describe her feelings. Fortunately for her Mr. Woodley was utterly insensible, and there was no one to witness her emotion. When the doctor came to visit the patient at evening, he looked amazed at the change which he saw, not in the sick man, but in the gentle nurse.

"You are ill, Miss Clifton, suffer me to send a nurse for Mr. Woodley, and let me persuade you to go to bed."

"If I am not better to-morrow, doctor, I will accept your kind offer, but I would rather watch him to-night!"

The next morning the good doctor found Minnie looking as pallid as a corpse, though she had now obtained more control over her nerves. She refused to give up her charge, but she requested the doctor to write to Mr. Hubert Woodley and inform him of the event which had befallen his father. In the course of the following day came a Washington paper. With trembling hands Minnie unfolded it and looked at the list of marriages. She had conjectured truly; Hubert had been married the day after he wrote the letter which had crushed that gentle and loving heart.

The doctor's letter did not reach Hubert until his return from his bridal tour. Leaving his wife among her relatives to lament over the interruption which this untoward event would necessarily make in her wed-

ding festivities, he hastened to his father's bedside. But Mr. Woodley had lost the use of every faculty. He did not know his son—he could not lift his hand to welcome him—all that remained to him of life was the merest animal existence; he could take food and sleep, but all hope of restoration to reason and the use of his limbs was out of the question.

"He may linger thus for years," said the doctor, in reply to Hubert's questioning.

Hubert could ill bear to see his father's distorted visage, but it was worse, far worse, for him to look upon the ghastly pallor which had settled on the face of Minnie. She scarcely raised her eyes to his face, and the hand she extended toward his proffered grasp was cold and nerveless. He could not stand it. In three days he was again in Washington, and as his father was so accommodating as to live on, the round of projected gayeties was not interrupted. Hubert daily received tidings from the doctor respecting his father, until it was decided that death was yet far distant, and this living death might be dragged out through many months, when all present anxiety ceased.

His first care was to secure a provision for Minnie, hoping in this way to relieve his conscience of the terrible load which weighed upon it. The house where she had so long resided with his parents was secured to her for life, together with a small annuity, to commence at his father's death, *on condition that she remained with his father during the remainder of his existence.* It was a cruel precaution, for Minnie would never have dreamed of deserting her benefactor. To look upon the ghastliness of death for the rest of her life—to humor the caprices and minister to the diseased appetite of a gibbering and restless corpse (for such seemed the stricken man) was the fulfillment of her destiny.

For five years Minnie lived on in this dreary and solitary manner, the helpless invalid and a single servant forming the whole household. But it mattered little to her now. A dull torpor had gradually crept over her feelings. She was like an automaton, moved by some other mechanism than that of her own volition. Long ere Mr. Woodley dropped into the grave, she had grown gray, and wrinkled, and bent, like one in extreme old age. At length the end came. The last spark of life went out, and Mr. Woodley was con-

signed to darkness and the worm. Again Hubert came to look upon the wreck he had made. She made a feeble attempt to tell him her future plans. She wished to enter a recently established charity for "poor gentlewomen," but the pride of the man of wealth revolted at such a scheme. He refused to permit her to depend on any other than himself for a support, and Minnie felt that the time was past when she could have earned her own maintenance. The last remnant of her womanly pride was crushed by the strong hand of him who had ruled her whole life with a rod of iron. She lived a dependent on the bounty of Hubert Woodley, dwelling in the house where he had wooed her in her days of girlish loveliness, and fed by the dole with which he had silenced his remorse, until she had counted her half century of sorrow; then, weary and worn out in mind and body, she sunk into the grave, with none to mourn over her, none to treasure any memorial of her existence. Hubert, of course, took possession of her few effects. He found among her papers a lock of sunny brown hair, which he well remembered to have given her, and the cruel letter which had announced his marriage. There were no love-gifts—he had been too cautious to commit himself by such trifles. As he sat alone in that dreary old parlor, with its sombre paper, its dark carpet, its high-backed perpendicular chairs, and that dreadfully monotonous clock ticking as loudly as if it would fain awaken the conscience of the solitary occupant of that melancholy apartment, he felt a superstitious awe steal over him which he could not overcome. He threw the letter and the lock of hair into the smouldering embers of the wood fire upon the hearth, and as the flame leaped up to consume those remnants of the past, the drooping figure of Minnie Clifton stood between him and the sudden blaze. A wild cry broke from his lips, he started from his seat, and at that moment a servant unclosed the door. To the day of his death Hubert Woodley believed that by the mysterious agency of fire, burning as it did into the very soul of that mystery which involved the happiness of a human being, he had called up the spectre of the wronged and joyless object of his early love—the victim of his selfishness—whose whole life had been like a dull and dreary dream.

SONG.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD, EDITOR CITY ITEM.

Ah! do not speak so coldly,
Cold words my heart will chill;
If I have loved too boldly,
Oh, let me worship still.

The pure heart loves forever,
To its own likeness true,
And though fate bids us sever,
I'll love, I'll love but you!

The heart will throb in sorrow
If from its idol torn,
Nor elsewhere joy will borrow
If love's return be scorn.

Then do not speak so coldly,
Cold words my heart will chill;
E'en if I've loved too boldly,
Oh, let me worship still.

IBAD'S VISION.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IBAD the Dervise, instead of feeling proud in the sight of the Source of All Good, shrunk from his sight as if unworthy of the hand that had fashioned him. He did not worship as the birds and children worship, with songs and joy, but he built himself a cell, and there, in solitude, worshiped his God, amidst groans and torture screaming—"Yahu, ya allah! I am not a Naeshbendee, and live not among sinful men." The birds and the children in their simplicity thank the Prophet, and even while dying sing their gratitude. Ibad worshiped in suffering, believing that temporal torment, self-inflicted, would be acceptable in the sight of him who gave all to render man happy. The children and the birds understand God's dispensations better than did Ibad the dervise.

Ibad slept and had a vision. He beheld a broad and extended path over a verdant meadow, where balmy breezes sported in the sunbeams. A stalwart figure suddenly appeared, with head erect, front of pride, and with eyes that quailed not while staring at the eye of day. Onward he strode, and seemed to spurn even the path he trod, and as he gazed at the sun, his shadow that dogged his heels was tenfold his colossal stature; yet the shadow was willing to follow, without an attempt to lead the way. The figure was Ambition; the shadow Dependence, hunting in his trail.

Onward they strode. The pathway was strewn with flowers and tempting fruit, when suddenly a fascinating figure stepped beside Ambition—it was Friendship, and Friendship cast his shadow also—a shadow as substantial as the substance.

The four marched proudly on, Ambition, Friendship and their shadows, and as they traversed the level pathway they mutually laughed, self-satisfied—Friendship smiled and simpered, while Ambition chuckled in his sleeve.

A change came over Ibad's vision. The sun was overshadowed, murky clouds hung over their path, and Ambition entered a wilderness where no light glimmered to guide him; he knew that Death had spread a snare before every footstep; but he knew not where the pitfall had been spread.

Ambition, as he entered this dark passage, looked up to the heavens for light, but the sun was sleeping; he turned to his gay companion Friendship who had prattled over the flowery meadows in the sunshine, but Friendship was not there; he looked behind him—all was darkness, and even the sycophantic shadow that had crawled at his knees had deserted him. Ambition exclaimed in bitter irony—"Can I not, in the dark day of my progress leave even a shadow behind me! Have both Friendship and my shadow vanished together because a cloud is upon me! Forward; emerge from the present gloom, and the sun will laugh in your eye to-morrow, and then you will find Friendship with his cheerful face, simpering beside you, and your shadow will assume ten fold its former dimensions; will

mimick more accurately every motion of your body, and stick more closely to your heel while you walk in the sunshine.

The morning sun arose, and as Ambition emerged from his dark and thorny pathway, his road became light, broad and fragrant. The fresh breeze was as wine to his wearied spirit, and he winked and smiled at the sun in the pride of his manhood. Friendship came up smiling beside him, and as they again walked together, their tall dark shadows followed closely upon their heels, fantastically mimicking their motions, as if even their shadows were endeavoring to deceive each other.

They now approached a precipice. Their path became narrow, and still more narrow as they ascended, until finally Friendship jostled Ambition in endeavoring to maintain his foothold, at the same time striving to take the lead. Even their unsubstantial shadows jostled each other in like manner. "The path hath become too narrow for us two," cried Ambition, as he coolly hurled Friendship headlong down the precipice, without even casting a glance upon his destruction.

He was now alone, without even the shadow of Friendship to sustain him; still onward he strode up the dizzy height, while his own shadow, at every step, diminished in its immense proportions. At length his course was intercepted by a perpendicular barrier, upon which there was no safe foothold. He looked behind him and discovered that his shadow had departed; he looked down upon his feet to ascertain upon what safe pedestal he stood, and lo! there was nothing more substantial than the heels of his shadow to sustain him; its gigantic outline had dwindled to a pigmy. He raised his proud head and exclaimed exultingly—"but one daring leap is required to surmount this obstruction, and then all will be sunshine!" He made the leap; he touched the rocking pinnacle where all his hopes were perched; his shadow, true to him in sunshine followed, but he found no foothold there, for in an instant he overtopped and fell on the other side, and he and his shadow disappeared forever.

"And is it so?" cried Ibad as he awoke. "Is the path of life too narrow to admit of Friendship without being jostled, and too dangerous for Ambition to tread in safety; and must that proud being disappear as a meteor, without leaving behind even a shadow of his existence! Yahu, ya allah! Praise to thee! I am no Naeshbendee, and live not among sinful men!"

Ibad retired to his solitary cell, where he feared not the selfish duplicity of Friendship, and as his sole ambition was to worship the Prophet, he apprehended no barrier in his pathway; and though he might disappear from the eye of man as a shadow, he felt that the shadow he had cast in this world would be gathered up, and become substance in the sight of God through eternity in the next.

A HARMLESS GLASS OF WINE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Rose, dear," said Mrs. Carleton to her daughter, whom she met at the door of the dining-room, with a decanter of wine and glasses on a waiter, "who is in the parlor?"

"Mr. Newton," replied the young girl.

"The young man from New York?"

"Yes."

"You are going to take him wine?"

"Yes. It is only hospitable to offer him some refreshment."

Mrs. Carleton stood with her eyes resting on the floor for some moments, in a thoughtful attitude.

"I rather think, Rose," said she, as she lifted her eyes to her daughter's face, "that it would be as well not to hand him wine."

"Why, mother?" inquired Rose, looking curious.

"We know nothing of the young man's previous life and habits."

"Why do you say that, mother?" asked Rose, who did not comprehend the meaning of what had been uttered.

"He may have been intemperate."

"Mother! How can you imagine such a thing?"

"I know nothing of him whatever, my child," replied Mrs. Carleton, "and do not wish to wrong him by an unkind suspicion. My suggestion is nothing more than the dictate of a humane prudence. I have recently had my thoughts turned to the subject of intemperance, and, by many forcible illustrations, have been led to see that the use of even wine, unrestrictedly, is fraught with much danger. We never can know whose perverted taste we may inflame, when we set even wine before guests of whose history we know nothing. It is, therefore, wiser to refrain. But you have left Mr. Newton alone, and must not linger here. Do not, however, present him with wine. After he is gone we will talk on this subject again; when I think you will be satisfied that my present advice is good."

Rose left the wine on the sideboard, and went back to the parlor, wondering at what she had heard. After the young man had gone away, she joined her mother, when the latter said—

"You seemed surprised at my remarks a little while ago; and I was, perhaps, as much surprised when like suggestions were made to me. But when, from indisputable evidence, we become aware that our actions may wrong others, we are bound by every consideration to guard against such injurious results. You know how painfully afflicted the family of Mr. Delaney has been, in consequence of the intemperate habits of Morton?"

"Yes. Poor Flora! the last time I was with her, he passed his in the street so much intoxicated that he almost staggered. Her heart was so full that she could

not speak, and when I left her, a little while afterward, her eyes were ready to gush over with tears."

"Unhappy young man! So young, and yet so abandoned."

"Until I met him, as just said, I thought he had reformed his bad habit of drinking," said Rose.

"It was in order to refer to this fact that I mentioned his name just now," returned her mother. "He did attempt to do better, and for some months kept fast hold of his good resolutions. But, in an evil hour, he fell, and his temptress was a young girl of your own age, Rose. A few weeks ago he went to New York on business. While there, he visited the house of a relative, where wine was presented to him by a beautiful cousin, and he had not the resolution to refuse the sparkling draught. He tasted, and—you have seen the result."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Rose, "I would not have that cousin's feelings for the world!"

"She acted as innocently as you would have done just now, my daughter."

"Was she not aware of his weakness?"

"No. Nor had she ever been told that, for one whose taste is vitiated, it is dangerous, in the highest degree, to take even a glass of wine."

"I am so glad that I did not offer wine to Mr. Newton!" said Rose, drawing a long breath.

"Mr. Newton," returned the mother, "may never have used intoxicating drinks to excess. He may not be in danger from a glass of wine."

"But I know nothing of his previous life."

"And, therefore, it is wisest to take counsel of prudence. This is just what I want you to see for yourself. To such an extent has intemperance prevailed in this country, that the whole community, to a certain extent, have perverted appetites, which are excited so inordinately by any kind of stimulating drink as to destroy, in too many instances, all self-control. Another case, even more painful to contemplate than that of Morton Delaney, occurred in this city last week. I heard of it a day or two since. A beautiful young girl was addressed by a gentleman who had recently removed here from the South; and her friends seeing nothing about him to warrant disapprobation, made no objection to his suit. An engagement soon followed, and the wedding was celebrated a few days ago. The father of the bride gave a brilliant entertainment to a large and elegant company. The choicest wines were used more freely than water, and the young husband drank with the rest. Alas! before the evening closed he was so much intoxicated that he had to be separated from the company; and, what is worse, he has not been sober for an hour since."

"Oh, what a sad, sad thing!" exclaimed Rose.

"It is sad, sad indeed! What an awakening from

a dream of exquisite happiness was that of the beautiful bride! It now appears that the young man had fallen into habits of dissipation, and afterward reformed. On his wedding night he could not refuse a glass of wine. A single draught sufficed to rekindle the old fire, that was smouldering, not extinguished. He fell, and, so far, has not risen from his fall, and may never rise."

"You frighten me!" said Rose, while a shudder went through her frame. "I never dreamed of such danger in a glass of wine. Pure wine I have always looked upon as a good thing. I did not think that it would lead any one into danger."

"Even the best of things, my child, may be turned to an evil purpose. The heat and light of the sun is received by one plant and changed into a poison, while another converts it into healthy and nourishing food. Pure wine will not excite a healthy appetite, although it may madden one that has become morbid through intemperance. Here is the distinction that ought to be made."

"Is it not dangerous, then, to serve wine in promiscuous companies?"

"Undoubtedly. I did not think so a little while ago, because the subject was not presented to my mind in the light that it now is. To this custom I can well believe that hundreds who had begun the work of restricting their craving appetites owe their downfall. Where all are partaking, the temptation to join in is almost irresistible; especially, as a refusal might create a suspicion against the individual that he was afraid to trust himself."

"I will be very careful how I offer wine to any one again," said Rose. "I would not have the guilt of tempting a man to ruin upon my conscience for all the world."

"The more I ponder the subject," remarked Mrs. Carleton, "the more surprised am I at myself and others. I invite some friends to an entertainment, or to spend a social evening, and I serve wine to my guests. Among them is a man who has fallen into intemperate habits at one time of life, and whose present sobriety is dependent upon his rigid observance of the rule of total abstinence. He is, it may be, the husband of my most cherished friend. I place wine before him with the rest. He is tempted to break his rule, and falls. Ah, me! How many hundreds of such cases occur in our large cities."

Mrs. Carleton was a widow in easy circumstances, and moved in fashionable society. She entertained a good deal of company, and did it in the fashionable way. When gentlemen called at her house, wine was invariably set before them, and when she gave parties, wine was always served to her guests. But, suddenly startled into reflection, she saw that the practice was a dangerous one, and determined to abandon it. On this resolution she acted, much to the surprise

of many of her acquaintances. Some said she was "queer,"—others decided that it was a foolish notion; while others pronounced her conduct positively absurd. But she did not in the least swerve from her purpose. Wine was no more placed before her guests.

The visits of Mr. Newton to Rose, which at first were only occasional, became more and more frequent. A mutual attachment ensued, which ended in marriage. No wine was provided at the wedding party—to many a strange omission—and Rose observed that at the parties given them by friends her husband invariably let the wine pass him untasted. Curious to know the reason for such abstemiousness, she one day, some months after marriage, said to him—

"Do you never drink wine?"

The question caused Newton to look serious; and he replied in a simple monosyllable.

"Do n't you like it?" inquired Rose.

"Yes; too well perhaps."

The way in which this was said half startled the young wife. Newton saw the effect of his words, and forcing a smile said—

"When quite a young man, I was thrown much into gay company, and there acquired a bad habit of using all kinds of intoxicating drinks with a dangerous freedom. Before I was conscious of my error, I was verging on rapidly to the point of losing all self-control. Startled at finding myself in such a position, I made a resolution to abandon the use of every thing but wine. This, however, did not reach the evil. The taste of wine excited my appetite to such a degree that I invariably resorted to brandy for its gratification. I then abandoned the use of wine, as the only safe course for me, and, with occasional exceptions, have strictly adhered to my resolution. In a few instances young ladies, at whose houses I visited, have presented me with wine, and not wishing to push back the proffered refreshment, I have tasted it. The consequence was invariable. A burning desire for stronger stimulants was awakened, that carried me away as by an irresistible power. You, Rose, never tempted me in this way. Had you done so, we might not have been as happy as we are to-day."

A shudder passed through the frame of the young wife, as she remembered the glass of wine she had been so near presenting to his lips. Never afterward could she think of it without an inward tremor. And fears for the future mingled with her thoughts of the past; but these have proved groundless fears, for Mr. Newton has no temptation at home, and he has resolution enough to refuse a glass of wine in any company, and on all occasions. Herein lies his safety.

"What! refuse a harmless glass of wine?" will sometimes be said to him. To this he has but one answer.

"Pure wine may be harmless in itself; so is light—yet light will destroy an inflamed eye."

NORTHAMPTON.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasseled maize, full grain, or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken
By all the storms an age can bring,
Frail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,
Each green leaf shows its white below,
As foam on emerald waves is drifted,
Their tints alternate come and go.

And then the skies! when vapors cluster
From zenith to horizon's verge,
As wild gusts ominously bluster,
And in deep shade the landscape merge;—

Under the massive cloud's low border,
Where hill-tops with the sky unite,
Like an old minster's blazoned warder,
There scintillates an amber light.

Sometimes a humid fleece reposes
Midway upon the swelling ridge,
Like an aerial couch of roses,
Or fairy's amethystine bridge:

And pale green inlets lucid shimmer,
With huge cliffs jutting out beside,
Like those in mountain lakes that glimmer,
Tinged like the ocean's crystal tide:

Or saffron-tinted islands planted
In firmaments of azure dye,
With pearly mounds that loom undaunted,
And float like icebergs of the sky.

Like autumn leaves that eddying fluter,
Yet settle to their crimson rest,
As pilgrims round their burning altar,
They slowly gather in the west.

And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Oft memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blest with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision,
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church-spire unknown to story,
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

Yet here may willing eyes discover
The art and life of every shore,
For Nature bids her patient lover
All true similitudes explore.

These firs, when cease their boughs to quiver,
Stand like pagodas brahmins seek,
Yon isle, that parts the winding river,
Seems modeled from a light caïque.

And fanes that in these groves are hidden,
Are sculptured like a dainty frieze,
While choral music steals unbidden,
As undulates the forest breeze.

A gothic arch and springing column,
A floral-dyed, mosaic ground,
A twilight shade and vista solemn
In all these sylvan haunts are found.

And now this fragile garland weaving
While ebbs the musing tide away,
As one a sacred temple leaving,
Some tribute on its shrine would lay;

I bless the scenes whose tranquil beauty
Have cheered me like the sense of youth,
And freshened lonely tasks of duty,
The dream of love and zest of truth.

A THOUGHT.

BY ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

THE flower springs by the fountain-side,
And blooms its little day;
Speechless it lives the life it has,
And silent fades away.
O, I would not be like the flower,
To perish in the mould,
And leave no record of my heart,
No fond affection told.

Let beauty be to others given,
And beautiful array—
To those who, like the flower, are but
Ambitious to be gay;
I only ask the pen, the tongue,
That can the heart unfold,
That the deep beauty of the soul
Be not unsung, untold.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY C. M. FARMER.

GENTLE reader! allow me to introduce to your consideration the characters of Mr. Briggs, (*soi disant* Allen Briggs, Esquire,) and his distinguished lady Mrs. Polly Briggs. Imagine a stout built, corpulent "five footer," with a very big head, on which there never was hair enough to make a decent pair of whiskers, and on which, consequently, rode a red wig, curled as many different ways as the sunbeams point; with the largest of all large noses, into which he incessantly—or at least fifty times in each day—thrust the raw rappee with no small degree of relish; little pop-eyes, just large enough to see every body in church at one and the same time; a blue silk vest, striped cassimere pantaloons, a leviathan shad-belly coat, and a milk-white cravat tied in a double bow before, and surrounding a collar made *partly* of very coarse linen, and *mostly* of very stiff starch, which came up on either side to his ears, sustaining the equilibrium of his head. Of course, his head could only move in two directions—backward and forward—without manifest danger to the implements of hearing thereto attached, all set off by a pair of cork-sole boots six and a quarter inches across the instep when on, the toes of which looked right into the master's face; and here you have Allen Briggs—alias, Mr. A. Briggs, Esquire.

Mr. Briggs had undoubtedly seen the eclipses of a great many years. According to his own averment, he had "waded through as many snows as there were hairs on his wig;" and as he had repeated this averment so many times, and nobody had ever evinced any inclination to contest the point with him, he had persuaded himself that he was *ipso facto*, a "very old man." Be this as it may, Mr. Allen Briggs was not the man to be chafed for his aged stupidity. He was amusing and buoyant as a boy. He never took the unnecessary trouble to correct himself for errors in language, no matter how gross, but would leave that to be done by any body who chose to "take it up." If he was asked if it was Jonah who swallowed the whale, he would reply in the affirmative, and when corrected, would invariably answer—"Zooks! it's all the same in Dutch—just *vice versa*, as the lawyers say—that's all!"

In short, Mr. Allen Briggs was a man not to be scared by any "livin' warmint," two-legged, or four-legged, male or female—a perfect man of the world in business—"a real out and outer"—crushing all opposition to his own schemes, and believing in his heart that every body was a fool who did not coincide in all things with him, Mr. Allen Briggs.

Mrs. Briggs was some ten years the junior of her partner in life, and was a lady in every sense of the word. It was evident that she had *once* been beautiful, but that once had been past a long time; and now, where then dangled the glossy curls, (not *false* curls—

girls never wore false curls in those days,) she displayed two huge bows of yellow ribbon. These were necessary ornaments, however, for they were appendages to a very neat frilled cap. Mrs. Briggs had never been known to wear a stay-body frock, or a bustle—indeed, such things were not then in fashion—she never wore sleeves of the mutton-leg cut; nor were they ever so tight as to render the arms useless members, but always large enough and small enough to be comfortable. Mrs. Briggs never could endure small shoes—consequently, she never was compelled to endure the pains incident to corns. She was an inflexible knitter and darning, and though Mr. Briggs never had but one pair of socks, they never had a hole in them, because whenever the legs wore out she would leg them, and when the feet wore out she would foot them. Mrs. Briggs was so good herself—so artless and unsuspecting, that she thought every body else was good, and artless, and unsuspecting too. Mrs. Briggs was literally the very woman for Mr. Briggs, and that gentleman was the very man for Mrs. Briggs. Hence, it can only be inferred that they lived happily together—so happily, indeed, and contentedly, that they were known but to be loved. A peaceful country village was their home. A ten acre farm of fertile land, through which murmured a clear, bright stream

"That wound in many a flow'ry nook,"

was the *fee simple* property of Allen Briggs. A pretty little white-washed house, almost hidden by the clustering fruit-trees, was their humble tenement. A handsome little garden, tastefully laid out, occupied the space between the house and rivulet, and here Mrs. Briggs sought recreation when burthened with the *ennui* of knitting and darning. A cow and calf—a sow and pig—a horse, and a yard full of poultry of every species, composed the family stock. And with all these, and nothing more, they were rich—rich in the honesty of their own hearts which knew no covetousness—contentment was theirs, and that was riches. They were surrounded by kind neighbors—some affluent, but not aristocratic. An athletic son of sixteen, and a beautiful daughter of twelve, were their only offspring. Solomon Briggs was his father's sole help, but they managed every thing to admiration. Nanny was a sweet tempered child—affectionate and dutiful. Every body loved her, and she loved every body. Notwithstanding she was a country girl, there was a native, witching, fascinating grace in her every movement. She was so active, and gay, and cheerful—so full of life and joy—and so mild and modest! She had never known sickness: health flowed through every vein, and glowed in her soft dark eyes and blooming cheeks—and her smiling face was a sure index to her pure heart. Her *finely* shaped head, and intel-

lignant forehead, bore testimony to her keen susceptibilities.

Solomon was a smart boy—so said his knowing father; and though he had made no higher attainments than reading, writing, and cyphering to the single rule of three, he knew how to plough the corn, and hill the potatoes, and weed his sister's flower-beds. He could not solve a problem in mathematics, but he could jump higher and hallo louder than any boy in the village, large or small.

Nanny was a proficient in the art of housekeeping, but not in French, painting, &c. &c. She, too, could read, write, and cypher, and Mr. Briggs considered that enough book learning for his children. It was all he knew, and there was danger in too much. But we come now to give our characters a more conspicuous place in the public mind.

It was one cold morning in December, when the snow was thick on the ground, and a luxuriant fire was blazing on every hearth in the village, and when nobody living would have thought of visiting, except Miss Lachevers, the housekeeper of John Doe, next door neighbor to the Briggses, No. 10 Lachevers' lane. As I said, it was cold—extremely cold; but Miss Lachevers, No. 10 Lachevers' lane, did not regard cold weather. Now, whether a young lady, living to the age of forty odd, becomes invulnerable to the piercing air of a December morning, or whether the young lady in question was differently constituted from other people, I shall not attempt to decide—probably the latter. Nevertheless, on this same morning, almost as soon as the sun showed his face, Miss Lachevers peeped in at the door of Allen Briggs. Mr. Briggs was drying the morning's paper by the fire, while Mrs. Briggs busied herself "clearing away" the breakfast table. Solomon and Nanny were both reading from the same book, the story of "Aladdin's Lamp."

"Good mornin' to you," said Miss Lachevers, introducing her body as well as her head—"cool mornin' this."

"Rather," replied Mr. Briggs senior, laying down the paper and rubbing the palms of his hands hard enough together to erase the skin. "Come to the fire, Betty—be seated—have off your bonnet."

The finishing clause of this address proceeded from the voluble tongue of Mrs. Briggs; and Nanny arose from her seat to hand Miss Lachevers a chair.

"Do n't trouble yourself, child—I never have time to sit. I must go back in one second. It's trot, trot, from mornin' till night, with me. I just stepped in," she continued, turning her eyes on Mrs. Briggs, "to ask you all if you've hearn the news?"

"What news?" inquired Mr. Briggs senior, glancing first at the paper on the chair and then at the early visitor—"any body dead or dying—or any steamship busted—or any thing of that species?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Lachevers, "nothin' of that are character. But somethin' more important and novel than either."

All eyes were now turned toward the significant countenance of Miss Betty Lachevers, who still remained standing. Mr. Briggs senior, not exactly understanding the application of the word "novel" to the

sudden intelligence of any thing new—having never heard it applied to any thing but a book—requested Miss Lachevers to explain herself. Mrs. Briggs insisted that Betty should take a chair and tell all about it; and Solomon and Nanny continued their reading, as if nothing novel was going on.

"Why, raly," said Miss Lachevers, drawing a seat, and depositing her person thereon, "I haint hardly got time to tell you. But it's wonderful to think of. The fact is, a young schoolmaster arrived in town last night, and I hear it's his intention to set up a school here for the eddication of youth; and the worst of all is, nobody knows who he is, or where he come from. His name I heered, but I almost forgot it—it's Dubbs—or Grubbe—or Dobbs—or somethin' like that. They say he's a wonderful genius, smart as can be, and full of larning. He stopped at old Jenkins's, cross the way—whether he means to board there I can't say—but there he is. I s'pose we'll get a peep at him to-day. For my part, I should like to know why he put up at old Jenkins's."

"A schoolmaster!" repeated Mr. Briggs, the elder, with emphatic surprise.

"Yes—a reg'lar built, yankee schoolmaster," replied Miss Betty.

"Come to teach the children how that the earth revolves round the sun, instead of the sun revolving round the earth, and things of that extravagant natur', I s'pose?"

"To be sure he will," said the young lady, "and he'll be after coaxin' your children into his notions—see if he do n't."

"Not he!" consequentially returned the old man—"Sol has too much sense for any Yankee that ever lived yet; and I guess Nanny will have enough to do to larn of her mother. Not he!" and Mr. Briggs inflicted two slaps on the left side pocket of his blue vest.

Mrs. Briggs sighed, and Miss Lachevers coughed—whether for want of something to say, or to render what she had said complete, it matters not—but she coughed, and bidding a hasty adieu, left the room.

Mr. Briggs settled himself down to read the paper, and his lady settled herself down to her favorite exercise—knitting; while Solomon and Nanny repeated to each other surmises as to the probable appearance of the new comer—his age—dress, &c.

The day passed away, and night came on. Tea was over, and this happy little family had gathered around the cheerful fire. A gentle tap was heard at the door, and a voice pronouncing the simple word—"housekeepers."

"Come in," responded Mrs. Briggs, and in came Mr. Jenkins, followed by a young man apparently about twenty-two, with black hair and eyes, straight, tall, and erect, handsome, and of a genteel and prepossessing appearance, who was introduced by his conductor as Mr. Timothy Dobbs.

"My friend," said Mr. Jenkins, after being seated, and taking an accurate survey of the premises, "has come among us for the purpose, he says, of opening a school. He is an orphan, of very superior endowments—brings with him ample credentials of his

, and expects to find patronage for his support inhabitants of our village."

Dobbs bowed a concurrence in the remarks of his kins, and hoped that Mr. Briggs could furnish a board and a convenient room in his house. "That's it!" said Mr. Jenkins, recollecting the visit—"that's what we're a coming to."

Gentleman, Mr. Briggs, wishes to reside in your land to eat at your table, sir. I hope—I suppose accommodate him, Mr. Briggs?"

Mr. Briggs said that he could, and that he should be serve him, Mr. Dobbs, in any other manner. Matters being thus considered, and terms agreed on, Mr. Jenkins arose to depart; having first Mr. Dobbs that he, Dobbs, would be sure to find that night, and assured him of the total of all danger from external assaults under the so great and good a man as his friend and Allen Briggs.

Retiring to rest, Mr. Dobbs acquainted himself with the characters before him, by conversing with each of them, on various topics; and his satisfaction that they were kind and noble people. The characteristic traits of Mr. Briggs were high and unique, yet there was a generousness about him—such a flow of spirits and good that he considered him a pleasant man. Nor was Mr. Briggs unlike her husband in these particulars: to tell the truth, Mr. Dobbs was pleased. More he did he get a full view of the sweet face of and more than once did Nanny blush to catch

Timothy admired her modest looks, and that he *might* one day love her. He wondered she was, and blest his luck that he had fallen in a particular family, where such a beautiful face might shed its sunny smiles about him—perchance many of his tedious moments. He *must* be young, yet she seemed already to be a womanhood. Such perfect symmetry and grace of carriage, he had never seen in a girl: and then the rich intelligence that beamed from her soft dark eyes, convinced him that she was well on some more noble pursuit than house-

work grew late, and Timothy bade good-night, and softly to his room, where fatigue soon lulled him to sleep. But he dreamed! Yes, he dreamed of that angelic being, whom he had only seen once—and that sweet being was Nanny! "That's!" said Mr. Briggs, after Timothy had left the house, "but he seems to be a clever youth. Nanny, you think of him—eh?"

"I don't know, father," replied Nanny—"but—I think he's quite handsome."

"Come! Yes, and I reckon he considered Mr. Briggs a little specimen of the handsomest I ever saw. I saw him a squintin' on that side of the road."

"Father!" cried Nanny, faintly blushing. "I'm looking at us all—he looked at Solomon, too." "What's his name, father?" inquired Solomon—"?"

"—Timothy Dobbs, I think, and that's all I

know about him yet: but we'll find what kind of a chap he is soon, I guess. I expect he's a squirt, any how."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Briggs.

"And I hope not, too," rejoined Mr. Briggs; "but we'll see!"

Time sped on. The village school was in a flourishing condition. Pupil after pupil had been added to the charge of Mr. Timothy Dobbs, the "great unknown," until (to use a cant phrase) he had his hands full. It is very natural to suppose that our village schoolmaster had become very popular among all the villagers, and particularly so in the discerning eyes of Miss Betty Lachevers, No. 10 Lachevers' lane. Notwithstanding the violent protestations of Mr. Briggs against the idea of suffering his children to become scholars of Mr. Dobbs, the old gentleman had confessed his wrong in that respect, and now protested with the same vehemence, that Mr. Timothy Dobbs was the finest fellow that ever lived; and that it would be high treason in any parent or guardian to refuse children and wards generally, the benefits of Mr. Dobbs's seminary of learning; and he (Mr. Briggs) was firmly of the opinion that Solomon and Nanny would one day become the successors of their tutor in the office of "educating youth;" and on this hypothesis, he built the future prospect of the erection of the "Briggs' College," to be called after his own name, and of which, as a matter of course, Solomon was to be principal professor. Mr. Briggs saw all this as clear as a whistle, and he had no doubt that his prophecy would be fulfilled. Mr. Dobbs continued to board and lodge at Mr. Briggs' house. Nanny grew more lovely and interesting every day, and made rapid advancement in her studies. Solomon declared that Mr. Dobbs paid more attention to his sister than to any other young lady in the school—to her instructions he meant; and that he believed seriously, that Mr. Dobbs had a notion of making her his assistant—in the school he meant. Miss Lachevers always happened to hoist the window of Mr. Doe's parlor at the particular moment when the schoolmaster, Nanny, and Solomon passed the gate, on their return from school; and as it was as invariably the case that Mr. Dobbs walked closer to Nanny's side than Solomon's, the former young lady never failed to give her features an expression of scorn—at least, whenever her eye met Nanny's. It might have been necessary for Miss Betty to hoist the window on all these occasions, for some domestic purpose, such as dusting, &c., and therefore she could not help seeing the passers by; she, however, at such times looked unusually prim, but Mr. Dobbs seemed, in every case, unconscious that the eyes of any third person were upon him, for he never turned his on either side, but looked straight forward. One day Nanny actually had her arm in that of the schoolmaster, when the walking was very bad on account of snow, and then Miss Lachevers looked daggers, and from thenceforth her deportment toward our innocent heroine grew cold and formal. Perhaps Miss Betty had different views of village etiquette from other young ladies, and thought it extremely rude for a young

lady to lock arms with a gentleman, under an acquaintance of four years and a half; or perhaps she considered the law of primogeniture applicable to her individual case, and thought that if *any* body was to lock arms with the schoolmaster, it should be herself, as she was *rather* older than Miss Nanny Briggs. Nevertheless, she did not make her visits to Mr. Briggs's less frequent. She would sometimes—though altogether accidentally—chance to “fall in” when Mr. Dobbs was there; and whenever that event occurred, she made herself extremely agreeable—so she thought. But Mr. Dobbs was a sober-minded man, of keen perception and sound views of propriety, and could read her writing as well as she could herself. Nor was it long ere his disgust was manifested at her sociable behavior, which caused her to bestow upon him the classic epithet of “itinerant pedagogue.” And now matters took another turn.

A year had passed away since the “itinerant pedagogue” first opened his school. The population of the village had considerably increased. Uncle Sam had established a post-office there. Lachevers' lane was become the principal thoroughfare of the “town.” Stores—groceries—and tailor's shops had been erected; sign-boards hung out and nailed to the window shutters. A handsome church “with tapering spire,” and surrounded by young trees, was now the Sabbath rendezvous of the villagers. The school-house had been enlarged—the play-ground enclosed—and every thing wore a new aspect. Miss Betty Lachevers, after exhausting all her efforts to captivate Timothy Dobbs, had abandoned him to the more attractive charms of Miss Briggs; and the former young lady was now scarcely ever seen, save at church on Sundays. A Sabbath-school had been opened in the basement-room of the village church, of which Timothy was superintendent, and Solomon and Nanny teachers; and the signs of the times bade fair to verify the predictions of Mr. Briggs with regard to colleges, &c. in general. But, still *all was not right!* Timothy had declared his love to Nanny, and had received an answer of satisfaction. He had solicited the consent of her parents, and had received a REFUSAL!! Not that Mr. Briggs thought him unworthy of the hand of his daughter, but because his history was still enveloped in mystery and obscurity. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Briggs, and Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Briggs, and half a dozen more misters and mistresses, had used all means to find out his origin, but to no effect. He would always, when spoken to on that point, fall into a state of dejected gloom, and evade all questions bearing on his nativity; and this was a barrier which intervened between him and the object of his affections.

A large oil painting ornamented the wall over the fire-place, representing a young mother, with an infant on her breast, reclining on the left arm of a man, who was defending her with his right, from the assaults of a ruffian. A beautiful girl lay weltering in blood near the surviving group; and the husband seemed to have received several dangerous wounds, from which large drops of blood were falling. It was a scene of deep and thrilling interest, and expressive of some awful tragedy. It was also well executed, and the languishing despair which beamed from the face of the young

mother would almost seem, at times, to convert the painted canvas into a mass of animation. At this picture Mr. Dobbs was often seen to gaze with sad countenance and quivering lip; while the throbbings of his temples told that the mind was at work with melancholy thoughts. He became sad and cheerless; avoided all company (but Nanny's) as much as possible, and was sometimes found weeping. Yet none knew the cause of his silent grief. Nanny observed the effect which had been wrought on him by the picture, and communicated the fact to her mother.

“He seems,” said she, “to take a sad pleasure in looking at the painting. He showed me a miniature yesterday, which is the express image of the lady with the infant child in her arms; and when I had examined it, and returned it to him, he pressed it to his lips, and the tears fell from his eyes. There must be something strange connected with his history!”

“And did he say nothing about the miniature or the painting?” inquired Mr. Briggs.

“Nothing!” replied Nanny, “I saw the subject gave him pain, and I feared to ask him any thing about it.”

“Where is the miniature?” asked Mrs. Briggs.

“He keeps it in his vest pocket,” answered Nanny. “I will beg him to show it to you, mother—I know he will.”

“No, child—don't. I will inquire into the secret myself. But Nanny, did you never hear the story of the painting over the fire?”

“No,” said Nanny; “what is it?”

“Ah! it's an awful thing—all true as Gospel—dreadful!”

Here Mrs. Briggs requested her daughter to ask her no questions, and she would tell her some other time. The young girl's fears were excited, but she concealed them within her own bosom.

“Mr. Dobbs,” said Mrs. Briggs one evening, “what on earth ails you? You look like you have lost the best friend you had in the world. Do pray tell us what has made you so gloomy for so many days.”

Timothy sighed deeply, and a crimson flush suffused the cheek of Nanny. Mr. Briggs turned up his collar, and ran his fingers through his gray locks, and looked very hard at Mr. Dobbs. Solomon looked very hard at his father; and Mrs. Briggs looked at every one in the room alternately.

“Come,” said Mr. Briggs—“Come, Mr. Dobbs, let's hear what's the matter. Remember, young man, you are among friends; and if I can do any thing for you—why, I'll do it. Come, now, let out. Don't kill yourself for no trifle, young man.”

“I feel much obliged to you,” replied Timothy, “and will ask but one favor. I cannot now tell you what ails me; but there is something in this house which gives me great anxiety. I have long wished to make the inquiry, but had not the courage. Tell me, then, what is the meaning of that picture which hangs before me?”

“Zooks!” cried Mr. Briggs, “and is it the picture that has caused all your bad feelings, Mr. Dobbs?”

“It is,” returned the schoolmaster; “and I wish to know what it means!”

surprise of Mr. Briggs and Solomon may be better than described. The old gentleman drew red silk handkerchief and rubbed his eyes, into his pocket again, and stared with all his sight into the schoolmaster's face. Solomon so; and laying down the book he was reading, he himself to hear something strange. Mrs. and her daughter were before partially acquainted with the cause of Timothy's disease—at any rate knew that it sprang from the oil painting in the room. All was now deep interest, awaiting the result of some wonderful discovery.

"said Mrs. Briggs, "it's a solemn thing that! to make me sick to look at it; but it's a long time it was hung up there, and I've got used to it sticks deep into my heart—it does! It tells me of the war—but you shall hear it, Mr. Dobbs!" And she began.

not give the reader the story in the very words of Mrs. Briggs gave it to Timothy; because that is the story: for she paused more than once to wipe away the big tears, and to sob; and was obliged to stop as often as many as three times before she reached herself that she was in the right path, and had not lost the beginning. But, as I said, she began, following is the substance of the narrative:

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE.

Bloomfield, a merchant of London, was the father of two children, to wit: Arthur Bloomfield and Polly Briggs, now Polly Briggs, wife of Allen Briggs. He came to this country about two years ante-bellum, at the commencement of the Revolution, and settled in a handsome country-seat, near the place where our village is. Mrs. Bloomfield died during his voyage across the Atlantic; so John Bloomfield was an orphan.

At the time of his migration Arthur was twenty and seven years of age. The latter was shortly after married to Mr. Briggs; and the widowed father, Arthur determined to sail for the West or the purpose of trading on the capital income of his father, which amounted to some five pounds sterling.

One year after he left America, he heard that there was expected conflict between the two nations had arisen, and being fired with a love of liberty, he resolved to join the army of Washington, to aid in the invasion of the American soil. He went with him a young and lovely wife, who, subsequent to his return, gave joy to his heart as the mother of a son.

The sister of young Mrs. Bloomfield, a still more beautiful girl, accompanied her brother-in-law hither; and beautiful was she, that many gallant knights made her shrine. Alice was modest—pleasing—and none saw her but to love.

After the death of the late domain of his deceased father, and leaving his family, soon after the birth of the child, under the supervision of his wife's sister, he went himself for a season of warfare.

He was settled where he now resides, but when he was the only tenement in existence there; so

Mr. Briggs may be considered as the founder of the village. With the property obtained by marriage he purchased the soil on which he built, together with such implements of husbandry as present wants required. The distance of two miles intervened between the two families—consequently, they enjoyed the intercourse of neighbors, though it was not very frequent that they interchanged visits. They were, however, neighbors, and Mrs. Briggs ministered, as much as in her lay, to the wants of Mrs. Bloomfield during her confinement.

The struggle of death was drawing to a close. Arthur Bloomfield had returned to his family, and was happy—happy because his life had been shielded amid the strifes of war—happy because health was again the property of Mrs. Bloomfield—happy because he was a father!

One calm evening in spring, when a thousand blushing flowers

"Distilled sweet fragrance through the air," and when all nature reflected the smiles of God's benevolence, Arthur Bloomfield was seated with his family in the shady alcove, recounting the dangers to which he had been exposed, and from which Providence had rescued him.

"Come," said he, "let us bow ourselves before God, where we are, and return him thanks that we are all again together." And they fell upon their knees on the green grass, while the father breathed forth his gratitude to his Maker, in a slow, touching, solemn prayer. Tears stood in the eyes of Alice, but she wiped them away with her soft hand, and the mother presented her infant boy before the throne of Heaven, for a blessing before she arose.

A sudden report of fire-arms threw a shock on the frames of the two females, and caused a deadly paleness to overspread the countenance of Arthur.

"Mercy!" shrieked Mrs. Bloomfield, clinging to her husband. "What can it be?"

"Be composed, dear," returned the man; "this arm shall defend you!" And taking the child in his arms, he led the way quickly to the house, where, securing themselves within doors, they awaited the final issue. Mr. Bloomfield armed himself with a sword, and planted his stand at the open window, where he could overlook the foreground, and detect approaching danger.

The moon shone brightly, lighting up the landscape with her mellow beams, and shedding rays of grandeur on the world. There he stood, the only earthly protector of his wife and son and sister-in-law, hardly daring to hope success, in the event of an attack from a nightly assassin; while the fear-stricken females breathed heavily and tremulously near his back.

That night of blood and death passed away, and the first beams of the morning sun penetrated the dismal room where lay the bleeding bodies of three mortal beings—a husband—a wife—and youthful maiden!—The infant son was not there: the murderers had borne him away, and no traces of them could ever be found!

When the spring flowers again sent forth their fragrance, and the twittering birds began to build their nests, and when the ice and snow of winter had melted, and bud and blossom made the forest green; and the winds blew softly and pleasantly; and when every thing told that the cold season was gone, and sweet spring had come, busy preparations were going on throughout all the village for a wedding. Every little house, and tree, and fence had been newly white-washed. The church steeple looked whiter than when first built, and every face beamed with a brighter smile, and every cheek glowed with purer health than ever. And whose wedding was it? Rumor abroad said it was one Mr. Dobbs, a schoolmaster, who was about to espouse the pretty Miss Briggs. But all the villagers *knew* that the parties to be joined in wedlock were Mr. Timothy Bloomfield (formerly Dobbs) and his sweet cousin, Miss Nanny Briggs, daughter of Allen Briggs, Esq. Miss Betty Lachevers, on hearing the degree of relationship between the "itinerant pedagogue" and Miss Nanny, had become perfectly reconciled to everybody, and to Miss Nanny in particular, and the day previous to the wedding it was generally understood that Miss Betty Lachevers was to be "chief cook and bottle-washer."

The morning of the 15th of May, seventeen hundred

and—no matter what—was clear and beautiful. The church-bell began to ring, and the villagers began to pour forth by two-and-two, dressed in their best, and each bearing a bouquet of richest flowers. They all proceeded to the house of God, where before earth and heaven, the pious minister united two pious hearts, between which there existed an attachment "sweeter than life and stronger than death."

"Zooks!" said old Briggs, on this happy occasion, "I always thought well of the boy, but I'll eat my hat if ever I thought he *was* my nephew, and *was to be* my son. Well! well! well!" And Mr. Briggs looked as pleasing as he knew how. Mrs. Briggs looked pleasing too. Solomon looked saucy at his sister, and she blushed and looked saucy at Solomon. Timothy felt as happy as ever man felt: and all was joy and life and gayety.

A few weeks more, and a petition was presented to the Legislature of one of the New England States, signed by one hundred and fifty inhabitants of the village, praying for an act incorporating the "Classical Seminary of S." and within a few more weeks the "Classical Seminary of S." was filled with pupils; and Mr. Briggs *lived* to see his prophecy fulfilled; and *died* to be mourned by all who had ever known him.

SPEAK OUT.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Men who battle for the right,
'Mid the darkness of the night,
Looking ever for the light—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Rulers at the helm of state,
Seek ye for the narrow gate,
Through which pass the truly great?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Ye who preach, and ye who pray,
Smother not in mist and spray
Thoughts that struggle for the day—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Dreamer, up! strike, for the hour
Brings the man, as does the shower
From the budding bring the flower—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Young men, linger not behind,
With the dead in will and mind,
Let the blind be ever blind—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Teachers, ye who plant the seed,
Nurse it in its hour of need,
With the sunlight of thy deed—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Old men, fathers, would ye see
Footprints of the Deity
Round the homes of infancy?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Searchers after truth and right,
From the vessel's topmost height
See ye glimpses pure and bright—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Poet, if thy mission be
To uplift humanity,
Let the world thy spirit see—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Brother, bend ye at a shrine,
Differing far from me and mine,
If ye think that light divine—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Stranger, with thy little band,
From a distant father-land,
Yearn'st thou for a kindly hand?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Men, of every creed and clime,
Hear ye not the tones sublime
Swelling on the march of Time?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

AN ADVENTURE OF JASPER C—:

OR HOW TO SELL A CLOCK.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"Can I sell you a clock to-day?" inquired as he was met at the door by the woman of whom he had stopped.

"I replied the woman, civilly, yet decidedly, 'no such article.'"

"I have several fine clocks, madam," said the pedler. "I am likely," said the woman, "but we want at the same time retreating a few paces from

"I ask," inquired the pedler, advancing within a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated—"may I ask, madam, whether you look?"

"The woman cast I will not say an indignant look at the man—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with some spirit—"we want none of your clocks, sir."

The pedler took a seat.

The scene which we have thus briefly described took place some years since, in the "Old Dominion;" in that particular section we are not at liberty to say what house at which it occurred was a well-habitation; old, indeed, but kept in clever repair, and was owned and occupied by a farmer of some station in those parts, but singular and very set apart. Like some others, in other quarters, he had inherited strong antipathies against Yankeeedom and its habitants. He fairly hated the sight of a pedler, although disposed to treat his species with lenity; he had not at all times been so fortunate as to find in several instances, indeed, he had dismissed them with severity these itinerant merchants, who had brought their commodities for sale within his precincts. The dog seemed to know when one drove up, and he would growled with more than ordinary vigor at the evident satisfaction of the master. As to the article of any of the detestable fraternity of pedlers, he would never do—no not he, whatever were the necessities. And he was true to his word. For once, it had happened that articles had been just at a time when he needed them, and could not be obtained in the retired situation in which he lived—but he would not even look at them. The man might remain unhoed, and the house never cleared, before he would purchase a hoe or a broom for the pedler.

The sentiments of Mr. M—, moreover, had obtained some small notoriety among the peddling fraternity. He understood the matter—those we mean who do this sort of trade in those parts; and although prompted by a more than ordinary share of pride in their selling powers, had made a visit to him, determined not to leave the game

Until they had run it down, and had all to a man been foiled. The Virginia farmer

was proof against their strategy. In general, he was civil—but he could be stormy and tempestuous, especially if urged by a traveling merchant to purchase, when he had peremptorily refused. And so set had he become, that on more occasions than one, he had urged his wife never, in his absence, to purchase any article, especially not a clock. I am not certain that in terms he had forbidden her. But she knew his wishes; and being a good woman, she intended to act accordingly.

The day we are speaking of Mr. M— had gone to a neighboring town, a few miles distant, to transact some business; expecting, however, to return the same evening.

Shortly after his departure, which was early, the pedler of whom we have already made mention drove up, with the hope of disposing of a clock. Whether he was apprised of the absence of the lord of the manor has not transpired; but he was not ignorant of the task before him. He had received ample information from several of the profession of the unlucky star that presided, when they made the experiment; and, moreover, they had predicted his similar ill success.

"Never mind," said he—"I'll try my hand, and if Jasper C. fails it will be the very first time."

And Jasper C. was in truth no ordinary specimen of a Yankee. Whether from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, or Vermont, he scarcely knew himself, as in all those States his parents had lived—but in the limits of which one they happened to be, at the precise time he first opened his eyes on this mundane sphere, he never could quite ascertain. He had all the tact and shrewdness of the Codfish State, and all the hardness and impenetrability of the Granite State—and I may add, all the determination of a Green Mountain boy. If there was only a nook or angle where these States could unite, that would be the precise spot—the very sharpest point I mean—where Jasper C. had his beginning. But however these matters may be, he was a Yankee—and one of the "straightest sect"—a keen, sharp-sighted, ready-witted man, of some two or three and twenty. He was a great tactician at selling—no matter what was the article or commodity, he could always sell; and he delighted in nothing more than to follow hard upon a brother pedler, and to compare notes with him at the end of their common tour. Generally, Jasper could show more dollars taken in a given time than any brother pedler who traveled in the "Old Dominion." He had some confidence, therefore, and he had a right to it. And, besides, his personal appearance was in his favor; but what was of more consequence, he was well-mannered. He was seldom put off his guard, and seldom betrayed into language which he had occasion to recall.

Such was Jasper C—, the pedler, who made his

appearance at the house of Mr. M—, at the time and under the circumstances already named.

He had made known his errand, and had received a denial. Most pedlers would have retired. *He* took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing, especially as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it divested it of all impropriety. It was taken hesitatingly and with an appearance of weariness; and still more in his favor, he did that which is not always done by pedlers, he civilly removed his hat.

Minutes passed—or they seemed minutes to the pedler—during which he sat in silence pondering upon the course most likely to ensure success—the woman, meanwhile, employing herself in brushing the hearth, adjusting the chairs, with other operations indicated by that very expressive household term—“putting things to rights.” At length Jasper C— ventured to say, “Madam, with your leave, I’ll show you one of my clocks.”

“You may show as many as you please,” said the woman, “but we want none—hav’n’t I already told you?”

She had, indeed, so told him; but, nevertheless, the pedler had done better than he feared. He had gained one point, and what his experience had taught him was an important point—he had permission to show his clocks. In a short time, therefore, he was again entering the door, bearing in his hands a handsome-looking clock—brass wheels, mahogany case, gilded at various points, and withal a pretty landscape, painted on a glass in front, below the face. In short, it was a fair specimen of Jerome’s best Bristol made. Fortunately—so the pedler thought—the mantle happened to be unoccupied, and there, in the centre, the clock was duly installed. It was wound up, and soon began its duty—click, click, click.

The pedler resumed his seat.

I said he had gained something. So he thought; but despite of all that he had done, the woman seemed as unmoved as a marble statue—she took not the slightest notice of him, or his clock. This was strange. The pedler thought so. He had encountered adverse circumstances before—had doubled many a point of difficulty and perplexity, and forewarned and forearmed had expected to meet on this occasion, perhaps refusal; but he did n’t well know how to manage such sheer indifference. He would have tasked his wits—and he did task them; but somehow they seemed to forsake him at the precise moment, when he singularly needed their assistance. Moreover, in the very midst of his perplexity, the woman, who had taken a seat with her back turned toward him and his clock—a position which, under ordinary circumstances she would have avoided as a breach of civility—rose of a sudden, and taking some needle-work which she had in her hand, wended her way through an adjoining door into some other part of the house. It seemed as if she intended to carry her plan and purpose of marked indifference to the *us plus ultra*; and the pedler would have given up all hope of success but for one circumstance—quite a trivial one—and yet it left a hook to hang a hope on. As the door closed, the pedler noticed

that the woman more than half turned round, and did—he was quite sure of it—she did cast a momentary glance at the clock. And that look was voluntary. It cost her effort—it betrayed curiosity—the pedler did n’t quite despair.

But his hopes were ere long again on the ebb. The woman seemed to have no disposition to return; at least she did n’t make her appearance; and with a good deal of reason the pedler thought that she did not intend to return. Whether this was her resolution I cannot say—quite probably she supposed that he had departed. Be this, however, as it may, the pedler was giving up, and had actually risen, and was in progress toward the clock, with a view to deport it once more to his wagon, when the door creaked, and the woman again entered.

She seemed inclined to pause—and, perhaps, did pause—but, what was more to the pedler’s purpose, he fancied that she was about to hazard some remark—he hoped a commendation of the clock—at least a word as to its good appearance. But he mistook. She did, indeed, speak—a word or two only, however; but for the life of him, the pedler could n’t decide whether the drift was for or against him. “I wish Mr. M. was at home,” said the woman, “he—” she paused.

“What was she going to add? The pedler would have given almost the price of a clock to have had his doubts resolved. “*He*”—did she mean that her husband could decide for himself? So the pedler wished to believe, while his better opinion, judging from her manner, was, that she meant to intimate that her husband would be even more summary—more indifferent he could not appear—more set and determined was impossible. But putting the construction upon her words most favorable to his present interests, he ventured to supply what she had failed to say, “Yes, indeed,” said he, “if Mr. M. were at home, I dare say he would n’t lose such a bargain as I would give him.”

“*Bargain!*” the pedler had unconsciously used a word of talismanic power the world over. “*Bargain!*” that word seemed to arrest the woman’s attention—and for the first time she raised her eyes and fairly looked at the clock. And so it happened, that, at this critical moment in the history of that clock, and in the proceedings of the pedler in relation to a sale of it, it struck one, two, three, up to eleven. Its tones were soft, musical, attractive. It ceased—and for a moment there was silence, but it was soon interrupted by the woman’s adding, “It certainly strikes prettily!”

The ecstasy of the pedler was near being betrayed; but it was for his interest to conceal his pleasure, and so rising, he moved toward the clock, saying, “Its striking *is* good—better, I think myself, than is common;” at the same time opening the door and pulling the striking wire, upon which its musical tones filled the room.

“It does sound well,” said the woman.

“Good!” whispered the pedler to himself.

“Hav’n’t there recently been some improvements in clock-making?” asked the woman.

“Better and better,” thought the pedler—“Madam,”

said he, rousing from his transient reverie, and responding to her question, "you asked me about improvements? O yes, divers improvements—clocks are made now-a-days in great perfection, and very cheap—but—I was about making a proposition in reference to that clock—" but he was cut short in the very sentence—

"I can save you all trouble of that sort," said the woman, "I may take none of your clocks."

"There again," thought the pedler, "all aback!" and now, how to retrieve lost ground, he was quite at a loss. But a second thought came to his aid. The language of the woman was peculiar—"I *may* take none."

"Madam!" the pedler resumed, and with some little more assurance, "I was going to put this clock to you on such terms as that *you* may, or any other woman in the wide world might take it."

The woman listened. She raised her hand to her forehead—she hesitated—she seemed inclined to ask a question, and at length she did inquire—

"How do you sell your clocks?"

Had the pedler ventured to raise his eyes, they would have resembled stars of the first magnitude; but he was too politic to betray his sense of the vantage he was gaining, and therefore rather coolly remarked, "You seem so reluctant, madam, to purchase a clock, that I'm at a loss how to reply. But if you will take one, I'll put it pretty much at your own price."

"You will?" said she, her countenance relaxing into a sort of smile, mingled with a spice of incredulity. "That's not a common way with you pedlers."

"O no," said he, "we live by our trade, and must make a trifle at least now and then; but we must sell, if we don't make much."

While the pedler was thus remarking, the woman had approached near the clock, and for the purpose, it would seem, of examining it—the pedler hoped with reference to a purchase. And by way of helping on this decision, he opened the clock—displayed its machinery—and cautiously recommended it, by saying, "it's a handsome piece of furniture, you see—useful—and, with your leave, it occupies just the place for it."

"It looks well," rejoined the woman, "but—" she paused, "I—" she begun, and again stopped. At length, however, she added, "I may not purchase it."

She had laid a more than ordinary emphasis, perhaps unconsciously, on the word *purchase*. "What!" thought the pedler, "does she expect me to *give* her a clock. No, he could not give the clock. That would deprive him of an anticipated and now much desired triumph. But matters now stood in such a position as to demand prompt and decisive action. The pedler, therefore, met the emergency like a tactician. "Madam," said he, "I ask no money for the clock. I am willing to take such articles in payment as you have to spare, and at your own price."

The woman fairly stared. The matter wore a new phase.

"I mean just as I say, madam," said the pedler, observing her apparent surprise. "Just what you have to spare, and at your own price."

"But what do you ask for the clock?"

"Fifteen dollars—the small sum of fifteen dollars."

The woman took a seat. For a few minutes she seemed to be abstracted and lost. But at length returning to the subject, she said, "On the terms you propose, I will take the clock."

That was the decision which the pedler had been looking for with all imaginable desire, and now no time was to be lost—and none, indeed, was lost.

"Follow me," said the woman, rising and leading the way to an outer room, where was standing a cask with about a bushel of flaxseed, which she said had been there time out of mind. Her husband had often wished it away, and now the pedler might take it.

"All right," said the pedler, "and at what price?"

"Three dollars," replied the woman—it was double the price of clean fresh seed.

"Agreed," said the pedler, his mind running over the loss he must sustain on this basis; but loss or no loss, he was glad to sell a clock.

"What next, madam?" inquired the pedler.

"Well," said the woman, beginning fairly to exult at the good bargain she was making, and even luxuriating in the thought, as how her husband would himself be pleased at her skill in bargain-making, "we've got a calf you may take."

"A what?" asked the pedler, a cold shudder following hard on the annunciation.

"A calf, sir," repeated the woman, "you said you would take any thing we had to spare."

"Right, right," said the pedler, recovering himself as well as he could, "a calf—O yes, all the same, that is, nothing amiss by way of trade in this world; turn it to account, I dare say."

By this time the woman had conducted our hero to a small pen, with a southern exposure, adjoining the barn, and there lay a—skeleton!

"This is the calf," said the woman.

The pedler started back involuntarily; he bit his lips, and for a moment was on the point of demurring. What on earth was such a sickly-looking creature worth? What could he do with it? How could he carry it? There, and half a score of kindred questions flitted across his mind. The pedler was perplexed; he was out-generaled; but re-installing his waning confidence with the thought, that as a dernier resort he could deposit the sorry-looking brute under some hedge by the wayside, like a veteran soldier in the "battles of life," he marched up to the emergency, and with commendable good humor, said,

"Yes, yes—a calf, truly—but is it alive?" at the same time half spurning it with his foot. "Yes, and alive 'tis, surely. I thought it was dead; here, you young ox, rouse up."

The calf yawned.

"Well, it does breathe, upon my soul," said the pedler; "yonder old cart can't yawn."

"Indeed," said the woman, her countenance relaxing into a veritable smile, "indeed, I thought myself, at the instant, that the creature was dead. It has been ailing for more than a week, and my husband said only yesterday, that he believed it would die; and he did n't much care how soon it did die. It looks a little better, I think."

Better! the pedler could have cracked a marble. But there was no escaping from his dilemma. So with as good a grace as was possible, he inquired, "What price do you put upon the calf?"

"Only ten dollars," replied the woman.

The pedler started. "Ten dollars!" he fairly exclaimed with surprise. "Ten dollars! who ever heard of such a price for a calf just gasping."

"You are committed," dryly observed the woman.

"I see I am—committed—out-generated, madam."

"Is n't it fair?" asked the woman.

"Fair!" repeated the pedler, "fair as the day itself; right—all right; ten dollars—never mind, turn it to account, I dare say."

This half-way controversy about the calf was thus summarily settled, and a few other matters added, the clock was paid for. But the pedler did not feel to boast, as they say. He was vanquished, and yet the victor. He had made a *bona fide* sale of a clock where all hitherto had failed; and though for the present he couldn't show the shiners for his bargain, he hoped in some way to bring up arrears, and return to tell a fair story to his compeers.

The blood freshened his cheeks a good deal more than usual, it must be confessed, as he helped the helpless "young ox" to mount. It was quite a lug, as they say; and, to tell the truth, he was right glad when his wagon, with its added contents of dying stock, and dead stock, was fairly outside of the yard in the public highway.

On emerging from the premises of farmer M. he turned south toward V—n Court House, situated some few miles distant. He had now time to lay his plans. In the interval there were few dwellings, and even if there had been, he was in no mood for any new adventure just in that region. As we have already intimated, however, the pedler was a man of large experience; and more than this, he had profited by it—he had acquired tact—he was well fitted to extricate himself from difficulty, and that of the most perplexing kind.

From an occasional inquiry of a passing traveler, he ascertained that the court was in session at V—n Court House; and his plan of operations was predicated upon this welcome intelligence. He thought that if it proved so, he might make a demonstration to some profit.

On reaching the ample green, on which the Court House stood, he was satisfied that the court was in session. Accordingly, he drew up at some little distance from the front door, unhitched his horses, and made ready. Shortly after, the court adjourned. The throng, in goodly numbers, issued from the building; and it so happened that they were in great good humor—a cause having just been decided the right way to please the populace; and of this sort of people there was an abundance, with a commendable sprinkling of a somewhat higher grade. At this critical moment the pedler stepped upon his cart, and in quite a civil way, begged to announce to the gentlemen, that he had some few articles on sale, which he would be happy to show them.

The crowd gathered round, and the inquiry rose thicker and faster, "What you got?" "What you got?"

Responding to the already clamorous demand, the pedler, with a calm and composed front, said, "that, if the gentlemen pleased, he would take the liberty to exhibit a specimen of *flaxseed*. He had paid a large price for it, and not having a great quantity, he would sell only a spoonful of it to an individual. In this way he could give them all a chance; but mark it, gentlemen, if you please, said he, "I sell only one spoonful to an individual; one spoonful—not a thimbleful more."

"Price?" inquired a farmer, who thought much of choice seeds.

"One dollar, gentlemen, per spoonful," said the pedler. "I know it's high—but *such* flaxseed, gentlemen, you do n't see every day."

"A dollar for a spoonful of flaxseed!" exclaimed a man—one of the old settlers, with a long pendent queue to his back—"I have been a long time in these parts, but I never heard such a price for a spoonful of flaxseed."

"A fair price, I dare say," said a man standing by. "a fair price, if it's the genuine—the genuine—there, now, I can't think of the kind—it's the new sort. I'd give five dollars, if I could n't get a spoonful without. Only for seed, sir—for seed."

"Pray, Mr. Pedler," said another, "is this seed imported?"

"Why I rather think it was. I imported it."

"From what country did it come?" asked another.

"Well, that's more than I can say, whether from Flanders, or Ireland, or New Holland."

But these names were enough; and as the last seemed to linger longest on some one's mind, he immediately exclaimed, "New Holland! yes, I dare say—a grand country for flax;" and presently the multitude had improved upon these hints—in part facts, and in part surmises—and round it went, that there was flaxseed of a choice kind, just in from New Holland; and one man, who seemed to know something of geography, and whose logic was about equal to what he knew of the face of the earth, declared that as it had come some thousands of miles, it was, *therefore*, probably a very long or tall kind.

"Gentlemen!" said the pedler, who had watched the increasing enthusiasm with the most solid satisfaction, and who thought it quite time to make a strike, "gentlemen, one dollar per spoonful for this flaxseed—your only chance, don't expect ever to offer flaxseed here again; last chance, gentlemen—who'll—"

He was cut short by the advance of a clever, and even staid looking man, who said, "I'll take a spoonful."

"And I!"—"and I!"—"and I," said half a dozen voices all together.

"One at a time, gentlemen," said the pedler, "serve you all, and just as fast as I can—the sooner I get through the better."

And so he went on, parceling out the flaxseed, and pocketing the dollars, till at last he had the pleasure—and a profound pleasure it was—to stow away in his money-wallet the 75th dollar for the 75th spoonful of flaxseed taken from an old cask in the out-room of Mr. M., in the "Old Dominion," in part pay for a clock,

ich some of the purchasers would have it had direct from New Holland.

seventy-five dollars for the flaxseed," said the "seventy-five dollars—seventy-five—that will

now the pedler's voice was again heard, and on what higher key. "Gentlemen," said he, a still more remarkable article to dispose of—e, and only one can have it; and the question will be the fortunate purchaser. Gentle—men, f is for sale."

welkin rung. "A calf for sale!" said half a

"Come, walk up—who'll buy? Who wants

u'd better sell yourself," said a roughish-looking g, addressing the pedler.

ite likely, my man," responded the pedler. "I elt a good deal more like a calf than I do just Bnt I'll sell the calf first, and then think about myself. This calf for sale. Who bids?"

oe?" said one.

seventy-five dollars," replied the pedler.

hat breed?" asked another.

ell, you all see, as for that matter, that he's horns."

ry plain matter of fact, that," said a good-natured, ort of a fellow. "Is he Durham, or what

at's more than I know—he's *short horns*, but or Durham or Dedham—how can I tell?"

urham!" exclaimed a prompt, rosy-cheeked stepping up; why, you simpleton, don't you be value of the creature you are selling—even r simpleton might see with half an eye that he's n; look at his white spots—he's handsome ture."

ndsome!" retorted another, "I wonder where beauty."

ell," said another, "never mind for beauty—his name, Mr. Pedler?"

ell," said the pedler, "I don't know exactly o call him. I guess we'll call him Dromeo "

meo, you fool," said a voice in the crowd. , yes, what a mistake—funny enough," said dler. "Romeo, gentlemen, Romeo—who'll

now, as in case of the flaxseed, the praises of went the rounds, till there was even a cony who should have him.

se it to say, a square-built man was the pur- The money was paid, even before Romeo down on to terra firma. But that operation w gone through with, and the first result was : calf fell like a flounder.

aint you ashamed of yourself, Romeo," said ller; "come, stand up in the presence of these en."

eo, however, could n't find his legs, as they say; pedler had to explain and apologize for his f manners. "He had been a little ailing," he d, "but the person of whom he purchased him, looked better."

wonder if he does ail a little," said a man who

was helping him to stand up, "it's a long voyage he's come, and cattles are quite likely to get sick on a voyage."

"That, indeed," said another, "he looks like as if he'd been very sea-sick—I dare say he was."

"He needs something to eat," said the pedler, "it's a good while that he's been fasting."

"Well," said the purchaser, with some assurance, and well satisfied with his bargain, "plenty of milk hard by—come, boys, give him a lift into the wagon, and I'll import him a little further."

Accordingly, some half a dozen hands were soon occupied in raising Romeo into the farmer's wagon.

Meanwhile, the pedler rolled up the bills, and safely deposited them in his pocket-book, which, on returning to its usual place, he said, "One hundred dollars! one hundred dollars for a clock!—a clock sold to Mr. M., of —! One hundred dollars—that will do!"

No time was now lost by the pedler in re-hitching his horses, which done, he left for head-quarters, there to tell and exult over the success of his experiment in selling a clock. The multitude, which had been some time thinning, now left the Court House and its precincts to their solitude.

Our story summons us once more, but briefly, to the farm-house of Mr. M.

At about half past seven that same evening, the farmer having returned, was quietly seated with his wife at the supper-table. He seemed, though wearied, in excellent spirits. Several circumstances had occurred during the day to put him in good humor. And for some reason his wife looked, he thought, more than ordinarily interesting; she was dressed with more taste. The room was neat and tidy; the light shone more brilliantly, and the table had a better bill of fare; in short, Mrs. M. had exerted herself to give her husband as kind and welcome a reception as she well could. And she had evidently succeeded. He seemed pleased, while she herself was unusually cheerful and sociable.

She had just turned out a third or fourth cup of tea for Mr. M., and was in the very act of handing it to him across the table, when from an adjoining room was heard the clock striking one, two, three, four.

Mr. M. had taken the cup, but it fell as suddenly as if at that instant a paralysis had seized his arm—the cup broke, and the tea flooded the table; at the same time the glance of a kindled eye shot across at his wife.

"Caroline!" said he, in a sharp and inquisitive tone.

"Husband!" at the same time exclaimed Mrs. M.

"My dear husband, will you hear me?"

"No," said the exasperated man, "hear what? What is the meaning of all this? No, I do n't want to hear any explanation. You have violated—"

"My dear husband," interrupted Mrs. M., "only hear me—one instant—one brief explanation."

"None," said he, rising from his chair. At the same time his wife rose, and approaching him, gently laid her hand upon his shoulder, and supplicated his calm and kind attention to her explanation.

"Have you purchased that clock?" he inquired.

"Husband! may be I've done wrong," she replied, "but how can you judge till you hear?"

Mr. M. was a man of impulse, as the reader will readily perceive—and yet he was kind in his nature; and when reason was permitted to speak, he was disposed to listen and judge with candor.

At his wife's request he resumed his seat. She drew her chair to his side. She explained. First she spoke of the calf, and of the ten dollars allowed her for it.

"You recollect, husband," said she, "that only yesterday you wished it dead."

"Ah! that, indeed," said Mr. M., his choler beginning again to wax hot, "but I had rather lost twenty calves than patronize one of those detestable pedlars. You knew my wishes."

"I did, my husband; and but for the opportunity of getting rid of articles absolutely valueless to us, I should never have presumed to have made such a purchase."

"Well, let that pass," said the husband, his own good sense confessing that she got a large price for what he had wished off his premises—only he didn't wish to be thought patronizing a pedlar.

"You got a large price," he added.

"Well," replied Mrs. M., "the clock-man," she avoided the mention of the word pedlar, "allowed me to name my own price, and I aimed in the whole to please you."

"To please me!" said Mr. M., petulently.

"Not to excite your displeasure rather, I should have said."

"Well, and what next?"

"You place me in trying circumstances."

"You placed yourself there," interrupted her husband.

"Yes, according to your view of the case," said Mrs. M., "and you make me regret that I could suffer myself to be tempted to take a clock; but I see no way but to proceed and tell you the whole."

"Certainly," said Mr. M.

"Well, then, husband, you recollect that cask of old flaxseed out in—"

"Flaxseed!" he exclaimed, his voice absolutely sounding over the whole house, at the same time the blood rushing to his face, "flaxseed!—did you sell that flaxseed? Is it, then, possible?"

"Pray," said Mrs. M., "what is the meaning of

your unwonted excitement? What have I done to raise this awful storm?"

"Done?" said he, "done? That flaxseed!—was it, then, that?" he paused. "And pray what did you get for it?"

"There was nearly a bushel of it," replied Mrs. M., "and I was allowed three dollars for it."

"Three dollars a bushel!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it must be that—it must be."

The whole truth was now before him. He understood the length and breadth of the matter. His wife was the dupe of a keen and practiced pedlar; but she was less a dupe than himself. Slowly putting his hand into his pocket, he took thence a paper, which he handed to his wife, and bid her open it. She did so; and in it was a spoonful of what was once *flaxseed*.

Judge her surprise!

"Husband!" said she, "what does this mean?"

"Mean?" said he, "why it means that I am more of a fool than yourself. You sold a bushel of flaxseed for three dollars, and I paid one dollar for a spoonful of it. That is what it means."

"How so?" asked Mrs. M.

The story was soon told. He was one of the seventy-five who had that day purchased the flaxseed. He had left the ground before the selling was through, and hence was ignorant as to the fate of the calf. But now the whole was unraveled. And while husband and wife both experienced some mortification of feeling, the joke was too good to allow any protracted disturbance of their composure.

Mrs. M. procured another cup, as her husband declared that the matter of the clock should n't deprive him of his usual allowance of tea, especially after a day of such fatigue.

The meal was at length finished; but before that, both had recovered their equanimity, and even smiled at the strange events of the day. The pedlar didn't escape some little malediction for the part he had acted; but Mr. M. declared that a man deserved some credit who could carry his purposes despite of such obstacles; but after all, he thought his wife the better salesman, who could dispose of a bushel of old flaxseed for three dollars, and a calf as good as dead for ten dollars.

EFFIE DEANS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Among the delightful creations of the fancy of the great "Wizard of the North," his story entitled "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" stands conspicuous, and perhaps maintains a higher degree of popularity than any other of the numerous productions of his pen. Of course, every reader is familiar with the narrative, and we think all will be gratified by an examination of the beautiful picture of the unfortunate EFFIE DEANS, which graces the present number of our Magazine. It is from the burin of Mr. T. B. WELCH, and is executed in the most finished style of that very superior engraver. The point of view chosen by the artist for

the delineation of his subject, is that at which the procurator Sharpitlaw causes himself to be conveyed to the cell of the miserable girl, for the purpose of eliciting information respecting the haunts of Robertson. The great novelist tells us that "the poor girl was seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners, but it was untouched. The person under whose care she was more particularly placed said, 'that sometimes she tasted nothing from the toe end of the four and twenty hours to the other, except a drink of water.'"

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE WHOOPING CRANE. (*Ardea Americana*.)

Flocks of this bird are found during the autumn in the Middle and Western States, and along the shores of the great lakes. In summer they resort to countless numbers to their breeding places, in the northern latitudes, from which they are again driven at the return of the arctic winters. These migrations are regular, and extend from the vast plains of America to the snows of the Arctic Circle. In performing these immense journeys, the Cranes fly at such a height in the air as to be invisible, stop occasionally at some favorite resting place in the midst of their route. They are frequently seen at those places in the marshes and rice plantations of the South, and in much smaller numbers near Cape May, where they are known by the name of Storks. At times they attract much attention, principally of course from sportsmen; and a small number remain at Cape all winter. Here they wander in the mud, hunting for worms; or if on the wing they keep close to the shore, sailing from place to place with a low, undulating flight, and uttering a loud piercing cry, which can be heard two miles. From this scream, and its various tonal modulations, the bird has received its name. When surrounded, the Whooping Crane boldly faces his pursuers, attacks dog or man, and has been known by the stroke to drive his bill through the gunner's hand. However, a difficult bird to shoot, on account of its shyness and vigilance. When a flock rises from the ground it ascends spirally to a great height, each

member sending forth the piercing scream, which, uniting with the others, and ringing through the air, fills the beholder with a feeling approaching to terror.

The favorite localities of the Whooping Crane are impenetrable swamps, salt marshes, and small ponds or lakes near the sea. Here it hunts its prey, passes its social life, feeds and nourishes its young. Their nests are made of long grass, raised more than a foot above the ground, and usually hidden among unfrequented swamps. The eggs are two in number, of a pale blue color, spotted with brown. Thousands are reared every summer at these favorite haunts, the young setting out in the following season with the others, for the more genial climate of the South. This bird is frequently eaten, and is said to be palatable. Its common food is worms, insects, mice, moles, etc. It is the tallest bird indigenous to the United States, measuring four feet six inches in length, and when erect five feet in height. The bill is truly formidable, being six inches long, an inch and a half thick, straight and extremely sharp. The general color, excepting that of the head and the primaries, is pure white, many of the feathers on each side lengthening into graceful plumes, like those of the ostrich. The legs and thighs are black, thick and strong. The tail, in common with that of the species, is covered by a broad flag of plumage, which sets off the gracefulness of this truly graceful bird to full advantage.

It is supposed on good authority that the species

known by naturalists as the Brown Crane is but the young of this bird. It appears to extend also across Behring's Straits and throughout the great part of northern Asia. It has likewise been confounded with the Canadian Crane, whose habits are thus described by Major Long: "They fly at a great height, and wheeling in circles, appear to rest, without effort, on the surface of an aerial current, by whose eddies they are borne about in an endless series of revolutions. Each individual describes a large circle in the air, in-

dependently of his associates, and uttering loud, distinct, and repeated cries. They continue thus to wing their flight upward, gradually receding from the earth until they become mere specks upon the sight, and finally altogether disappear, leaving only the discordant music of their concert to fall faintly on the ear, exploring

'Heavens not its own, and worlds unknown before.'"

The distinction, however, between these two species is now clearly ascertained.



THE CEDAR BIRD. (*Ampelis Americana*.)

This bird is also known by the names of the Crown Bird, and the Cherry Bird. It abounds in the United States, and is found as far south as Mexico, and northward to Canada. During the Summer months flocks of Cedar birds are found in the mountainous tracts of our country, where they find abundant food in the whortleberries with which, at that season, the Blue Mountains, the Alleghanies, and the Cumberland abound. At the approach of autumn they leave these haunts, and descend to more cultivated, to feed upon the berries of the sour gum and red cedar. The latter is their favorite food; a small flock is not unfrequently seen on one small cedar tree; and here they gorge themselves to such an extent that they may easily be taken by the hand. This voracity does not leave the bird even in captivity; for instances have been known of a tame or wounded one gormandizing upon apples or berries, until it choked to death. They

are also fond of grapes, ripe persimmons, and almost every kind of berry; but the pursuit of insects, which they sometimes indulge in, appears to originate rather from a love of sport, or of mischief, than from any preference to that kind of food. During the season of fruit they are fat, tender, and much esteemed for the table; but they become almost worthless when obliged to live upon insects.

The Cedar Bird is noted for its graceful figure, the beauty of its plumage, and for the tuft or crown which adorns the head, and which it can elevate or depress at pleasure. The feathers are of the texture of fine silk or down, glossy and beautiful. It has long been confounded by foreigners with the European Chatterer, but is much smaller than that bird, possesses marked differences of plumage, and specific differences of nature. Its usual note is but a feeble lisp, generally uttered while rising or alighting. When flying they

re in parties of fifty or sixty, crowded closely together, and on reaching a tree alight in the same comely manner. Of course the sportsman is enabled to terrible execution, sometimes destroying half a flock at a single discharge. Their great enemy is the heron; and when we take into consideration how severely they endeavor to harvest his cherry hards, even to the last gleanings, in spite, too, of the scare-crows, it must be acknowledged that has better cause for war against them than in many instances of supposed feathered aggressions. The Cedar Bird, however, increases rapidly; and a singular circumstance connected with its habits is the unusually late time at which it begins to build. This is supposed to be owing to a scarcity of food in the spring.

The nest is not begun before the second week in June. It is located on a cedar tree, or in some orchard, usually in a forked branch ten or twelve feet from the ground. The bottom is composed of coarse dry stalks of grass, and the whole is lined with very fine threads or blades of the same material. The eggs are three or four in number, white, with a bluish cast, very sharp at the point, and blunt at the other end, the whole surface marked with small round black spots. After being hatched the young are fed for a while on insects, and afterward on berries. If the nest be attacked the parent birds utter no cry, but will sometimes make a show of defence by snapping the bill, elevating the crest, and attack with mimic fury the object which disturbs them.

THE WILLOW BY THE SPRING.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

NEAR to my old grandfather's cot,
A small stream murmurs by;
And from its bank a spring pours out,
Whose waters never dry;
Beside that spring a willow stands—
A tall and stately tree—
Oh, would you learn what charms it hath?
I'll tell its charms to me;
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

My mother, on her bridal morn,
Two twigs inserted there;
And twining them together close,
United thus the pair;
She left them to the charge of Fate,
To flourish or to fade;
But taking root, they freely grew,
And gave the spring a shade;
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

How oft have I, when but a child,
And e'en in later years,
Sat 'neath that willow's drooping boughs,
And bathed its roots in tears;
Not for a sadness which I felt,
From pains that pressed my heart;
But Mem'ry, with her troop of thoughts,
Bade Feeling's fountain start;
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

When on the cultured plains of life,
A wedded pair I see,
Who, true to each, together cling,
I think upon that tree;
There, green in age, it broadly spreads
Its branches to the sun—
Distinct, two trunks appear in view,
And yet, they "twain are one."
That willow of my home,
That willow of my home;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
One hundred years to come.

WE ARE CHANGED.

BY EDITH BLYTHE.

'We are changed—we are changed—The time was once
That our hearts were light and free,
And the song and the laugh rang out in tones
Of merry, blithesome glee:
'We are changed—we are changed—for grief and care
Have wrought the work of years,
And our smiles have fled, and our eyes grown dim
With burning bitter tears.

We are changed—for our hearts no longer now
Can echo the songs of mirth,
And the sunbeams are few, and the shadows dark,
That seem to encircle the earth.
The step has grown slow that was buoyant and light,
When erst the green forest we ranged;
Our fair dreams have fled, and hope's bright star is gone—
And we feel we are changed—we are changed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MEANS OF A MAN'S LASTING FAME.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

As a general rule, we must look to the earliest years of a man to ascertain the facts and circumstances which have influenced the conduct and produced the result of his latest years; just as we ascend to the sources of a stream, to find what has caused the color and quality of its water; on looking a little down we find those assisting or disturbing accidents that divert or direct its current.

But while the quality of a man's mind may be dependent upon the gifts of God or the culture of his infancy—while we may trace up from the last effort of matured greatness to the earliest movement of the nascent powers, the influence of the first directing causes, and see how qualities were improved and greatness achieved; while all the colors of the mind seem to be derived from infancy, and the fame of the youth is made obviously referable to the culture of the nursery and the fireside circle, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that even in later years, when the tone or the color of the mind becomes fixed, when the qualities have insured fame and eminence, some unseen, and by the world unsuspected, cause operates to disturb the onward course, impede the progress, lessen the influence, and thus diminish the greatness of the gifted one that has been "the observed of all observers," as a projecting rock divides the current at the mouth of a stream, or an accumulated bar prevents a depth and destroys the usefulness of a river which has flowed steadily, beautifully and profitably from its source in the mountain to its entrance into the sea.

And, not to drop the simile, we see some men moving on in constantly augmenting consequence, swaying public opinion and enlightening public sentiment, and seeming to bid fair to swallow up in their fame the credit of all, by making all tributary to them, when suddenly they sink from observation; drop from the course they have pursued, and are lost to sight, just as the rivers of Florida flow along with augmented volume toward the Gulf, as if to gather themselves into a glorious estuary, when suddenly they sink into the earth, and are lost amid the subterranean caverns that abound in a country of such peculiar geological formation, and like

The Niger escape the keen traveler's eye,
By plunging or changing the climate.

We see around us numerous instances of this kind of autumnal failure. History is full of them. Our country presents cases of remarkable strength. And as it acquires years and augmented numbers, more will present themselves, and as the means of observation increase, and publicity becomes greater, of course attention will be more drawn to the fact; and perhaps the causes, too, will be better understood, I do not know that they will be avoided; if we are right in our conjectures as to their causes, then we fear that they will continue—and while they continue they will produce like effects.

I am about to speak of the disturbing cause of manhood—the hidden influences to harm to which he is exposed—something that comes in manhood to defeat the hopes and expectation of childhood and youth, something that paralyzes the arm lifted in the harvest field, for which seed-time had been appropriately sown, and vernal showers and

summer suns had done their work of good. I must not, however, be supposed to intimate that all attention is not due to infancy and childhood, to insure the man of worth, or that all of goodness and most of greatness in age are not the consequence of early devotion. We know it is—but we are not hence released from the necessity of inquiry, what it is that defeats the labors given to age—what is it that strikes down the man in his upward march—what is it that suddenly, to the appearance of the world, but perhaps slowly to the sufferer, withdraws the vital stamina of his mind, and leaves him powerless, hopeless, *ambitionless*! The tree that sheds its deciduous leaves in autumn, may have in itself no powers to renew its foliage in the spring, and if sentient would feel that the sap which was receding from its branches would never again flow, to promote its growth and restore its beauty—but the world would know nothing of the blight until spring had brought out other trees, and exposed its nakedness and death, then it might concern the arborator to inquire what had affected that "which promised ere long to be the pride of the wood and prince among the neighboring trees" Is man less worthy of consideration than insensible wood? But man does not regard his kind; he acknowledges a law for all of nature beside, but for himself and his, he submits all to chance, and fate becomes the providence of submission. If with the season a single class of birds omit their advent—or come in less considerable numbers than was their wont—forthwith the philosopher peers into nature, compares her laws, and with infinite research comes to guess at the motive which influenced the motion of the feathered tribe. "But man dieth and wasteth away." The immortality upon which he is seizing fades in his grasp, or his hand becomes palsied—few or none reach the point at which they aim, and there is no one to ask the reason of the failure, or to explain the causes which have disappointed the aspirant of his fate and the world of its advantage.

"Of how much more value are ye than many sparrows!"

I have often in moments of reflection upon the fame and conduct of particular, distinguished men, felt a great anxiety to know something of their private life, that I might be able to judge of the cause of the disappointment which their life's close had worked for their friends and admirers. I have put the question to some one who might have more knowledge than I of the individual to whom I referred.

"Oh, he drinks too much."

"That is true—anybody can see that. But how does it happen that such a person should drink too much?"

"The constant demand upon his intellect gave him a habit of stimulating, and that is a good way toward intoxication."

"But I do not see in his pursuits that kind of demand for stimuli which poets are supposed to have? I think that drinking is rather an effect than a cause."

Such questions and such answers, with such conclusions, were frequent. Accident at length led me to a closer knowledge of the circumstances of one person, whose fame seemed to pale before the effectual fires of some hidden conflagration.

Blackstone had taken his place at the bar of his native county, and extended his practice to the various courts of the State, so that he seemed, in a few years, to have got possession of a position for which many had given a life time of labor. The amount of his business at the bar did not hinder him from distinguishing himself in the halls of the legislature, and his commanding eloquence commended him to the people of both parties as a representative in Congress, where his career fulfilled all the expectations of his warmest political friends, and justified the vote in his favor of his political opponents.

Years passed away, and the habits of this popular and eminent citizen were less exemplary than the fame of his talents would require, and while his many friends had to confess a bitter disappointment, he seemed dissatisfied with himself, and constantly in need of something which no one seemed able to impart. He lost the high position which he had reached, and the world wondered at the change; all, of course, censured the *recusant*, and blamed him justly, because there was that in his *habits* which shocked the temperate. "No man in these days," it was said with emphasis, "no man can expect to sustain himself in any public position who neglects the proprieties of life by indulging in intemperate use of spirituous liquor."

Here was a cause for the lapse in the upward course. To drink too much is to be unable to ascend—we do not mean a play upon a vulgar designation for inebriety, when we say that he who drinks too much has in him a too heavy load to take with him to the temple of desirable fame.

But admitting intemperance as the proximate cause of the change in the man's conduct—may we not be allowed to suspect that there was a remote cause—some less potent influence working the evil, but producing through the agency of liquor? In other words we did inquire into the circumstances of Blackstone and found that there was a remote cause, and we found also what that cause was:

Blackstone's fine person and commanding talents, gave him the welcome *entrées* of the first families of West Virginia: whether these are equal to the real F. F. V. of the eastern portion of the State, we do not know, but they were glad to find Blackstone among them. He married a young woman of good education—we mean of considerable school learning—and she was beside handsome and agreeable. She admired the position which Blackstone had achieved—was pleased with the fame of her husband, and not a little elated at the distinction which his character and popularity conferred on her. The world all saw that Mrs. B. was proud of her husband—the world as usual made a mistake. She was proud of being Blackstone's wife. The reflected honor was most grateful, and she enjoyed it. She appreciated the distinction which she possessed, almost as highly as she did the abundant supply of money which her husband's position at the bar enabled him to supply.

But Mrs. Blackstone never thought much about the manner in which the money was acquired, and never for a moment thought of the ingredients of her husband's fame. She knew that Mr. B. was a distinguished lawyer, but it never occurred to her that the maintenance of his position demanded as much exertion as did the attainment thereof. She knew by common fame, by the newspapers, and by other tokens, that her husband was one of the most distinguished speakers of that speaking portion of the country, and she knew, because all said, that his speeches in the halls of legislation or at the courts of justice were not merely verbal outpourings, they contained deep thought and persuasive arguments, and constant instruction. But it never occurred to Mrs. B. that these gigantic works of her husband were the result of efforts; that without due preparation he would have failed in the midst of his argu-

ment, and that each glorious exposition of the law to the court, each elucidation of the constitution to the Legislature demanded that its successor should be as well sustained, should add to his fame for learning and acumen, and that consequently new study, new labor, new intensity of application, could alone secure to the gifted speaker the fame which his antecedent argument had acquired. To her, we say, such an idea never occurred. She seemed to think, or at least her conduct would warrant the conclusion that she thought, the eloquence and the learning of her husband were as little the result of exertions as was his physical proportion, and that one of his great speeches was as easily made as was a pedestrian movement from his house to the office. The truth is, she thought nothing about it.

A friend whose business calls him frequently to the West, tells us that he was at one time an inmate of Mr. Blackstone's family for some weeks—that on one occasion the whole town had been wrapt in admiration at one of his magnificent addresses in the court-house—it was a speech which if it had been the only one of any man's life would have insured enviable fame. Our informant, roused from the deep absorption which the speech produced, hastened at its close to the dwelling of Mr. B., that he might sit and enjoy the rich effect which the language and tone had produced upon his mind. Mrs. B. was in the parlor, and he informed her of the unexampled efforts and success of her husband. She merely remarked that she had heard him speak often before their marriage but never since.

Of course, a lady was not going to laud her husband, she was modest.

Later in the evening, the visitor was sitting in the library, when Mr. B. entered that portion of the house. He was exhausted, mentally and physically. He knew that he had done great things, and he desired, as all men do, to have his wife share in the pleasure—nay, to double the pleasure to him by her kind, affectionate, partial commendation of his labors, and hearty rejoicings at his success.

"It was, Cornelia," said he, "one of my most fortunate hits, and when I summed up the testimony and presented the cause of the injured widow, there was not a dry eye in the court-room; and the gallery was crowded with ladies. Mrs. Campbell sat in front, listening with the most marked attention—"

"Did she—what dress did Mrs. Campbell wear?"

"Dress—but—"

It was ever thus. Whatever effort Blackstone made—whatever applause abroad followed his exertions, there was an entire want of sympathy at home. Not that Mrs. B. was without high mental powers, not that those powers lacked cultivation; but she had no knowledge of what a public man expects of his home, no comprehension of the great fact, that no out-of-door applause, no huzza of the multitude, no approval of even a judicious public is complete in its effect upon the recipient, unless sanctioned and sealed by the council at home—a council the head and chief of which is the wife, but which includes every member of the domestic circle. Distinguished men are not candidates alone for *applause*. They receive the censure, the vituperation, and persecution sometimes of those whose views they may oppose. Whose good they can no longer promote—for whom they have done the ninety-nine good acts but failed in their attempt at the hundredth—and that failure cancels all obligations for former success; how prospective is public gratitude!

Blackstone of course had his opponents, and when he entered his house, stung with insults from impeached motives, and felt how faithless had been those upon whom he had leaned, a word or two of kindness, one intimation that

he could and would survive all such attacks. One gentle, soothing strain from a wife who knows or ought to know the most sensitive spot on which the public thong had fallen, and who can apply the soothing ointment of affection—one cheering word would have lifted him over the difficulty and made him feel that in himself he had the material of resistance, and the weapons of final victory. A glass or two of brandy stiffens the nerves and rallies the mind to its wonted tone—that application must, of course, be increased in amount whenever renewed, or the effect will cease—and we need not tell what must be the consequence of such a resort.

The remedy of wife-like sympathy, domestic soothing, may indeed, like the latter, need augmentation by frequency of application—but it comes from a source that is never dried up by use, that increases by drafts upon it—and produces no injurious effects upon the mind or body made recipient of its soothing power.

I know now, because I know more than I have above related, that the errors of Blackstone, his short-coming, the comparative dimness of his once glowing fame which seemed marked to “shine more and more unto the perfect day;” his want of perseverance—his new habits of remissness—his loss of fame—all, all are due to a want of *home*—of that which makes his house his home—makes home—home.

I speak not here of the thousand instances in which incompatibility of temper forever precludes family enjoyment—where vice, or what is next to vice, want of domestic proprieties, disturb the peace of home; I cite no instance of the defeat of a man's high purpose, and the baffling of the noble aims which elevated talents and finished education may form—I quote not shipwrecks like those which may be due to the vulgar mind or the vicious course of the wife—such causes are usually as obvious as their effects. The man of more spirit than judgment breaks away from the destructive cause, and tries to acquire an independence of home. Man is not independent of home, if he has a place which he calls home, and all his life, and all his conduct, and all his experience must and will derive their coloring in no mean degree from that home, however man may treat its condition or seek to place himself beyond its influence.

The distinguished Mr. Coke of South Carolina, seemed to me in some considerable intercourse, to have rather a brilliant fancy, but to lack that severe discipline which goes to make a man truly and permanently great and popular—yet he seldom failed in producing a considerable effect on an audience which he addressed, whatever might be the subject, and nervous as was his system—he rarely evinced on the morning after a defeat any tokens of irritation or discouragement. His wife made it her business, and it became her pleasure to be an auditor of his narrations—to hear his complaints against individuals at the moment of anger and seem to forget his charges when returning equanimity led him to speak in a different tone and temper of his vigorous and sometimes successful antagonist.

He never came from a public exercise of his talents without being willingly compelled to give an account of the whole matter to his family, unless it was unpleasant; in that case his wife was the attentive soothing listener.

The triumph of the forum or the ‘stump’ (pardon the Americanism,) was doubled in the joy which the narration gave to the family, and the unpleasant occurrences of such arenas were never referred to in the family, so that Coke was sure of pleasure at home, whatever may have been the pleasure abroad—he was sure of delicate sympathy at home whatever may have been the vexation abroad. His

fireside was the seat of pleasure—his house was his home—his home was a home.

What is the result of all this? The course of Mr. Coke as all know has been onward and upward—not with the swiftness or the sunlike aim of Blackstone—but steadily, constantly, and successfully. Charge Mrs. Blackstone with having impeded the course of her gifted husband, and she would start with anger at, and abhorrence of the charge. She had never disgraced him by misconduct, nor hindered him by interference.

Credit Mrs. Coke with having been the cause of her husband's success, and she would be not less astonished; she knew nothing of the subjects of which her husband had acquired fame by speaking; she had consequently never assisted in his preparation for public display, nor added an idea to his brief.

The cold negative of Mrs. Blackstone had chilled her husband into indifference or disgust.

The cheering warmth of Mrs. Coke's affectionate attention and timely attendance had inspired her husband with that proper degree of self-respect which is necessary to self-dependence, and her soothing sympathies had lulled unfriendly feelings toward others, so that he lost nothing of acquired popularity by injudicious utterance of irritated feelings.

It would not be difficult to adduce numerous instances, in divers walks of life, of the good effect of matrimonial sympathy upon the success of the husband and the position of the family. Very little can be expected of a man abroad who lives in a state of constant indifference at home—who has there no encouragement to efforts, and no gentle soothing in failure, no inspiring by the utterance of confidence in his powers, who gathers no gentle pride by those hearty, warm, open plaudits at the fireside, which would have shocked his feelings if offered abroad.

The merchant needs it, when his adventure is in imminent danger, or his losses exceed his expectations. The mechanic requires it when planning some work from which a kind of fame and a hoped for credit are to flow.

The laborer has as much advantage from the encouraging tone of his wife's voice as has any other man, and disappointment has its sting poisoned or extracted, just as the woman sees proper to meet the evil.

“If a man would be rich he must ask his wife.” This is an old and a true proverb, and applies as much to the riches of fame and station as to those of pecuniary estimate. And if a man hopes to rise in life, let him as a means of ascent carefully weigh the character of her who is to be his companion—let him investigate closely her habits of sympathizing with others, and her ability to conform to his situation. Wealth, beauty, talents, education, are all desirable in woman, all appropriate to her position, all contribute to her means of true usefulness. But coldness, selfishness, indifference to the tastes and feelings of others, and consequent uselessness as a wife, are all quite inconsistent with those other attractions, and render them worthless—a means of annoyance rather than a source of pleasure.

Constant affection, household knowledge, unflinching sympathy with the wishes, views and efforts of the husband, good common sense, are those jewels of a wife's inheritance which are infinitely above all others, though eminently consistent with those usually so highly valued.

Let no female reader think the dignity or the rights of her sex invaded, nor the wrongs neglected, and start up to declare what a miserable state a bad husband imposes upon a wife; we are speaking of an independent evil. We know how much misery is brought into families, and how all good is banished by the follies and wickedness of the husband. But our business now is to speak of the errors

faults of character which it seems almost impossible to correct in the individual, but which must be und avoided by those who look to marriage as a happiness and advancement. The person must : faults of conduct are more or less easily corrected more or less depend upon the character, or temper of the individual. But, alas! when, ted monitions, and as repeated failures, people y "it is her way," then it seems almost im- hope for success. ure to us, however, worth while for men, and o, to look at the circumstances to which we ly to have referred. Let them weigh the value

of domestic peace—let them estimate the worth of home attractions and home pleasures, and let some one sit down and look calmly and philosophically at the influence of family peace, family pleasure, family support, upon the character and condition of a man—of the husband—and then see whether what we have noticed is not worth the notice of others.

We do not say that the man of learning wants a learned wife, nor that the statesman needs a political partner. But both need a wife who will sympathize in their feelings, will try to improve advantages and mitigate evils, and thus to bring to the house and the fireside the great sources of man's happiness and man's triumphs.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Visit to the United States of North America. By les Lyell, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo.

les Lyell is the exact opposite of those English bo emphasize the little peculiarities of Ameri- eter, and pass off their caricatures as national e is a rigid man of science, without sufficient imagination to seize upon individual peculiari- onfines himself altogether to facts and sensible He is essentially a moderate man in mind as disposition, and thoroughly conscientious, good- nd unimpassioned. His eye for scenery is that of science, not of a poet; he observes geology r, not mountains and sunny slopes of green hills; gh the whole book there is not one example of ising above the dead level of calm observation ication, even in the presence of the most beau- ublime scenes of nature. In regard equally to tutions, and scenery, he seems incapable either ion or dislike, and from his utter lack of sensi- any impressions, the reader is made to wonder n be any thing but a bore to himself. His mode- perfect. He discusses the copyright question eation of slavery in a manner so cool and just nguish him from all other English tourists, and all American chattering on those word-flooded lf he is thus destitute of glow and enthusiasm, admitted that these defects have their compen- His statements are always reliable. The geolo- mation the volumes contain is of course beyond his observations are almost equally just on the f religion, education, and the practical working litical institutions. He may not convey much n to an American, but it is but proper to admit lerant and conscientious representations will be pel many errors and prejudices in the minds of untrymen. An Englishman is apt to consider to believe every thing bad against the United d it is pleasant to think that a man with the scientific position of Sir Charles Lyell has the s as well as the power to present the good side iety for foreign contemplation. ighth chapter of his first volume, Lyell discusses rpent, and comes to the conclusion that it is a hark. Since his book was published the crea- een seen again off Nahant Beach, and the shark s completely overturned. We perceive that elieves in the Serpent, and his opinion is almost tative as Lyell's reasonings. reating chapter in these volumes is devoted to

the reprints of English books, in the course of which the author gives an account of the mammoth establishment of the Harpers. In the course of the year 1846 the publishers sold two millions of volumes. Their success with particular books seems to have filled Lyell with as much wonder as he is capable of feeling. They sold 80,000 copies of the *Wandering Jew*, and 40,000 copies of Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*. Up to April, 1849, they had disposed of 40,000 copies of Macaulay's *History*, at prices varying from four dollars to fifty cents, and they calculated that the publishers of other editions had sold 20,000, making in all 60,000 copies of one book in about three months. The circulation of the same work in Great Britain had been almost unprecedented, considering that the price was thirty-two shillings, and yet during the same period only 13,000 copies were disposed of. Since that period the English circulation has risen to 20,000, and we doubt not the American has nearly reached 80,000. Lyell seems to think, in alluding to these facts, that what the English author loses in money by an absence of copyright in America, he makes up in popularity and fame.

The Liberty of Rome: A History with an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By Samuel Eliot. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work, though composed of two solid octavos, each numbering five hundred pages, is still but the beginning of a series. The adventurous author intends to follow them up with a line of successors, devoting a brace of volumes to the Liberty of the Early Christian Ages, another to the Liberty of the Middle Ages, and still another to the Liberty of Europe since the Reformation. In addition to these, separate works are to be produced on the Liberty of England and that of America. Few, even among the giants of one idea, could contemplate such a vision of labor without despair, but Mr. Eliot has fully made up his mind to undertake the task; and there seems to be in him a power, possessed by few scholars, of unflinchingly looking in the face a prospect of dogged work, which will probably carry him through the business. The present volumes are able, full of learning, inspired by a genuine love of liberty and a genuine sense of religion, and are not deficient in historical sagacity. They reflect great credit on the author's industry and ability, and, in many respects, are an addition to historical and to American literature. It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt an abstract of his labors, stretching as they do over a vast field of facts and principles, but it can be confidently asserted of his book, that it can hardly be read

without increasing our knowledge, and inspiring an admiration of the author's spirit, and a respect for his learning. If Mr. Elliot fails in securing the attention of a large class of readers, it will not be because he has nothing of importance to communicate, but because he does not exactly understand the best mode of communicating it. His style is generally languid, oppressed with words brought in to limit propositions, and the sentences are unconnected by that fusing spirit which gives directness and movement to narration and disquisition. These defects are perhaps the more observable, as the style is ambitious to the extent of suggesting an effort after correctness, and, with little freshness and energy, is replete with images seen through an unimaginative haze of words, and implying the absence rather than the possession of poetical power. The fault of the work, in short, is the fault of a person unpracticed in composition, and substituting a heavy rhetoric for a natural style; the merits are of a kind which the purest and raciest writers might be proud to claim.

The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peins Forts et Durs, and Other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst, Author of Endymion, etc. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume, though it contains nothing equal in classic beauty and grace to the exquisite poem of Endymion, has striking merits of another kind, indicating that the author's genius is versatile, and can roam at will into many regions of song. The Penance of Roland is a long and spirited ballad story, giving free play to a variety of strong passions, and hurrying the reader swiftly along on a rushing stream of musical verse to the conclusion. The author has united narration and description in such an artistical manner, as to make his representations of scenery and moods of mind aid instead of obstructing the story; and he produces a strict unity of effect, by making every thing serve the dominant idea of the poem. In this power of grasping a leading idea, of conceiving a poem, Mr. Hirst is ever pre-eminently successful. This was the great charm of Endymion, and it is just as observable in the smaller pieces contained in the present volume as in that longer work. Of the whole nineteen there is not one which is merely a collection of melodious lines, embodying certain fancies and imaginations, but each is a short poem, imaginatively conceived and artistically executed. We have no space to refer to them individually, but it can be said of them generally, that they display a profound insight into the mysteries of melody both in metre and rhythm, and evince great strength and subtilty of imagination in the embodiment of varying moods of mind. The volume is a rich addition to the poetical literature of the country.

History of the National Constituent Assembly. By J. F. Corkran, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this interesting volume was in daily attendance at the National Assembly for some months, and his book is a record of his personal observation of men and debates, including a view of the measures introduced into the Assembly, and the mode in which they were discussed. The author is an Englishman, and his eye is not always perfectly accurate in his perception of French character; but he is far beyond most of his countrymen even in this particular. He gives tolerably correct views of the different factions which divided the nation after the Revolution of February—the Red and the Moderate Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Bonapartists and Monarchists; and some capital portraits are drawn of Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Cremieux, Garnier Pages, Arago, Marie, Marrast, Thiers, Barrot, Berryer, Dupin, Rollin,

Cavaignac, Mole, and Marshal Bugeaud. One of the most interesting portions of the volume we have found to be the account of Pierre Leroux. Mr. Corkran is evidently ignorant of the fact that Leroux is one of the profoundest metaphysicians of France, that he not only demolished the Eclectic system of Cousin, but is himself a man with positive philosophical ideas, and accordingly he considers him simply as a political socialist, who fails as a public speaker. Leroux is thus described: "Beneath a prodigious mass, or mop, of black hair, as wild and entangled as the brushwood of a virgin forest, slumber a pair of misty, dreamy eyes, while the spectator's ears are regaled with the sounds of a sing-song voice, going through an interminable history of human society, from the earliest days to the present time, for the purpose of showing that the world has hitherto been on a wrong social track, and struggling in the toils of a great mistake." It seems that Leroux was in the habit of reading his speeches, and though he at first obtained the ear of the Assembly, he was ruined by having it proved upon him that he was in the custom of reading one of his own unsaleable printed pamphlets instead of a speech written for the occasion. Mr. Corkran says, "when he attempted to read afterward, a resolution was gravely proposed that no books should be read at the tribune. Well do I recollect the scowl with which the philosopher slowly ascended the tribune."

The Magic of Kindness; or the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan. By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

The authors of this little volume are the same who wrote the popular and charming book entitled, "The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold;" and their present contribution to a cause equally good, has the peculiar interest of a fairy tale in the treatment of facts historically accurate. The subject of benevolence, and the miracles it works, have rarely been presented in a manner more likely to win converts among readers of all dispositions and capacities. The illustrations by Kenny Meadows and George Cruikshank, are excellent; and the same may be said of the typography of the volume.

The Elements of Reading and Oratory. By Henry Manville, D. D., Professor of Moral Sciences and Belles-Lettres in Hamilton College. A New Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Here is a work on Elocution deserving the title of scientific, excelling, as it does, in the generalization and statement of laws any book of the kind published on either side of the Atlantic. It would be impossible in our limited space to give an account of the author's method, but it certainly is most thorough in pronunciation, punctuation, modulation, the classification of sentences, and emphasis. It is not only an admirable book for schools, but it contains much to interest every person who would write and speak the English language accurately, and there are few English scholars so accomplished as not to be able to obtain new and valuable information from its perusal.

History of Julius Caesar. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 18mo.

The series of Mr. Abbott's histories appear in such rapid succession that we presume they have attained great popularity. Certainly few books are better calculated to improve and instruct young minds. The present volume is devoted to Caesar, one of the world's three military wonders, and his eventful life is portrayed with much vigor and clearness of narration.

The clock was striking midnight—ill-omened hour for such a rite as that—in the tower of the parish church, as Jasper St. Aubyn sprung to the ground before the old Saxon porch, and lifting his sweet bride from the saddle, fastened the bridles of their horses to the hooks in the churchyard-wall, and entered the low-browed door which gave access to the nave.

A single dim light burned on the altar, by which the old vicar, robed in his full canonicals, awaited them, with his knavish assistant, and the two witnesses beside him.

Dully and unimpressively, at that unhallowed hour, and by that dim light, the sacred rite was performed, and the dread adjuration answered, and the awful bond undertaken, which, through all changes, and despite all chances of this mortal life makes two into one flesh, until death shall them sever.

The gloom, the melancholy, the nocturnal horror of the scene sunk deeply on Theresa's spirit; and it was in the midst of tears and shuddering that she gave her hand and her heart to one, who, alas! was too little capable of appreciating the invaluable treasure he had that night been blessed withal. And even when the ceremony was performed, and she was his immutably and forever, as they rode home as they had come, alone, through the dim avenues and noble chase, which were now in some sort her own, there was none of that buoyancy, that high, exulting hope, that rapture of permitted love which is wont to thrill the bosoms of young and happy brides.

Nor, on the following day, was the melancholy gloom, which, despite all her young husband's earnest and fond endeavors to cheer and compose her, still overhung her mind, in anywise removed by the tidings which reached the manor late in the afternoon.

The aged vicar, so the tale went, had been called by some unusual official duty to the parish church, long after it was dark, and in returning home had fallen among the rocks, having strayed from the path, and injured himself so severely that his life was despaired of.

So eagerly did Jasper proffer his services, and with an alacrity so contrary to his usual sluggishness, when his own interests were not at stake, did he order his horse and gallop down to the village to visit his old friend, that his father smiled, well pleased and half laughingly thanked Theresa, when the boy had gone; saying that he really believed her gentle influence was charming some of Jasper's willfulness away, and that he trusted ere long to see him, through her precept and example, converted into a milder and more humanized mood and temper.

Something swelled in the girl's bosom, and rose to her throat, half choking her—the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear—as the good old man spoke, and the big tears gushed from her eyes.

It was by the mightiest effort only that she kept down the almost overmastering impulse which prompted her to cast herself down at the old man's feet, and confess to him what she had done, and so implore his pardon and his blessing.

Had she done so, most happy it had been for her unhappy self; more happy yet for one more miserable yet, that should be!

Had she done so, she had crowned the old man's last days with a halo of happiness that had lighted him down the steps to the dusky grave rejoicing—he had secured to herself, and to him whom she had taken for better or for worse, innocence and security and self-respect and virtue, which *are* happiness!

She did it not; and she repented not *then*—for when she told Jasper how nearly she had confessed all, his brow grew as dark as night, and he put her from him, exclaiming with an oath, that had she done so, he had never loved her more; but did she not repent thereafter?

It was late when Jasper returned, and he was, to all outward observers, sad and thoughtful; but Theresa could read something in his countenance, which told her that he had derived some secret satisfaction from his visit.

In a word, the danger, apprehension of which had so prompted Jasper's charity, and quickened his zeal in well-doing—the danger, that the old clergyman should divulge *in extremis* the duty which had led him to the church at an hour so untimely, was at an end forever. He was dead, and had never spoken since the accident, which had proved fatal to his decrepit frame and broken constitution.

Moreover, to make all secure, he had seen the rascal sexton, and secured him forever, by promising him an annuity so long as the secret should be kept; while craftier and older in iniquity than he, and suspecting—might it not be foreseeing—deeper iniquity to follow, the villain, who now alone, with the suborned witnesses, knew what had passed, stole into the chancel, and cut out from the parish register the leaf which contained the record of that unhappy marriage.

It is marvellous how at times all things appear to work prosperously for the success of guilt, the destruction of innocence; but, of a truth, the end of these things is not here.

It so fell out that the record of Theresa Allan's union with Jasper St. Aubyn was the first entry on a fresh leaf of the register. One skillful cut of a sharp knife removed that leaf, so as to defy the closest scrutiny; had one other name been inscribed thereon, before hers, she had been saved.

Alas! for Theresa!

But to do Jasper justice, he knew not of this villainy; nor, had he known, would he *then* have sanctioned it. He only wished to secure himself against momentary discovery.

The ill consequences of this folly, this mysterious and unmeaning craft, had now in some degree recoiled upon himself. And delighting, as he really did, in the closest intercourse with his sweet young bride, he chafed and fumed at finding that the necessity of keeping up the concealment, which he had so needlessly insisted on, precluded him from the possibility of enjoying his new possession, as he would, entirely and at all hours.

He would have given almost his right hand now to be able to declare openly that she was his own. But, for once in his life, he dared not! He could not bring himself to confess to his kind father the cruel breach of confidence, the foul and causeless deceit of which

he had been guilty; and he began almost to look forward to the death of that excellent and idolizing parent, as the only event that could allow him to call his wife his own.

It was not long before his wish—if that can be called a wish, which he dared not confess to his own guilty heart, was accomplished.

The first snows had not fallen yet, when the old cavalier fell ill, and declined so rapidly that before the old year was dead he was gathered to his fathers. As he had lived, so he died, a just, upright, kindly, honorable man. At peace with all men, and in faith with his God.

His last words were entreaty to his son to take Theresa Allen to his wife, and to live with her unambitiously, unostentatiously, as he had lived himself, and was about to die, at Widecomb. And even then, though he promised to obey his father's bidding, the boy's heart was not softened, nor was his conscience touched by any sense of the wrong he had done. He promised, and as the good man's dying eye kindled with pleasure, he smiled on him with an honest seeming smile, received his parting kiss, and closed his eyes, and stood beside the dead, unrelenting, unrepentant.

He was the Lord of Widecomb; and so soon as the corpse by which he stood should be composed in the quiet grave, the world should know him, too, as the Lord of Theresa Allan.

And so he swore to her, when he stole that night, as he had done nightly since their marriage, to her chamber, after every light was extinguished, and, as he believed, every eye closed in sleep; and she, fond soul! believed him, and clasped him to her heart, and sunk into sleep, with her head pillowed on his breast, happier than she had been since she had, once—for the first, last time—deviated from the paths of truth.

But he who has once taken up deceit as his guide, knows not when he can quit it. He may, indeed, say to himself "thus far will I go, and no further," but when he shall have once attained the proposed limit, and shall set himself to work to recover that straight path from which he has once deviated, fortunate will he be, indeed, if he find not a thousand obstacles, which it shall tax his utmost energy, his utmost ingenuity to surmount, if he have not to cry out in despair—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Jasper St. Aubyn did honestly intend to do, the next day, what he that night promised; nor did he doubt that he *could* do it, and so do it, as to save her scatheless, of whom he had not yet grown weary.

But, alas! of so delicate a texture is a woman's reputation, that the slightest doubt, the smallest shade once cast upon it, though false as hell itself, it shall require more than an angel's tears to wash away the stain. All cautiously as Jasper had contrived his visits to the chamber of his wife, all guarded as had been his intercourse with her, although he had never dreamed that a suspicion had been awakened in a single mind of the existence of such an intercourse, he had not stolen thither once, nor returned once to his own solitary couch, but keen, curious, prying eyes had followed him.

There was not a maid-servant in the house but knew Miss Theresa's shame, as all believed it to be; but tittered and triumphed over it in her sleeves, as an excuse, or at least a palliation of her own peccadilloes; but told it, in confidence, to her own lover, Tom, the groom, or Dick, the falconer, until it was the common gossip of the kitchen and the butlery, how the fair and innocent Theresa was Master Jasper's mistress.

But they nothing dreamed of this; and both fell asleep that night, full of innocent hopes on the one hand, and good determinations—alas! never to be realized, on the other.

The morrow came, and Sir Miles St. Aubyn was consigned to the vault where slept his fathers of so many generations. Among the loud and sincere lamentations of his grateful tenantry and dependents, the silent, heartfelt tears of Theresa, and the pale but constrained sorrow of his son, he was committed earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, to his long last home, by the son of the aged vicar, who had already been inducted to the living, which his father had held so many years before him.

The mournful ceremonial ended, Jasper was musing alone in the old library, considering with himself how he might best arrange the revelation, which he proposed to make that very evening to his household of his hitherto concealed marriage with Theresa, when suddenly a servant entered, and informed him that Peter Verity, the sexton, would be glad to speak six words with his honor, if it would not be too much trouble.

"By no means," replied Jasper, eagerly, for he foresaw, as he thought, through this man a ready mode of extricating himself from the embarrassment of the disclosure, "admit him instantly."

The fellow entered; a low, miserable, sneaking scoundrel, even from his appearance; and Jasper felt as if he almost loathed himself that he had ever had to do with so degraded a specimen of mortality. He had need of him, however, and was compelled, therefore, much against his will, to greet him, and speak him fairly.

"Ha, Verity," he said, "I am glad you have come, I should have sent for you in the morning, if you had not come up to-night. You have managed that affair for me right well; and I shall not forget it, I assure you. Here are ten guineas for you, as an earnest now, and I shall continue your annuity, though there will be no need for concealment any longer. Still I shall want your assistance, and will pay you for it liberally."

"I thank your honor, kindly," answered the fellow, pocketing the gold. "But with regard to the annuity, seeing as how what I've done for your honor is a pretty dangerous job, and one as I fancy might touch my life."

"Touch your life! why what the devil does the fellow mean?" Jasper interrupted him, starting to his feet, "I never asked you—never asked any man—to do aught that should affect his life."

"You never did ask me, right out in words, that is a fact, your honor. You was too deep for that, I'm a thinking! But, lord bless ye, I understood ye, for all, as well as if you *had* asked me. And so, be sure,

I went and did it straight. I'd ha' done any thing to serve your honor—that I would—and I will again, that's more."

"In God's name, what have you done, then?" exclaimed Jasper, utterly bewildered.

"Why, seeing as your honor did n't wish to have your marriage with Miss Theresa known, and as there was n't no way else of hiding it, when the old parson was dead and gone, and a new one coming, I went and cut the record of it out of the church-register, and I've got it here, safe enough. So if your honor fancies any time to get tired like of Miss, why you can e'en take another wife, and no one the wiser. There's not a soul knows aught about it but me, and black Jem Alderly; and we'll never say a word about it, not we. Nor it wouldn't matter if we did, for that, when once you've got this here paper. And so I was thinking, if your honor would just give me five hundred guineas down, I'd hand it over, and you could just put it in the fire, if you choosed, and no one the wiser."

Jasper cast his eyes up to heaven in despair, and wrung his hands bitterly.

"Great God!" he said, "I would give five thousand if you could undo this that you have done. I *will* give you five thousand if you will replace the leaf where it was, undiscovered."

"It ain't possible," replied the man. "The new vicar he has looked over all the register, and made a copy of it; and he keeps it locked up, too, under his own key, so that, for my life, I could not get it, if I would. And I'd be found out, sure as God—and it's hanging by the law! nothing less. But what does it signify, if I may be so bold, your honor?"

"When my poor father died, all cause of concealment was at an end; and I wished this very day to acknowledge my marriage with Mrs. St. Aubyn."

The man uttered a low expressive whistle, as who should say, "Here is a change, with a vengeance!" But he dared not express what he thought, and answered humbly,

"Well, your honor, I do n't see how this alters it. You have nothing to do but to acknowledge madam as your wife, and there's no one will think of asking when you were married, nor has n't no right to do so neither. And if they should, you can say the Doctor married you in his own parlor, and I can swear to that, your honor; if you want me, any time; and so 'll Jem Alderly; and this writing, that I'll give you, will prove it any time, for it's in the Doctor's own hand-writing, and signed by the witnesses. So just you give me the five hundred, and I'll give you the register; and you can do as you will with it, your honor. But if I was your honor, and you was Peter Verity, I'd just tell the servants, as Madam was my wife, and interduce her as Mistress St. Aubyn like; but I'd not say when nor where, nor nothing about it; and I'd just keep this here paper snug; as I could perduce it, if I wanted, or make away with it, if I wanted; it's good to have two strings to your bow always."

Jasper had listened to him in silence, with his eyes buried in his hands, while he was speaking, and as he ceased he made no reply; but remained motionless for several minutes.

Then he raised his head, and answered in an altered and broken voice.

"It cannot be helped now, but I would give very much it had been otherwise." He opened a drawer, as he spoke, in the *escriitoir* which stood before him, and took out of it a small box bound with brass and secured by a massive lock, the key of which was attached to a chain about his neck. It was filled with rouleaux of gold, from which he counted out the sum specified, and pushed the gold across the table to the man, saying, "Count it, and see that it's right, and give me the paper."

Then satisfying himself that it was the very register in question, he folded it carefully, and put it away in the box whence he had withdrawn the gold; while the villain, who had tempted him stowed away the price of his rascality in a leathern bag which he had brought with him for the purpose, well assured that his claim would not be denied.

That done, he stood erect and unblushing, and awaited the further orders of the young Lord of Widecomb.

"Now, Peter," said he, collecting himself, "mark me. *You* are now in *my* power! and, if I ever hear that you have spoken a word without my permission, or if you fail to speak when I command you—I will hang you."

And he spoke with a devilish energy, that showed how seriously he was in earnest. "Do you understand that, Master Peter Verity?"

"I do, your honor," answered the man, with a doubtful and somewhat gloomy smile; "but there is no need of such threats with me; it is alike my interest and my wish to serve you, as I have done already."

"And it is my interest and my wish that you should serve me, as differently as possible from the way in which you have served me; or served yourself, rather, I should say, sirrah."

"I beg your honor's pardon, if I have done wrong. I meant to do good service."

"Tush, sirrah, tush! If I be young, I am neither quite a child, nor absolutely a fool. You meant to get me into your power, and you have got yourself into mine. Now listen to me, I know you for a very shrewd rascal, Peter Verity, and for one who knows right well what to say, and what not to say. Now, as I told you, I am about this very evening to make known my marriage with the lady whom you saw me wed. You will be asked, doubtless, a thousand questions on the subject by all sorts of persons. Now, mark me, you will answer so as to let all who ask understand that I *am* married, and that *you* have known all about it from the first; but you will do this in such a manner that no one shall be able to assert that *you* have asserted any thing; and further, that, if need should be hereafter, you may be able to deny point blank your having said aught, or known aught on the subject. I hope you will remember what I am desiring you to do correctly, Peter Verity; for, of a truth, if you make the slightest blunder, I shall carry this document, which you have stolen from the church-register, to the nearest justice of the peace, and make my deposition against you."

"I understand perfectly, your honor, and will do

your bidding correctly," said the fellow, not a little embarrassed at finding how much his position had altered, since he entered the library, as he thought, well nigh the young heir's master.

"So you shall do well," replied Jasper. "Now get you gone. Let them give you some ale in the buttery, but when I send word to have the people collected in the great hall, make yourself scarce. It is not desirable that you should be there when I address them;" and lighting a hand-lamp as he ceased speaking, for it had grown dark already during the conversation, he turned his back on the discomfited sexton, and went up by a private staircase to what was called the ladies' withdrawing room, an apartment which, having been shut up since the death of his own mother, had been reopened on Theresa's joining the family.

"The sexton of the church has been with you, Jasper," she said, eagerly, as her husband entered the room; "what should have brought him hither?"

"He was here, you know, dearest, at the sad ceremony; and I had desired him to bring up a copy of the record of our marriage. He wished to deliver it to me in person."

"How good of you, dear Jasper, and how thoughtful," she replied, casting her fair white arms about his neck, and kissing his forehead tenderly, "that you may show it to the people, and prove to them that I am indeed your wife."

"Show it to the people! *Prove* that you are my wife!" he answered impetuously, and with indignation in his every tone. "I should like to see the person ask me to show it, or doubt that you are my wife. No, indeed, dear Theresa, your very thought shows how young you are, and ignorant of the world. To do what you suggest, would but create the doubt, not destroy it. No, when they have done supper, I shall cause the whole household to be collected in the great stone hall; and when they are there, I shall merely lead you in upon my arm, tell them we have been married in private these three months past, and desire them to respect you as my dear wife, and their honored mistress. That, and your being introduced to all friends and visitors as Mistress St. Aubyn, is all that can be needed; and, in cases such as ours, believe me, the less éclat given to the circumstances, the better it will be for all parties. And do not you, I pray you, dearest, suffer the servant girls to ask you any questions on the subject, or answer them if they do. But inform me of it forthwith."

"They would not dream of doing so, Jasper," she replied, gently. "And you are quite right, I am certain, and I will do all that you wish. Oh! I am so happy! so immeasurably happy, Jasper, even when I should be mournful at your good father's death, who was so kind to me; but I cannot—I cannot—this joy completely overwhelms me. I am too, too happy."

"Wherefore, so wondrous happy all on a sudden, sweet one," asked the boy, with a playful smile, laying his hand, as he spoke, affectionately on her soft, rounded shoulder.

"That I need fear no longer to let the whole world know how dearly, how devotedly I love my husband."

And she raised her beautiful blue eyes to his, run-

ning over with tears of tenderness and joy; and her sweet lips half apart, so perfumed and so rosy, and radiant with so bright a smile, as might have tempted the sternest anchorite to bend over her as Jasper did, and press them with a long kiss of pure affection.

"Now I will leave you, dearest," he said, kindly, "for a little space, while I see that things are arranged for this great ceremonial. I will warn old Geoffrey first of what I am about to say to them, that they may not overwhelm us by their wonder at the telling; and do you, when you hear the great bell ring to assemble them, put on your prettiest smile, and your most courageous look, for then I shall be on my way to fetch you."

It was with a beating heart, and an almost sickening sense of anxiety, that poor Theresa awaited the moment which was to install her in the house of her husband as its lawful lady. She felt the awkwardness, the difficulty of her situation, although she was far indeed from suspecting all the causes which in reality existed to justify her embarrassment and timidity.

She had not long, however, to indulge in such fancies, and perhaps it was well that she had not; for her timidity seemed to grow on her apace, and she began to think that courage would fail her to undergo the ordeal of eyes to which she should be exposed.

But at this moment, when she was giving way to her bashfulness, when her terrors were gaining complete empire over her, the great bell began to ring. Slow and measured the first six or seven clanging strokes fell upon her, resembling more the minute-tolling of a death-bell, than the gay peal that gives note of festive tidings and rejoicing. But almost as soon as this thought occurred to her, it seemed that the ringer, whoever he was, had conceived the same idea, for the cadence of the bell-ringing was changed suddenly, and a quick, merry chime succeeded to the first solemn clangor.

At the same instant the door of the withdrawing-room was thrown open, and her young husband entered hastily, and catching her in his arms, kissed her lips affectionately. "Come, dearest girl," he said, as he drew her arm through his own, "come, it will be all over in five minutes, and then every thing will go on as usual."

And without waiting a reply, he led her down the great staircase into the stone hall, wherein all the servants of the household, and many of the tenantry and neighboring yeomen, who had not yet dispersed after the funeral, were assembled in a surprised and admiring although silent crowd.

The old steward, to whom Jasper had communicated his purpose, had already informed them of the object of their convocation, and great was their wonder, though as yet they had little time to comment on it, or communicate their thoughts and suspicions of the news.

And now they were all collected, quiet, indeed, and respectful—for such was the habit of the times—but all eagerness to hear what the young master had to say, and, to speak truly, little impressed by the informality of the affair, and little pleased that one whom they regarded as little higher than themselves, should be elevated to a rank and position so commanding.

Gathering even more than his wonted share of dignity from the solemnity of the moment, and bearing himself even more haughtily than his wont, from a sort of an inward consciousness that he was in some sort descending from his proper sphere, and lowering his wife by doing that which was yet necessary to establish her fair fame, the young man came down the broad oaken steps, with a slow, proud, firm step, his athletic though slender frame seeming to expand with the elevation of his excited feelings. He carried his fine head, with the brows a little bent, and his eyes, glancing like stars of fire, as they ran over every countenance that met his gaze, seeking, as it seemed, to find an expression which should challenge his will or underrate his choice.

She clung to his arm, not timidly, although it was evident that she felt the need of his protection, and, although there was an air of bashfulness and a slight tremor visible in her bearing, they were mixed with a sort of gentle pride, the pride of conscious rectitude and purity, and she did not cast down her beautiful blue eyes, nor avoid the glances which were cast on her from all sides, by some desiring to read her secret, by some wishing to prejudge her character, but looked around her tranquilly with a sweet lady-like self-possession, that won many hearts to her cause, which, before her coming, had been prepared to think of her unkindly.

Finding no eye in the circle that met his own with an inquisitive, much less an insolent glance, Jasper St. Aubyn paused, and addressed his people with a subdued and almost melancholy smile, although his voice was clear and sonorous.

"This is a sad occasion," he said, "on which it first falls to my lot, my people, to address you here, as the master of a few, the landlord of many, and, as I hope to prove myself, the friend of all. To fill the place of him, who has gone from us, and whom you all knew so well, and had so much cause to love, I never can aspire; but it is my earnest hope and desire to live and die among you as he did; and if I fail to gain and hold fast your affections, as he did, it shall not be for want of endeavoring to deserve them. But my object in calling you together, my friends, this evening, was not merely to say this to you, or to promise you my friendship and protection, but rather to do a duty, which must not be deferred any longer, for my own sake, and for that of one far dearer than myself." Here he paused, and pressing the little white hand which reposed on his arm so gently, smiled in the face of his young wife, as he moved her a little forward into the centre of the circle. "I mean, to present to you all, Mistress St. Aubyn, my beloved *wife*, and your honored mistress! Some of you have been aware of this for some time already; but to most of you it is doubtless a surprise. Be it so. Family reasons required that our marriage should be kept secret for a while, those reasons are now at an end, and I am as proud to acknowledge this dear lady as my wife, and to claim all your homage and affection for her, both on my account, and on account of her own virtues, as I doubt not you will be proud and happy to have so excellent and beautiful a lady to whom to look up as your mistress."

He ceased, and three full rounds of cheering responded to his manly speech. The circle broke up, and crowded around the young pair, and many of the elder tenants, white-headed men and women, came up and craved permission to shake hands with the beautiful young lady, and blessed her with tears in their eyes, and wished her long life and happiness here and hereafter.

But among the servants of the household, there was not by any means the same feeling manifested. The old steward, indeed, who had grown up a contemporary of Jasper's father, and the scarcely less aged housekeeper, did, indeed, show some feeling, and were probably sincere as they offered their greetings, and promised their humble services. But among the maid servants there passed many a meaning wink, and half light, half sneering titter; and two or three of the younger men nudged one another with their elbows, and interchanged thoughts with what they considered a vastly knowing grin. No remarks were made, however, nor did any intimation of doubt or distrust reach the eyes or ears of the young couple—all appeared to be truthful mirth and honest congratulation.

Then having ordered supper to be prepared for all present, and liquor to be served out, both ale and wine, of a better quality than usual, that the company might drink the health of their young mistress, well pleased that the embarrassing scene was at an end, Jasper led Theresa up to her own room, palpitating with the excitement of the scene, and agitated even by the excess of her own happiness.

But as the crowd was passing out of the hall into the dark passages which led to the buttery and kitchen, one of the girls of the house, a finely-shaped, buxom, red-lipped, hazel-eyed lass, with a very roguish if not sensual expression, hung back behind the other maids, till she was joined by the under falconer, a strapping fellow in a green jerkin with buckskin belt and leggins.

"Ha! Bess, is that you?" he said, passing his arm round her waist, "thou'rt a good lass, to tarry for me."

And drawing her, nothing reluctant, aside from the crowd into a dark corner, he kissed her a dozen times in succession, a proceeding which she did not appear by any means to resent, the "ha! done nows!" to the contrary notwithstanding, which she seemed to consider it necessary to deliver, and which her lover, probably correctly, understood as meaning, "pray go on, if you please."

This pleasant interlude completed, "Well, Bess," said the swain, "and what thinkst thou of the new mistress—of the young master's wife?" She 's a rare bit now, hant she?"

"Lor, Jem!" returned the girl, laughing, "she hant no more his wife than I be yourn, I tell you."

"Why, what be she then, Bess?" said the fellow, gaping in stupid wonderment, "thou didst hear what Master Jasper said."

"Why she be his sweetheart. Just what we be, Jem," said the unblushing girl—"what the quality folks calls his 'miss.' Why, Jem, he's slept in her room every night since she came here. He's only said this here, about her being his wife, to save her character."

"No blame to him for that, Bess, if it be so. But if you're wise, lass, you'll keep this to yourself. She's a beauty, anyways; and I don't fault him, if she be his wife, or his 'miss,' either, for that matter."

"Lor!" replied the girl. "I sha'n't go to say nothing, I'm sure. I've got a good place, and I mean to keep it too. It's naught to me how they amuse themselves, so they don't meddle with my sweet-hearting. But do you think her so pretty, Jem? She's a poor slight little slip of a thing, seems to me."

"She beant such an armful as thou, Bess, that's a fact," answered the fellow, making a dash at her, which she avoided, and took to her heels, looking back, however, over her shoulders, and beckoning him to follow.

Such were not the only comments of the kind which passed that evening; and although, fortunately for Jasper's and Theresa's peace of mind, they never dreamed of what was going on below, it was in fact generally understood among the younger men and women, both of those within and without the house, that Jasper's declaration was a mere stratagem, resorted to in order to procure more respect and consideration for his concubine; and, although she was every where treated and addressed as St. Aubyn's wife, every succeeding day and hour she was more generally regarded as his victim, and his mistress.

Such is the consequence of a single lapse from rectitude and truth.

Alas for Theresa! her doom, though she knew it not, was but too surely sealed forever.

Had it not been for the exceeding gentleness and humility of the unhappy girl, it is probable that she would have been very shortly made acquainted, one way or other, with the opinion which was entertained concerning her, in her own house, and in the neighborhood. But the winning affability of her manners, the total absence of all arrogance or self elevation in her demeanor toward her inferiors in station, her respect every where manifested to old age and virtue, her kindness to the poor and the sick, her considerate good-nature to her servants, and above all her liberal and unostentatious charities, rendered it impossible that any could be so cruel as to offer her rudeness or indignity, on what was at most mere suspicion. Added to this, the fierce impetuosity of Jasper, when crossed by any thing, or opposed in his will, and the certainty that he would stop at nothing to avenge any affront aimed at Theresa, so long as he chose to style her his wife, deterred not only the household and village gossips, but even that more odious class, the hypocritical, puritanic, self-constituted judges of society, and punishers of what they choose to deem immorality, from following out the bent of their mischievous or malicious tempers.

In the meantime, month after month had passed away. Winter had melted into the promises of spring; and the gay flowers of summer had ripened into the fruits of luxuriant autumn. A full year had run its magic round since Theresa gave herself up to Jasper, for better for worse, till death should them part.

The slender, joyous maiden had expanded into the full-blown, thoughtful, lovely woman, who was now

watching at the oriel window, alone, at sunset for the return of her young husband.

Alone, ay, alone! For no child had been born to bless their union, and to draw yet closer the indissoluble bonds which man may not put asunder. Alone, ay, alone! as all her days were now spent, and some, alas! of her nights also. For the first months of her wedded life, when the pain of concealment had been once removed, Theresa was the happiest of the happy. The love, the passion, the affection of her boy bridegroom seemed to increase daily. To sit by her side, during the snowy days of winter, to listen to her lute struck by the master hand of the untaught improvisatrice, to sing with her the grand old ballads which she loved, to muse with her over the tomes of romance, the natural vein of which was not then extinguished in the English heart, to cull the gems of the rare dramatists and mighty bards of the era, which was then but expiring; and, when the early days of spring-time gave token of their coming, in the swelling flower-bud and bursting leaf, to wander with her through the park, through the chase, to ride with her over the heathery moorland hills, and explore the wild recesses of the forest, to have her near him in his field-sports, to show her how he struck the silvery salmon, or roused the otter from his sedge lair—these seemed to be the only joys the boy coveted—her company his chiefest pleasure, the undisturbed possession of her charms his crowning bliss.

But passion is proverbially short-lived; and the most so with those who, like Jasper, have no solidity of character, no stability of feeling, no fixed principles, whereon to fall back for support. One of the great defects of Jasper's nature was a total lack of reverence for any thing divine or human—he had loved many things, he never had respected one. Accustomed from his earliest boyhood to see every thing yield to his will, to measure the value of every thing by the present pleasure it afforded him; he expected to receive all things, yet to give nothing. He was in fact a very pattern of pure selfishness, though no one would have been so much amazed as he had he heard himself so named.

Time passed, and he grew weary, even of the very excess of his happiness—even of the amiability, the sweetness, the ever-yielding gentleness of his Theresa. That she should so long have charmed one so rash and reckless was the real wonder, not that she should now have lost the power of charming him.

Nevertheless so it was; the mind of Jasper was not so constituted as to rest very long content with any thing, least of all with tranquillity—

For quiet to hot bosoms is a hell!

and his, surely, was of the hottest. He began as of old to long for excitement; and even the pleasures of the chase, to which he was still devoted, began to prove insufficient to gratify his wild and eager spirit. Day after day, Theresa saw less of him, and ere long knew not how or where many of his days were spent. Confidence, in the true sense of the word, there never had been between them; respect or esteem, founded upon her real virtues and rare excellences, he had

never felt—therefore, when the heat and fierceness of passion died out, as it were, by the consumption of its own fuel, when her personal charms palled on him by possession, when her intellectual endowments wearied him, because they were in truth far beyond the range of his comprehension, and therefore out of the pale of his sympathies, he had nothing left whereon to build affection—thus passion once dead in his heart, all was gone at once which had bound him to Theresa.

He neglected her, he left her alone—alone, without a companion, a friend, in the wide world. Still she complained not, wept not, above all, upbraided not. She sought to occupy herself, to amuse her solitude with her books, her music, her wild flights into the world of fancy. And when he did come home from his fierce, frantic gallops across the country with the worst and wildest of the young yeomanry, from his disgraceful orgies with the half gentry of the nearest market-town, she received him ever with kindness, gentleness and love.

She never let him know that she wept in silence; never allowed him to see that she noticed his altered manner; but smiled on him, and sung to him, and fondled him, as if he had been to her—and was he not so?—all that she had on earth. And he, such is the spirit of the selfish and the reckless of our sex, almost began to hate her, for the very meekness and affection with which she submitted to his unkindness.

He felt that her unchanged, unrepining love was the keenest reproach to his altered manner, to his neglectful coldness. He felt that he could better have endured the bitterest blame, the most agonized remonstrance, the tears of the veriest Niobe, than meet the ever welcoming smile of those rosy lips, the ever loving glance of those soft blue eyes.

Perhaps had she possessed more of what such men as he call spirit, had the vein of her genius led to outbursts of vehement, unfeminine, Italian passion, the flashing eye, the curling lip, the face pallid with rage, the tongue fluent with the torrent eloquence of indignation, he might have found in them something to rouse his dormant passions from the lethargy which had overcome them, something to stimulate and excite him into renewed desire.

But as well might you expect from the lily of the valley the blushes and the thorns of the rose, from the turtle-dove the fury and the flight of the jer-falcon, as aught from Theresa St. Aubyn, but the patience, the purity, the quiet, and the love of a white-minded, virtuous woman.

But she was wretched—most wretched—because hopeless. She had prayed for a child, with all the yearning eagerness of disappointed craving womanhood—a child that should smile in her face, and love her for herself, being of herself, and her own—a child that should perhaps win back to her the lost affections of her lord. But in vain.

And still she loved him, nay, adored him, as of old. Never did she see his stately form, sitting his horse with habitual grace, approaching listlessly and slowly the home which no longer had a single attraction to his jaded and exhausted heart, but her whole frame was shaken by a sharp nervous tremor, but a mist

overspread her swimming eyes, but dull ringing filled her ears, her heart throbbed and palpitated, until she thought it would burst forth from her bosom.

She ever hoped that the cold spell might pass from him, ever believed, ever trusted, that the time would come when he would again love her as of old, again seek her society, and take pleasure in her conversation; again let her nestle in his bosom, and look up into his answering eyes, by the quiet fireside in winter evenings. Alas! she still dreamed of these things—even although her reason told her that they were hopeless—even after he had again changed his mood from sullen coldness to harsh, irritable anger, to vehement, impetuous, fiery wrath, causeless as the wolf's against the lamb, and therefore the more deadly and unsparing.

Politics had run high in the land of late, and every where parties were forming. Since the battle of Sedgemoor, and the merciless cruelty with which the royal judges had crushed out the life of that abortive insurrection, and drowned its ashes in floods of innocent gore, the rage of factions had waxed wilder in the country than they had done since the reign of the first Charles, the second English king of that unhappy race, the last of whom now filled the painful seat of royalty.

Yet all was hushed as yet and quiet, as the calm which precedes the bursting of a thunder-cloud. Secluded as Widecomb Manor was, and far divided from the seats of the other gentry of Devonshire by tracts of moor and forest, and little intercourse as Jasper had held hitherto with his equals in rank and birth—limited as that intercourse had been to a few visits of form, and a few annual banquets—the stir of the political world reached even the remote House in the Woods.

The mad whirl of politics was precisely the thing to captivate a mind such as Jasper's; and the instant the subject was broached to him, by some of the more leading youths of the county, he plunged headlong into its deepest vortices, and was soon steeped to the lips in conspiracy.

Events rendered it necessary that he should visit the metropolis, and twice during the autumn he had already visited it—alone. And twice he had returned to his beautiful young wife, who hailed his coming as a heathen priestess would have greeted the advent of her god, more alienated, colder, and more causeless than before.

Since he had last returned, the coldness was converted into cruelty, active, malicious, fiendish cruelty. Hard words, incessant taunts, curses—nay, blows! Yet still, faithful to the end and fond, she still loved him. Still would have laid down the dregs of the life which had been so happy till she knew him, and which he had made so wretched, to win one of his old fond smiles, one of his once caressing tones, one of his heartfelt kisses.

Alas! alas! Theresa! Too late, it was all too late!

He had learned, for the first time, in London, the value of his rank, his wealth, his position. He had been flattered by men of lordly birth, fêted and fondled by the fairest and noblest ladies of the land. He had

learned to be ambitious—he had begun to thirst for social eminence, for political ascendancy, for place, power, dominion. His talents had created a favorable impression in high quarters—his enthusiasm and daring rashness had made an effect—he was already a marked man among the conspirators, who were aiming to pull down the sovereignty of the Stuarts. Hints had been even thrown out to him, of the possibility of allying himself to interests the most important, through the beautiful and gorgeous daughter of one of the oldest of the peers of England. The hint had been thrown out, moreover, by a young gentleman of his own county—by one who had seen Theresa. And when he started and expressed his wonder, and alluded tremulously to his *wife*, he had been answered by a smile of intelligence, coupled with an assurance that every one understood all about Theresa Allan; and that surely he would not be such a fool as to sacrifice such prospects for a little village paramour. “The story of the concealed wedding took in nobody, my lad,” the speaker added, “except those, like myself, who chose to believe any thing you chose to assert. Think of it, *mon cher*; and, believe me, that *liaison* will be no hindrance.”

And Jasper had thought of it. The thought had never been, for one moment, absent from his mind, sleeping or waking, since it first found admission to the busy chambers of his brain. From that unfortunate day, his life had been but one series of plots and schemes, all base, atrocious, horrible—some even murderous.

Since that day his cruelty had not been casual; it had a meaning, and a method, both worthy of the arch fiend's devising.

He sought first deliberately to break her heart, to kill her without violence, by the action of her own outraged affections—and then, when that failed, or rather when he saw that the process must needs be too slow to meet his accursed views, he aimed at driving her to commit suicide—thus slaying, should he succeed in his hellish scheme, body and soul together of the woman whom he had sworn before God's holy altar, with the most solemn adjuration, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health—the woman whose whole heart and soul were his absolute possession; who had never formed a wish, or entertained a thought, but to love him and to make him happy. And this—this was her reward. Could she, indeed, have fully conceived the extent of the feelings which he now entertained toward her, could she have believed that he really was desirous of her death, was actually plotting how he might bring it about, without dipping his hand in her blood, or calling down the guilt of downright murder on his soul, I believe he would have been spared all further wickedness.

To have known that he felt toward her not merely casual irritation, that his conduct was not the effect of a bad disposition, or of an evil temper only, but that determined hatred had supplanted the last spark of love in his soul, and that he was possessed by a resolution to rid himself of the restraint which his marriage had brought upon him, by one means or another—to have known this, I say, would have so frozen her

young blood, would have so stricken her to the heart, that, if it had not slain her outright, it would have left her surely—perhaps happier even to be such—a maniac for the poor remnant of her life.

That morning, at an early hour, he had ridden forth, with two or three dogs at his heel, and the game-keeper, James Alderly, better known in that neighborhood as Black Jem, who had of late been his constant companion, following him.

Dinner-time had passed—supper-time—yet he came not; and the deserted creature was yet watching wistfully, hopefully for his return.

Suddenly, far off among the stems of the distant trees, she caught a glimpse of a moving object; it approached; it grew more distinct—it was he, returning at a gallop, as he seldom now returned to his distasteful home, with his dogs careering merrily along by his side, and the grim-visaged keeper spurring in vain to keep up with the furious speed at which he rode, far in the rear of his master.

She pressed her hand upon her heart, and drew a long, deep breath. “Once more,” she murmured to herself, “he hath come back to me once more!”

And then the hope flashed upon her mind that the changed pace at which he rode, and something which even at that distance she could descry in his air and mien, might indicate an alteration in his feelings. “Yes, yes! Great God! can it be? He sees me, he waves his hand to me. He loves—he loves me once again!”

And with a mighty effort she choked down the paroxysm of joy, which had almost burst out in a flood of tears, and hurried from the room, and out upon the terrace, to meet him, to receive once more a smile of greeting. His dogs came bounding up to her, as she stood at the top of the stone steps, and fawned upon her, for they loved her—every thing loved her, save he only who had most cause to do so.

Yet now, it was true, he did smile upon her, as he dismounted from his horse, and called her once more “Dear Theresa.” And he passed his arm about her slender waist, and led her back into the house, chiding her good-humoredly for exposing herself to the chilly night-wind.

“I feel it not,” she said, joyously, with her own sunny smile lighting up her face, “I feel it not—nor should feel it, were it charged with all the snow storms of the north; my heart is so warm, so full. Oh! Jasper, that dear name, in your own voice, has made me but too happy.”

“Silly child!” he replied, “silly child,” patting her affectionately on the shoulder, as he had used to do in times long past—at least it seemed long, very long to her, though they were in truth but a few months distant. “And do you love me, Theresa?”

“Love you?” she said, gazing up into his eyes with more of wonder that he should ask such a question, than of any other feeling. “Love you, oh, God! can you doubt it, Jasper?”

“No,” he said, hesitating slightly, “no, dearest. And yet I have given you but little cause of late to love me.”

“Do you know *that*—do you feel *that*, Jasper?” she

cried, eagerly, joyously, "then I am, indeed, happy; then you really do love me?"

"And can you forgive me, Theresa?"

"Forgive you—for what?"

"For the pain I have caused you of late."

"It is all gone—it is all forgotten! You have been vexed, grieved about something that has wrung you in secret. But you should have told me of it, dearest Jasper, and I would have consoled you. But it is all, all over now; nay, but I am now glad of it, since this great joy is all the sweeter for the past sorrow."

"And do you love me well enough, Theresa, to make a sacrifice, a great sacrifice for me?"

"To sacrifice my heart's blood—ay, my life, if to do so would make you happy."

"Your life, silly wench!" how should your little life profit me? But that is the way ever with you women. If one ask you the smallest trifle, you ever proffer your lives, as if they could be of any use, or as if one would not be hanged for taking them. I have known girls refuse one kiss, and then make a tender of their lives."

He spoke with something of his late habitual bitterness, it is true; but there was a smile on his face, as he uttered the words, and she laughed merrily, as she answered,

"Oh! I will not refuse you fifty of those; I will be only too glad if you think them worth the taking. But I did speak foolishly, dearest; and you must not blame me for it, for my heart is so overflowing with joy, that, of a truth, I scarcely know what I say. I only wished to express that there is nothing in the wide world which you can ask of me, that I will not do, willingly, gladly. Will that satisfy you, Jasper?"

"Why, ay! if you hold to it, Theresa," he answered, eagerly; "but, mind you, it is really a sacrifice which I ask—a great sacrifice."

"No sacrifice is great," she replied, pressing his arm, on which she was hanging with both her white

hands linked together over it, "no sacrifice which I can make, so long as *you* love me."

"I *do* love you, dearly, girl," he answered; "and if you do this that I would have you do, I will love you ten times better than I do, ten times better than I ever did."

"That were a bribe indeed," she replied, laughing with her own silvery, girlish laugh. "But I don't believe you could love me ten times better than you once did, Jasper. But if you will promise me to love me ever as you did then, you may ask me any thing under heaven."

"Well, I will promise—I will promise, wench. See that you be as ready to perform."

And, as he spoke, he stooped down, for the keeper had now retired with the horses, and they were entirely alone, and embraced her closely, and kissed her as he had not done for many a month before.

"I will—I will, indeed, dear, dearest Jasper. Tell me, what is it I must do?"

"Go to your room, dearest, and I will join you there and tell you. I must get me a crust of bread and a goblet of wine, and give some directions to the men, and then I will join you."

"Do not be very long, dearest. I am dying to know what I can do to please you. And she stood upon tip-toes, and kissed his brow playfully, and then ran up stairs with a lighter step than had borne her for many a day.

Her husband gazed after her with a grim smile, and nodded his head in self-approbation. "This is the better way, after all. But will she, will she stand to it? I should not be surprised. 'S death! one can never learn these women! What d—d fools they are, when all is told! Flattery, flattery and falsehood, lay it on thick enough, will win the best of them from heaven to—Hades!"

Oh, man, man! and all that was but acting.

[Conclusion in our next.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

VAINLY, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-haired and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby, first that died;
O't was hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called:
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell:
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea,
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim,
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoe'er they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

MENTS OF AN UNFINISHED STORY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

' Are you a friend? No, by my soul!
 breathe the shadow of a doubt
 as Truth: since you give not
 est look—my gayest word—
 unge of cheek—my softest touch—
 , careless smile, or low-breathed sigh—
 rice's lightest modulation,
 ceptible to all but you,—
 t to these, unquestioning,
 ith—the faith you give to Heaven—
 you "friend." I would disdain
 art, as yours I now renounce,
 ms on which 't were proffered me.
 ith—that poor, yet priceless boon—
 the very soul of love.
 old the lamp, whose light reveals
 d beauty latent in its urn,
 endship's diamond *in the dark*.
 h a thousand seeming proofs condemn me?
 age smile not clear through all,
 ithout shadow on your heart—
 ry vapors that would veil it,
 mined by its presence pure,
 ht's tranquil queen the clouds divide,
 rom that heart! I ask no place,
 re a throne, without the state becomes me—
 omage due to royal Truth.
 a world beside pronounce me false,
 oose between the world and me.
 re than *all* worlds to you,
 p to *less*! I will have *all*—
 t, purest, noblest, loftiest love—
 trust—your soul of soul—or nothing!
 ave them? Speak! on poorer spirits—
 ent with less, because, forsooth,
 ould blind or blight them, or because
 t less to give—will you *divide*
 your own? or concentrate
 adiant life?—on mine! that holds
 m reserve, the boundless wealth
 its Maker taught to it.
 we part, and go our separate ways,
 alf life in a burning soul,
 d clouds, whose meeting would evoke
 lame pent up within their bosoms,
 weep their fiery hearts away,
 —and darken into death?
 s part? or are we *one* forever?

it love thee—since a weird wild fate
 thy heart against my will—
 justice to the heart I yield:
 Let it not blush to love.
 il its light and glorious wings
 dull dust of earth, with downcast eyes
 brow, where Shame and Grief usurp
 s throne!—be noble, truthful, brave;
 ore than Love, and more than me;
 ert ere the world came between
 'God.

Hear 'st thou my spirit pleading
 nt, clasped hands to thine, dear love?

Degrade her not, but let thy stronger soul
 Soar with her to the seraph's realm of light.
 She yields to thee; do with her as thou wilt.
 She shuts her wings in utter weariness,
 For she has wandered all night long astray,
 And found no rest—no fountain of sweet love,
 Save such as mocked her with a maddening thirst.
 She asks of thine repose, protection, peace;
 Implores thee with wild tears and passionate prayers
 To give her shelter through the night of Time,
 And lead her home at morn; for long ago
 She lost her way.

Ah! thou may'st give, instead
 Of that sweet boon she asks, if so thou wilt,
 Wild suffering, madness, shame, self-scorn, despair!
 But thou wilt not! thine eyes—thy glorious eyes—
 Are eloquent with generous love and faith,
 And through thy voice a mighty heart intones
 Its rich vibrations, while thou murmurest low
 All lovely promises, and precious dreams
 For the sweet Future. So, I trust thee, love,
 And place my hand in thine, for good or ill.

Do not my soul that wrong! translate not thus
 The spirit-words my eyes are saying to thee:
 I would not fetter that rich heart of thine,
 Save by the perfect liberty I give it,
 For all God's worlds of glory. Go thou forth—
 Be free as air! Love all the good and pure;
 Cherish all love that can ennoble thee;
 Unfold thy soul to all sweet ministries,
 That it may grow toward heaven, as a flower
 Drinks dew and light, and pays them back in beauty.
 And if—ah heaven! these tears are love's, not grief's—
 And if some higher ministry than mine,
 Or some more genial nature, bless thee more,
 Wrong not thyself, or me, or love, or truth,
 By shrinking weakly from thy destiny.
 I would not owe to pitying tenderness
 The joy with which thy presence lights my life.
 Thou shalt still love all that is thine, dear friend,
 In my true soul—all that is right and great;
 And that I still love thee, so proudly, purely—
 That shall be joy enough! Go calmly forth.

Would I were any thing that thou dost love—
 A flower, a shell, a wavelet, or a cloud—
 Aught that might win a moment's soul-look from thee.
 To be "a joy forever" in thy heart,
 That were in truth divinest joy to mine:
 A low, sweet, haunting Tune, that will not let
 Thy memory go, but fondly twines around it,
 Pleading and beautiful—for unto thee
 Music is life—*such* life as I would be;
 A Statue, wrought in marble, without stain,
 Where one immortal truth embodied lives
 Instinct with grace and loveliness; a Faun,
 A fair Ionic temple, growing up,
 Light as a lily into the blue air,
 To the glad melody of a tuneful thought
 In its creator's spirit, where thy gaze
 Might never weary—dedicate to thee,

Thy image shrined within it, lone and loved;
Make me the Flower thou lovest; let me drink
 Thy rays, and give them back in bloom and beauty;
 Mould me to grace, to glory, like the Statue;
 Wake for my mind the Music of thine own,
 And it shall grow, to that majestic tune,
 A temple meet to shrine mine idol in;
 Hold the frail shell, tinted by love's pure blush,
 Unto thy *soul*, and thou shalt hear within
 Tones from its spirit-home; smile on the wave,
 And it shall flow, free, limpid, glad, forever;
 Shed on the cloud the splendor of thy being,
 And it shall flout—a radiant wonder—by thee!

To love—*thy* love—so docile I would be,
 So pliant, yet inspired, that it should make
 A marvel of me, for thy sake, and show
 Its proud *chef d'œuvre* in my harmonious life.

I would be judged by that great heart of thine,
 Wherein a voice more genuine, more divine
 Than world-taught Reason, fondly speaks for me,
 And bids thee love and trust, through cloud and shine,
 The frail and fragile creature who would be
 Naught here—hereafter—if not *all* to thee!
 Thou call'st me changeful as the summer cloud,
 And wayward as a wave, and light as air.
 And I am all thou sayest—all, and worse;
 But the wild cloud can weep, as well as lighten,
 And the wave mirrors heaven, as my soul thee;
 And the light air, that frolics without thought
 O'er yonder harp, makes music as it goes.
 Let *me* play on the soul-harp I love best,
 And teach it all its dreaming melody;
 That is my mission; I have nothing else,
 In all the world, to do. And I shall go
 Musicless, aimless, idle, through all life,
 Unless I play my part there—only there.

In the full anthem which the universe
 Intones to heaven, my heart will have no share,
 Unless I have that soul-harp to myself,
 And wake it to what melody I please.

So wrote the Lady Imogen—the child
 Of Poetry and Passion—all her frame
 So lightly, exquisitely shaped, we dreamed
 'T was fashioned to the echo of some song—
 The fairest, airiest creature ever made—
 Flower-like in her fragility and grace,
 Childlike in sweet impetuous tenderness,
 Yet with a nature proud, profound, and pure,
 As a rapt sybil's. O'er her soul had passed
 The wild sinoom of wo, but to awake
 From that Eolian lyre the loveliest tones
 Of mournful music, passionately sad.

Not thus her love the haughty Ida breathed:
 In her ideal beauty calm and high,
 O'er the patrician paleness of her cheek,
 Came, seldom, and how softly! the faint blush
 Of irrepressible tenderness.

Your course has been a conqueror's through life;
 You have been followed, flattered and caressed;
 Soul after soul has laid upon your shrine
 Its first, fresh, dewy bloom of love for incense:
 The minstrel-girl has tuned for you her lute,
 And set her life to music for your sake;
 The opera-belle, with blush unwonted, starts
 At your name's casual mention, and forgets,
 For one strange moment, fashion's cold repose;
 The village maiden's conscious heart beats time

To your entrancing melody of verse,
 And, from that hour, of your beloved image
 Makes a life-idol. And you know it all,
 And smile, half-pleased, and half in scorn, to know.

But you have never known, nor shall you now,
 Who, 'mid the throng you sometimes meet, receives
 Your careless recognition with a thrill,
 At her adoring heart, worth all that homage!

You see not, 'neath her half-disdainful smile,
 The passionate tears it is put on to hide;
 You dream not what a wild sigh dies away
 In her laugh's joyous trill; you cannot guess—
 You, who see only with your outer sense,—
 A warped, chilled sense, that wrongs you every hour—
 You cannot guess, when her cold hand you take,
 That a *soul* trembles in that light, calm clasp!

You speak to her, with your world tone; ah, not
 With the home cadence of confiding love!

And she replies: a few, low, formal words
 Are all she dares, my deigns, return; and so
 You part, for months, again. Yet in that brief,
 Oasis hour of her desert life,
 She has quaffed eagerly the enchanted spring,
 The sun-lit wave of thought in your rich mind;
 And passes on her weary pilgrimage
 Refreshed, and with a renovated strength.

And this has been for years. She was a child—
 A school-girl—when the echo of your lyre
 First came to her, with music on its wings,
 And her soul drank from it the life of life.

Then, in a festive scene, you claimed her hand
 For the gay dance, and, in its intervals,
 Spoke soothingly and gently, for you saw
 Her timid blush, but did not dream its cause.
 Even then her young heart worshiped you, and shrank,
 With a vague sense of fear and shame, away.

She who, with others, was, and is, even now,
 Light, fearless, joyous, buoyant as a bird,
 That lets the air-sprung spray beneath it bend,
 Nor cares, so it may carol, what shall chance,
 With you, forgets her song, foregoes her mirth,
 And hushes all her music in her heart.
 It is because your soul, that should know hers
 With an intuitive tenderness, is blind!

But once again you met; then, years went by,
 And in a thronged, luxurious saloon,
 You drew her fluttering hand within your arm;
 A few blest moments next your heart it lay;
 And still the lady mutely veiled, from yours,
 Eyes where her glorious secret wildly shone;
 And you, a-weary of her seeming dullness,
 Grew colder day by day. But *once* you paused
 Beside her seat, and murmured words of praise.
 Praise from *your* lips! My God! the ecstasy
 Of that dear moment! Each bright word, embalmed
 In Memory's tears of amber, gleams there yet—
 The costliest beads in her rich rosary.

But you were blind! And after that a cloud,
 Colder and darker, hung between her heart
 And yours. There were malicious, lovely lips,
 That knew too well the poison of a hint,
 And it worked deep and sure. And years, again,
 Stole by, and now once more we meet. *We meet?* ah, no;
 We ne'er have met! Hand may touch hand, perchance,
 And eye glance back to eye its idle smile;
 But our *souls* meet not: for, from boyhood, you
 Have been a mad idolater of beauty.
 And I! ah, Heaven! had you returned my love,
 I had been beautiful in your dear eyes;
 For love and joy and hope within the spirit

ous the face. But let that pass:
 st. In *my* soul Pride is crowned
 —a queen; and at her feet lies Love,
 n chains—*that you shall ne'er unclasp.*
 if aspirations, ever rising,
 nase idolatry of love,
 of grace and purity and truth
 y dream, can shape the soul to beauty,
 e,) then, in that better world,
 t ask if I were fair on earth.
 loved often—passionately, perchance—
 that wild, rapturous, poet-love
 ght win—and *will*. Not here on earth:
 have the ignoble, trivial cares
 life come o'er our glorious union,
 spirit-beauty. In His home
 set calmly, gracefully, without
 ty ills.
 , I read you, as no other reads;
 soul—its burning, baffled hopes;
 are aims, whose wings are melted off
 i sunshine of the world's applause;
 ; for an *angel's* tenderness:
 and grieve, and sometimes blush,
 in desecrate so grand a shrine
 gods you place there! *you*, who know
 love so perfectly, who trace
 labyrinth of a woman's heart,
 clew, so true, so fine, so rare,
 Ariadne gave it you!
 how to stoop, I'd tell you more:
 ur love, even now, by a slight word;
 I say in heaven. Till we meet there,
 love I leave you.
 ance round among the crowd hereafter,
 my woman's heart must sure betray me.
 ave not schooled, for weary years,
 d cheek, and voice, to be shamed now
 ld gaze. Ah! were I not secure
 's sanctuary, this revelation
 t, Heaven, nor you, could ever pardon;
 as I. Nor would I now forego,
 ur love, the deep, divine delight
 t pure and unsuspected passion,
 ave guessed, or will, while I have life.
 perchance. Beware! I shall shame you,

If with suspicion's plummet you dare sound
 The unfathomed deeps of feeling in this heart.
 It shall bring up, 'stead of that love it seeks,
 A scorn you look not for. Ay, I would die
 A martyr's death, sir, rather than betray
 To you by faintest flutter of a pulse—
 By lightest change of cheek or eyelid's fall—
 That I am she who loves, adores, and flies you!

Ask why the holy starlight, or the blush
 Of summer blossoms, or the balm that floats
 From yonder lily like an angel's breath,
 Is lavished on such men! God gives them all
 For some high end; and thus, the seeming waste
 Of her rich soul—its starlight purity,
 Its every feeling delicate as a flower,
 Its tender trust, its generous confidence,
 Its wondering disdain of littleness—
 These, by the coarser sense of those around her
 Uncomprehended, may not all be vain,
 But win them—they unwitting of the spell—
 By ties unfelt, to nobler, loftier life.

And they dare blame her! they whose every thought,
 Look, utterance, act, has more of evil in 't,
 Than e'er she dreamed of, or could understand!
 And she must blush before them, with a heart
 Whose lightest throb is worth their all of life!—
 They boast their charity: oh, idle boast!
 They give the poor, forsooth, food, fuel, shelter!
 Faint, chilled and worn, her soul implored a pittance—
 Her *soul asked alms* of theirs—and was denied!

It was not much it came a-begging for:
 A simple boon, only a gentle thought,
 A kindly judgment of such deeds of hers
 As passed their understanding, but to her
 Seemed natural as the blooming of a flower:
 For God taught her—but they had learned of men
 The meagre doling of their measured love,
 A selfish, sensual love, most unlike hers.
 God taught the tendril where to cling, and she
 Learned the same lovely lesson, with the same
 Unquestioning and pliant trust in Him.

And yet that He should let a lyre of heaven
 Be played on by such hands, with touch so rude,
 Might wake a doubt in less than perfect faith,
 Perfect as mine, in his beneficence.

PARTING.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

se last mortal pang is o'er,
 ne, my human friend,
 sweet ministries of love
 ort me to the end!

a fearful hour my soul
 ed cannot stand,
 me not till my Saviour comes
 ke my trembling hand.

urt is weak, is earthly still,
 though such love be crime,
 t yield thee till my feet
 : passed the sho'es of time.

Gently, O, gently lead me on,
 Soothe me with love's fond tone—
 Thou hast been near through all the past,
 How shall I go alone?

The last my lips shall ever drink
 Is life's most bitter cup—
 Nearer the wave of death hath rolled,
 How can I give thee up?

Closer, O, closer! let me feel
 Thy heart still fondly beat,
 While the cold billows of the grave
 Are closing round my feet!

MEN AT HOME: OR THE PRETTY MAN-HATER.

BY MRS. C. B. MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT droll scenes hobgoblins and sprites catch a peep at, in their perambulations through this ludicrous world of ours!

Now we, poor mortals, rarely stumble upon any thing funny, because, forsooth, we must ring the bell, or knock at the door, and then people throw themselves into proper positions and put on their company faces, and the farce is at an end. No human being, for instance, could have walked, unannounced, into Miss Ariana Huntingdon's boudoir, on that morning when Mr. Atherton Burney was kneeling at her feet, but the merry sprites gathered around, and it is a wonder that he did not hear them shout:

"Ha! ha! the wooing o't."

Mr. Burney's courtship was by no means a premeditated affair. Who ever thinks exactly *how* he shall tell pleasant news? Such, that gentleman thought, would be the intelligence of his most honorable preference. And now that Miss Ariana looked coldly on his suit, he was lost in wonder at the blindness to her own interest which she exhibited. Like most men, he never dreamed that a refusal could arise from personal dislike, and while wounded pride turned his attempt at a pathetic face into a wry one, he desired to know the motives which had induced so uncomplimentary a decision.

Miss Ariana's face wore the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Mucipula," excepting that it said, "I have caught a man!" instead of "a mouse;" but she remembered that a respectable offer must be respectfully treated, and covering the smile lurking around her mouth with one of her plump little hands, she looked as gravely as she could from out her mischievous hazel eyes. It might have been nervousness which kept her tiny foot in motion, but it seemed very like a desire to make a football of her kneeling suitor.

"I have two reasons, sir," she said, "for declining the honor you intended me. The first is, I have determined not to marry at all, and the second, that you are by no means the person likely to make me change this resolution."

Had Mr. Burney been practicing that exercise in gymnastics, by which one rises at a single jerk from a horizontal to an upright position, he could not more suddenly have changed his suppliant attitude to the most rigid of perpendiculars.

"Madam," he replied, in that husky voice which men in a passion assume when trying to appear cool. "Madam, the first reason is so singular for a person in your situation, that the second excites no surprise."

Ariana was an orphan and dependent upon her brothers-in-law. Her *piquante* face exhibited no irritation at this insulting remark; although the motion of

her pugnacious little foot was somewhat quickened, a merry laugh was the only rejoinder.

Mr. Atherton Burney was prepared for a burst of indignant scorn, but he found no words to express his surprise and indignation at this ill-timed mirth; he wheeled round as if on drill, "right about face," and made a "forward march," which did not terminate till he found himself, hat in hand, upon the pavement of Washington Square. His head and his temper being by this time a little cooled, his few scattering brains were again packed in their narrow-brimmed receptacle, and none who met Mr. Atherton Burney that day on the *pavé*, suspected that behind his elegant moustache a refusal was sticking in his throat.

CHAPTER II.

No two persons are more dissimilar than a gentleman dining-out, and the same individual quietly taking a family dinner at home. The smiling guest has a keen relish for every article placed before him, and should the rules of etiquette not allow him to express his gratification in words, he manifests in every possible way his entire approbation of the cuisine of his host.

Mr. Andrew Dormer was a favorite guest at the tables of his wealthy fellow-citizens. His perfect suavity of manner, his keen appreciation of gastronomic art, and his skillful carving, won greater favor than would the possession of the richest treasures of learning or the highest intellectual endowments. "A clever fellow," was Andrew Dormer when dining out. But, whereas the rules of society require that a guest should be pleased with every thing, the modern social economy demands that the master of a family should, at home, be pleased with nothing. The forementioned sprites of the air who attended at the family dinners of the Dormers, were beginning to look a little glum; the only bright things to be seen on these occasions were the polished knives and Miss Ariana's eyes.

The door had scarcely closed after the exit of Mr. Atherton Burney, when the shuffling and stamping were heard by which the lord of the mansion was wont to announce his arrival. Before the meek Mrs. Dormer obtained a view of that redoubtable personage, a scolding soliloquy fell upon her trembling ear.

"Nothing ever in order in this house! A mat I bought only a month ago, all torn to rags! Smell of dinner coming all the way to the front door! Overdone! Knew it by the first snuff! Bad servants! All this comes of a careless mistress. Harriet! Harriet, I say!"

"What is it, Andrew?" inquired the soft voice of Mrs. Dormer, as she put her head timidly out of the dining-room door.

"Nothing in this house but rack and ruin," exclaimed

er, dashing more vinegar into his tone and an either the occasion or his own feelings. "What's the use of buying any thing, I s is the way it is to be treated?" And he the mat, which his own outrageous stamping o tatters.

had the same instinctive knowledge of a d as the war-horse has of a battle, and rushed rge in her sister's defense.

!" she exclaimed, "all that hemp left of the ave tried so faithfully to annihilate! When ur last furious attack, I did not think there a single shred remaining in the shape of a

bereeching look as Mrs. Dormer gave Ariana self stood trembling in her shoes!

ras the reason, that instead of becoming in- the impertinence of his sister-in-law, Mr. ried to look amiable? It might have been ead that mischievous glance, which said, ambition to be a triton among 'minnows.'" na had not been dependent she would have saucy, but so fearful was she of becoming rom interested motives, that she went to the eme, and dared

"To beard the lion in his den."

ther-in-law could no more dispense with her ty, than with pungent sauces for his piscatory

Instead of becoming angry when Ariana hat she had seen too much of men at home rry, he was heartily glad of a determination ured the continuance under his roof of his agonist.

vas married woman so wretched herself that raged matrimony among her young relatives ls. Scarcely were the Dormers seated at d the first outbreak of invectives against cook, l market-woman at an end, than the meek marked, with an attempt at the playfulness she was distinguished before broken to the yoke: "Ariana, you had better have the d before you, that you may learn to carve, ect from the visit which you received this hat you will soon be at the head of your own

rmer checked the grimace by which he was y disgust at the over-done mutton before him, l, but ventured not a question.

' more mistaken in your life, sister. Mr. annot spare me," was Ariana's laughing e would burst a blood-vessel in one of his f I were not here to soothe him."

such a tyrant then?" asked Mr. Dormer, in humble a tone as his wife would have used. y despot; but not worse at heart than most ere is scarcely one who does not revenge r the rude world's buffetings, by inflicting f petty annoyances upon those at home," was eply.

will certainly be an old maid, Ariana," re- frs. Dormer, as she cast a furtive glance at eing object of all her thoughts.

assumption devoutly to be wished," said

Ariana, smiling at the fearful tone in which the remark was made. "I had rather be caged in a menagerie, than obliged from morning to night to listen to the growling of a human tiger."

"Mr. Atherton Burney is very mild, and only needs a gentle shepherdess to make him perfectly lamb-like," said Mr. Dormer, with an attempt at sportiveness which reminded his sister of the fabled donkey emulating the lap-dog's playfulness.

"I never liked pastorals," she began, but the time for joking was at an end.

The servant, in handing Mr. Dormer a glass of water, spilled part of the contents upon his plate, and stood trembling at the angry rebuke which his carelessness had called forth.

"Misnamed lords of creation," thought Ariana for the hundredth time, as she saw what a trifle had disturbed her brother's equanimity.

There was a dead silence for a few moments, only broken by the clatter of knives and forks, and then Mr. Dormer, casting very much such a glance at his sister-in-law as a naughty boy would at his offended mamma, muttered—"the steamer is in to-day and the banks are breaking faster than ever."

Mrs. Dormer looked sympathetic at this intelligence, and Ariana remarked kindly—"Business troubles you then! It must be very tormenting," and a suspicion flashed across her mind that men, after all, might sometimes have an excuse for their ill-humor.

"Well, if we are to lose our money, let us keep our temper," she added, as she rose to leave the table. Then turning to her sister she said—"Do n't sit up for me, Harriet. If I am not at home before nine, I shall stay all night at sister Jane's—she sent for me to spend the evening with her, and—and you know it is always quite uncertain whether Mr. Daley will be in a humor to escort me home."

CHAPTER III.

If I were only sure that fishes did not feel, I should not mind hooking them, said a lad of tender heart.

Miss Ariana Huntingdon was convinced that men did not feel, and therefore had not the slightest scruple in taking captive as many as came within range of her fascinations.

Had the misanthropical little coquette been old, or ugly, the stronger sex would have risen in a body to expel her from the city, but being very young and very pretty, they seemed to love her all the better for her alledged heresy as to man's supremacy.

"That is one of the most beautiful apparitions that I ever met," said a young gentleman who caught a glimpse of our heroine upon a fashionable promenade, crowded with insipid faces, whose fair unmeaningness was made more conspicuous from being contrasted with the gayest of colors.

"Ashes of roees" would have been the only appropriate hue for some of these *passé* damsels, of whose bloom certainly but the cinders were remaining, on which the marks of their former beauty were faintly traced in flittering characters.

There was a peculiar freshness and individuality in Ariana's appearance, arising from her clear, original

intellect, which made her always noticed, even by those who did not admire the piquant style of her beauty. Then her dress, without trespassing upon the mode of the season, bore some tasteful addition, so unique, that it was at once surmised that she must be very *distingué* to be allowed such independence.

"Madame Bonheurie has not a hat trimmed in that manner," said a characterless parvenu, who could not have afforded even a ribbon without a pedigree.

The article of dress, thus criticised, was a hat of delicate rose-color, but, alas! instead of wearing the stiff top-knots of ribbon which were then in vogue, Ariana had arranged the trimming so as to drop upon one side, without hiding the swan-like throat of its *petite* wearer. Her mantle, too, though unexceptionable in the richness and color of the velvet, was but slightly trimmed, and its graceful sleeves were quite unlike the stiff armlets through which some fair ladies' hands were peeping in unnatural constraint.

Ariana, while smiling sweetly on her acquaintances, so moderated her tokens of favor upon this particular day, that no one stepped to her side to offer their escort, for she was deep in meditation.

"Am I really anxious to be an old maid?" was the question she was revolving in her own mind, and every antiquated maiden whom she met seemed to weigh against the affirmative that an hour since she would have been ready to pronounce.

"Yes," however, sprung to her lips as she entered the parlor of Professor Daley, or rather study, as it might more appropriately be named. All signs of feminine refinement were neutralized in this uncomfortable apartment by huge piles of books, placed where most convenient for that gentleman.

If Mrs. Daley flew into a passion on the subject, and declared that she had seldom a place where a guest could be seated, he took up another volume, and perhaps, laid the one he had been reading upon the only vacant chair.

"You are the rudest man in the world, Madison," was Ariana's involuntary exclamation, as her learned connection gave her a kind of *chin bow* when she entered the apartment, without appearing to favor her with a single glance.

"That is what I always tell him," rejoined Jane, who seemed, as is the case with some one in most families, to have absorbed all the spirit intended amply to endow the whole; "read, read, from morning till night. I might as well have no husband."

Like the boy under stoical tuition, if Mr. Daley had learned nothing else from philosophy, it had enabled him to meet reproach with perfect calmness. It is questionable, however, if that mode of meeting reproach is a virtue, which instead of turning away wrath, infuriates it beyond all bounds. Mr. Daley's perfect indifference to the happiness of every living thing, was the alkali to the acid of Mrs. Daley's character, and produced violent fermentation. How cold those blue eyes of his looked through the green spectacles worn to repair the effect of constant study by lamp-light! It would have been well if the carpet could have been defended from the effects of these nocturnal vigils, as many a spot was visible in spite of the constant wear

which had reduced the once elastic Brussels to a floor-cloth consistency.

Home, to the man of science, was only a place where the torch of mind was to be re-lighted; his wife, a being who fed it with oil, and her house the mere laboratory used for those supplies of a physical nature which made the ethereal flame burn purer and brighter.

What a pity it is that all who are destined to play the part of cyphers have not a taste for nonentity! Mrs. Daley, as she often told her husband, who, however, had not once seemed to hear the remark, "never dreamed before her marriage that it would come to this." To be sure he had been a different man as a lover, but it is one of the standing wonders of the world how the wise and great ever condescended to the foolishness of courting; yet philosophers in love are always lamentably absent, and being quite out of their element, flounder away more boisterously than any other kind of fish, but marriage puts them again at ease, and then their cold blood creeps on uninterrupted in its sluggish course.

"Old maid or not old maid," again passed through Ariana's mind as her eyes rested on Mr. Daley's boots, which, in their turn, rested upon the marble mantel-piece.

"Literary men are I presume all just such bears, and men of business like Andrew." Single-blessedness would have carried the day had not the most finical of her maiden acquaintance arisen to efface the images of the brothers-in-law.

"Do these old books make you happy, Madison Daley?" she asked, when her sister was quite exhausted with the relation of her grievances. The Professor had been caught looking up at the cessation of the sound of his wife's tongue, which he seemed to have imagined was to be perpetual.

One cannot pretend to deafness as easily when they meet the eye of a questioner, and a cold "Yes," fell from the thin lips of the philosopher. He instantly resumed reading a "Treatise upon the promotion of individual happiness, as the only certain way of enhancing national prosperity."

It was a lucky thing for Ariana, that with her quick perception of character she had so strong a love for the ludicrous, for what otherwise might have aroused her indignation now only excited her mirth. The incongruity between Professor Daley's philanthropic studies and his habitual selfishness, struck her as so droll that she burst into a merry peal of laughter. The astonished glance of the Professor at this sudden merriment said quite plainly, "Is the girl demented?" and Jane's querulous voice, still more audibly,

"It is easy enough to laugh at other people's misfortunes! I only wish that I may live to see you married, and yet as much alone and as dependent on your own exertions, as if you had no natural protector."

Ariana knew by long experience that her sister considered Mr. Daley's faults as her exclusive property, and wished others to speak of him always as if he were a model of a man. When she spoke in society herself of her learned husband, no one would have dreamed that she had discovered the feet of her idol to be of

clay, but in *tête-à-tête* she even insinuated to him that they were slightly cloven.

Ariana had a good share of mother wit, and knew very well the wisdom of exciting a counteracting passion when she had subjected herself to reproof by her open disrespect toward her learned brother-in-law.

"You told me, sister," she said soothingly, "that you expected company, and my aid would be needed in preparing for their reception."

All Mrs. Daley's motions were sudden, and at this remark she started up, exclaiming, "There! I have not given half my orders in the kitchen, and I dare say that the children have put the dining-room all out of order while I have been talking here. Do go and see to them, while I tell Betty what linen to put on the bed in the spare room."

One would have thought that the dining-room might have been sacred to eating and drinking, but the Professor had insisted on piling the surplus of his library in one corner of this cold, parlor-looking apartment. People have various ideas of comfort, but to Ariana's eyes the disorder which her pretty little niece and nephew had caused was rather an improvement.

Archie had built a very respectable house out of the Encyclopedias, and a large stone inkstand, which luckily was corked, served very well, when turned upside down, for a parlor centre-table. A smaller one and an accompanying sand-box, from his mother's *escritoir*, answered for ottomans, and upon them two table-napkins, with strings round their waists, to improve their figures, were sitting up, quite like ladies and gentlemen.

The bright faces of Archie and Etta wore a troubled expression, at the opening of the door, but it turned to one of unfeigned delight as they both scampered toward Ariana, exclaiming—"Oh, aunty, come and see our pretty baby-house. We have found out such a nice way of using pa's tiresome old books."

Like the cat transformed to a lady, who always showed her feline origin at the sight of a mouse, Ariana seemed always to return to childhood when in company with Archie and Etta. Mrs. Daley might as well have set a monkey to keep them out of mischief, for down dropped the moderator on the floor beside the baby-house, and commenced twisting the napkins into most ludicrous imitations of humanity. Etta finding that while her aunty was thus employed, she could get a nice chance at playing with her hair, slyly drew out the comb and fell to "turling it" over her little fingers, while Archie clapped his hands and danced about in wild delight at the beauty of the napkin ladies and gentlemen—Hark! there was a footstep in the hall—no! two. The door opened and the Professor, with scarcely a glance at the occupants of the room, thrust into it a tall, fine-looking stranger, and merely saying, "My sister-in-law, Cousin Arthur," retreated.

Ariana was so much amused at this strange introduction of the visiter, that she scarcely thought of her own disordered appearance.

"So, brother Madison has ejected you, sir, from his study at once," she said smiling. "His way of making people completely at home is by turning them out of

his own door. Do take a seat with us children, and my sister will be here presently."

Arthur Grayson had a great respect for his cousin, the Professor, having never seen him in domestic life, and only knowing his high reputation among the scientific men of the day. He was ignorant of the reason why Ariana spoke in so disrespectful a tone of so near a connection, and it seemed a want of politeness.

"No beauty can atone for such rudeness," he thought to himself, but replied courteously, "My cousin probably knew what society I should find most entertaining, and I am glad that he did not allow me to trespass upon his time."

Before Ariana could answer this remark, Jane emerged from a staircase leading to the kitchen, with a bowl in her hand, exclaiming, "Do, Ariana, stir up this cake."

In her surprise at the sight of the stranger, the bowl slipped from her hand and fell on the floor, scattering its yet fluid contents in every direction. Our pretty man-hater turned mischievously toward Arthur Grayson, to observe how he bore the bespattering of the very elegant suit of broadcloth in which his unexceptionable form was enveloped, but instead of betraying any marks of irritation, he said with perfect self-command and good-humor, "I presume that the dispenser of such good things can only be that Lady Bountiful, my Cousin Jane, of whose open-handed hospitality I have often heard."

It could never have been said of Mrs. Daley that she was

"Mistress of herself though china fall."

And to have lost china and cake both together was quite too severe a trial of her patience.

Ariana immediately came to her relief, by saying to the guest very politely, "Will you walk into the study with me, sir. I assure you that Madison does not care how many people are there, so he is saved from the task of entertaining them."

"It is all the fault of that selfish animal," she added mentally. "What is the use of all the learning in the world if unmixed with a particle of common sense."

CHAPTER IV.

A week after Arthur Grayson's arrival in the city, the following letter was received at his father's delightful residence on the banks of the Susquehanna:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Were it not for the domestic happiness I have witnessed at home, I should begin to believe that no literary man ought ever to marry. When I remember your anecdotes of the mischievous pranks of little Madison Daley, and then look at his immovable face, I can scarcely believe that he is the same individual. His soul, during the last seven years, must have as completely changed as the elements of that stiff-knit frame, which day and night is bent over some ponderous volume, for not an atom of playfulness or bonhomie now enters into his composition. Perhaps a "silent loving woman" might have retarded this metamorphosis, but Cousin Jane is of quite a different class. Out of respect to you, dear mother, I try always to think that women are free from blame, and sincerely commiserate the philoso-

pher's wife, who makes me thoroughly uncomfortable, by trying to make me comfortable, and her children wretched, in endeavoring to bring them up properly. Her promised visit to Castleton, will, I am sure, be a green spot in her existence, and the munmy husband makes no opposition to the excursion. Will you have the kindness to include in your invitation, Miss Ariana Huntingdon, a sister of Madison's wife, whom I should like you to know as a peculiar specimen of womanhood. She has wit and beauty enough to fascinate any man, were it not for her having conceived so thorough and unfeminine a contempt for mankind, that she is often guilty of such rudeness that my heart resists all her attractions. Andrew Dormer and Madison Daley are not, it is true, such men as would give any person of discernment a high respect for our sex, yet it is a mark of a little mind to condemn whole classes for the faults of individuals. Then Miss Ariana is an arrant little coquette, insisting that it is of service to a man to break his heart, as it will have a little softness ever afterward, whereas it otherwise would continue all stone. We have many pleasant tilts on these subjects, and when pushed for a reason, she always maintains her cause by such cunning sarcasms, that I am obliged to own myself defeated. 'Men at home!' is her frequent exclamation, in a tone of perfect contempt, at any new proof of the selfishness of her brothers-in-law. I wonder if she would dare to utter this sneer at the lords of creation, after seeing my honored father under his own hospitable roof. Please say to him that I have almost completed the business entrusted to my care, and shall return home in two weeks from tomorrow. Till then, I remain as ever,

"Your devoted son,

"ARTHUR GRAYSON."

"This old study is not such a disagreeable room after all," said Ariana, as she was ensconced in the low window-seat, with Arthur Grayson beside her. They were hidden from the view of her brother-in-law by his long overcoat, which no remonstrances could induce him to have hung elsewhere. "Madison has probably discovered that the parlors of Herculesneum were thus ornamented," she continued, pointing to a pair of boots which were standing in the midst of the apartment.

"It is a very pleasant room to me," he replied, "and I shall long remember the hours spent here."

A glance of joy shot from Ariana's eyes, but it passed away as she thought, "I dare say both of my brothers-in-law used to say just such agreeable things before they were married." "If I ever meet with a man who tries to be disagreeable, I shall believe that he is sincere," she replied, somewhat pettishly.

"Why do you suspect me of hypocrisy?" said Arthur, coldly. "I remarked that our pleasant chats had cheated me of many weary hours; you cannot doubt that this is the case. I neither said nor intended more."

Ariana had always applauded sincerity, but this frank avowal did not meet her approbation. The *tête-à-tête* was becoming awkward, and was luckily interrupted at this juncture by the ring of the postman. A letter was handed to Mr. Grayson; it contained a note which

he gave to Miss Huntingdon. She blushed at seeing that it bore the signature of Isabella Grayson, and was penned in a feminine hand, of remarkable delicacy and beauty. The flush on her cheek grew absolutely crimson, as she read the polite invitation to accompany her sister on a visit to Castleton the ensuing month. At that moment Arthur Grayson was wishing that he had not induced his mother to extend her hospitality, as Ariana had of late openly announced her predilections for single blessedness, and had at the same time been so bewitchingly agreeable, that he began to feel that her society was dangerous to his peace.

"I fear I must decline this invitation," said she, after a pause of some minutes.

"For what reason?" he asked, while his dark eyes were fixed in close scrutiny upon her varying countenance.

Ariana blushed still deeper, and then attempted to smile, but a tear stole to her eye as she replied with great frankness, "We have spent so many delightful hours together that your memory will be very pleasant, but I am afraid that the charm would be broken if I were to see you at home."

This confession almost drew from Arthur one of still deeper import, but a remembrance flashed upon him of all he had heard of Ariana's coquetry, and he merely replied, "If that is all, I will remain away from Castleton, rather than deprive my mother and Mrs. Daley of the pleasure of your society."

This proposition, however, was by no means agreeable.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I have no idea of exiling you on my account, only promise to try and not be very disagreeable."

This pledge was easily given. Soon after a messenger arrived to say that Mr. Dormer was quite unwell, and begged that Mrs. Daley would spare Ariana.

If there be any where in the world a striking instance of the fallen pride of humanity, a sick man affords the example.

When Ariana returned, Mr. Dormer was lying on the sofa, in the parlor, in his gay dressing-gown, having absolutely refused to go to his chamber and be regularly treated as a patient. Harriet stood by him with a wine-glass of medicine in one hand, and a saucer of sweetmeats in the other, trying to coax the invalid to swallow the dose she had so carefully prepared for him. The naughtiest of boys never made up such rueful faces, or protested more willfully against the disagreeable injunction.

"There's no use," he said at last, angrily; "I'd rather die than swallow such stuff."

"But, dear Andrew, what could I do without you?" said the affectionate Mrs. Dormer, now almost in tears.

A sudden and violent pain made her husband inclined to change his resolution, and snatching the glass, he said, "There, give me the sweatmeats, quick." With much writhing and choking, he swallowed a dose which one of his children would have taken without a murmur.

"What is the matter, Andrew?" asked Ariana, kindly, as she stepped to his side.

"Matter enough," he replied, "my stomach is

entirely ruined by the horrid messes on which I have been fed for the last month. A horse could not have stood the cooking to which I have been forced to submit."

Mr. Dormer, after smoking his digestive organs out of order, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, now actually believed that he was an injured man, victimized by a bad cook and a careless wife.

Such a miserable week as followed this scene had rarely fallen to Ariana's lot, but she was really grateful to Mr. Dormer for his disinterested kindness to her, and relieved her sister of much trouble and care. Every day that detained the peevish patient from his business made him still more unreasonable and exacting. He would have been well much sooner if any one could have induced him to obey the orders of the physician. After a dose of calomel, he would insist on a hearty dinner of beef-steak, and when purposely kept in a low state to prevent the danger of fever, called loudly for wine or brandy, declaring that his wife would like nothing better than to see his strength so reduced that there could be no hope of his recovery.

The servants were so exhausted with his caprices that the chambermaid took French leave, and then Mrs. Dormer, who had double duty to perform, was taxed with inattention to his wants.

"I wonder if Arthur Grayson has a strong constitution?" was the question which passed through Ariana's mind, as she witnessed the daily martyrdom of her meek sister. Now the dressing was all torn from the blisters of the impatient invalid, then the covering thrown off, and a moment after a complaint made that some outer door had been left open on purpose to freeze him to death. Every dose of medicine was taken with a struggle, every word of advice regarded as an infringement on his rights.

Where was that clever fellow, Andrew Dormer? What would the merchants on 'change have said to the transformation? Nothing, we presume, for like himself, they were few of them clever fellows to their own wives and servants.

CHAPTER V.

It is quite an objection to rail-roads and steamboats that they present so few inconveniences as to give one but little opportunity of discovering the temper and good-breeding of their fellow passengers. Nobody is crowded within, nobody has to sit without, no one is sick on the back seat, or lacks support on the middle one, as used to be the case in those dear old stage-coaches, where persons were shaken out of all ceremony, and jostled into a pleasant acquaintance.

A private carriage, however, if well filled, has still its points of trial; and the Grayson equipage, when packed with the Daley family, promises to exercise the patience of its inmates.

Of course, the ladies were too modern to be troubled with handboxes; but Mrs. Daley's beautiful traveling-bag, which had been worked by her sister, needed as much tending as a baby; and the bouquet of flowers, which Ariana was carrying from a city green-house to Mrs. Grayson, in a tin case, wanted great care, being sprinkled every time that the horses were watered.

Arthur Grayson had been early schooled to consider annoyance at petty evils as totally unworthy of a man of sense, and there was no affectation in his indifference to his own ease while making the ladies as comfortable as lay within his power. He even succeeded in beguiling Etty from Ariana's arm to his own, and Jane's brow grew smoother at every mile, from finding the children so easily amused. Archie Daley had a quick inquiring mind, and drank in eagerly all the information which his friend gave with regard to the objects that they passed on the road. At length, wearied with pleasure, he fell asleep, leaning his whole weight on Arthur's, while Etta slumbered on his breast, as much at home as if in her nurse's arms.

Ariana had been unusually silent during the journey. The peculiar gentleness of her companion, his delicate attentions to Jane and herself, with his sweet consideration for the children, and carelessness of his own comfort, made her wish that the journey might be long, and suggested the thought how happy any one would be, who should enjoy such protection through life.

These reflections gave an unusual softness to her generally vivacious manners, which was peculiarly attractive; and Arthur, as he glanced at the little sleeper on his bosom, and then at the sweet smile on Ariana's face, had his own dreams also of domestic bliss.

These gentle thoughts had not faded from the hearts of our travelers, nor the light of the setting sun from the evening sky, when they entered the open gates of Castleton. An elderly gentleman, of noble appearance, stood on the porch of his fine mansion, to welcome the strangers. His dignified yet kindly manners impressed Ariana with instant respect, but she felt a still deeper emotion in receiving the cordial greetings of Mrs. Grayson. Arthur's mother was still a beautiful woman, though her hair was slightly silvered with age, for her dark eye was intellectually bright, while a smile of uncommon sweetness played around her pleasant mouth. The heart of the orphan was touched by the motherly kindness of tone with which she was welcomed; and as she heard the joyful greeting which Arthur received from both his parents, and the tender respect with which it was returned, she felt that there was a happiness in domestic life of which she had scarcely dreamed.

"We must not forget your health, Mary, in our pleasure at seeing our friends," said Judge Grayson, to his wife, as he gently placed her arm in his, and led the way to the cheerful parlor.

How much expression there is in the interior of any dwelling! That tastefully ornamented room, provided with every comfort for the elder members of the family, and filled with materials of amusements for all persons of cultivated minds, breathed nothing but peace and joy.

Arthur placed a footstool at his mother's feet, and then rang for a servant, to show the ladies to their apartment, while Judge Grayson was helping them to disencumber themselves from some of their numerous wrappings. Archie had loitered to take a ride on the porch, where he had spied a rocking-horse, which had been brought down from the garret with a view to his

amusement, while Etty had caught up a kitten which seemed used to nothing but kindness.

"What an excellent housekeeper Mrs. Grayson appears to be!" was Jane's exclamation, the moment that they reached their apartment. "They say that the judge is a learned man, but I do not see any thing that looks like it."

A disorderly dwelling, and a cold, disagreeable man at its head, were to Mrs. Daley, alas! the usual indications of the abode of literature. She had not noticed that one little cabinet of books in the parlor, contained some very profound works, and that the large room opposite, was a well furnished library.

The beautiful art of making others happy had been so completely studied by Mrs. Grayson, that before the evening passed away, Mrs. Daley and her sister scarcely remembered that they were guests. As Ariana began to feel perfectly at home, her natural vivacity arose, and the judge smiled pleasantly at her lively rejoinders to the playful remarks of his son.

Now and then Mrs. Grayson looked up a little seriously, from her conversation on family affairs with Jane, as if afraid that Arthur might be tempted to some slight rudeness, in replying to the gay sallies of his companion.

CHAPTER VI.

When Ariana awoke the next morning, she feared that her last night's enjoyment had been all a dream; but a glance around her chamber convinced her that at least she was not in the habitation of either of her sisters.

The sound of a loud, manly voice below, fully restored her to consciousness, and with it came the tormenting thought that it must be Judge Grayson. I am afraid that after all he is like other men at Home, was her mental ejaculation.

The voice came nearer, but its tones were not harsh, and Ariana now distinctly heard the words, "Up, up, Arthur! Your mother wishes a letter sent to the village, and we ride there on horseback before breakfast. Hurry, my boy!"

"Here I am, sir, booted and spurred," was distinctly audible, in a gay, yet respectful tone. And then the cheerful voices of father and son, as they mounted their horses and rode away.

"Take another muffin, Miss Ariana," said the judge, as they sat at breakfast. "It may be vanity, but I think my wife always manages to have nicer muffins than are found any where else in the whole country. I know Arthur is of the same opinion, for he gives us the best possible proof of it."

The son gave a smiling assent, and Ariana thought of Andrew Dormer and his habit of finding fault with every thing that was placed before him.

It is not much the fashion at the present day for young men to consult their parents with regard to their love affairs, but Arthur Grayson walked closely in the footsteps of his father, and he was a gentleman of the old school. Were this mode more prevalent, there would not be so many unhappy mothers-in-law and such miserable wives.

The visitors from the city had spent two days at Castleton before Arthur could ask his mother's advice about the subject which lay nearest his heart. The moment, however, that he found an opportunity of speaking to her alone, he said, eagerly, "What do you think of Ariana?"

"A question that I am not yet qualified to answer, my son," was her reply, while she looked earnestly into his troubled face, as if seeking to discover how deeply he was interested in the inquiry, which he had just made.

"You do not like her, I see plainly," he hastily remarked, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"You are much mistaken in that supposition, my dear Arthur. On the contrary, her frankness and talents interest me exceedingly, and even her faults make me anxious for a more intimate acquaintance, for I think that I might be of service in aiding her to overcome them. I am not sure, however, that she would be a suitable companion for life for my darling son, if that is what you wish to know."

"Then I must not stay here any longer," he exclaimed, impetuously. "I have too much confidence in your judgment to believe that I could ever be happy with any one, of whose character you disapproved. I feared that it would be so."

"You are too hasty, Arthur. Why does the opinion I have expressed make it necessary for you to leave home?"

"Because I have discovered that I love her too well to trust myself longer in her society," he answered, with agitation.

"Then you are right in your resolution. Why do you not make your long promised visit to Carysford Lee? If I find on further acquaintance that Ariana is worthy of your affection, you shall not long remain in ignorance of the conclusion."

"Thank you," Arthur replied, and then sorrow of heart prevented him from adding more, but kissing affectionately his mother's pale cheek, he hastily left the apartment.

Ariana's face was radiant with smiles when she descended to the dining-room. Her gayety, however, quickly disappeared when Arthur, who sat next to her at the table, asked abruptly, "Have you any commands for my friend, Lee; I am going this afternoon to Allendale, to remain with him for a few weeks."

Luckily for Ariana, Jane immediately exclaimed, "What, going to run away from us so soon. How will the children get along without you?"

"Please don't go, sir?" said Archie, mournfully. "I cannot finish my new bow without your help."

"I will show you about it," said the judge, kindly, "and take you to ride on horseback behind me, just as Arthur has done."

By this time Ariana had recovered her composure, and said, with an attempt at gayety, "What a delightful time we ladies shall have with none to molest or make us afraid. The only fear will be, that I shall quite forget my saucy ways if I have no one to practice them upon."

"Suppose you should make me a target for your wit," said the judge, playfully.

"My weapons would only rebound upon myself, with so invulnerable a mark," she replied, in a respectful tone.

A conversation, in which evident constraint was visible, followed, and every one glad when the meal was at last over. An hour afterward Arthur's horse was brought round to the door, and with an air of extreme embarrassment, he bade Mrs. Daley and Ariana a hasty farewell. The assumed indifference of the latter was so well counterfeited, that her lover rode away with the full conviction that his absence was considered as a relief.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, Judge Grayson was obliged to leave Castleton to attend a court at a neighboring village, and the ladies were left in sole possession of the mansion.

"How dull it is here to-day," said Ariana, to her sister, as they were *tête-à-tête*, while Mrs. Grayson was occupied with domestic affairs. "I just saw a pair of boots at the door of the opposite chamber, and it was actually a delightful sight. I really think that everlasting overcoat of Madison's would be a pleasant addition to our prospect in this dearth of mankind."

Jane was delighted at a chance to revenge herself for all Ariana's attacks upon the odd ways of the professor. "What ails you," she said, "to make such strange remarks; they come very unexpectedly from such a professed man-hater. Why I have heard you say, that Eden could not be a Paradise to you, if men were allowed to enter it."

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Jenny. We grow wiser every day," said Ariana, playfully. "Do you need me here this morning?"

"No, I shall be busy in copying these receipts for cake, but if you will have an eye to the children who are down stairs, I shall be obliged to you."

Ariana took up her basket containing a pair of slippers, which she was working for Andrew Dörmer, and went into the parlor, where she hoped to find Mrs. Grayson.

That lady was, however, not there, but soon came in, and setting down her work, commenced one of those easy, confidential chats, which make two people better acquainted than years of intercourse in general society.

"I am going to ask a question, which you will think very strange," said Ariana, at length, "but it would make me so much happier if I was certain about it."

"What is it, dear?" asked the kind lady, with a benevolent smile, which encouraged curiosity.

"Will you then tell me," said Ariana, hesitatingly, "if Judge Grayson is always as kind and agreeable at home as he appears to us?"

The tears rose to Mrs. Grayson's eyes as she answered, "He has never been otherwise. I could not with propriety have replied to your question if I had not testimony to bear to his never failing love and kindness."

"Oh! how glad I am!" exclaimed Ariana, with a fervency that startled her companion. "All the men I know are so disagreeable in their own homes, and so

neglectful of the comfort of their wives, that I thought the rest of the world were like them."

"It is too true, my child," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "that there are those who sacrifice their private peace to their public duties, or exhibit at home the vexation consequent upon lives of constant toil and anxiety. Even where this is the case, however, it is a woman's duty to give her home all the cheerfulness in her power; and if her husband is not in private life what she could wish, the secret should be confined to her own bosom."

Mrs. Grayson was one of the few persons who can give advice so discreetly as not to wound the feelings of the person whom they are trying to benefit. Her last remark made Ariana feel the impropriety of having allowed the faults of her brothers-in-law, who were generous, indeed, though their manners were often so disagreeable. Her confession in this respect was so frankly made, that it won upon Mrs. Grayson's affection, and their conversation continued in a still more confidential tone.

Day after day Ariana would glide down into the parlor, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her new friend, while Jane was occupied with her receipts, and the children busy at play. Her laughing philosophy was only the armor of pride, and her warm, generous feelings gushed forth unrestrained, in conversing with Mrs. Grayson. The sportive bursts of humor, which were so perfectly natural to her lively disposition, awoke in the elder lady some of the vivacity of her early years, and Jane would be startled from her monotonous employment, by the sound of their merry laughter. Insensibly the bright, impulsive girl was winding around the heart of her friend, in trying to win whose approbation her own character was rapidly improving.

There was only one subject on which there was not perfect confidence between Mrs. Grayson and Ariana. Arthur's name was never mentioned by either of them. Ariana could not with delicacy, tell his mother how bitterly she was grieved at his departure, but her languid eyes, and frequently wandering thoughts, revealed the truth.

Sometimes, when at evening Judge Grayson returned from court, she saw the affectionate meeting with his dear wife, she would sigh deeply, as if looking on happiness that could never be her own.

The six weeks which Mrs. Daley intended to spend at Castleton, had passed rapidly away. On the morrow the family were to return to the city, and all regretted the necessity for their separation.

As Ariana sat listening to the regrets of Mrs. Grayson and her sister that their intercourse was so soon to be terminated, she was unable to command her spirits, and under pretence of breathing the fresh air, walked out upon the piazza. She stood looking toward the stars in melancholy abstraction, when a gentleman came suddenly around the corner of the house, and stood at her side. "Mr. Grayson!" she exclaimed, with such unaffected joy, that a smile of delight beamed on his face as he eagerly seized her proffered hand.

"Did you not then know that I was to return this evening?" he asked. "Could you think that I would allow you to depart without saying farewell?"

"You left us so abruptly, that I did not know what to expect," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Did you not object to coming here lest my presence should mar your enjoyment?" he inquired, mischievously.

"But you know," she replied, with warmth, "what was the reason for that silly remark."

"Why silly? If seeing me at home might destroy your respect, it was quite wise to send me into banishment," he remarked, playfully.

"But I could not have done so, I am sure, now," she replied, earnestly.

"Have you really sufficient faith in any man to believe him free from the faults which I have so often heard you impute to the whole sex?"

The question was put in a jesting tone, but Arthur listened eagerly for her reply.

"Your father's constant politeness has overcome all those foolish prejudices. I do believe that his son may resemble him."

"Would you dare to trust your happiness to the keeping of that son?" he asked, with tender earnestness.

"I should," she replied with characteristic promptness, while a tear glistened in her eye.

"Then why may not this place henceforth be your

home. My mother already loves you dearly, and my father's approbation sanctions my suit."

Ariana's consent was easily won to this proposition, and then Arthur went to announce his own arrival to the family circle, while she stole to her apartment to compose her agitated heart.

Mrs. Daley insisted that Ariana should remain with her a month previous to her marriage, and then Mrs. Dormer pleaded for a visit of equal length. Andrew would have been quite out of humor at her loss, were it not for the pleasure of hearing that she had given up her rebellious thoughts as to man's supremacy. The professor was so much ameliorated by Jane's more prudent conduct, that he presented the bride elect with a set of very dry books, in token of regard for her choice. Mr. Dormer made her many valuable gifts, though his manner of bestowing favors almost neutralized the pleasure which he otherwise would have conferred.

Ariana Huntingdon has been for many years a happy wife. Arthur Grayson has found that well regulated wit and cheerful independence, heighten domestic life; and Ariana asserts that men deserve the title of Lords of Creation, and that her Arthur, to be fully appreciated, must be seen "at Home."

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

It is not that I shrink to yield
My soul to God, whose claim is just;
I know my spirit is his own,
And that this human frame is dust;
To Him my higher powers I owe,
The light of mind, the faith of love;
Too mean the service of a life
My ceaseless gratitude to prove;
But still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

The ties that bound me close to earth
With deep affection's tender chain,
Were severed by his sovereign will,
And tears and agony were vain;
And blighted hope and withering care
Their shadows o'er my soul have cast;
And sunny dreams, that fancy wove
Of rainbow hues, to soon have past;
But still I pause in mortal fear,
And life is sweet—and death is drear.

For memory brings to me again
The dear ones that are laid to rest,
And scenes 'mid which they bore a part
In lovely visions haunt my breast;
Their looks, their words, their beaming smiles,

Soft tears from out my eyelids press;
They're with me through the waking day,
My nightly slumbers gently bless;
And still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

My faithful friends whose gentle deeds
Of kindness words were poor to tell;
My daily walks, my favorite flowers,
The page where genius throws its spell,
And Nature with its varied hues,
Where spring and summer brightly glows,
By many a fine and subtle link
Of custom round my being grows;
And still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

Kind Lord! subdue this trembling dread,
My spirit nerve with firmer zeal,
Death is the portal of our life,
Its promised good Thou wilt reveal;
And in thy word I read with joy
The blessings that believers share,
And peace within my bosom steals,
The heavenly peace that springs from prayer;
No more I pause in mortal fear,
The grave is sweet when Thou art near.

A YEAR AND A DAY: OR THE WILL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

(Concluded from page 199.)

CHAPTER IV.

ke a brief retrospect of the last two years Crayford.

asant summer evening, two gentlemen, ine, spirited steeds, came gayly cantering the slope of a hill, and across the rustic formed the entrance to a small village in f Pennsylvania, just as a party of merry vere returning the same way from the s beyond. The road, or rather lane, was row, and observing the rapid approach rians, the girls hastily stepping aside into s, stood still for them to pass by. Instead however, they slackened their pace, and reigning in his steed, gazed impertinently ing faces of the village girls.

ns!" he exclaimed, in a low voice to his ' what a pair of eyes that little witch has etticoat—and what a shape! look at her,

I thus pointed out could not have been teen. In face and form a perfect Hebe, uperb pair of laughing black eyes, shaded ing lashes. Her little sun-bonnet was it rested loosely upon her shoulders; her vas as black and brilliant as her eyes, was er beautiful neck, and clustered in tight her finely formed head, upon the top of ' pail of foaming milk. With one hand htly poised, while the other rested upon attitude most graceful and picturesque.

was of dark-blue bombazet, set off by a short-gown reaching half way to the it was finished with a narrow frilling—vogue among the farmers' daughters both ia and New England—and a very pretty . Her little feet were bare, hiding them-ly in the tall grass.

s an angel—a perfect divinity!" replied r a rude stare at the young maid, "What e would make—eh, Crayford!" stings," added the other, with a devilish be worth our while to stay here a day or y you?"

stings returned a significant wink, which d to by the other in the same way.

se remarks they had rode slowly on, but wheeling his horse, Crayford once more e little group, and lifting his hat, bowed ly as he said,

ell me, fair maidens, where my friend and s so fortunate as to find a night's lodging?

We are somewhat fatigued with a long day's ride, and would fain rest our weary limbs, as also our jaded steeds. Can you direct us, then, to some public house in your village?"

A sprightly blue-eyed girl, delighted to be of service to the polite stranger, stepped quickly forward, and said, while her cheeks grew redder and redder, and her eyes rounded with every word:

"O, yes, sir, there is a good tavern at the other end of the village, and here is Effie Day, she lives there, you know, for it is her grandfather who keeps the house; here, Effie, you will show the gentleman the way, wont you Effie?"

"By all the saints, how lucky!" whispered Crayford, to his friend—Effie proving to be no other than the identical maiden who had so charmed him.

Springing from his horse, and throwing the reins to Hastings with a meaning glance, Crayford lifted the pail from the head of the blushing girl, and begged the privilege of assisting her with her burden, while she acted as his guide to the inn. The girls all laughed merrily at this, but Effie, blushing still deeper, drew her sun-bonnet closely over her face, and tripped lightly on before him, so fleetly, too, whether from bashfulness or mischief, that her gallant could scarcely keep pace with her twinkling feet. On reaching the inn, his fair guide suddenly disappeared, leaving Crayford to dispose of the milk-pail as he could, to the no small delight of Hastings, who highly enjoyed the evident discomfiture of his friend.

The old landlord welcomed the strangers heartily, and gave them the best rooms his house could boast, and soon placed before them an excellent supper. But what gave it its true zest was the attendance of the pretty milk-maid—and a more lovely cup-bearer never served the gods.

Poor Effie Day was but an infant when both her parents were taken from her by death, and no other home had she ever known than the roof of her kind old grandfather. With a tenderness far exceeding that which they had felt for their own children did her grandparents regard her, and in pity for her orphan state, indulged her in every wish which it was in their power to grant. As she grew up her beauty and vivacity was their pride, and no theme could sooner reach their hearts than the praises of their darling Effie. She was brought up in all the simplicity of country life; a circuit of ten miles the boundary of her little world, and from books her knowledge was scanty more. Yet the birds which sang at her window, or the lambs with whom she skipped in the meadows, were not more gay or happy than was the old inn-

keeper's bright darling child, when like the serpent in Paradise, Crayford came. He found the honest old couple and the artless Effie of the very sort whom his cunning could most easily dupe, and with skill which would not have disgraced a demon, set about his fiendish work—for most cogent reasons of his own disguising his name under that of Belmont, while his worthy co-adjutor assumed that of Jervis.

Feigning to be charmed with the locality of this little town, they made known their intention of passing several weeks in its vicinity. But why enter into the details of a plot such as should call down the avenging bolt of heaven. Suffice it, alas! to say, that sin and villainy triumphed, and as pure a child as ever the finger of God rested upon, was enticed from her home, from her poor old dotting grandparents.

Under a solemn promise of marriage the unfortunate Effie eloped with her base betrayer.

Upon reaching Philadelphia, the form of marriage was gone through with by a convenient priest, and the sacrifice of innocence completed. For some months, but for the memory of the aged couple, in the silent shades of her native valley, she was as happy as a young confiding wife could be in the love, nay, adoration of her husband. The lodgings Crayford rented were in an obscure part of the city, and furnished most meagerly for the taste of one accustomed to fashionable display, yet Effie, who had never seen any thing more grand than the parson's parlor at home, thought even a queen could not be more sumptuously lodged, and she was very sure could not be more happy.

Poor, poor Effie!

This devotion on the part of Crayford continued while his humor lasted—no longer; nor did one gleam of pity for the unfortunate girl lead him to wear the mask only as long as suited his own pleasure. The heart sickens to dwell upon the anguish of poor Effie, thus abandoned by one for whom she had sacrificed all—one so friendless, so forlorn, so young and so beautiful.

The woman with whom she lodged allowed her to remain under her roof until she had stripped her of the little she possessed—of her clothing, and the few ornaments Crayford had given her; then, when no more was to be gained, she thrust her forth into the streets to die, or live by a fate worse than death!

Alas! that in a world so fair as this, such things really are, needing no aid from fancy to portray their atrociousness.

All day did the poor girl wander through the busy crowd, gazing piteously into the faces of the multitude, and if by chance one more kindly than others bent an eye upon her, she would ask them for Belmont. But no one could tell her aught. And then night came—dark, desolate night. On, from street to street passed the unfortunate, shrinking from the rude stare, and still ruder speech of brutes calling themselves men; no one offering a shelter to the houseless wanderer; and even her own sex meeting her appeals with coarse, unfeeling laughter.

Blame her not, that suddenly yielding to the despair of her young heart, she sought in death relief.

It was near the hour of midnight when she found

herself upon one of the wharves. Dark and cold stretched the river before her; dark and cold was to her the world she was leaving. For a moment she paused, and gazed despairingly around her; tears trickled down her pallid cheeks, for she felt she was young to die; and she wept still more when she thought upon her aged grandparents, who would never know her sad fate. Then arose before her, floating as it were upon the heaving mass of waters, on which her eyes were fixed, that peaceful valley, with the green hills sweeping around it, and the rustic dwellings of her playmates and friends looking out upon her beseechingly from their pleasant shades as she stood there in her loneliness; and as a far-off symphony of sweet sounds came floating by, the glad voices which Nature had sang to her in childhood. Poor Effie Day! what pleasant memories were crowded into those few brief moments.

"Belmont!" she shrieked, suddenly starting from that far-off dream, "Belmont, may God forgive you the deed I am about to do!"

Then falling on her knees, she clasped her trembling hands, murmuring a prayer for pardon and mercy. Now casting one long, shuddering look upon the cold, dark river, she was about to plunge therein, when a strong arm was thrown around her, and she was forcibly drawn back several feet from the verge on which she had stood poised.

"Wretched girl, what would you do!" said a voice in her ear.

She heard no more, for a faintness came over her, and but for the arm still around her, she would have fallen insensible to the ground. When she recovered, she found herself upon a bed in a small, neat apartment. A woman of mild countenance was leaning over her, chafing her hands and temples, and at the foot of the bed stood a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, with his full, dark eyes fixed upon her with pity and kindness.

"Poor child!" she heard the woman say, just as she opened her eyes; "I'll warrant some of those gay gallants have broken her heart! Bless her, she is coming to—there, there darling, how does thee feel now?"

But ere poor Effie could reply, the gentleman placed his finger on his lips, as if to caution her from speaking, then preparing some soothing anodyne, he bade the woman administer it as quickly as possible, and promising to be back at an early hour in the morning, took leave.

When the morning came, however, the unfortunate girl was raving in all the delirium of fever, which for weeks baffled medical skill. Youth at length triumphed over disease, and she was once more able to leave her bed. During this time she had made known at intervals, her sad history to the good woman of the house, and the benevolent stranger who had snatched her from a watery grave.

Every where the latter sought to discover the perfidious Belmont, and on pursuing his inquiries for the grandparents of the wretched girl, he learned that grief at the desertion of their child, had broken the old people's hearts; first the father, then the mother, had

ve to their long homes. A distant relative had on the little homestead, and already a flaunted the head of good old Penn, which for a half a century had smiled benignly down on the

aged to remain with Mrs. Wing, who kept a thread and needle store in — Lane, near the old the kind woman felt so much pity for her unprotected situation, that she readily granted assistance. She was soon able to assist in the labors of the shop, and to make herself in many ways useful. The stranger she saw but little, but from Mrs. Belmont learned that he had generously defrayed all expenses of her illness. He came but seldom, but did, he spoke to her so kindly, encouraged her so much gentleness, soothing her sorrows, and turned her mind to that Higher source where alone she could look for comfort, that Effie regarded him in the light of a superior being.

Months rolled on, and no tidings of Belmont came. One morning, as she stood arranging a row of articles upon the broad window-seat in a room which might display their beauty to the best advantage, she threw up the sash for a moment to inhale the breeze which came sweeping up from the beach. The day was lovely. The gentle undulating shores of the Delaware, cleft by a hundred flashing rapids, the keels of many noble vessels buried in the rising tide, their white sails swelling to the breeze, stretched before her in beauty, while above, the sky was serene as the blue vault of heaven.

A yacht had just neared the wharf, and from its deck gentlemen sprang to land, and with rather a flourish, crossed the street directly opposite the window. Suddenly her eyes fell upon one of that gay group, and for a moment she stood as if breath and motion were suspended in the intensity of her gaze. She could not be mistaken; it was Belmont, her husband; and, slyly knowing what she did, she rushed to the window with a wild scream of joy, threw herself into the arms of Crayford.

"O, Crayford, you are in luck, my boy!" she cried, "as of the party; "by Jove she's an angel!" Belmont, bewildered with confusion, and taken by surprise at the sudden appearance of one whom he had hoped to see no more, Crayford for half a minute stood looking at her, then struggling to disengage himself from her arms, he exclaimed angrily, "Woman—none of your tricks with me; off,

roughly aside those tender arms which clung despairingly, poor Effie would have fallen to the ground, but for another of the party, who, seizing her as she was sinking, cried with mock pathos, "pretty one, the fellow is a monster; here, I care of you—come, kiss me!"

He sprang from his arms, and clasping the Crayford as she saw the heartless wretch

"Oh, my husband!" she cried, in tones of anguish, "do not, O, do not leave me again; I will not be so cruel—take me with you!"

"That's cool, by heavens!—ha! ha! ha!" shouted Crayford, with infernal daring, "you are crazy, child! I am not your Belmont; perhaps this is he—or this," pointing from one to the other of his companions.

The look of awe with which the poor girl received this cruel speech, did not escape their notice, and, hardened as they were, they were moved to pity, and the rude jests died on their lips.

Effie rose from her knees, and tottering a step forward, placed her trembling hand upon the outstretched arm of Crayford. With an oath he spurned her from him, when in his path their suddenly arose one whose cold, searching glance, struck terror to his guilty soul.

"Crayford, I know you!" exclaimed the stranger. "This, then, is your infernal work; ay, tremble, thou base destroyer of innocence. Away, I say, ere I am tempted to do a deed shall shame my manhood!"

Livid with rage, Crayford drew a dirk from his bosom, and rushed suddenly upon the stranger; but in an instant it was wrenched from his hand, then seizing the wretch by the collar, as he would a dog, he hurled him off the curb-stone, and with such force, as sent him half across the street, and then lifting tenderly the form of the fainting girl in his arms, bore her into the house.

The reader will, of course, infer that Crayford and the stranger had met before. They had; nor was this the first dark deed to which the latter knew Crayford might lay claim.

To draw our long digression to a close, suffice it to say, that it was the unfortunate Effie Day whom Florence had met while walking with Crayford, and that the gentleman whom she had pointed out to him in the picture gallery, was no other than the stranger of whom we have just spoken, and whose appearance had so perceptibly agitated her companion.

CHAPTER V.

We will now return to Florence, whom we left in a state of such cruel suspense, and it would be difficult to say, perhaps, which of the two at the moment she hoped to find the most sincere—Crayford or the unknown.

She felt she had gone too far to recede, and that it had now become her duty to probe this enigma thoroughly. Her confidence in Crayford was too much impaired for her to receive him again into her presence so long as such doubts hung around his character. "I will obey the instructions of this unknown Mentor," said she, "it cannot be that he is false; no, to this Mrs. Belmont, then, will I go, and go alone."

Ordering a carriage, therefore, and directing the driver to No. 7 — Lane, she set forth upon an errand which, for a young, unprotected female, was certainly rather hazardous. Of its locality she had no knowledge; and when she found herself gradually approaching the opposite side of the city from her own residence, passing through narrow streets, and at every turning drawing nearer to the river, she would have felt more apprehension but for the words of the unknown: "Fear not," urged the note, "one will be near you who will protect you with his life." These words reassured her, for she had so long accustomed herself to

regard him in the light of her protector and friend, that even now, when her doubts almost distracted her, she still gave herself up to the pleasing thought that he was near, and no danger could befall her.

"This is No. 7 — Lane," said the coachman, reigning in his horses before the thread and needle store of Mrs. Wing, "whom shall I ask for?"

"Never mind, I will go in myself," answered Florence.

Mrs. Wing was sitting in a little back room, but seeing a lady enter the shop, arose and came forward to the counter.

"Is there a Mrs. Belmont lodges here?" inquired Florence.

"There is a young woman of that name in my employ, friend—would thee like to see her? If thee does, thee can go to her room—she has been very ill."

Florence bowing assent, the good woman led the way up a narrow staircase, and opened the door of a neat little chamber, saying, as she motioned Florence to go in,

"Here is a young woman to see thee, Effie," immediately withdrew.

Near the bed, in a large easy-chair, propped up by pillows, sat poor Effie Day. Not a tinge of the rose, once blooming so freshly there, could be traced on that pale cheek, and of the same marble hue were her lips and brow. These, contrasted by her jet-black hair, and eyes so large and brilliant, imparted a strange ghastliness to her appearance. At the first glance Florence recognized her as the young woman whom Crayford had pointed out to her as a fortune-teller.

This at once opened a new channel for thought, and supposing, therefore, that she had been directed thither for the purpose of consulting her art, she said, half timidly approaching her,

"Can you tell my fortune for me?"

Poor Effie, too, had recognized the lovely girl whom she had seen walking with him she still believed to be her husband, and looking up with a sad earnestness of expression, made answer,

"Your fortune! O, my beautiful young lady, may it never be so wretched as mine!" Then noticing the evident perturbation of Florence's manner, she continued, "Can I serve you in any way?"

"I was sent to you for the purpose, as I suppose, of having my fortune told," answered Florence.

"There is some mistake," replied Effie, a half smile flitting over her pale face, "I am not a fortune-teller."

"But I thought—I understood—that is—Mr. Crayford told me you were. Did I not meet you one day in Chestnut street?" asked Florence.

A faint color tinged the cheek of Effie, and her beautiful eyes drooped low as she answered,

"You did—too well do I remember it—you looking so happy, and I so sad! Yes, I saw you point me out to Belmont."

"Belmont! I know no such person," said Florence, "it was Mr. Crayford who was with me—it was Mr. Crayford who told me you were a fortune-teller."

"Did he—did he tell you so?" said Effie, bursting into tears, "for, alas! young lady, it was Belmont—it was my husband you were walking with!"

"Your husband!" cried Florence, aghast.

"Yes, my husband. Dear young lady, think not I am mistaken—would that I were! I saw those eyes, so full of love, fixed on your blushing face—heard the soft tones of his voice as he bent low to address you. Yes, I saw all—heard all; and then, ah then!" cried Effie, with a shudder, and raising her tearful eyes to heaven, "what a look he cast upon me! But did he—did Belmont send you to me?" she eagerly demanded.

"No, he did not—it was another who directed me here. And now, my poor girl," said Florence, drawing her chair close to Effie, and kindly taking her hand, "I see that you have been cruelly treated—will you then tell me your history—will you tell me of Crayford, or Belmont, for I now see they are one and the same."

"Do you love him?" asked Effie, sadly.

"No, I do not love him, nor is it probable we shall ever meet again," replied Florence.

"But he has sought your love—and yet you love him not—how strange! *I love him!* O, would to God I did not!" and here the poor girl sobbed aloud, while Florence, overcome by emotion, threw her arms around the unfortunate, and resting her head on her bosom, mingled tears with hers.

When both were a little more calm, Florence again urged her to reveal her sorrows, which Effie did in language so simple and earnest as carried conviction to the mind of her listener, who shuddered as the fearful abyss in which she had been so nearly lost, thus opened before her.

"And do you know the name of the person who has been so kind to you?" asked Florence, referring to the preserver of Effie.

"I know not," answered Effie, "neither does Mrs. Wing, 'but to me, dear young lady, he has been an angel of goodness!'"

"Strange!" thought Florence, "this benevolent stranger can surely be no other than my unknown friend. He is, then, all I first imagined him—kind, noble, disinterested—and yet I have doubted him; how am I reprov'd! but for him, my own fate might, perhaps, have resembled that of the unfortunate girl before me!"

While lost in these reflections, she was suddenly startled by a slight scream from Effie, who, grasping her arm tightly, said, while her pale face crimsoned, and her bosom heaved tumultuously,

"Hark! *his* voice—it is *his* voice!"

"Whose voice—what is the matter?" demanded Florence.

"Do you not know," continued Effie, as half rising she bent her little head, and raised her finger in an attitude of deep attention, "Do you not know Belmont's voice? Ah, I see now very well you do not love him."

"Belmont! good heavens, what shall I do!" exclaimed Florence, starting up, "is there no way for me to escape—not for worlds would I have him find me here!"

"Go in there," said Effie, pointing to a small door; "but you will be obliged to remain there—there is no other way."

"Then I must, of course, hear all you say," said Florence, shrinking instinctively from thus intruding

upon the young girl's privacy. Effie looked up confidently and answered,

"It is well; if this meeting is to restore me my happiness, you will rejoice with me; if it plunge me in still greater woe, then, dear lady, it is better for you to know it!"

Florence had no time to reply, for now a man's step was heard quickly ascending the stairs. Springing into the little room adjoining, she closed the door, and panting with agitation, awaited the result. Again the words of the unknown recurred to her, "Fear not! one will be near you, who will protect you with his life."

Scarcely had Florence withdrawn, when the other door was opened, and a man wearing a cloak, with his hat drawn far down over his face, entered, then closing it, and carefully turning the key, he advanced toward Effie, who had risen, and stood clinging to the easy-chair to support her trembling limbs.

"You are surprised to see me, I suppose, child," said he, throwing off his cloak and hat, and revealing the form and features of Crayford.

"My dear husband, do we then meet again!" cried Effie, feebly extending her arms, as she sunk back into the chair.

Crayford folded his arms across his breast, and throwing himself carelessly upon a seat, said,

"I have come to settle matters with you, that's all. What the d—! are you doing here!"

"Don't speak so cruelly to me—don't, Belmont!" cried poor Effie, bursting into tears. "O, if you knew the anguish I have endured since you left me; if you knew, that, driven to despair, I even sought to take my own life, you would pity me! If you knew how I have watched for you—sought for you—how I have waited for you, you would at least have compassion on me!"

"You're a fool!" exclaimed Crayford, brutally. "Why I thought you would have learned better by this time; but since you have not, why you must not be in my way, that's all. Now listen to me; you must go out of the city—and look you, on condition that you will never come back again, I will give you a thousand dollars; come, that's generous, now—most men would let you go to the — before they would do as much for you. The fact is, child, I am going to be married, and to a beautiful, rich lady."

"Married!" shrieked Effie, starting to her feet, and catching his arm, "married—am I not your wife?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—come, that's a good one; not exactly, child, you are only my wife, *pour passer le temps*, as the French say. No, that was all a hoax—you are free, and with a thousand dollars to buy you a husband! Now is not that better?" said Crayford, chucking her under the chin.

Effie did not reply. It needed not—those eyes, more eloquent than words, fastened upon his guilty countenance, told plainly a villain's work of woe wrought in her young, trusting heart. Crayford, hardened as he was, quailed under their reproach.

At length she spoke, but there was an unnatural calmness in her voice,

"Who is the lady you will marry?" she said.

"Well, I will tell you—and, by the way, you came

near ruining my prospects there. She saw you in Chestnut street one day, as we were walking, and you looked so—queer at me, that, faith, I were put to my trumps, and mumbled over something about your being a crazy fortune-teller—was not that well done?"

"It *was* well done," answered Effie, in the same tone; "but her name—tell me her name."

"Her name is May—a young, pretty widow; though, on my soul, Effie—why I declare, now I look at you, you are almost as handsome as ever; if it was not for her money, she might look further for a husband. But come, I am in a hurry; I want you to sign this paper, pledging yourself to leave the city never to return, upon which condition I also pledge myself to give you a thousand dollars—will you sign it?"

"I will," answered Effie; "but I require a witness."

"A witness—nonsense! well, bring up the old woman, then."

"It is not necessary—here is one," said Effie, advancing with a firm step to the inner door, and throwing it wide.

"Severe in youthful beauty," Florence came forth.

Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen from heaven, Crayford could not have been more paralyzed. Florence paused upon the threshold.

"Go!" said she, waving her hand, "go, Mr. Crayford, this innocent girl is under my protection. I have heard all—I know all—begone, sir!"

And, incapable of uttering one word, the guilty wretch, awed by the majesty of virtue, stole away as a fiend from the presence of an angel.

The over-tasked firmness of poor Effie now gave way; and piteous it was to witness the agony of her grief and shame.

"Poor, unhappy child!" cried Florence, taking her to her bosom, and tenderly soothing her, "you have been basely, cruelly dealt with! Heavens! I shudder when I think what my fate might have been but for this discovery!"

"She remained some hours with the wretched girl, nor left her until she had become more tranquil, when, with the assurance that she would see her again in a very few days, she took an affectionate leave of poor Effie Day, and returned home.

I will state here that the mysterious friend of Florence May knew nothing of Crayford's visit to the victim of his wiles. He merely intended that from the lips of Effie, she might learn his baseness. Her meeting with Crayford, therefore, was one of those singular coincidences which often startle even the most skeptical.

Florence returned home with feelings difficult to analyze. The interest with which the unknown had from the first inspired her, now suddenly acquired new strength. She had proved him to be the friend he professed, while his kindness to the unfortunate Effie (for she doubted not his individuality) was another proof of his excellence, showing that his goodness of heart did not confine itself alone to her welfare, which might be attributable, perhaps, to his avowed attachment, but could find its way to succor where'er distress or wretchedness dwelt. She felt this love and kindness merited return—and her heart timidly awarded it.

Selecting a beautiful emerald ring from her jewels, she enclosed it with the following note :

"Generous, noble friend, I have proved your assertions true. O, pardon my doubts! You have said you love me; will you then deem it bold in me if I acknowledge the interest with which you have inspired me. Yet you say we may never meet; why is this? Accept the enclosed, and with it the gratitude of Florence."

"You then acknowledge an interest in me," wrote the unknown, in reply. "Thanks, a thousand thanks. The time approaches when the barrier now existing may be removed, and then I may hope to win your love! Where, now, are those despairing thoughts which crushed me with their weight of wo; one kind word from you, and as the soft moonbeams dispel the blackness of night, they have fled, and around me is the light of joy—hope—happiness."

CHAPTER VI.

Ten months a widow—was there ever such folly!

To be sure, much might be done in two more, if one earnestly set about it—for Florence had a pair of eyes, and a tongue might "call an angel down."

Yet to those about her, she seemed more reckless of her fate than ever—going out but seldom, and scarcely allowing any gentleman to approach her presence.

The old housekeeper, who was strongly attached to her young mistress, had fretted and scolded to herself for weeks and months. The only time when she managed to preserve her equanimity, was when Crayford visited the house, for then she saw plainly an offer of marriage, and a wedding-party in the bottom of her tea-cup, while love-letters and kisses sparkled in the candle! But when, like all others, he was also dismissed, the poor soul could contain herself no longer, but breaking in abruptly upon Florence one morning, she thus began :

"Does thee know what month it is?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Hicks," answered Florence, raising her eyes from her painting.

"And does thee know that in two more thee has been a widow one year?"

"Alas, yes! but why—why, Mrs. Hicks, do you remind me of it?"

"Truly, child—has thee forgotten thee must marry!"

"Must marry! O no, my good friend, not unless I please—and it is not my will to marry, said Florence, smiling.

"Not thy will to marry!" exclaimed Mrs. Hicks, lifting up both hands; "and so thy will is to be poor!"

"Yes," answered Florence, "if you call it being poor to be possessed of health and strength, added to three hundred dollars a year. *Poor!* why my dear Mrs. Hicks, I shall be rich—really rich!"

"Rich! Ah, thee talks like a simple child! What will thee do with thy health and strength and three hundred dollars!"

"O, much," replied Florence. "With two hundred I can hire a neat little house—with the other I can furnish it comfortably, and with my health and strength I can teach music and painting; and, if you please, dear

Mrs. Hicks, you shall live with me, and so shall poor Effie Day."

"Child, thee knows nothing of life," cried the good woman, wiping her eyes. "Verily, it makes my heart sad to see thee blindly throwing from thee the fortune that good old Abel May did give thee! Child, thee does not act in accordance with the wishes of that good man; for, truly, he did beseech thee to marry, that thee might retain the good gifts of the world!"

Florence threw her arms around the neck of the old lady.

"I thank you, dear Mrs. Hicks, for I know you mean all you have said for my good; but not to possess millions could I be tempted to barter my affections; and even if I loved, I would not marry within that prescribed year, when by remaining a widow, I can give to the relations of that excellent man, the fortune to which I have no claim, save in his kindness for one unfortunate. Could I have done so, I would long since have yielded up my rights."

"Thee is a noble, good girl; and so long as these hands can work, they shall work for thee; but I am sorry, nevertheless, to see thee giving up to the lovers of Mammon what they have so long coveted. Verily it grieves me, too, that young Abel May does not return! Ah, child, child, I hope thee may never be sorry!" and affectionately kissing her young lady, Mrs. Hicks went back to her work, half pleased, half angry with the determination of Florence.

In the meantime, slowly, slowly, slowly, to the kindred of old Abel May, circled the twelve months, dating from the day of his death; suspiciously, anxiously, uneasily watching every movement of the young widow.

But joy, joy! The long looked-for morning at length dawned. To their eager gaze the sun seemed like a huge golden guinea, as he smiled from the eastern sky upon their hopes, and soft and silky as bank-note paper appeared the thin, vapory clouds floating o'er his path.

Again from marble-columned squares and by-lanes, from suburban cottages and distant villages they came, flocking in like vultures, all ready to pounce down upon the innocent little lamb whom old Abel May had sheltered in his bosom.

Nor were their torments ended here; even then a new fear seized upon them. Who knows what desperation might effect; the widow that very day might take it into her head to marry—they had no doubt she would.

Alas! each hour marking the twelve of that day of doom, was but a type of the preceding twelve month, which had finally brought around the *joyful* anniversary.

Midnight sounded. Hurra! hurra! The widow unmarried; and bright, sparkling dollars, like shooting stars, falling around them.

At twelve, M. precisely, the lawyers bowed themselves into the spacious parlor of the deceased, for it could no longer be called the widow's, in order to read again the last will and testament.

Triumph sat again upon the countenances of those whom the occasion had called together, although some

made most woful faces in trying to squeeze out a few tears, thinking it would be judicious to consider the old man as just dead. But Florence was as provokingly cheerful and handsome as ever—why one would have thought she was about to receive a fortune instead of losing one; and it even seemed as if she could hardly suppress her laughter as she glanced around at the expectant heirs.

The man of law at length drew forth the will with an emphatic "*Hem*," premonitory.

Then on all sides there was a general stir; the gentlemen pulled up their shirt-collars and elongated their faces; the ladies smoothed down their mourning robes and held their handkerchiefs ready to receive a tear when occasion should call it forth.

The reading commenced, and all eyes turned exultingly upon Florence as these words sounded audibly:

"To my beloved wife, Florence, I do bequeath all my property, both personal and real, consisting of," etc., etc., "provided that within one year from the day of my death she marries. But if, at the expiration of that time she still remain a widow, then I do annul my will in her favor, and do bequeath the same to my nephew, Abel May, provided he returns within the said year. If not, then unto those who can bring good proofs of their consanguinity to me, do I direct my property to be equally distributed. Always excepting an annuity of three hundred dollars, to be paid to my beloved wife, so long as she lives, etc."

"Nonsense!"

"Three hundred dollars!"

"An old fool!" echoed softly from lip to lip—the peltrey sum already dashing their cup of joy.

"You have heard the will, ladies and gentlemen," said the lawyer, addressing the company, "I believe Mrs. May acknowledges herself still a widow—will you signify the same, madam?"

Florence bowed.

"You observe, ladies and gentlemen, the lady admits herself a widow; then, of course, it only remains for me to announce young Abel May as sole heir to all the property, both personal and real, of which the testator died possessed."

"But Abel May has not returned!" was the general exclamation.

"Abel May has returned—Abel May is here to claim his rights!" said the lawyer, screech owl that he was to their ears.

The folding doors were thrown open, and a gentleman slowly advanced within the circle.

Did Florence dream—was it no vision of her ima-

gination! for as she looked upon the stranger, the same eyes she had seen so mournfully gazing upon her in the picture gallery, but which now, beaming with happiness, met hers, while upon his finger—a star of hope—glittered the emerald ring she had sent the unknown.

Slightly bowing to the astonished assembly, Abel May eagerly approached her. The happy girl looked up with a sweet smile as he drew near; what need of words, her beautiful eyes were far more eloquent, and with thrilling joy the young heir caught her to his bosom.

At first the discomfited relatives disputed the identity of the tall, elegant stranger, with the lad who so many years before went roving; but his proofs were indisputable. So out of the room, and out of the house, and back again to their homes, with un replenished purses, they quickly dispersed.

It appears that young May returned only a few weeks subsequent to the death of his uncle from the East Indies, where he had accumulated a handsome fortune. By accident he saw Florence, and was deeply interested by her appearance. Aware that a lapse of so many years must have materially altered his person, he resolved to remain incognito. Frequent opportunities of seeing the young widow ripened the interest she had first inspired into affection. Yet he would not present himself to her notice amid the throng of fortune-hunters and idle flatterers who surrounded her. Rumor had made known to him the nature of the will, and he resolved to abide the year, taking upon himself, meanwhile, the pleasing office of acting as the protector and guide of the young, inexperienced widow. If, at the end of the year, she had so far evinced a soul above all sordid views as to remain unmarried, then, and not till then, would he seek to gain her love. With the fortune, however, which, in the event of her remaining single, would fall to him, he nobly resolved to have no share, and had therefore drawn up an instrument by which he relinquished all claim in favor of Florence, whether successful in obtaining her affection or not. This only awaited its proper time to be duly attested.

A year and a day brought results with which the reader is already acquainted, and a few weeks witnessed the happy union of Florence and young Abel May.

Under the roof of her benefactor and his lovely wife, the unfortunate Effie Day found a home and kind friends. Of Crayford nothing more was ever heard. It was supposed he had left the country for a field less obnoxious to the display of his peculiar attributes.

LINES.

BY FORLORN HOPE.

FAIREST! Nature now is smiling, serene, lovely and be-
 Let us to the sea shore stray, [guiling,
 Where are billows ever fling—wiling there our hours
 Listening to the ocean's thunder, [away
 Gazing on the skies with wonder, wonder as each world
 Poised in space above. [we number
 24*

Lo! Diana in her glory rising o'er yon promontory,
 Trace to earth the moon-beam's flight,
 Beauty to our planet lending, blending while they are de-
 With the sombre shades of night. [ascending
 Tune thy lute, love, touch it idly, that the tones may echo
 And sighs of softest passion move. [wildly

MAJOR ANSPACH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC FOURNIER.



CHAPTER I.

MAJOR ANSPACH was an old gentleman who was as thin as he was long, nay, even thinner than he was long.

Forty years before the epoch when occurred, oh reader, the events we shall take the liberty to recount to you, the worthy major was the finest looking musqueteer in the regiment of Monsieur d'Artois. He possessed some fortune, belonged to one of the best families in Lorraine, could fence to admiration, and had a heart at the service of the fair sex. The ladies of the court and city, to whom a son of Mars is always irresistible, of course were not insensible to the attractions of a musqueteer of five feet eleven, and the major, on his part, was so gallant in his attentions to them, that his captain gave him the title of the Turenne of boudoirs.

But forty years leave some traces of their flight; Major Anspach in 1827 was the mere shadow of his former self, and retained of his vanished splendors only a scanty income of 800 livres, a pair of black plush pantaloons, a long snuff-colored overcoat, and a garret for which he paid forty crowns a year.

Notwithstanding this serious diminution of the means of happiness, the major, who was a widower, contrived to enjoy himself perfectly for at least six months in the year. How few persons do we see who can boast of being satisfied with their destiny one day out of two?

It is true that the moderate pleasures of Major Anspach did not materially encroach on his pocket, and for this we deem the cidevant musqueteer worthy of eulogium. He limited his enjoyments to a promenade in the Tuileries, each time that the sun deigned to shine on its precincts, happy alike when the Dog Star raged or under the frozen beams of a wintry sky. As this orb however rarely deigns to show us his face in unclouded brilliance, our old friend had made it his profound study to discover that part of the garden in which he could enjoy the rays of Phoebus without exposure to their intensity.

After much research and divers trials, the major at last made his choice. At the extremity of the terrace des Feuillants is a platform, embowered in trees and shrubs, which commands a view of the Place de la Concorde, and the architectural entrance to that part

e garden. A balustrade terminates this platform, by a graceful sweep conducts you to a pleasant sure between the avenues and the western gate e Tuileries. This turn in the balustrade forms as you will perceive, an acute angle with the of the platform, and it is of the summit of this ; whose sides are composed of two walls about re feet high, which form a fortified corner, that re going to speak. Exposed to the rising sun, spot (as the reader may ascertain for himself if he) seems expressly constructed in order to concen- the greatest possible heat in the smallest space, h heat would indeed be insupportable were it not unded with flowering shrubs and thickets to ren- t agreeable to the frequenters of the place.

ajor Anspach, for reasons pertaining a little to his i inexpressibles, avoided all contact with the pase- rowd; and although gazing with pleasure on the s of the children who visited the garden, nothing d have annoyed him more than too close a pro- r to the young rogues, or to the fresh and frisky els with laughing eyes who had charge of the iles. It was essential to his comfort, therefore, lect a position where he could see without being , and also that his seat should be of such narrow s that when he once occupied it, no one could ct to share it with him.

his bench M. Anspach had at last discovered at ntersection of the balustrade and platform, between hedges of woodbine and honeysuckle, shaded by oliage of a noble tree, and fragrant with roses and ine. He could there bask in the morning sun, r a refreshing breeze at noon, and in the evening riate in the perfume exhaled from the flowers and bs. The place, however, was so narrow, and so pletely buried in the surrounding foliage that, ugh, as we have before insinuated, our friend was ongest and thinnest of majors, he could not, with- some trouble, ensconce himself within its limits, once seated, his angular figure so completely co- led with the geometrical accidences of the bench, it was impossible for even a fly to find a resting- e beside him.

stablished in his daily position, the view of the ling façade of the royal palace through the grove enerable chestnut trees, would plunge the old man etrospection of the gay scenes in which he had) been an actor, and it was these melancholy gh pleasing reminiscences of the past, combined i the murmur of the lively crowd and the mingled ume and beauty of the flowers and foliage, that iered this spot a terrestrial paradise to the cidevant queteer.

nd how does it happen, you ask, that this poor or Anspach, who was really a gentleman and tier at Versailles forty years ago, should now be eed to seek a refuge from the sun, and from the isitive gaze that might have too closely peered the mystery of his plush inexpressibles?

was by one of those simple, unforeseen accidents, which sometimes hangs the destiny of a life-time, which, in the major's case, occurred in this wise : evening a celebrated belle, Mademoiselle Guimard,

was so awkward as to drop her handkerchief; the consequence of which was that her friend fell from one trouble into another, until Fate landed him in his long snuff-colored overcoat and plush pantaloons on the bench which is the true subject of this remarkable history.

CHAPTER II.

Mademoiselle Guimard having dropped her handkerchief, of the finest linen cambric, edged with Malines lace, and apparently embroidered by the hands of fairies, the Chevalier de Palissandre, an arrant fop, clothed in velvet, and an expert swordsman, conceived the impertinent idea of stooping to pick it up; but he did it so clumsily that he trod on the toe of Major Anspach, who was just then offering his arm to the lady—how inexcusable! Briefly they exchanged glances—bowed most politely—and the next morning went out to cut each other's throats.

At day-break M. Anspach had his hair dressed, and attiring himself in the most elegant manner, drove in his carriage to the Porte Maillot, which was the place of rendezvous. He put 300,000 francs in gold in his carriage, that he might immediately leave the country for foreign lands, until the family of the chevalier had ceased to mourn his death, for you must know that the major had a certain trick in fencing that he considered sure, so that according to his belief the chevalier was as good as dead.

Thé thing succeeded as he had foreseen; they made some passes, and as soon as the major perceived that the chevalier was getting excited, he made such a furious thrust en tierce that M. Palissandre saw the flash and fell struck by the thunder.

It was hardly daylight, and M. Anspach was in such a hurry to get in his carriage that he made a mistake, and entering that of the chevalier, was many leagues distant ere he discovered his error, and it was then too late to return.

Arrived at London, he remembered that his banker could tell him what had become of his carriage, his 300,000 francs and the Chevalier de Palissandre. He wrote to him then, and took advantage of the opportunity to ask him to send funds, for after turning his pockets inside out he had only found a few Louis. He had to wait some time for an answer, and in promenading the Park to beguile the weary moments he fell in love with a young Creole from the Spanish West Indies. The lady was on the point of embarking for Havana, and as our heedless hero could not become accustomed to the climate nor the plum-pudding, he raised a thousand crowns on some diamonds he had with him, and borrowed a thousand Louis from a friend attached to the French embassy, whom he had fortunately encountered in the street; the next morning he embarked on the same vessel as the young Creole, and was on his way to the West Indies.

After arriving at the Havana he wrote again to his banker, asking anew for his carriage and the chevalier, and demanding money. But the vessel that carried his dispatches was apparently lost, for six months afterward, the major had spent his last doubloon, and was still expecting an answer from his agent; he was

also terribly tired of his love affair. In this emergency he thought the best means to obtain information was to seek it in person, even at the risk of being arrested as a deserter from his regiment; he resolved, however, to be prudent, and to enter Paris incognito. He sold his warbrobe to pay for his passage, and landed without any misfortune, assuming the first name that occurred to him.

His friends who recognized him gave him a warm welcome, and informed him that his banker had left for America, carrying with him 500,000 francs, the price of an estate the major had sold the year previous. This new accident entirely disturbed his equanimity, as the above sum, with that lost in the carriage, comprised nearly all his fortune.

He had no resource but in the chevalier, but the chevalier he was told, after being an invalid for two weeks, had as soon as he was able to leave his bed started for London. The major, who inferred that the chevalier was anxious to return him his sword cut and his money, was touched even to tears by this generosity, and the next morning embarked for London in pursuit of his magnanimous foe.

Arrived at the great English metropolis, he ran to the embassy, visited all the hotels, explored Covent Garden and the Opera, searched the gambling-houses, the fencing-rooms, the coffee-houses—no chevalier! Finally he discovered by application to the firm of Ashburton & Co., bankers in the city, that the chevalier had departed three months before to the Havana. "Oh, the devil!" cried the disappointed major, "how cruel is Fortune, I would not return within reach of the claws of my Creole for all the treasures of the East. I will go to America and horsewhip that rascally banker—that will amuse me."

This was certainly his most obvious course of proceeding, for as he had nothing left but a small income from a farm in the environs of Phalsbourg, it was better to run after 500,000 francs than 100,000 crowns. He therefore embarked for New Orleans, where his banker had sought refuge, and he succeeded in finding him, already penniless from speculating in public lands. The major felt the less remorse for cudgeling him soundly, and then not knowing what else to do, enrolled himself in the corps of M. Lafayette, to fight the English.

He evinced great bravery, and his career would doubtless have been brilliant had it not been for his unfortunate rencontre with M. de Palissandre, which, by rendering him a deserter, made him amenable at any time to the requisition of the Provost of Paris.

The American war terminated; the major found himself tolerably indebted to some generous friends who had divined his uncomfortable position. This circumstance recalled the missing carriage, money, and chevalier to his memory, and he accordingly wrote to the Havana for precise information. But the reply was that no one could be found answering the description of M. de Palissandre, and it was therefore probable he had died on the voyage out. The major almost resolved to hang himself.

On the other side, the payments from his farm had not reached him for some months, and the new aspect

of affairs in 1780 did not inspire him with the desire of going in person to receive his arrears and to learn the cause of their non arrival, he could indeed nearly guess it.

His situation could not be more embarrassing, all things conspired to overwhelm him. "Is there not something incredible," said he, one evening when seated on the Battery at New York, and in his excitement unconsciously speaking aloud, "is there not something incredible in my being the sport of such a destiny: that I should have been gallanting Mademoiselle Guimard, when the coquette dropped her handkerchief, and cost me a hundred thousand pounds, without mentioning my scrape with the government at Paris, and my debts that I cannot pay. Oh Fate! who can avert thy blows!

At this moment some one tapped him on the shoulder.

CHAPTER III.

"Friend," said the new comer, "you appear overwhelmed with trouble. What can I do for you?"

"I will tell you, sir, what you can do," said the major, haughtily drawing himself up; "you can take off your hat when you address me."

"You are right," replied the unknown, with a calm smile, removing his hat, "an honest man respects misfortune."

"It is not my misfortunes, sir, but myself I insist on your respecting, when you do me the honor to speak to me."

"You are French, sir."

"A Frenchman and a nobleman."

"You are mistaken."

"What do you say, sir."

"I say you cannot be a French nobleman, since there are no more noblemen in France."

"I know not if there be any in France, but there is one here who will make you food for fishes."

"You will not do it."

"Do you mean that for a challenge?"

"Merely as advice. You are the cidevant Baron Anspach, of Phalsbourg, and you descend by the female line from the last Dukes of Lorraine. I know that, and I know also that your farm near Phalsbourg has been confiscated, because you emigrated; that you have no funds in France, and that you are there condemned to death."

"I am obliged to you for the information, but I see nothing in it to prevent my pitching you into the water."

"You may be right, sir; but even should you drown me, I do not perceive how it will improve your affairs. You will only have one friend less, and very certainly one misfortune more."

"It appears, sir, that you have pretensions to wit."

"I do not know which of us two has the most, sir; I, who would enlighten you on your situation, or you who would throw me into the river for offering you my assistance."

"I am your debtor, sir, but a gentleman descended from the last Dukes of Lorraine cannot accept the offers of a stranger."

"And from whom can you expect them here, if not from a stranger?"

"Permit me to inform you, sir, that no gentleman is reduced to humiliation who retains his sword."

"Why, how would you use it?"

"To chastise the scoundrel who would insult me with his importunate pity, and then, rather than expose myself to repeated injury, thrust it through my own body."

"You speak proudly; but acknowledge that you can do better than thus to insult God by disposing of the life of your fellow being and yourself. Are you sure there is no resource left you but suicide?"

"Yes. I have six Louis left."

"Better than that, Major Anspach; there is a treasure in your reach."

"Perhaps you mean wisdom?"

"No, but something that leads to it."

"What then do you mean?"

"Labor."

"Ah, you are a moral reformer."

"I am but an humble creature of God, major, whose consciousness of his fallibility has led him to pursue the useful conjoined to the good. But I have only discovered one resource that is alike beneficial to mind and body, to the one in this world, to the other in eternity."

"And this thing," said M. Anspach thoughtfully, "is labor?"

"Yes, sir, labor—man's destiny since his creation."

"Man—well, *you* are right, for being no longer a baron I am but a man. But what is your motive in this conversation? You have catechised me for an hour, as if I recognized your right to annoy me. Remember, sir, I do not even know your name."

"That is not true."

"Oh, the devil! take care; you shall not give me the lie twice."

"Well," said the unknown, smiling, "I am going to commit the offence for the third time, in repeating that you cannot be ignorant of my name."

"Faith, sir, if you think your name of any importance, I do not prevent your telling it to me."

"It was my intention to have done so just now, when I offered you my hand and my services. My name is Franklin."

"Franklin! Ah, sir, what have I done! Can you ever pardon me? I throw myself at your feet."

Mr. Franklin raised the major, laughing till the tears came into his eyes, and telling him that it was not the great man he imagined, as that luminary had ceased to enlighten the world two years before, but for want of a better he, George Steward Zachariah Franklin, of the firm of Franklin & Son, of New York, was at his service, and ready to give proofs of his identity to his worthy friend M. Anspach. He further explained, that it was on the recommendation of Lafayette himself, that he had sought him out; the latter on leaving America having related the major's situation and adventures to him, and commended him to his attention. He added that if the major would do him the honor to dine with him, he would have the pleasure of submitting some propositions to him worthy of consideration.

Major Anspach, Baron of Phalsbourg, extended his

hand to Mr. Franklin, and pledged himself to profit for the future by the lesson of wisdom so opportunely received. The banker pursued his advantage so well that three days later the major left for Canada, and three months afterward was superintending the labors of five hundred colonists, who, under his orders, cleared a forest of some eight square leagues.

M. Anspach lived happily in these solitudes for twenty-five years, laboring to introduce civilization into their savage recesses. It was a rude apprenticeship for the cidevant courtier, but it is due to truth to declare that as his fortune increased, the major had the good sense to forget, for the moment at least, that he was descended on the female side from the last Dukes of Lorraine, and having married the daughter of a rich farmer, he thanked Providence, whose inscrutable ways had led him to true happiness at more than 1500 leagues from the Opera. Unfortunately the major's wife died after a brief illness, leaving no children, and the day after her death he received letters from France, apprising him of the return of the Bourbons. The devil then put it into his head to remember his barony of Phalsbourg and his regiment. He immediately sold his American property, realized his whole fortune, which was more than a million of dollars, and embarked on board the Neptune for Havre. The voyage was prosperous until within sight of the coast of Brittany, when a sudden tempest arose, drove the vessel on shore and completely wrecked her. Some passengers were saved, among whom was the major, who landed on the shores of France as poor as he had left them thirty years before.

The only hope left to him after this disaster was, that he should be favorably received at court; and although his views were, in many respects, much changed, he resolved nevertheless to present himself to the king, in whose guards he had formerly served. But, from his first appearance, he saw there was no room for delusive expectations. In fact the major was not what was then termed "a nobleman broken down by exile," he had dared to be happy while monarchy suffered, and to enrich himself among republicans, while other men of quality were forced to ask credit from the butchers of Coblenz. They did not even take into account his recent misery, since it was owing to a fortuitous accident, and he was therefore coldly dismissed.

The major was too proud of his maternal descent to abase himself by servility. He sturdily turned his back on the Tuileries, and concentrated all his efforts toward reëstablishing himself in his farm at Phalsbourg. He partly succeeded in his object, but when he had paid the advocates, the solicitors, the bailiffs, and the court fees; when he had discharged the debts he owed to some old friends, he found himself the possessor of 800 francs a year and an extremely philosophical wardrobe. He did not complain, but resigned himself to the dictates of necessity; he reduced his desires to the compass of his means, his ambition vanished, his contentment increased, and the man of the American forests, the colonist, reappeared more worthy of esteem in the midst of poverty than when he was rich and powerful in those vast solitudes. . .

And this brings us back, dear reader, to the little bench so prettily hidden in the clustering jasmine and roses, last retreat, last enjoyment of the cidevant mus-

queteer, who ruined himself twice and became a sage because Mademoiselle Guimard dropped her handkerchief.
[Conclusion in our next.

HOMEWOOD.

BY P. C. SHANNON.

AMONG the many beautiful country-seats which have, of late years, sprung up around us, there is no one perhaps that in architectural design, in compactness and elegance of finish, surpasses "Homewood," the residence of the Hon. William Wilkins. Throughout all its parts, and in all its arrangements, it presents a chaste and highly tasteful appearance.

The name adopted is quite appropriate. The building stands in the centre of a nearly circular area, the circumference of which is bounded for acres back by the tall oaks of the primeval forest. In the summer, when the grass waves and the flowers unfold their fragrant treasures, this circular area presents to the eye the aspect of an island of verdure surrounded by the dim old trees. When evening approaches and the sun pours his slanting beams through the luxuriant foliage, bathing the boughs in liquid gold, no place can be more delightful than the "columned porch" at Homewood. The warbling of the birds, the fragrance of manifold flowers, the lowing of distant herds, the gentle rustling of the branches moved by the passing breeze, the shouts of the distant harvestmen preparing to leave, with the sun's decline, their daily toil—all combine to lull the heart and to enchant the senses.

The approach is through a spacious avenue, curving as it nears the building, and crossing a little dingle, through which murmurs a gentle streamlet. The scenery is lovely, the soil fertile, the location airy and healthful.

The whole country around abounds in historic associations of the "olden time," when the red man struggled against the advancing column of civilization. And what history has been unable rightfully to appropriate, legend and fiction have gathered up, and woven into dark and solemn drapery, wherewith they have clothed every prominent locality and invested every heroic character of those shadowy ages. Over these fields once roamed the Shawanese, who, driven from Florida, made their way to the head of the Ohio—a powerful, warlike, and restless tribe, who alone of all the Indians retained a tradition that their fathers had crossed the ocean. Not far off dwelt, for a time, a branch of the Lenni Lenape, who, in former days, had welcomed the Shawanese to their hunting-grounds. Tradition has it, that afterward the last mentioned tribe, forgetful of former kindness and hospitality, left their homes on the Ohio, crossed the Allegheny Mountains and fell by night upon the camps of the unsuspecting Lenape on the river Juniata, where they massacred many of them, and marched off with prisoners and plunder. Over these grounds, and up as far as

the mouth of the Youghiogany, Queen Aliquippa, spoken of by Washington in his Journal, and visited by him in 1753, governed with rude and simple sway. Shingiss, King of the Delawares, the lover of Aliquippa, had the seat of his regal power near McKee's Rocks, a little below Pittsburgh. He was young, generous and brave, and alliances with him were eagerly sought by both the French and the English. At the rustic court of Aliquippa, and one of her chief advisers, was Tonnaleuka, "prophet and medicine-man"—a solemn, mysterious personage, who sought, in caverns, to hold communion with the invisible world, and who laid claim to great knowledge in occult arts and mysterious rites.

At a distance of two or three miles from Homewood lies Braddock's Field, on the bank of the Monongahela River—the theatre of one of the most prominent occurrences in our colonial history. The total defeat of General Braddock, on the 9th of July, 1755, caused an electric shock throughout the colonies, and occasioned profound grief and astonishment in the mother country. But on this field of death and defeat it was that Washington first gained a renown for wisdom and bravery which will be forever associated with his name. He was often heard to say that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld, "was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was dressed in full uniform; the soldiers were arrayed in columns and marched in exact order; the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on one side, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on the other. Officers and men were equally inspired with cheering hopes and confident expectations."

And yet ere the gloom of twilight had encircled the forest, more than half that brilliant army had fallen!

Among the many beautiful traditions relative to Washington, which have been handed down to our times, is one which rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, who, it appears, was the intimate friend of Washington from his boyhood to his death, and who was with him at Braddock's defeat.

"Fifteen years after that event, they traveled together on an expedition to the western country, with a party of woodsmen, for the purpose of exploring wild lands. While near the junction of the Great Kenhawa and Ohio rivers, a company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that hearing Col. Washington was in that region, he had come a long

way to visit him, adding that during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object; fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, (Manitou,) and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of heaven, and *who could never die in battle.*"

HOMEWOOD.

The sinking sun streams through the trees,
That form a circle there;
And fragrant is the gentle breeze
With sweets from flow'rets rare.

It nestles in the ancient wood
Where loved to couch the fawn,
Where oft the dark-browed hunter stood
At break of early dawn.

These time-worn oaks might tell a tale
Of struggles fierce and bold,
When on the hill and in the dale
The tide of battle rolled.

The Shawanese on foeman's trail
No more bound free and light,
Nor cower to hear the moaning wail
Of tempest-howling night.

From southern vales where Suwanee
Rolls turbid to the tide,
They tracked the wand'ring Lenape
Where northern waters glide.

And when night's misty mantle fell
On hill and dusky plain,
Dark Juniata's shades could tell
The number of the slain.

That race of bronze hath passed away,
And all the forests broad,
That yielded to its warlike sway,
Are now by strangers trod.

The blue-eyed Saxon plants his maize
In peaceful furrows now,
And through the long, lone summer days
He speeds the glist'ning plough.

O'er pastures white with sleeping flocks
The night-winds gently sigh,
And fields arrayed in golden shocks
In length'ning shadows lie.

The moon is up—and silv'ry beams
Rest on the grassy mound,
Where Aliquippa's spirit gleams
Along the haunted ground.

They say that in her mystic walks,
When night-dews wet the flowers,
The bright-robed Shingiss ever stalks
With her through vernal bowers.

And Tonnaleuka, child of storm,
Comes forth from cavern dark,
With magic zone bound round his form,
And pouch with healing bark.

And where is she, the laughing maid,
With tress of ebony hue,
Who tripped so blithely through the glade,
Or sped the light canoe?

No sound is heard—no human voice
Breaks through the stillness deep;
The twinkling stars, like saints, rejoice
The ways of God to keep.

O'er Braddock's Field the mist hath spread,
The same as when of yore
It stretched its shroud above the dead
Along the winding shore.

On nodding plume and polished lance
The morn its glories threw,
But proudly waved the flag of France
When stars looked on the dew.

Then loudly burst the conquering yell
Upon the rippling stream,
While faintly rose, from distant dell,
The wild bird's lonely scream.

And when the drum had ceased to roll,
And all the living fled,
The watching wolf from covert stole
To feast upon the dead.

To far off climes that wail was borne,
O'er waves by tempests tost,
And long did Albion's daughters mourn
The lovers they had lost.

Yet erring was the red man's aim,
Who oft, with leveled gun,
Had sought to rob the page of fame
Of Freedom's noblest son.

When years had fled, that chieftain frail
Went far to see the man,
Who through the battle's fiery hail,
Had fought when Britons ran.

Full long he gazed upon the brow,
And marked the placid eye,
Of him who, loved by Manitou,
Could ne'er in battle die!

The chieftain old has gone to rest
By Great Kenawa's side,
Where th' waving pine bends low its crest,
And the shadows dimly glide.

Close by Potomac's gentle wave,
On Vernon's slope of green,
The nation's father found a grave,
And there his tomb is seen.

'T was fit that here, in forest shade,
This tasteful home should rise,
Where honored age in peace might fade,
Like sun in western skies.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF THE "MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE."

[Illustrated with a View of the Head-Quarters of Gen. Knox, where the Council of War was held previous to the Battle.]

THE battle of Trenton was the turning point of the War of Independence. For months before, the prospects of the Colonies had been darkening, and but for this bold stroke, would soon have set in gloom forever. A brief review of the condition of affairs is necessary to a just comprehension of the battle.

When, in March, 1776, the British found themselves compelled to evacuate Boston, they resolved to carry their arms into the Middle States, and there strike at the very heart of the nation. Accordingly, Sir William Howe, after recruiting his forces at Halifax, sailed for New York. On the 28th of August, at the head of an army twenty-four thousand strong, he defeated the Americans on Long Island; and, a few days subsequently, compelled them to abandon the city of New York. Washington now retreated to White Plains, where an ineffectual engagement followed. Soon Fort Washington, at the upper end of the island of Manhattan, was stormed and carried by the royalist troops. Finding it impossible to maintain his hold upon the Hudson, the American general determined to retreat across New Jersey; and accordingly, abandoning all his positions, hurried over the North River, the British following in quick pursuit.

Thus, within two months after the battle of Long Island, the cause of the Colonies sunk into almost hopeless ruin. The enthusiasm which accompanied the first outbreak at Lexington, had given way before the privations of a protracted contest; and the soldiers, who in 1775 had flocked unsolicited to the flag of their country, in 1776 turned a deaf ear to the bounty offered by Congress. In the army, the spirits of both officers and men were broken by a long series of disasters. Before the end of November the force of Washington, by loss in battle, by the expiration of enlistment, by desertion, and by other casualties, had dwindled down to a little over three thousand men. With this remnant of an army he retreated across New Jersey, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, at the head of twenty thousand well appointed troops; nor could he save himself from utter ruin except by throwing the Delaware between himself and his foe. On the 8th of December, he crossed that river, and, having destroyed the bridges behind him, gained a momentary respite.

To the eyes of nearly every man but the commander-in-chief, this momentary relief seemed only an interval of additional agony between the sentence and execution, for ultimate escape appeared impossible. The most sanguine believed that Philadelphia would fall before the month was out. Congress, which had been in session there, hurried off to Baltimore. Meantime, the British, in secure possession of New Jersey, issued a proclamation, requiring every inhabitant to lay down his arms and take the oath of allegiance; and hundreds,

who had been among the most enthusiastic for resistance, but who now despaired of success, hastened to purchase mercy by a timely submission. Even gentlemen high in rank on the side of the Colonies wavered in their patriotism. The panic was universal. The hurricane seemed about to prostrate every thing before it.

In the gloom of this awful tempest, Washington, almost alone, stood unappalled. Not for one moment did his constancy forsake him. He saw the full peril of his situation; but he brought to it the resources of his mighty genius, and the unshaken resolution of his giant soul. Never, in any period of his life, was he greater than in this. No hint of submission crossed his mind. "If Philadelphia falls," he said in public, "we must retreat to the Susquehanna, and thence, if necessary, beyond the Alleghenies." From the moment he had crossed the Delaware, he had been revolving in his mind a plan to change, by one bold act, the whole aspect of the war. The British, instead of being concentrated in some central point, were scattered in detachments over New Jersey, a proceeding they had adopted for the convenience of forage, believing their enemy utterly powerless for aggressive measures. Washington resolved to take advantage of this error, and to strike at several of these detachments at once. He learned that fifteen hundred men, principally Hessians, were cantoned at Trenton, and that smaller bodies lay at Bordentown, Burlington, Mount Holly, and neighboring villages. To cut off one or all of these from the main army was his design.

It has been said, by more than one interested writer, that this masterly idea did not originate with Washington, but was suggested by others; and various officers have been named as the real authors of the plan. But the very number of the aspirants destroys the exclusive claims of each, and strengthens the notion that the manœuvre sprung from the commander-in-chief alone. The letters of Washington, for a fortnight before the battle, point to the great thought he was maturing in his mind. He was encouraged in his plan by the alacrity with which the Pennsylvania militia, under the command of General Cadwalader, began to turn out; and by the reflection that, unless some bold stroke was promptly hazarded, the spirits of the people would sink into hopeless despondency. Accordingly, he called a council of war, before which he laid his daring scheme. As absolute secrecy was necessary to the success of the enterprise, only the very highest officers were admitted to this assembly, which met at the head-quarters of Gen. Knox, in Upper Merion, Bucks County, Pa. The house is, we believe, still standing, an antiquated dwelling of two stories, faithfully depicted in our engraving.

Little did those who met at that council of war, though aware that mighty results hung upon their decision, imagine a tithe of the truth. They knew that the success or defeat of the Colonies might possibly be involved, but they could not penetrate the future, and foresee that the existence of the greatest and most enlightened republic that ever lived, depended on their conclusion. To their eyes it was chiefly a question of preserving their little army, or at most of protracting the contest into another campaign, that they might have the benefit of whatever chances should turn up. But in reality they were determining whether the great problem of man's capacity for self-government should be tested or not—whether twenty millions of people, as we now are, or one hundred millions, as we will be by the close of the century, should rise into freemen, or sink into slaves. Under God, all the progress that liberty has made since that hour, here or abroad, may be traced to the resolution adopted in that council of war! That we are a free people; that our wide-spread territories are filled with prosperity and happiness; that the United States is looked to by the whole world as the Mecca of the oppressed; and that every breeze that blows from Europe brings sounds of falling thrones, and nations breaking the chains which have galled them for centuries—we owe to the determination of that little assembly to sustain their commander-in-chief. We can imagine when the council rose, that the angel who watched over the youth of our republic, and who had trembled for the result, clapped his hands for joy, and that the exultant sound, taken up by messenger after messenger, passed from hierarch to hierarch, until all heaven rung with the acclaim.

The plan, as finally determined on, was that Washington, with the continental troops, should cross the Delaware above Trenton, and move down to the attack of that town; while Ewing, crossing the river below, should make an assault simultaneously from the lower side. Meantime, Cadwalader, with a strong detachment of militia, crossing at Bristol, was, if possible, to carry the posts at Burlington and Mount Holly. The night of the 25th of December was chosen for the surprise, as it was supposed that the enemy, on that festive occasion, would be more or less off his guard. The weather had been unusually warm for the season, and there was no ice as yet in the river to impede the crossing. Every thing looked promising until within forty-eight hours of the appointed time. Suddenly, at this crisis, the weather set in cold, so that the Delaware became full of floating ice, which rendered navigation almost impossible. Nevertheless, Washington determined to persist in his enterprise. Boats had been collected for the transportation of his own detachment, at McCoukey's Ferry, on the west side of the river, about eight miles above Trenton. An express was sent to Cadwalader to inform him the attempt would be made, and to command him to cross, if possible, at Bristol.

As soon as evening came, the continentals, twenty-four hundred in number, with a battery of twenty light field pieces, were put in motion, and marched to the ferry. It was a wild and threatening night. The wind howled ominously over the landscape; a few stars only

were seen in the dark and troubled sky; and the ice in the river, grinding and splitting as the tide moved its huge masses one against another, filled the air with foreboding sounds. In vain, for awhile, the boats struggled in the current. Now locked in the arms of apparently immovable fields of ice, and now in peril from floating blocks that threatened to crush them, they were borne hither and thither, and with difficulty reached the shore, where new dangers awaited them in cakes of the frozen material, which pushed endwise toward the bank, frequently overlapped and almost engulfed them. At one time it was feared that the artillery would have to be left behind. At last, however, after almost incredible exertions, the little army was ferried over, but the task, instead of being achieved at midnight, as had been intended, was not completed until three hours afterward. During the suspense of this awful night, Washington, who had crossed early, sat, it is said, on a bee-hive by the shore, wrapped in his cloak, and watching the struggling boats by the light of the few stars which broke here and there through the stormy rack of heaven.

Two principal roads led from the landing-place to Trenton. One, following the course of the river, entered the town at its lower extremity; the other, called the Pennington road, made a circuit into the interior, and struck Trenton at its upper end. Dividing his force, Washington took the latter route with one detachment, while Sullivan, with the other, pursued the river road. The instructions of the commander-in-chief to the latter general were to push on until he had reached Trenton, which he would probably be the first to do, as his route was the shortest, and there wait until he heard firing at the upper end of the town, when he was to attack at once. By thus assaulting the British simultaneously on both sides, Washington hoped, in conjunction with the surprise, to render them an easy prey.

The march had scarcely been renewed when the storm, which had been threatening all night, burst upon the army. The snow, at first coming in squalls, finally fell unintermittingly, accompanied occasionally with gusts of sleet and hail. The two divisions moved in company for nearly three miles before separating, and Sullivan, remarking that the wet might spoil the powder, asked his chief what was to be done in that emergency. "We must fight with the bayonet," was Washington's stern reply. The tempest now rapidly deepened. The thick-falling flakes nearly obscured the way; the cold became intense, and the wind, moaning across the landscape, seemed to wail over the approaching ruin of America. Many of the soldiers being scantily clothed, were soon wet through and almost frozen. Others had no shoes, and their feet, cut by the icy road, left at every step a mark of blood. History presents no parallel to that eventful march. When still some distance from Trenton, two of the Americans, exhausted and chilled, dropped from their ranks and died. Yet still the remainder toiled on. No martial fife was there, no banner flaunting on high, no squadrons of cavalry to guard their flanks with triple rows of steel; but in silence, like the Spartans bound to Thermopylae, the little band pursued its way. The inhabitants of

the farm-houses on the route, half waking from sleep, fancied for a moment there were strange sounds upon the breeze; but imagining that what they heard was but the intonation of the tempest, they turned and slept again, little thinking that the destinies of America quivered that hour in the balance.

The anxiety of Washington, during this protracted march, rose to the highest pitch. He was aware that if the attack failed, escape would be impossible, with the wintry Delaware behind him. In deciding on this bold move, he had staked not only his own life, but the existence of his army, and with it the question of submission and independence for his country, then and forever after. He had put every thing "at the hazard of a die." Yet the flight of a single deserter, the accidental discharge of a musket, or the occurrence of any one of a dozen possible contingencies might destroy success entirely. As the gray dawn approached, and the vicinity of Trenton became apparent, his heart, usually so calm, beat with terrible suspense. He rode forward to the head of his troops. Just at this instant the outpost of the enemy loomed up in front; a challenge was heard—a hostile answer was given, and a musket flashed across the breaking day. Fired by the scene, and by the mighty responsibilities of the hour, Washington rose in his stirrups, and pointing ahead with his sword, exclaimed, in a voice husky with emotion, but in words that will ever be immortal, "Soldiers, now or never—this is our last chance."

On the instant the men broke into a cheer, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and returning the volley of the retreating guard, dashed forward in pursuit. The British kept up a desultory fire as they fled, dodging from house to house. At their head was a young officer, who courageously exhorted them to stand their ground, until a ball mortally wounding him, he fell in the road, when they precipitately retired. The Americans now saw, a little in advance, the houses of the town; heard the alarm which was calling the British soldiery together, and immediately after beheld the enemy endeavoring to form a battery across King street, directly in front. Not a moment was to be lost. Six of Knox's pieces immediately galloped into position, and unlimbering, opened a destructive fire down the street. When this discharge was over, the advanced guard rushed forward, charged up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, sabered some of the artillerymen who were about firing, and drove the rest away, and capturing the pieces, turned two of them on the flying foe. This occurred near where the feeder crosses the street. Having thus destroyed the outworks of the enemy, the successful assailants advanced down Queen street, extending toward the left, across the fields, so as to cut off the Hessians from retreating toward Princeton.

Meantime, all was terror and confusion among the enemy. The night had been one of festivity in Trenton, the soldiers being in the beer-shops carousing, and the officers indulging in mirth. Col. Rahl had been occupied all night in playing cards at head-quarters, a house belonging to Mr. Stacy Potts, and still standing near the head of Greene street. When the firing at the picket occurred, he stopped and listened. The sleet driving against the window-pane, for a moment deceived him.

But when the rattle of the first volley came to his ears, flinging down his cards, he rushed to the door. Here, through the misty dawn, he beheld some Hessians running down the street toward him, with the cry that Washington, with his entire army, was upon them. At this Rahl shouted to arms. The drums beat. In an instant all Trenton was in a tumult. The privates rushed from their quarters, some with, some without arms; the officers were heard calling to the men, or seen endeavoring to form the ranks; and the inhabitants, roused from sleep, hurried to their windows, and looking out for an instant on the uproar, hastened to conceal themselves in the recesses of their dwellings.

The main division of the army had scarcely unlimbered its battery in King street, when the sound of firing from the lower extremity of the town, announced that Sullivan had reached his position. Not three minutes had elapsed between the time when the two divisions came into action. The knowledge that the enemy had been surprised in front and rear at once inspired the Americans with fresh ardor, and they charged down the two principal streets, King and Queen, with an impetuosity that broke through every attempt at resistance. In vain Rahl galloped to and fro rallying his men; in vain the subordinate officers exerted themselves; in vain the privates, ashamed to be conquered without a blow, endeavored to make a stand;—the enthusiasm of the assailants was irresistible, the Hessians everywhere gave way, and when Rahl soon after fell mortally wounded, his troops broke into ignominious flight. A few threw themselves into a stone mansion, where they were speedily forced to surrender. The remainder fled precipitately toward the Assinpink river, which flows along the lower end of the town. Here, some endeavoring to swim across were drowned or frozen to death; but the greater portion, hemmed in on one side by Washington, and on the other by Sullivan, and finding escape hopeless, laid down their arms.

The victory was complete. The whole force of the British at Trenton fell into the hands of Washington, except a body of 500 horse, which fled in the direction of Bordentown early in the action. Even these, however, would not have made good their escape, if Gen. Ewing, who was to have crossed below, had been able to effect his purpose. The number of prisoners actually captured was 909, of whom 23 were officers. About a thousand stand of arms fell into the hands of the victors. This glorious success was purchased without the loss of a man, except the two who died on the march; and but two officers, and a few privates were wounded. The Hessians lost 7 officers and nearly 30 men killed. As Washington rode over the field after the conflict, he found Rahl, lying in the snow, weltering in blood. The dying commander, supported by a file of sergeants, tendered his sword to the victor, and in broken accents seemed to implore clemency. The American chief, touched by the spectacle, ordered his own physician to attend the sufferer. But medical assistance was in vain. Rahl, on being carried back to his head-quarters, died soon after.

The entire British army, west of Princeton, would have fallen a prey to Washington, if Cadwalader and

Ewing had been able to cross at their respective places; but neither effecting this, the posts at Bordentown, Burlington, and Mount Holly, escaped. Meantime, aware that the royal generals might concentrate their forces and cut off his retreat, Washington decided to re-cross the Delaware that very day with his prisoners. Accordingly, before night, the captured Hessians were transferred to Pennsylvania. The news of this great victory spread with inconceivable swiftness; but such was the opinion of British invincibility, that, at first, few persons could be found to believe the tale. Aware of the general incredulity, Washington hastened to dispatch his prisoners to Philadelphia, where, on the day succeeding the battle, they were paraded through the streets, to the amazement, not less than to the delight of the inhabitants. The effect of the victory on the country was electric. The charm of British invincibility was broken forever. Men no longer regarded the cause of the Colonies as hopeless, but, encouraged by this decisive success, looked forward confidently to a glorious issue. In a word, the battle of Trenton changed the wavering into friends; made those who had been hostile, neutral; and convinced the patriot that God was on his side, and that his country would yet be free.

The victory struck terror to the heart of the British army. Cornwallis, who was about to embark for Europe, abandoned his voyage in alarm, and hurried back from New York to assume command of the troops on the Delaware. His first step was to withdraw his forces from the exposed points, and concentrate them at Princeton and toward New Brunswick. Nor was this precaution idle. Washington, having recruited his troops, and being reinforced, crossed the Delaware again on the 30th of December, and took post at Trenton. To drive him from thence Cornwallis ad-

vanced from Princeton, and, on the 2nd of January, 1777, assaulted the American lines, established on the south side of the Assinpink. Three times he endeavored to carry the bridge which separated him from his foe, and three times he was repulsed. At last night put an end to the contest. In the darkness, Washington abandoning his position, marched on Princeton, intending to cut off the royal general from his communications. A battle ensued at this place, which was scarcely decided in favor of the Americans, when Cornwallis, hurrying up from Trenton, compelled the victors to draw off to the high grounds in the direction of Morristown. The British general, completely baffled, fell back to the Raritan, abandoning all his posts on the Delaware. The result of this splendid series of operations on the part of Washington was to deliver New Jersey from the enemy, in the short space of ten days. Thus, when supposed to be annihilated, the American general, like some fabled genius, had suddenly risen up, saved Philadelphia, recovered all he had lost in the preceding two months, and given an impetus to victory which never ceased until the red cross of Great Britain sunk into dust on the plains of Yorktown.

When hereafter the military genius of Washington is called in question, let the story of Trenton be remembered. Napoleon always spoke of this ten days' campaign as one of the most able on record. Botta, the Italian historian, said of it, "Achievements so astonishing gained for the American commander a very great reputation, and were regarded with wonder by all nations, as well as by the Americans; every one applauded the prudence, the firmness, and the daring of Washington; all declared him the saviour of his country; all proclaimed him *equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity*."

THE SEMINOLES' LAST LOOK.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

They left their country with great regret, and I do not think they will ever be satisfied elsewhere. The men seemed moody, but occasionally uttered sentences in their own tongue with great feeling. The lamentations of the women were pitiful to hear. (*Extract from a Letter to the Secretary at War, in Relation to the Removal of the Seminoles.*)

MOONLIGHT plays on the waters and all silently they glide,
Though swiftly by a mighty ship that swingeth in their
tide,

And the gentle winds of summer are bearing from the land
In whispering tones a sad farewell to an exiled band.

The perfume of the jasmine and the magnolia flowers
Mingles with the odors borne from distant orange bowers,
The music of the mock-bird's song they hear across the
deep,

Whose glassy ripples murmuring a cadence with it keep.

They know that at the morning sun the ship will spread
its wing

And like a spirit hurry them from every cherished thing,
And therefore gaze they earnestly upon their native shore,
To write upon their memory scenes they will see no more.

They gaze upon the royal palm, around whose coronet,
Mingling with the moon-beams, the sunlight lingers yet,⁽¹⁾

On the live-oak, with gnarled limbs all hidden by the moss,
Whose tresses in the summer wind like pennons twine
and toss.

They gaze upon the silver strand of Holy Spirit's Bay,⁽²⁾
They see the dolphins flinging up showers of starry spray,
They hear the Halcyon's⁽³⁾ wailing voice far out upon the
sea,

Mournful as if it knew their grief and wailed for sympathy.

Oh! who can tell the agony that filled the bosoms then
Of mothers with their callow babes, the breasts of stal-
wort men,

As in the deep and mellow tones of the Muscogee tongue
A warrior o'er his nation's fate a lament thus begun:

(4) Spirits of the red man's heaven,
All my fathers e'er adored,
Your might is gone, and other powers
Are monarchs of our hills and lakes,

Long ago, when yon old oaks
Were but acorns on the ground,
The Muscogee were mighty men,
And by the distant Southern Sea
Beat the island Carib back.
Far away amid the hills
Where wandered once the Cherokee
They sung their song of victory.

Streamlets born amid the hills
Roll like old San Juan,⁽⁵⁾ at last
To lose them in the mighty sea.
And thus it is with nations, too,
Which hurry through their race and die.
The Seminoles⁽⁶⁾ met their fate,
Fought as gallant men should fight
Whom God has made the lords of lands
As fair as were our own. 'T was vain.

Suwannee is desert now,
'Mid the murmur of its waves
Naught but the scaly Albati⁽⁷⁾
Is heard, and o'er Alachawa⁽⁸⁾
Free and fearless bounds the deer;
No fisher's boat skims o'er the sea
Around the island's silver shore.
We have lost our fathers' home,
Silently around their hearths,
More lonely now than are their graves,
Dim shadows stalk, and ask the gods
Whither have their children fled.
Hither will the white man come
To herd his cattle in the glades
Where happy villages once stood,
And strew the ground he rests upon
With mighty trees, which all who breathe
Remember ever to have been
The giant stocks which now they are.

Warriors should brave and bear
Grief a woman trembles at,
But when they leave their native shore
In fetters thus, the sternest hearts
Will melt, and e'en a soldier's eye
Weep tears of bitter agony.

He ceased, and scarcely had the winds his accents borne
away,
Than spoke out a young mother, on whose breast an in-
fant lay;
Her very voice was melody, and she sung her boy to sleep
In tones whose earnest accent moved the listener to weep.

My boy! my boy! thy father
Is gone to the spirit-land,
Where the pale-face cannot come,
To dwell with the kindred band
Of all the stout old chieftains
Who ruled our race of yore,
And hunted 'neath the dark pines
We shall gaze upon no more.

He sat within his wigwam,
And thou wert on his knee,
When first the rattle of the drum
Rolled through our forests free;
But he lies in the hammock
With his face toward the stars,
And wounds all red and gory
In his breast, 'mid older scars.

He did not die a coward,
For oft his rifle rang,
And twice amid the foemen
The loud scalp-song he sang.
And when the death-shot struck him,
'T was from no ignoble hand,
But came from e'en the bravest
Of all the hostile band.

I knew thou wert a chieftain,
And amid my grief and pain
I strove to train thee up to win
Me vengeance for the slain.
But now our might is broken,
And we must leave his grave
For a land lying far away
Beyond the western wave.

There thou may'st be happy—
A wife as firm and true
As I was to thy father
Thy hunter's bed may strew;
But I will not see thee
In thy father's place, my son,
Proudly wearing at thy knee
Trophies thou hast won.

There thou may'st be happy
As here our people were,
For it is a pleasant land,
They call this scarce as fair.
More blessed than thy father,
Thou may'st see thy children men,
March with them to battle-fields
And lead them home again.

But I feel my heart is breaking,
And in a little time
I shall return where he is
Beneath the shadowy pine;
Yet if you wear the eagle plume
I will see it, though unseen,
And bless the new land in the west
With its plains of living green.

Her woman wail was over, and silently they stood,
Until the deepening shadows hid the forest and the
flood,
Then sunk they sadly on the deck, their breasts bereft of
hope,
And the vessel bore them onward like an eagle in its
scope.

NOTES.

(1) This is not an unusual sight in Florida, where there is no twilight, and the eastern portion of the horizon becomes dark immediately after sunset. I remember once at Boca-Sarasota seeing the sun and moon's light both distinctly marked on the crest of the huge palm which all who served at that post will recall.

(2) Tampa Bay was called by the Spanish discoverers *La Bahia del Espiritu Santo*.

(3) Halcyons—loons (?)

(4) I may for aught I know violate in this Indian song all the regulations of metre and rhythm. I have however adopted the octosyllabic line with consonance, because it seemed to me not unlike the wild *motives* of the Indian chant.

(5) San Juan, the great outlet of Lake George, is pronounced *Sas Wan*.

(6) The Seminole were of the Muscogee race, and sometimes called themselves by the latter name.

(7) *Albati* is the Muscogee name of the alligator.

(8) *Alachica*, a great prairie north of the Suwannee, and pronounced *Alachawee*.

MR. MERRITT AND HIS FAMILY; OR LENDING A NAME:

BY FRANK SUMMERS.

CHAPTER I.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

MR. MERRITT was seated by the centre-table in the back-parlor, as was his custom of an evening after the tea things had been cleared away, and around it were clustered his little family. His wife and daughter Emma, a blooming maiden of sixteen, were busy with their needles, and George, his only son, was diligently conning a lesson for the morrow, while a little cherub slept quietly in a willow cradle at the feet of the mother. Mr. Merritt was a home man, and he loved the quiet happiness which always dwelt there far better than the noisy revels of the club or the bar-room. Ah! were there more home husbands, how many firesides that have never known a smile would be lit up in brightness and sunshine! How many hearts now lone and desolate, would be made glad!

It was a winter evening, and the fire burned cheerily in the back parlor of the snug dwelling where lived Mr. Merritt. It was a New England home, and when we have said this, as much of comfort hath been conveyed as if a page had been devoted to the description.

Mr. Merritt was reading from the last Gazette one of those glowing paragraphs, in which the West was painted as a land flowing with milk and honey; *the* El Dorado where struggling poverty might riot in exhaustless riches; where broad acres of wealth could be purchased for a song; and, in short, where all the romantic visions of the most ardent adventurer would be eclipsed by the surpassing reality. Mr. Merritt had read articles of a similar tenor before; first, with indifference, but latterly with strong interest. He was becoming a little infected with the epidemic, which had already carried off several of his acquaintances, and being now suddenly involved in pecuniary difficulties, was almost persuaded to follow. As he laid down the newspaper he turned to his wife.

"Well, wife, what say you to going West in the spring? You know that my payments for Warden will oblige me to sell a part of my little property to meet them; would it not be better to dispose of the whole, and purchase a farm in Illinois, where, if the half that is told be true, we would be able to live comfortably and provide something handsome for our children."

Mrs. Merritt glanced around the little group, and a tear trembled in her eye as it rested on the cradle. She was thinking of the tales she had heard, how sickness and death had smitten the hopes of fond parents who had emigrated to new countries, and how, before they had accumulated with much toil and privation, wherewithal to satisfy their desires, the climate had left for their children no wants, save a coffin and a grave. But she brushed the tear secretly away.

"Are you really serious," said Mrs. Merritt, at length, "in wishing to give up New England forever?"

"Not exactly in wishing it, my dear," returned Mr. Merritt, "but what is now a matter of choice may, ere long, be necessity. True, it would cost a severe trial to separate from the friends whom we have so long known and loved, and to exchange the delights of their society for a wilderness, but *we* would be together still."

"And we are all the world to each other," exclaimed his wife, forgetting her sadness for a moment, in the devotion which, twenty years after marriage, was rather strengthened than subdued.

"You leave Emma and me out of the question altogether, mother," said little George, who, though apparently absorbed in his book, had been listening all the while.

"No, my love, you are both very dear to your parents;" and she bent over him and kissed his brow, the very image of his father's.

"Forgive me, mother, I was only jesting," returned George, quite grieved, yet wondering why his mother should have taken it so seriously.

"Are we surely going to live in Illinois, mother?" continued George, after a pause, "among the prairies and all? O how glad I shall be; I do want to see a prairie."

"Why, George, do n't you care about leaving your schoolmates and playfellows?" asked his sister reproachfully.

"Oh, yes! I forgot, I shall be very sorry. I shall be sorrier though for poor William Warden. He will be so grieved when he hears that Emma is going away, and he will never see her any more."

"Hush! young chatterbox," retorted his sister, at the same time administering him a gentle admonition with her thimble finger, and blushing scarlet.

The infant sleeper happened to wake up at this juncture, and made sundry noisy intimations from the cradle; otherwise Mrs. Merritt might have noticed the sudden expression of pain that passed over her husband's features, at what George had said concerning William Warden.

As for Miss Emma, she hurried to the cradle on the first demonstration, and became completely wrapt in a lullaby, which she sung as earnestly as though George had made no revelation, and William Warden was all a fable.

Mr. Merritt resumed his newspaper, and George his lesson.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Mr. Merritt was a mechanic. By industry and perseverance he had gained step by step, until he was the

possessor of a comfortable property. Mr. Warden, the merchant, had been his neighbor for several years, and was engaged in a flourishing business. Now Mr. Merritt being one of those amiable dispositions that could never say "No," when asked a favor; it consequently happened that when Mr. Warden wanted a small discount at bank, and requested Mr. Merritt to lend his name, merely for form's sake, as the laws of the institution required several signatures, (a very troublesome law, as Mr. Warden remarked, for it obliged him to tax the friendship of his neighbors, but he would be happy to reciprocate at any time that Mr. Merritt might wish an accommodation,) he, Mr. Merritt, signed it without hesitation—and not only one, but several.

The first note became due, and Mr. Warden paid it. The second matured, and in the mean time Mr. Warden's speculations having failed, he was not in funds, and Mr. Merritt received a notice of protest.

It was then that Mr. Merritt began to reflect upon the possible consequences of lending a name. He urged Mr. Warden to make some arrangement by which he would be released from the indorsements. The merchant apologized to Mr. Merritt for the accidental protest, which had happened entirely through an error of the clerk's in entering the note on his bill-book; that functionary having made it fall due about two weeks subsequent to its actual maturity; and therefore Mr. Warden had not prepared to meet it. He felt extremely pained, he said, that his valued and esteemed friend should doubt his solvency, or for an instant imagine him so base and devoid of honor as to involve *him* in loss, even though he should fail to meet other obligations. The mechanic was satisfied with this explanation, and regretted that he had spoken to Mr. Warden on the subject. But there came another protest, and others again in quick succession; and now Mr. Merritt felt real alarm. He saw the merchant once more, and begged of him security to the amount of his indorsements. Mr. Warden sincerely regretted that it was out of his power to do so, as he had just made a conveyance of all his effects to the bank!

The mechanic was thunderstruck. This was indeed a cruel blow. There was but one other indorser with Mr. Merritt, and they were on Warden's paper for ten thousand dollars; one half of his *all* gone at a single stroke. Yet there are hundreds who, not knowing what they do, are every day lending their names for no better consideration, and are reaping the same bitter repentance as did Mr. Merritt.

This, then, was the situation of the mechanic at the opening of this history.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANK ATTORNEY.

A month transpired, after the events narrated in the foregoing chapters, and all of Warden's notes had been protested. It was impossible for Mr. Merritt to pay these heavy and unexpected demands without sacrificing his property, should he be pressed for immediate payment, and he resolved to call upon the bank attorney, with the faint hope of obtaining an extension; or,

at least, prevailing upon that officer to save him the disastrous expenses of a suit.

Poor Mr. Merritt! He was entirely unacquainted with the tender mercies of banks and bank attorneys, or he would have prepared himself for the worst. Neither did he know that, of all bank attorneys, he could not have fallen into more evil hands than Isaac Rock, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law and Notary Public.

In person Esquire Rock was broad-shouldered, and rather short and clumsy than otherwise; his features hard and forbidding. His heart, if he had one, was steel, and he prided himself more upon his firmness than upon any other of his numerous high qualities. Tears, prayers and entreaties were alike wasted upon him. Indeed, were not that old saying, "hard as a rock," of greater antiquity than any date to which Esquire Rock could lay claim, it would undoubtedly have passed into a proverb from his day henceforth.

Whilst this attorney entertained a most unmitigated contempt for the victims of poverty and misfortune, he had a profound and exalted sense of his own individual consequence, and delighted to witness the cringing spirit and suppliant knee of the awe-stricken subjects of his power. Whosoever committed a sin against the dignity of Esquire Rock was straightway an outlaw beyond all hope of forgiveness; and woe to him thus sinning, who should fall into the gripe of the attorney. Besides all these qualifications, however, Esquire Rock had a careful eye upon his temporal interests, and could manage a case in a way to swell his legal perquisites, to an amount at once the envy and admiration of the whole brotherhood.

Esquire Rock was fumbling over a miscellaneous collection of manuscripts one morning, when a rap was heard at the office door.

"Come in," said the attorney, settling back in his chair.

The visitor opened the door at this invitation, and advanced.

"Is Esquire Rock within?" he inquired.

"I am Esquire Rock," answered that personage haughtily. "Be seated, sir. Business with me, sir?"

"My name is Merritt, sir. I am indorser with John Fields on Warden's notes, and have called—"

"Yes, I know it," interrupted the attorney, a scarcely perceptible, though dangerous smile playing upon his features—"and you will have them to pay."

"I am aware that Mr. Warden has failed, but it will be impossible for me to pay the amount at present, and I have called to beg a little indulgence. Five thousand dollars is a large sum to raise, especially by a humble mechanic."

"You have property, Mr. Merritt."

"I have some property, Esquire Rock, but were I forced to sell immediately, it would bring but a fraction of its real value."

"The law must take its course, sir," said the attorney, decidedly; and he looked at Mr. Merritt, then at the door.

The mechanic understood the hint, and when he met the attorney's glance, he saw no hope there.

"I had thought," said he, "that the manner in which I became involved in this misfortune would entitle me

to some slight favor at your hands—to a trifling delay by which I might avoid total ruin; but I perceive I am mistaken in looking for mercy here," he added, bitterly.

Esquire Rock was utterly confounded at the man's audacity. A poor mechanic to beard *him*—Isaac Rock, Esquire, counsellor at law, and notary public! The thing was unprecedented.

"You thought!" exclaimed he, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to reply. "Do you understand law, sir? You have no right to think, sir. The majesty of the law is trampled under foot when mechanics are permitted to think—"

"Or asses to practice at the bar," retorted Mr. Merritt, indignantly, turning to depart.

The fiery furnace of the attorney's rage threatened to consume him at this new and flagrant act of daring; and he was driven to disclose a secret, which he had intended to hold in suspension, like the sword of Democles, over his victim. He called to Mr. Merritt.

"Come back, Mr. Merritt; let me give you a little further light upon this case." Esquire Rock's manner had undergone a sudden change, which puzzled the mechanic exceedingly, as he obeyed the summons. All traces of wrath had vanished, and he received the mechanic with something of the air of complacency, with which an epicure might be supposed to contemplate the preparations for an extensive feast.

"Do you know John Fields, Mr. Merritt?" he inquired.

"I do not—but Mr. Warden told me that he was a wealthy cousin of his, living at Salem. Do *you* know him, sir?"

The attorney's face lighted up with the same curious smile that had before accompanied the mention of that indorser's name.

"Yes, Mr. Merritt, John Fields is a distant relative of the celebrated John Smith, an imaginary being, as I have ascertained, who lends his name for the accommodation of such of his friends as want a discount. The name is not worth one copper, Mr. Merritt, and therefore we shall make the money out of you. We will have an execution out shortly for ten thousand dollars and the costs, which will be a thousand more, or it shall be my fault. What think you of that, Mr. Merritt?" he continued, watching the effects of the development with intense pleasure.

Alas! it was too true. Mr. Warden had been in the habit of conforming to the rules of the bank, by furnishing fictitious indorsers to the requisite number; a harmless evasion, which the president readily winked at, in consideration of a trifling token of good will, provided always, that Warden obtained one genuine and responsible name in addition to his own.

Mr. Merritt was so utterly stupefied at this new intelligence of treachery, that he walked off mechanically, without answering a word. Esquire Rock gazed after him until he was gone; when he again returned to his papers, muttering aloud, "chew that awhile, Mr. Merritt—asses practice at the bar, do they?"

CHAPTER IV.

AFFLICTIONS.

Mr. Merritt had nearly reached his dwelling before

he recovered from the confusion into which his faculties had been thrown by the astounding intelligence conveyed by the attorney. As he now gazed upon his peaceful home, it seemed more beautiful than ever. Alas! it could be his no longer. The savings of long years—the earnings of days and nights of hard toil, so carefully husbanded—the little luxuries that had been done without—the self-denials that had been practiced—the privations undergone, to gather a substance which should soothe life's decline—all, all gone at a single blow, swept away forever! How could he impart the dreadful news to his wife! How could he endure to meet the companion of his bosom and his darling family, plunged, through his own imprudence, (he felt,) into hopeless want. "She shall be happy a little longer," thought he, and retraced his steps to his shop.

Mr. Merritt did not, as usual, go home to dinner on that day, but remained in his shop, hour after hour, absorbed in deep and bitter thought.

"Can there be no law to punish such monstrous corruption?" said he to himself, as he closed the shop for the night. Here again Mr. Merritt displayed his ignorance, in supposing that men in high places could be called to account for mere trifles like this. In fact, he did not know how very seldom *law* means *justice*, when wealth and station are placed at the bar for trial, or he would have spared himself the question. He walked slowly homeward, endeavoring as much as possible to compose his agitated spirits for the scene which he knew awaited him.

The eye of love is keen of penetration, and Mrs. Merritt discovered as soon as the mechanic entered the cottage that all was not right. Knowing of his intended visit to the attorney, her imagination pictured a thousand causes of alarm, and overcome by contending emotions, she threw herself upon his neck, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Speak, my dear husband," she cried. "I see from your pallid face and bloodless lips, that some new and dreadful calamity has befallen us. O reveal it all to me, I can bear any thing save my fears."

"Concealment would be useless," said the mechanic, "for you must know it sooner or later. Endeavor to compose yourself, dearest, things are not as bad as you apprehend. To see you thus is a severer pang than I have encountered before. Wife, we are only—beggars!"

Mr. Merritt, with astonishing calmness, proceeded to relate his interview with Esquire Rock, and its results, nearly as we have narrated them in the last chapter.

With what keen delight would the bank attorney have looked upon that scene of anguish and despair.

The first paroxysms over, Mrs. Merritt became more calm, and listened attentively to the end. That day of gloom was closed by fervent supplication to the High Source of all hope and consolation, for strength and support against the tempest that awaited them.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING.

In due time Mr. Merritt's effects were levied upon,

and advertised for sale. When it was known that he was ruined, envy and jealousy triumphed, and the vile tongue of slander was unloosed upon his reputation. People who had envied his prosperity heretofore, gloried in his ruin. It descended even to the children, and a stout, malicious boy, threatened to whip George the very next time he went to school. So certain is misfortune to meet with taunt and insult every where.

During this period, so fruitful of evil to the Merritt family, young Warden, though before a frequent visitor, did not cross their threshold. Emma could not help wondering where he had gone, or why he had not said good-bye, or whether he had really forgotten her.

Emma was returning from an afternoon visit, some half mile from her father's, and with a view to escape observation, she turned down a by-path, and walked slowly homeward. Soon she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and she felt a strange and unaccountable agitation, although she neither turned her head nor quickened her pace. They came near, and a voice called, "Emma?"

It was no stranger's voice that brought the blood rushing unbidden to that fair girl's cheek. William Warden was at her side.

Emma, a little piqued by his long absence, could not resist playing the woman, and she drew herself up rather coldly, "Good evening, Mr. Warden."

This was the first time she had called him Mr. Warden. It had always been William, before.

"Emma—Miss Merritt, I mean—I have no right to call you Emma, now; the man who has involved you in ruin, and wrecked the prospects of your dearest friends, is my father; and I feel that you hate and despise me. I cannot endure this disgrace, and am about to leave for another country, where the shame of my father will not be known, and where the dishonor attached to his name will not hang like a mill-stone around my neck, paralyzing all my efforts to rise to respectability and honor. But I could not leave you forever without seeing you once more, and for this opportunity I have watched long and anxiously. I dared not offend your father with my presence under his roof."

Emma's resolution about the little womanly display of temper suddenly vanished, her warm heart softened, and was throbbing in sympathy, ere the first tones of Warden's musical voice died away.

"O no, William, he does not blame you!" she exclaimed, with tearful eyes, "indeed he does not. He knows you for all that is generous and good."

"And have not you blamed me?"

"I, William—no, never! O, William, how could you accuse me thus?"

"Bless you for these kind words, Emma, they inspire me with new hopes. And now, Emma, as we must soon part, perhaps forever, tell me, if these things had never happened, if my father had still continued in prosperity, and free from the crime which makes his name odious to your ear, could you have loved me, then, Emma—would you, Emma?"

Emma answered not loud, but the gentle whisper reached the ear of love, and William Warden sealed

it in a long, burning kiss upon her glowing lips. They were happy.

"Farewell, dearest Emma, we meet again," was all he said, and when she looked up William Warden was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIEF.

There *are* hearts among the rich and powerful—and would to God they were more numerous—whose pulses flow in kindly sympathy for the distressed of their fellow-creatures, and whose wealth ever ministers to the necessities of the children of sorrow. Such have their reward, more glorious than the laurels which deck the conqueror's brow—the blessings, prayers, and outpourings of the grateful spirit.

To the extent of their means, Mr. Merritt and his family had always aided the poor and needy; and they were not now deserted in their affliction.

Every nerve had been strained to avert the threatening storm; but all in vain. Stricken and depressed, the mechanic sunk down in despair. Not a ray of hope pierced the blackness of the future. His all would not pay the execution and costs of sale, and there followed, for himself, a prison—for his family, starvation. Wise counsellors had been consulted, and they decided that there was no proof of fraud which could invalidate the claim. No law could set it aside. The bank attorney already saw his victim wasting in the cold cell of a debtor's jail and exulted in his heart.

But as the darkest hour is that which ushers in the dawn, so, in this hour of trial, when the clouds lowered thick and heavily—a friendly helper came. One, who had been rescued years before, by Mr. Merritt's own bounty, from poverty and degradation, and by his aid had commenced a career which secured him fortune and prosperity, heard of the troubles of his benefactor, and hastened to his relief. With the delicacy of true benevolence, this gentleman set about his excellent mission, in a way to be of effectual benefit to Mr. Merritt, while it relieved him of the oppressive sense of obligation, which is often made to accompany good deeds, but which more surely crushes the proud spirit than would the miseries they seek to alleviate.

From this gentleman the mechanic received the following letter by post:

"G—, March 10, 183—.

"Mr. Merritt,—Dear Sir,—I have had it some time in view to purchase property in your village, whenever a favorable opportunity should occur. I learn by the newspapers, that your real estate will soon be sold on execution, and it being the most desirable situation with which I am acquainted, I am anxious to buy it. As it will be out of my power to attend the sale, (if you have not made other arrangements,) please write me by return mail, what will be the sum of execution and costs, and if not more than the fair value of the property, I will advance the amount, and close the bargain at once.

"Your obedient servant,

"G— S—."

The early and important services which he had ren-

dered to the writer of this letter were dismissed from the memory of Mr. Merritt, with the ordinary events of the time at which they were conferred. The latter had, not long after, removed to another town, and they had not met since.

The letter was a business-like document, as we have seen—containing no allusions to the past—breathing no professions of gratitude—proffering no gifts of charity; yet it exerted a happier influence in cheering the mechanic, than though every line had been teeming with protestations of pity and regard. It came like a messenger of life, and bade him hope. First, he read it silently—then aloud—then to his wife—then Emma and George participated in the joyous news; and the infant, receiving an unusual number of kisses, no doubt understood it too.

An answer was forwarded by the ensuing mail, setting forth the circumstances of the case—the amount required to free the estate from incumbrance—and further, stating that this was five hundred dollars less than the assessed valuation of the property at the annual appraisement—that he considered it worth one thousand dollars more than that appraisement; but, in consequence of the forced sale, he expected to lose that much, or more; and therefore, as he was obliged to sell, would be glad to have him take the property and redeem the execution.

After this was dispatched, their fears regained the ascendancy. They had been, perhaps, too sanguine, the price might be considered too high—and all was anxiety, perplexity and dread, until the close of a week, when there came the following reply:

"G—, April 2, 183—.

"Mr. Merritt—Dear Sir,—Your favor, in answer to inquiries contained in my letter of 10th ult., came duly to hand. I think the property sufficiently reasonable at your valuation, and have no wish to take advantage of your pecuniary embarrassments to obtain a reduction of price. Therefore, if you please, you will consider me the purchaser. The enclosed check for eleven thousand dollars will release the estate from the execution, and the remainder I will pay as soon as the necessary titles are perfected. I have appointed Mr. — my agent in the matter, who will attend to their arrangement.

"Your obedient servant,
G— S—."

When Mr. Merritt took this last letter from the post-office, he determined to take it home and open it there. But his anxiety proved too great, and the seal was broken. The check came first in sight, and he panted for breath. He read on, quickening his pace more and more, until he arrived at home, almost on a full run.

"Thank God! we are free!" he exclaimed. "Wife, read this."

She did read it to the end. The day had dawned, and the bright sun of hope shone once more. What a happy family was Mr. Merritt's! Free from debt! They did not forget, in the fullness of their joy, to assemble around the family altar, and pour forth fervent thanksgiving to the Hand which had supported them through tribulation, and had brought them succor when there was none to help.

On the next morning, to the utter dismay of the bank attorney, Mr. Merritt walked into his office, and demanded the execution, at the same time presenting the money.

Choking with rage and surprise, the attorney gazed first at the money, and thence at the mechanic, and proceeded to an iron closet, which he opened, and brought out the notes. Mr. Merritt paid them every one, and with an air of mingled triumph and scorn, bade Esquire Rock a good morning, and left the office. That gentleman's wrath broke out afresh when he was again alone, and he occasionally muttered aloud, "The scoundrel! I could have killed him!" and no doubt he spoke truly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAREWELL.

After many consultations and long reflection, Mr. Merritt decided to emigrate to the West. Though repeatedly urged by the new purchaser to remain for a time at his old home, he refused, being determined, as he said, to try farming, and the new country.

About two months after the sale, Mr. Merritt received the last instalment of the purchase-money; and having parted with such of his household goods as would be unnecessary where he was going—save a few dear old pieces of furniture, which they could not bear to give up—he had nearly two thousand dollars to invest in lands.

With many tears they parted from one old friend and another, and lingered affectionately around every familiar object, until no more excuses could be framed for delay—and at length commenced their journey. Emma would have given the world to have seen William Warden once more; but he had left the village, and gone, no one knew whither. Little George, notwithstanding his curiosity to see a prairie, had his sorrows too, and wept as though his heart would break. The infant was the only one who had no regrets for their old home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRAIRIE HOME.

Illinois—as every traveler in the Great West knows—abounds in prairies, many of them of great extent. Among them all, however, there are none so large and varied as *La Prairie*, so called, which stretches from the Mississippi River more than a hundred miles into the interior. Now, it spreads to the horizon's verge a vast level, carpeted, in the spring-time, with luxuriant verdure, amid which are scattered myriads of beautiful wild flowers—anon, the surface slopes in gentle undulations, rising higher as you proceed, until they become romantic and broken, dividing into hills and ridges, while clear and sparkling rivulets flow down the valleys between. Here and there the eye rests upon an oasis of timber, covering a few acres, and again the traveler scans the field of vision in vain for a single tree or shrub to relieve the wearisome monotony of space. Although the soil is rich, and easy of cultivation, the extreme scarcity of timber has deterred the emigrant from its occupation, and, save a few set-

tlements in the neighborhood of these timber-groves, La Prairie is to this day the same solitude as when the buffalo fed in its green pastures, undisturbed by the rifle of the pale-faced hunter.

Having an opportunity of buying an improvement in one of these beautiful groves, at a trifling advance from the government price, Mr. Merritt selected it for his home. They named it Elmwood, and Selkirk, in the South American isle, was not more isolated from his race than were the mechanic and his little family in their new abode.

The limits of this history will not allow us to detail the many ingenious devices that were of necessity resorted to, or the ludicrous contrivances of Mr. Merritt in the way of carpentry, or the substitutes adopted for the thousand conveniences they had always been used to, and never knew the value of before; but suffice it to say, the mechanic labored earnestly in his new vocation, and succeeded in planting acres sufficient to insure a plentiful provision for his little flock.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKNESS.

The second summer had nearly passed away, when sickness visited Elmwood. Mr. Merritt was prostrated by a violent fever. Early and late his wife watched by his bed. Sleep was a stranger to her eyes. Agonizing prayers ascended in petition for his recovery. At last they were heard. Slowly the sick man improved, and after many weeks, was able to breathe the fresh air, and walk abroad.

Then, the dear little prattler, the youngest child, drooped. The petted one lay helpless in its willow cradle, and pale and anxious faces gathered around it. Eyes, red with weeping, witnessed its struggles. Several days it lingered after hope had fled the broken-hearted mourners, and then the little sufferer was called in its pure, unspotted innocence, to Heaven!

CHAPTER X.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

A short time after Mr. Merritt settled at Elmwood, a small village sprung up about twenty miles distant, on the edge of the prairie; and, as the country filled up beyond, it was made the county-seat; and a store or two being established there, it became quite a market-place for the farmers on the prairie.

On a cold morning in January of the third winter of his residence at Elmwood, Mr. Merritt, having some business which called him to the village, Miss Emma improved the opportunity to accompany him, for the purpose of exercising her taste in the purchase of a few articles from the store. The snow was too thin for sleighing, and the wagon was therefore rigged with two chairs and a cloak, together with a buffalo robe for the feet; and, all things being ready, they set off in high spirits.

Emma succeeded to her utmost satisfaction in cheapening and securing the requisite bargains, and was ready to return, long before her father had completed his share of the business of the day. It was nearly

night, and she was quite out of patience, when Mr. Merritt drove up with the one-horse wagon, to convey them homeward.

"I am afraid you will have a storm, sir," said the polite shopkeeper, bowing a farewell, and glancing at the clouds.

"I hope not before we reach Elmwood," replied Mr. Merritt, returning the salutation, and applying the whip. He cast an anxious eye overhead, and applied the whip more vigorously.

Dark clouds had gradually overspread the sky, and were thickening every moment, while an occasional gust sweeping along the prairie, gave evident manifestation of an approaching storm. They had not gone half the distance, when a feathery snow-flake floated slowly down, and then another, and another. Now they came thicker and faster, and the darkness increased so much, that Mr. Merritt could hardly discern the road.

"Emma, dearest, wrap your cloak closely, it will be very cold," said he, urging his horse to greater speed.

"I am very comfortable, now, father," returned Emma; "are we not nearly home?"

"I hope that we may be, for it will be a dreadful night."

As the night set in, the wind increased. The snow had hitherto fallen gently, but now it was driven into their faces by the gale, and almost blinded them. It grew colder, too, very rapidly, and the mechanic's fingers could hardly grasp the lines. Still he continued to ply the whip, and they rolled on at a gallop.

"Emma, can you see a light?—we should be near Elmwood."

"No, father, I can see nothing."

Again they hurried on.

"Look all around you, Emma," said her father, anxiously; "we must certainly be nearly home."

She strained her eyes in every direction, but no light was visible.

A dreadful thought flashed upon him then. He stopped his horse, leaped from the wagon, and bent his eyes close to the ground.

"O my God!" he exclaimed, in agony, "we have lost the road!"

The storm howled in fury—the track was entirely covered with snow—to go forward was uncertainty—to return would be folly—to remain, was to perish. What man, how stout-hearted soever he might be, would not have quailed at such a prospect.

"What shall we do, father? I am very cold;" said Emma, faintly.

"Heaven only can preserve us, my dear Emma. Take this buffalo, I do not need it," said the kind father, carefully wrapping the fur robe to shield her tender frame from the storm, while an involuntary shivering through his system evinced the extent of his self-denial.

After an earnest invocation to Heaven, in silent petition, for their preservation, he resolved to go forward, and leave the result with Providence.

"Are you warm enough, Emma?" said her father, after a pause.

"I am not cold now, father, but I am *so* sleepy."

"My child, exert yourself—do not sleep!" said the mechanic, in alarm—"it is death!"

As he spoke, a dull, heavy sound was borne along the gale. Mr. Merritt listened. It was not the wind. Another report was heard.

"T is a gun!" he exclaimed. "Heaven be praised! it is a gun from Elmwood!" He turned his horse's head in the direction of the sound. A third time the report was heard, evidently nearer. Soon a faint glare was visible, which continued to increase as they approached. There stood his dwelling, with every window brilliantly illuminated; and just as he reached the house, the door was opened, and George appeared with the gun, which he was about to fire again, when he saw them.

"Mother, they've come!" he shouted, "and this in honor of their return," he added, blazing away, and almost thrown on his back by the recoil a moment after.

The mother was at the door ere he had finished. Mr. Merritt was so stiffened and benumbed with cold that he descended from the wagon with difficulty to meet the warm embrace of his wife; but Emma sat still and spoke. She was asleep. At this discovery, the excitement and alarm of the mechanic seemed to endow him with superhuman strength, and lifting her as if she had been an infant, he hurried into the house with his lifeless burden, and laid her upon a couch. With frantic energy they applied the restoratives at command—and they were blessed. Her eyes opened slowly, and she attempted to speak.

"The crisis is past, and our Emma is preserved!" exclaimed Mrs. Merritt, clasping her hands together in joyful thanksgiving.

Emma was soon entirely recovered, but the careful mother forbade exertion, and with her own hands prepared and brought a nice cordial to her daughter's bed, under the soothing influence of which she ere long sunk into pleasant and refreshing slumbers.

Mrs. Merritt, while supper progressed, was relating to the mechanic the anxiety she had felt for their safety when night came on, and he had not returned; and how George had suggested the thought of firing the gun, which had led to their preservation, when a loud knock was heard at the door. George opened it, and a stranger entered, muffled to the eyes in a capacious cloak, which was almost concealed by a covering of snow.

"Can a traveler find shelter with you to-night?" asked the new comer, who appeared to be a young man.

"God forbid that we should drive a human being from our roof on such a night as this," said Mr. Merritt. "Sir, you are quite welcome to the best we have to offer."

The traveler expressed his thanks, and divested of his cloak, exposed the features of a handsome young man, of apparently not more than two-and-twenty years.

A sudden exclamation burst simultaneously from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt.

"William Warden!" It was he.

"You recognize me, I see," said Warden, "although three years have changed me somewhat;" and he continued, "will you, Mr. Merritt, for the moment, forget that I am the son of my father, and accord to me the welcome of a stranger?"

The mechanic evidently struggled with bitter recollections, but subduing them, offered his hand calmly to Mr. Warden. "You are my guest, Mr. Warden," said he, "and as such, are not the less entitled to my hospitality that you are the son of one who has done cruel wrong to me and mine."

"But not irretrievable wrong, thank Heaven!" replied young Warden. "The son shall expiate the crimes of the father. To-morrow, Mr. Merritt—to-morrow shall be the dawn of a happier day."

Mr. Merritt made no reply. Warden did not resume the subject, and they sat some time in silence. William had frequently glanced around the room since his entrance, and his countenance now assumed a perplexed and anxious expression. There was one missing, of whom he wished, yet feared to know. At length he mustered sufficient courage to inquire in an indifferent tone as he could assume, "Where is Miss Emma?"

Mrs. Merritt then recounted the history of Emma's trip to the village, and her narrow escape from a dreadful death on the prairies, and how the firing had been the means of their rescue; to all of which he listened with intense interest. He, too, had heard the gun, and been saved by it from a similar fate.

On the next morning Emma was quite herself again. She had not heard of the traveler's arrival, and when she came into the breakfast-room and saw William Warden, she almost fainted. The tell-tale blood, which had at first retreated, now crimsoned her cheek—and William himself seemed to have caught the contagion, for his face was all on fire. They shook hands as composedly as possible under the circumstances, and succeeded in exchanging a few interrogatories without betraying the secret agitation of their hearts to the eye of the mechanic. If William had loved Emma at sixteen, how much more worthy of his love did she now appear. She had grown taller, and every childish grace had matured into beautiful womanhood. The climate had tinged her complexion with the slightest possible brown, and her plain western dress fitted her charming figure so well, that he would not have exchanged it for the richest robe that ever decked a haughty ball-room belle.

William, too, how vastly he was improved. Three years had transformed the slight stripling into the form of manly beauty; and his eyes beamed with the intelligence of superior intellect. Emma thought him even handsomer than ever.

After breakfast was over, Mr. Merritt and young Warden walked out together, and when the latter returned to the house, he found Emma alone. He approached the fair girl, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Emma," said William, "have you forgotten our last parting yet. O, Emma, the words you then whispered in my ear have sustained and encouraged me since that day; and the hope of one day being worthy

of you, and repairing the injury done to your father, has borne me onward and upward over difficulties of every kind, until at last I am here to remind you of your promise. 'I will be yours, and yours only, William,' you said; and now, dearest Emma, I have just explained all to your father, who will not withhold his blessing, and it needs but your confirmation to seal my happiness forever."

The happy girl did not withhold it.

CHAPTER XI.

A MORNING CALL IN NEW ENGLAND

"Have you heard the news about Mr. Merritt?" said a young lady, to an acquaintance, whom she was honoring with a morning call.

"No, I have not; what about him?"

"Why, you know that Mr. Warden ruined him, and his property was sold to a gentleman in —, and the mechanic and his family moved to the West. This was

about three years ago. Well, Mr. Warden's son was violently in love with Mr. Merritt's daughter, Emma; a fine looking fellow he was, too; and he felt so terribly about his father's failure, that he immediately left the village; and where should he go, accidentally, but to the very man who purchased Mr. Merritt's property, and who employed him as a clerk. He happened to suit his employer exactly—for, as I said before, he is a fine looking fellow—and somehow or other he found out lately that young Warden was so much attached to Mr. Merritt's Emma; and what does he do but give William a deed in full of all the property, and resigned business in his favor, then sends him off to Illinois, to marry the daughter, and bring back the whole family to their old home. And, sure enough, last night they came, bag and baggage, and have commenced house-keeping already. Young Warden and his wife, are the handsomest couple I ever saw. I hear that they are to give a party to their old friends as soon as they are settled."

TO MY SISTER E...A.

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

SWEET sister, at this twilight hour,
While sings the bird her evening lay,
And gentle dews refresh each flower
That drooped beneath the noontide ray;
While cool, soft breezes play around,
And gently fan my burning brow,
Falling with sweet and soothing sound
Upon my ear like music now;
While trembling there in yonder sky
That little star looks down on me,
I'll wipe the tear-drops from my eye,
And trill a simple song for thee.

My heart is full, oh, sister dear,
Of tender thoughts of one whose love
No longer lights our pathway here,
But purer glows in worlds above;
And though a year has almost flown
Since we have laid her down to rest,
To-night her form sat by my own,
Her lips upon my brow were pressed;
Her low, sweet voice was in my ear,
Entranced I listened to each word,
So soft, so silvery, and so clear,
As ne'er from mortal lips was heard!

With glowing eye she talked with me
Of our own happy childhood's hours,
When hand in hand we sisters three
With chainless footsteps sought the flowers;
Or sat beneath the forest trees,
Upon some green and mossy bed,
While, stirred by the low, murmuring breeze,
The leaves made music overhead;
While on the gentle summer air
The birds poured forth their thrilling song,
Till every green leaf waving there
Seemed the sweet echoes to prolong.

She spoke to me of girlhood's days,
When we had hopes unmixed with fears,
Ere we had learned the world's cold ways,
And smiles were ours undimmed by tears;
When life seemed like a long, bright dream,
Our spirits buoyant as the air,
And looking o'er life's gentle stream,
Thought not that rocks lay hidden there;
While onward, onward lightly sped
Our little barks adown the river,
Trusting the sunbeams overhead
Would keep the waters bright forever.

She talked with me of riper years,
When time less lightly speeded by,
And, seen through nature's flowing tears,
The rainbow spanned a clouded sky;
Some of our brightest dreams had flown,
And that strange lyre, the human heart,
Awoke a deeper, sadder tone,
That things so lovely should depart;
And while we could not stay the tear,
To think those cloudless days were o'er,
A sad voice whispered in our ear,
They'll come no more—they'll come no more!

They'll come no more, oh, sister mine,
Those sunny hours that we have known,
But shall we murmur, or repine,
So many blessings still our own?
True, clouds have gathered on our way,
Deep shadows round about us lie,
But waiting for a brighter day,
Upward we'll look with steadfast eye;
And as we linger round the tomb
Of one whom our warm hearts held dear,
Sweet voices will dispel the gloom—
She is not here—she is not here!

THE LIFE INSURANCE.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

ober this morning," said I to my neighbor. "What's the matter? Any

exactly say that," he replied, with uneasiness as if you were under a mountain of

and he made an attempt to laugh; but it was unsuccessful.

a little worried just now; but it will be added. "I get into these states sometimes, I might say."

stand. Imaginary troubles."

he quickly replied. "Not just that. Something like real flesh and blood about the act is, to come out plain, Mrs. Lincoln, illness, has presented me with another

one so unreasonable as to grumble about not deserving to have blessings."

such a thing as being blessed to death, said Mr. Lincoln, smiling; but the smile was only on the wrong side of his mouth. He was enough, in all conscience, without

It was as much as I could do to get my head.

ends the mouths will send the bread. That."

This general trust in Providence is all right. But it takes more mental stamina than putting it down into particular applications. It is overly strong. If I were worth a hundred dollars, the babies might come as fast

I would not call a baker's dozen too many like babies; bless their hearts! but I don't really care for. If I live, I suppose all right enough. But life is held by the most un-

Upon my daily exertions depend the welfare of my family. If I were to die my wife would be in a sad way."

"I'm insured," said I promptly. He shook his head and looked grave.

He looked like to do that." His face became still

ular objection?"

He was running in the face of Providence. If I were signing my death warrant." Strange notion."

I feel. I've thought about it a number of times. It seems to me that life is too serious a thing to be based on a common level with a house or a piece of property. It has a money-value upon his earthly existence to me that the Divine Being would not visit the mercenary offender with punishment."

"A strange idea of the Divine Being," said

I, evincing surprise in turn. In getting your life insured, would you purpose evil to your neighbor?"

"No; but rather good. I would seek, in doing so, not only to keep my wife and children from becoming a burden upon others, but to secure to them those worldly advantages so necessary to the healthy development of mind and body."

"And do you think a merciful God would visit you, vindictively, for acting with such an unselfish purpose in your mind? How strange must be your notion of Him who is represented to us as being in his very nature love! Now, we know that love seeks to impart a blessing to all—not a curse."

"But there is such a thing as running in the face of Providence, and this life insurance has always struck me as being something of the kind."

"What do you mean by running in the face of Providence?"

"Doing something in order to counteract the Divine purpose."

"Do you know the Divine purpose in regard to yourself?"

"No; of course not."

"Then, how can you, knowingly, do any thing to counteract that purpose?"

"I can't, knowingly; but I may do so ignorantly."

"Then you think that the Lord sometimes punishes men for acts innocently done?"

"Such an idea has been in my mind. Man is responsible for his acts, and should, therefore, be very guarded about what he does. His ignorance will not always excuse him."

"Suppose your child were to do something wrong, yet you had the clearest evidence in your mind that his intentions were good, and not evil; would you punish him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I would regard his intentions."

"Because they made the quality of the act so far as he was concerned?"

"Yes."

"Will you make God less reasonable, considerate, and just than yourself? Does not He also regard the motives which influence his children?"

"Why—yes—I suppose He does. But—we ought to be very sure that our motives are right."

"I grant you that, with all my heart. We must take care that we are not consenting to the death of the saints, under the mad hallucination that we are doing God's service. But, with reason and revelation for our guide, we need not be in much fear of going wrong."

"No; I suppose not. Still, I can't get away from the idea suggested. I feel as if to insure my life would be trifling with a solemn matter."

"And that life might fail you in consequence?"

"Such is the impression, I must confess."

"You must, then, think that the providence in regard to the time of a man's death is arbitrary and capricious?"

"I do n't understand much about the matter; and my very ignorance makes me fearful," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It must be plain to you, on reflection," said I, "that, in a matter so important as the fixing of a man's eternal state by death, the divine wisdom and mercy of the Lord must be exercised in a most perfect manner, so to speak. That, in fact, no one is called to pass from a natural into a spiritual state of existence, except at the time when such a change will be best for him. The mere circumstance of making an insurance upon the life, with a view to providing for those left behind, who would, perhaps, suffer great evils but for such a provision, could not precipitate this time; for the act could not foreclose a man's state and prevent his further regeneration."

Lincoln admitted that there was some force in this view, but said he could not see the subject clearly, and was afraid to act in the matter.

Six months afterward, on meeting my neighbor, his serious face induced me to ask after the cause of his trouble.

"Worried about my affairs, as usual," said he. "The fact is, I have but little peace of mind. Every thing is so uncertain. By this time I ought to have had a neat little property laid up, but am not worth a copper. My family has increased so rapidly, that it has taken every thing I could make to feed and clothe them. If I were certain of living, I would not feel troubled; for I can earn a comfortable support. But no man has a lease of his life. It makes me heart-sick to think of the consequences if I were to die. What would become of my wife and children! I have not a cent to leave them."

"Why don't you get your life insured? Take out a policy of five thousand dollars, for, say seven years. It will cost you only about ninety dollars a year; and you can easily save that much from your income by a little extra economy. Your mind would then be comparatively easy."

"Five thousand dollars would be a nice little sum to leave," said Mr. Lincoln, "and would help a great deal."

"You could pay the premium easily enough?"

"Oh yes."

"Then make the insurance by all means."

"I have thought of it several times since we conversed on the subject; but some how or other have put it off from time to time. I must do so no longer. My doubts as to the propriety of life insurance, which I expressed some time ago, I do not feel as strongly as then. I thought a good deal of what you said, and came to the conclusion that your views were pretty nearly correct."

"Life is uncertain. We can only call the present our own. Be wise, then, and make this provision for your family."

"I must do it," said Lincoln, as he left me.

"Have you effected that insurance yet?" said I to him a few months afterward.

"No, I have not," he replied, "but I must do it. The fact is, when it comes to the pinch, the amount of premium is something. A man has n't always got ninety dollars to spare."

"True. But didn't I see a new sofa and a set of mahogany chairs going into your house a week or two ago?"

"Yes."

"And they cost, no doubt, a hundred dollars."

"Just that."

"Would it not have been wiser—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Lincoln.

"Yes, it would have been wiser. The possession of a policy for five thousand dollars would give me a far greater pleasure than I have yet derived from looking at or sitting upon my new chairs and sofa. The old ones were comfortable enough."

"Don't put it off any longer. Better take out a policy for two thousand five hundred now, if the amount of premium is an object, and another policy for a like sum in two or three months."

"I'll do that," said he, speaking earnestly.

We parted. A month or two afterward, I alluded to the matter again. The insurance had not been made, and Lincoln seemed a little annoyed at my reference to the subject. After that I avoided any further remark touching the advantages of life insurance when in company with Lincoln. But I never met his wife, a fragile looking creature, that I did not feel an emotion of pain at the thought of her being left destitute, with six children clinging to her for support.

Nearly a year elapsed from the time of my last reference to the subject of life insurance, when news came to the city that, while bathing on the sea-shore, Lincoln had been drowned. The sad event was made sadder in my mind, as my thoughts turned, involuntarily, to his wife and children, left without a protector and provider. What were they to do? Lincoln had been engaged in the business of a real estate broker. At his death, there was no estate to settle up—no store to sell out—few if any debts to collect. The office would be closed, and the income cease.

"Poor woman! what is she to do?" said I to myself a dozen times in the first hour that elapsed after I had heard the afflictive news. "Without fifty dollars in the world, probably, besides furniture and clothing, how is she to maintain, by her own unaided exertions, a family of six children?"

So much was I afflicted by the occurrence, that I could not sleep for some hours after retiring to bed in the evening.

On the next morning the newspapers contained a notice of the accident, with this announcement:

"We are happy to state, that a few days before leaving for the sea-shore, Mr. Lincoln had his life insured in the Girard Life Insurance and Trust Company, for five thousand dollars."

I was so much affected in reading this, that my hands trembled, and the paper dropped from them to the floor.

Some years have elapsed since the occurrence of this sad event. Almost daily I pass a small store in a well frequented street, behind the counter of which is

sometimes seen the widow of Mr. Lincoln, or a daughter who has attained the age of fourteen years. The face of the former has a sober, quiet look, but bears no evidence of distressing care. Under the advice and assistance of friends, four thousand dollars of the money received at the death of her husband, were safely invested in six per cent. securities, and with the

balance, a small store was stocked with goods. The interest on four thousand dollars paid her rent, and the profits on her little business enabled her to meet the real wants of her family.

How different would all have been but for this life insurance.

BUNKER-HILL AT MIDNIGHT.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

I STAND upon the sacred hill
Where LIBERTY hath made her home.
'T is midnight, all is hushed and still
Where'er my footsteps roam;
While towering through the air of night
Yon stately pile doth rear its head,
A granite flower, of giant height,
Sprung from the dust of PATRIOTS dead!

Methinks I hear the rustling sound
Of myriad angels' hovering wings,
Who guard this famed, enchanted ground,
Around which Romance clings!
Like those that o'er gray Marathon
Are hovering in the night's still noon,
Spirits descend and stand upon
This hill when clouds obscure the moon!

Beneath me sleeps the city dim,
Whose dusky spires tower on high,
And white-winged vessels slowly skim
Yon river winding by.

The wandering night-winds round me moan,
And for that day of glory sigh,
When Freedom's star in splendor shone
Through the torn clouds in WAR's dark sky!

Where now the men that nobly dealt
A nation's wrath upon the foe,
And for their injured country felt
Their cheeks indignant glow?
Alas! they all have passed away,
Like stars that leave the sky at morn,
When in the east the king of day
On couch of gilded clouds is born!

And silence reigns where'er I tread,
Like that which greets the passer-by
In that lone city of the dead
'Neath Egypt's brazen sky!
Brave men are sleeping everywhere,
Their ashes hallow every strand,
And this lone hill-top has its share,
On which in musing mood I stand!

LINES.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings on my spirit like a knell."

Dost thou remember that September day
When by the Seekonk's lonely wave we stood,
And marked the languor of repose that lay,
Softer than sleep, on valley, wave and wood?

A trance of solemn rapture seemed to lull
The charmed earth and circumambient air,
And the low murmur of the leaves seemed full
Of a resigned and passionless despair.

Though the warm breath of summer lingered still
In the lone paths where late her footsteps passed,
The pallid star-flowers on the purple hill
Sighed dreamily "we are the last! the last!"

I stood beside thee, and a dream of heaven
Around me like a golden halo fell!
Then the bright veil of phantasy was riven,
And my lips murmured "fare thee well!—farewell!"

I dared not listen to thy words, nor turn
To meet the pleading language of thine eyes,
I only *felt* their power, and in the urn
Of memory treasured their sweet rhapsodies.

We parted then forever—and the hours
Of that bright day were gathered to the past—
But through long wintry nights I heard the flowers
Sigh dreamily, we are the last!—the last!

THE BALIZE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS is the name of one of the mouths of the Mississippi River. At the distance of 105 miles below New Orleans by the course of the river, and 90 miles in a direct line, this majestic stream enters the Gulf of Mexico by several mouths, the principal of which are the Balize, or North East Pass, in latitude $29^{\circ} 7'$ and longitude $80^{\circ} 10'$ West, and the South West Pass, in latitude $29^{\circ} 8'$ North and longitude $89^{\circ} 25'$ West. The depth of water on the bar at each of these passes is 12 to 16 feet, but much greater without and a little

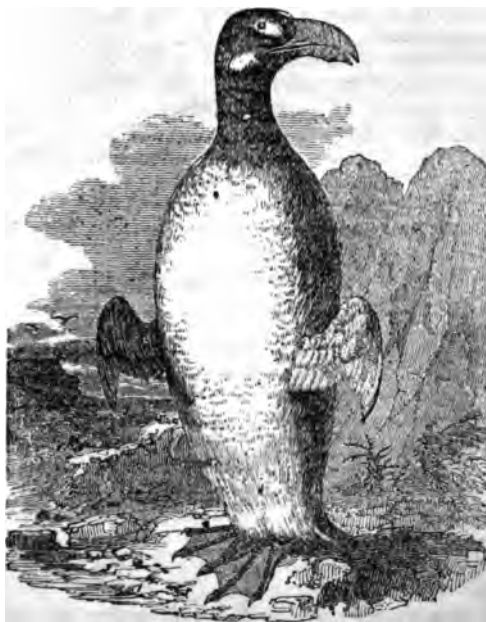
within the bar. Most vessels enter and leave by the Balize, and hence the frequency with which we hear this remarkable place referred to.

The tall erections in the engraved view are look-outs constructed for observing the approach of vessels, and hoisting signals. The country about the Balize is one continued swamp, destitute of trees, and covered with a species of coarse reeds, from four to five feet high. Nothing can be more dreary than a prospect from a ship's mast while passing this immense waste.



WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE GREAT AUK. (*Alca Impennis.*)

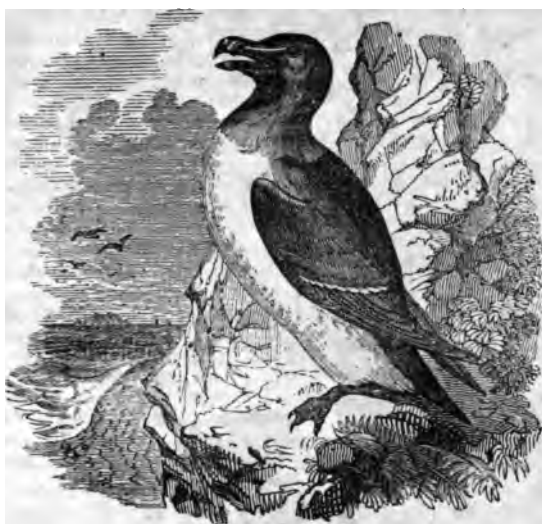
AUK is the vernacular name for certain sea-birds of the family *Alcææ*, known scientifically as species of *Alca*, *Fratercula*, *Mergulus* and *Pha-* *leris*. The true Auks, though properly oceanic birds, scarcely ever leaving the water except for the purposes of reproduction, can run, though awkwardly.

on foot, when pursued on land. They breed in caverns or lofty cliffs, laying but one large egg. They feed on fish and other marine animals.

The first of the genus *Alca* is the Great Auk, remarkable for the imperfect development of its wings. It seldom leaves the regions bordering on the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. The wings, perfectly useless for flight, are very serviceable as oars. Mr. Bullock relates that during his tour to Northern Isles, one of them, with his four oars, left a six-oared boat of pursuers far behind. Newfoundland is one of their breeding places, and the Esquimaux make clothing of

their skins. They are never seen beyond soundings; and seamen direct their measures according to their appearance.

The length of the bird is less than three feet. The winter plumage, which begins to appear in autumn, leaves the cheeks, throat, fore part and sides of the neck white. In spring the summer change begins to take place, and confines the white on the head to a large patch, which extends in front and around the eyes; the rest of the head, the neck and upper plumage is of a deep black.



[*Alca torda*.]

RAZOR-BILL. (*Alca Torda*.)

In the second species of *Alca*, the Black-billed Auk, Razor-bill, or Murre, the development of the wings is carried to the usual extent necessary for flight, though the bird uses them with great effect as oars, when swimming under water. They are diffused over the northern hemisphere on both continents; but they are particularly abundant in the higher latitudes. In England their eggs are esteemed a great delicacy, for salads especially, and on the coast of that country the "dreadful trade" of taking their eggs is actively carried on. In Ray's Willoughby, the habits of the Razor-bill are thus described:

"It lays, sits and breeds up its young on the ledges of the craggy cliffs and steep rocks by the seashore, that are broken and divided into many, as it were, stairs or shelves, together with the *Coulternebs* and *Guillemots*. The Manks-men are wont to compare these rocks, with the birds sitting upon them in breeding time, to an apothecary's shop—the ledges of the rocks resembling the shelves, and the birds the pots. About the Isle of Man are very high cliffs, broken in this manner into many ledges one above another, from top to bottom. They are wont to let down men by

ropes from the tops of the cliffs, to take away the eggs and the young ones. They take also the birds themselves, when they are sitting upon their eggs, with snares fastened at the top of long poles, and so put about their necks. They build no nests, but lay their eggs upon the bare rocks.

"On the coasts of Labrador they abound, and thousands of birds are there killed for the sake of the breast feathers, which are very warm and elastic, and the quantities of eggs there collected amount to almost incredible numbers.

"The summer and winter dresses of the Razor-bill, though different, do not vary so remarkably as the plumage of many other birds. In the summer dress, the white streak which goes to the bill from the eyes becomes very pure; and the cheeks, throat and upper part of the front of the neck are of a deep black, shaded with reddish. In winter the throat and fore part of the neck are white."

The Razor-bill is fifteen inches long. The egg is disproportionately large, being about the size of that of the turkey, but longer, white or yellowish and streaked with dark brown.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

WHEN the still and solemn night
Broodeth o'er with wing of love,
And the stars with eyes of light
Look like spirits from above;

When the flowers their petals close
Softly in the slumbering air,
Bending meekly in repose
As a contrite soul at prayer;

And the waters sweep the shore
With a low and sullen chime,
Like Life's current falling o'er
Into the abyss of Time;

Sometimes feel ye not a breath
As of pinions rushing by,
Viewless as the touch of Death?
'T is an angel passing nigh.

Evermore 'neath rock or tree,
In the forest or the street,
'Mid the desert, on the sea,
We a seraph form may meet.

Human hearts! with vision clear
Look ye to each deed and thought;
Arm the spirit, turn in fear
From the act in evil wrought;

We do walk forever nigh
Waking ghost of envied dead,
And unmarked by mortal eye
With angelic hosts do tread.

While in chorus winds rejoice,
Though we see no guiding form,
Speaks there not a "still small voice?"
God is riding on the storm.

Tireless roll the worlds of light,
God is marking out their way;
Joyous beams the morning light,
God is smiling in the ray.

Soul! though gaunt and weary care
Haunt thine upward soaring free,
Let each pulse count out a prayer,
The Eternal walks with thee.

FLOWER FANCIES.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

ANGEL tokens—flower fancies—
Wrought with bright imaginings—
Evermore the vision glances
On your rainbow-tinted wings!
Underneath the wild-wood dreaming,
Type of all that 's pure in heart,
Or upon the hill-top gleaming,
Gems of beauty still thou art!

Angel tokens—ever filling
Nature's book with flowing rhyme,
Bearing in your silent trilling
Records quaint of olden time;
Or in strange devices wreathing
Wisdom in your swift decaying,
While your last faint sigh is breathing
"Man 's the creature of a day."

Angel tokens—flower fancies—
Sea and sky have gone to sleep!
Why, when slumber all entrances,
Do ye wake and sadly weep?

Are ye spirits watching o'er us,
And the tears upon your leaves,
Do they fall for *cares* before us—
Is 't for *this* your bosom grieves?

Angel tokens—flower fancies—
Winter's breath is on ye now
And your perfumed leaves are falling
Crisped and shriveled from the bough—
Yet when spring, with winter striving,
O'er the earth asserts her reign,
With her smile your buds reviving,
Ye will blossom bright again!

Angel tokens—springing lightly
Through the glorious summer day,
Oh! could we but bloom as brightly,
And as brightly pass away—
Could our winter, death, victorious
O'er the cold and cheerless sod
Bear us on in bloom, thus glorious,
To the garden of our God!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PERILS OF THE IMAGINATION.



MY DEAR JEREMY,—I place before you the perils of a passage to a Turkish Paradise, because you have shown a passion for turbans, meerschaums and pretty women, and I wish to warn you. The narrow path of Christian theology is still further reduced, you see, in the Moham-medan, so that, sinner as you are, you will find it ad-visable to stick to the true faith, and to practice it with more diligence.

You should not let your imagination run riot—it will be the ruin of you; but take the substantials, with thankfulness, which are yours by possession, and enjoy them to the uttermost. We all—the poorest of us—have enough and to spare of the gifts of Providence to make somebody envious—the veriest slave of money, who boasts of his millions, I'll warrant me, looks with discomfort upon

your superior intellect, or your better appetite, and would part with a good slice of gold, for a taste for a fine poem, or a relish for roast-beef—and I doubt much whether you would bargain them off at his valuation. I would not give a good temper and a cheerful disposition for all the gold that any crabbed old miser may have in his bank vault; nor my troop of true friends for the hungry faces of his poor relations. Would you? Your shilling or mine will buy us more pleasure, with a friend, than he can impart, with a one per cent. discount. This is true—and yet the world does not look upon things thus philo-sophically. We strain our imaginations to catch at some supposed good, something we *fancy* would make us blessed, discarding the real good that God has imparted to us.

"You wish to travel, do you?" said an old friend of mine. "You are very silly! there is no pleasure in that. I once went all the way to Saratoga, with my family, but I saw it all in half an hour, and left in the return train. The young folks *imagined*, that by staying two or three weeks, something else might be discovered, and I left them to experiment; but I was done with it, and was off."

You say this never happened. By Jove, it did though! and a sensible old codger he was in his way too—though I found *that*, in the end, was rather eccentric and uncertain. But he adhered to his opinion, and traveled no more. "As for traveling for pleasure," said he, "it is absurd. I am ten times more comfortable and happy at home, where I can call for what I want, and get it, and instead of sweating in a stage-coach, on a hot and dusty day, with my knees squeezed into a perfect jelly, I throw up the back window that opens on the garden—wheel up a recumbent chair—place another for my feet—call for a bottle of champagne and a cigar, and with ice at my elbow, take mine own ease, at *mine own* inn. Then, as for traveling to see fine prospects, if I tire of the garden and the champagne, I can shut my eyes here—he *never did* in his counting-room—and can call up more splendid scenery than the Rhine can boast—can crown the hills with finer palaces than ever shone in Greece—and people them with prettier women than Mahomet will find in his Paradise, I'll warrant him: And all this while your sight-seeing traveler is perhaps toiling and puffing up the sides of Vesuvius, over hardened lava, or is blowing his fingers on the sides of Mont Blanc, which, I dare say, are flattered in the engravings, while I can add in imagination unnumbered beauties the artists never dreamed of."

There is good philosophy in this, Jeremy, and as it suits my pocket just now, if you will send over the champagne, I'll try it. There is a home doctrine about it that I like, for my experience is, that a man gets into very little mischief while he stays there. How does it tally with yours?

The farther we wander in chase of forbidden pleasures, the more impressive is the conviction that we are in pursuit of bubbles, which go dancing and dazzling on, and when grasped, are empty.

And yet the world is but a vast army of bubble chasers, with here and there a sage smiling at, or rebuking, the folly. Each has his fatuity—each his blind passion, his bubble of the imagination. Fortune, Fame, Pleasure, how many do they beckon away from comfort, peace and happiness. Amid the press upon each crowded avenue, how few are allowed to turn back! How many fall and are trodden down forever! and yet the sanguine multitude, rushing over the bodies of the slain, heed not the fall of their companions, but press on as eagerly as before after vanishing shadows. Why is it, that when happiness itself is basking at our feet, imploring acceptance, that with a blind fatuity we rush at any cost on misery? Is it because the mind is ever, in this world, after the unattainable, that we see fortune, fame, domestic comfort, personal ease, all shipwrecked, on all sides of us in life, to attain the undesirable? That the merchant with his bank-roll of tens of thousands, squanders all in one wild effort to grasp a bubble upon an unknown sea. That the man of letters, to whom God has given an intellect but a little lower than that of angels, and who might model and mould the mind of a nation to good, and shine as a star in the intellectual firmament, to be worshiped in all time by the students of genius, "who follow her flashing torch along every path to knowledge"—knowing his high gifts for good, and feeling their power, scorns the possession, and scatters the bale-fires of a mighty intellect, as a volcano showers down lava and ashes, upon mankind—blight-

ing, as with a destroying angel's touch, the fair world in which he lives.

That the domestic hearth, with children merry-voiced, over which meek-eyed Peace hovered like a dove, and around which Heaven's own smile seemed to linger, is treacherously invaded by the demon of jealousy, green-eyed and furious, until Crime, with swarthy countenance and bloody locks, broods with Death's Angel over the silent spot.

The Perils of the Imagination, how they invest the unsatisfied! Are these the penalties which God imposes for unthankfulness? or is it that the devil, ever working at the heart, urges man to ingratitude, and excites him to folly? What think you, Jeremy?

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And we are of them." G. E. G.

JOTTINGS ABROAD.

BY J. R. CHANDLER.

It is undoubtedly pleasant in the midst of the weakening influences of an August day, to sit, *sub tegmenti fagi*, and read of the sports of the watering places—the wonders of Niagara, or the discoveries of those summer travelers who, turning aside from the beaten paths, or common haunts of fashion, explore the hidden, and develop the unknown. Most agreeable is it to mingle the mental sherbet of our summer's retirement with such timely ingredients. Herein our brethren of the daily press seem to have an advantage over us of the monthly issues, as, day by day, they prepare their ever welcome table, and are never compelled to speak of an elevated thermometer, while

Milk comes frozen in the pails,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nails.

Waiving this advantage, or to speak more correctly, yielding to this disadvantage, we purpose laying upon our table, and for our readers who dine later than the common class, a single dish, composed of gleanings from the flower-gardens and the stubble-fields, in a late visitation among the "wise men of the East."

We say nothing of a rest which we set up for a short time in New York, because the continual clatter in that Babel of this land would prevent ordinary ears (and ours are of no extraordinary length) from hearing any thing worth presenting here, and the dust, which seemed to be moving in solid masses from corner to corner, rendered quite necessary to comfort and to future speculation hermetically closed eyes.

The next stage was Springfield, Mass., where we saw and conversed with GRACE GREENWOOD—a Grace for which we were appropriately grateful. She was cultivating ideas for future use, and gathering thoughts to sustain her fame and secure the admiration of others. She was successful, undoubtedly.

But Springfield has of itself, as well as in itself, attractions of no ordinary character. The regular tourist will, of course, visit and describe the Armory, in which are stored about one hundred thousand stand of arms, all rendered nearly useless, by the introduction, since they were manufactured, of percussion caps, instead of the old flint and steel process of igniting the charge. In these days every thing must be done quickly. A rail-road of a hundred miles in length, and five millions cost, was constructed between two cities, because it would carry passengers in one hour's time less than one already in use. And here the ignition of the powder by the spark from the flint, which seemed to measure the shortest imaginable space, we had almost said point of time, was deemed, and undoubtedly is, too slow a process for destroying human life;

and so another agent is applied, whose operation is electric, and makes the intention and the act instantaneous. These guns thus put into coventry, must have cost nearly twelve hundred thousand dollars—a sum, the interest of which we wish we had to pay contributors, literary and artistic, to *Graham's Magazine*.

Because the genius of our people is connected with the fact, we will just add, that at this place, as at other of the armories of the General Government, all the parts of the muskets are so constructed as to suit any one musket of the million that may be made. No single part is particular; no screw has a special gun; no spring, clasp, or brace, is intended to suit one, or two, or twenty, but each part of any musket will answer for the same part of any others without alteration of any kind. This looks like the perfection of mechanism, and the machinery used looks as if it were made by and for such perfection.

No one who visits *the* Springfield will neglect the large public cemetery; it is worth a visit of miles—and it requires the travel of miles, for it is large. Good taste and ingenuity are manifested in all its parts; and the buried, if they have a consciousness of their whereabouts, must be satisfied to await, in that beautiful retreat, the summons which shall call together the separated bones, and clothe them anew with the incorruptible, in which they are to stand and be judged.

And the living will learn in this beautiful city of the dead, to contemplate the only certainty of their lives, and to see the slow approach of their dissolution, without that shock which the *Golgothas* and *Aceldamas* of other times were sure to impart to the delicate and sensitive.

I know that the cynic loves to point to the ornamented grave-yard, or the magnificent cemetery, as the exhibition of the pride of the living—the vanity of the survivors. And I dare not say, that even with the chastened, holy feelings which grief ensures, some particle of human vanity may not mingle, and that the monument which professes to record the virtues of the dead, may not, indeed, betoken the pride of the living.

But suppose it does—admit the charge, and what then? The pride of the living is shown where no future error of the lauded will belie or disgrace the memorial, and where the self-esteem which is gratified in the erection of the cenotaph, will never be wounded by the ingratitude of the one that sleeps beneath. Let vanity have its hour if it uses the time to praise the virtuous, and make death less repulsive; and pride which beautifies where dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness once were found, commends itself to forgiveness, if it may not command our approval.

Has any one ever thought of this? All know and applaud the movement which develops and displays the virtues and beauties of our nature. But who has thought it worth while to commend the undertaking that makes the errors and deformities of our character minister to taste and refinement! The polished marble scarcely requires genius to give it a sightly and ornamental position; it is beautiful wherever found, but true taste and true skill are requisite to give symmetry and collective beauty to rough ashlar in an ornamental tenement.

When such a cemetery is established, it is natural that the private and periaibional burying-places should yield up the dead, and be devoted to the more active business of life; and hence we see in various departments of this ground, old moss-grown stones that have followed the dust whose history they record, and who stand among the newly-carved pillars and slabs now become representatives not less of the taste than of the people of other times.

Wandering in the lower part of the town, near the railroad depot, I saw on the main street, a lot newly broken

up for building. It had been the burying-ground of some church or family. One old stone was laid aside. It recorded the name of a virtuous woman, who died more than two hundred years ago. This is the antiquity of our country, and the existence of a grave-stone of that date is a part of the marvel of the present time. I was about to copy the record, but I saw some one watching me, and as I shrunk from being gazed at, I ceased from the labor. I might have brought away a part of the words, though nothing but an artist could have caught and conveyed the form of the letters, if that could be called *form* which was almost formless. Surely every age has its *literature*; and perhaps every location claims its peculiar style. Certainly the literature of the early part of the seventeenth century in Springfield had some striking peculiarities. I do not remember seeing previously the word *piously*, which, if I mistake not, was on that stone—and that, too, without the necessity of rhythm. Yet most beautifully did the uncouth rhyme and shapeless sculpture of that stone, convey to the readers, the merits of a woman who lived in Springfield when that town was a wilderness, and whose virtues made that "wilderness blossom like the rose."

From Springfield to Brattleboro', Vt., is only three hours' ride; but he who enters the smallest inn of an interior village in a drenching storm at night, and leaves it the next morning before the mists that night and the storm engendered have climbed up the mountain sides, and gone to mingle with the world of misty fogs above, can have but little to say of persons or places, excepting, indeed, that he may acknowledge that a clean bed and a well-supplied and well attended table exceeded the promise of the house; and that the quiet, orderly, self-respecting deportment of mechanics employed in the neighborhood, illustrate the fact elsewhere derivable, that idleness, champagne, and white gloves, are not necessary to the character of a good republican citizen.

Here is the celebrated water cure establishment of Dr. Woeseelhooffer—and it is stated that cures are really by water effected. Some oblong wicker vessels, which were visible in the baggage car of the train, seemed to intimate that entire dependence is not placed on *water* by every one in this village, though we have seldom seen a place more liberally supplied with the pure element.

In looking along the sea-shore of Massachusetts, one is struck with the spirit of these times as contrasted with those of other years. Jutting out upon the bold, rocky promontories, are seen the beautiful summer residences of the wealthy, while each stream, formerly kept open and clear by law for the ascent and descent of migratory fish, is now dammed and swollen, to augment water power. Whole towns, cities indeed, are spread out upon the inclined surfaces, that only a few years back were deemed unfit for cultivation, and consequently unworthy of consideration, while at the entrance to each port and harbor is seen some old fort, which, fifty years ago, would, in the midst of profound peace, bristle with the glittering bayonet of men-at-arms; and each morning and evening pour out the formal thunder that bespeaks the character of the fortress and the rank of its commander. Now the façade is trodden by the horse and cow that are seeking fresh pasture, and the ramparts are broken by the *borrowing* of the material for some neighboring cottage or factory; and within, where the stately tread of the sentinel showed order and produced propriety, the absence of all munitions of war, and the dilapidation of all barracks and tenements show that men have come to think of peace as the proper state of society, and to regard war as such a remote contingency that the expenditures necessary for defense may be postponed to the time when defense may be suggested by aggression. We do not profess to be members of the peace party, but

we should strangely mistake the signs of the times if we did not understand that they indicated a settled confidence of peace at home, not unsustained by the belief that no nation of the earth has the least desire to run their heads against the people of this country. It is the agreement of the people of the United States as to the value and importance of republican institutions, which gives invincibility to our arms; and foreign powers are wise enough to inquire not how many forts stand in front of seaboard towns, but how many hearts in town and country beat for the land and its institutions. Forts may be demolished by force, or betrayed by treason, but no combination of foreign power could tread out the institutions of this country, no considerable number of citizens be found faithless to the nation. Other people know this and do not ask for ramparts and armaments. Our own people know, and feel secure in the patriotic vigor of each and of all.

Massachusetts is a great country of villages, if, indeed, it would not be more correct to say, that nearly all of New England is a suburb of Boston. There are no *townships* of unoccupied lands in Massachusetts, and where, a few years prior, a stream gushed out of a swamp, turgid with the colors of the leaves and roots steeped in its waters, new villages take the place of the swamp, and the stream is seen busy with the people grinding at the mill, while from each steeple another is visible; each school-house is within sight of its like, and the well-leaved trees scarcely conceal from the inhabitants of one village the white and green of the cottages of the next town. Where such a population is found one scarcely looks for large farms or extensive homesteads; each rood of ground serves to contain and maintain its man, and the intellect of each is kept bright by the constant collision of mind with mind, and the constant necessity of vigilance to prevent encroachments or to secure the advantages of a bargain.

No one goes to the south-eastern part of Massachusetts without inquiring at least for the "farm" of Daniel Webster. It was my better lot to visit the place, and to see much of what others have of late read of. Mr. Webster purchased a large farm, which, having been in the same family almost ever since the landing of the Pilgrims, had not been disturbed by those divisions which augmented population and factory privileges effect in other parts of the state, and as the Anglo-Saxon race is remarkable for the desire to add land to land, Mr. W. has yielded to that propensity of his blood, and augmented his domains, by the annexation of two other overgrown or rather undivided farms, so that the public road seems made to divide his land for miles, and to open up for general admiration the beautiful improvements which his taste supports, and his liberality exercises.

I am not going to give any account of Mr. Webster's place for the benefit of the agricultural society, else would I speak of his gigantic oxen, and his conquest over fell and rocks; else would I describe his swine, that seem, like the ox of the Bible, to know their owner, and to feel the consequence of such domination; else would I tell of the hundred bushels of corn which were brought forth by an acre, which ten years ago seemed to share in the common attributes of the soil of the state, viz., to present in summer the contest between a stratum of paving pebbles and some stunted grass for visibility; a contest which ceased at the approach of cold weather, when, of course, the stone became most prominent, and continued so until the snow for five months buried both parties out of sight.

Mr. Webster is as fond of the ocean as of the land, and he gathers the riches of the deep for his pleasure as well as the fatness of the earth—that is, the wild fowl and the sea fish are as successfully pursued by Mr. W. as are his agricultural objects, so that with his broad land around him,

and the deep blue of the sea beyond, he sits, monarch of all he surveys.

There is in the farm of Mr. W. something like himself—it is the result of industry—it is immense—it has upon it no finical decoration, no tawdry ornaments, no pretty little hiding-places, but its wide avenues lead to immeasurable oaks and elms, and far and wide useful habitations, luxuriant fields, and lordly herds of cattle speak the great proprietor; and with all Mr. Webster's intellectual greatness he feels that even in that nook of New England he is among men who can measure his intellect and attainments, and whose respectful salutations and deferential bearing are not due to any indefinable awe for some mysterious power, attainment, or possession, but the result of a just perception of his worth, and a correct appreciation of his mental greatness and political sagacity. Mr. Webster has, of course, a magnificent library—the treasures which great minds have yielded, and a great mind gathered—a library worthy such a man—a library appropriate to such a princely residence. But it is not the only one. Within a short distance, I saw on many shelves, in the extreme building of a frame rope-walk, not four miles from Mr. Webster, a collection of books in seven or eight languages, which would make the mouth of a literary epicure water; beautiful editions of valuable works, curious collections also, and desirable copies, every one of which was familiar to its modest owner, who seemed to know every vein in his rich mine, and to be able to give the exact value of the product of each inch of its contents.

We have said that Massachusetts was the extension of Boston; it is in more ways than in the beauty of residences and the uses of wealth; not the least worthy of notice is the conformity of country with the city in the delicacy of the female mind, and the extent of refined female education, among classes which might in other parts of the country, have escaped the meliorating influences of early discipline in manners, morals, and graces; and the visitor to the villages of Massachusetts, who finds his way into the parlor in *all* seasons, will be delighted with the enlarged influences of correct education, and the evidences of entire compatibility of the most extensive literary attainment and feminine polish with the discharge, or direct supervision of domestic duties.

A NEW VOLUME of this Magazine will be commenced in January, in a style commensurate with the liberal and still increasing patronage bestowed upon it. We know that our patrons are fully satisfied with our past exertions to gratify their tastes, and we are equally confident that they will take our word when we assure them that excellent as the present volume has been, the forthcoming one will eclipse it in splendor.

The season is now close at hand for subscribing to literary periodicals, and the formation of new clubs. Let us urge upon those who design patronizing this Magazine, to send in their orders for the new volume at an early day. Although we shall print a large edition of the first numbers, it may, and doubtless will happen—as it did last year—that the supply will be totally exhausted, and disappointments occur in consequence of our inability to furnish complete sets of the numbers. This can be effectually guarded against by an early subscription for the new volume, and we hope our friends and the public generally will bear this suggestion in mind.

We have in course of preparation some exquisite large engravings, suitable for framing, designed as premium gifts to new subscribers, and from which a selection can be made. The particulars will be given in our Prospectus for the new volume, which will shortly appear.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Goldsmith: A Biography. By Washington Irving. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

No living person could we have expected a more biography of Goldsmith than from Washington Irving. Accordingly, we have one, written closer to and brain of its subject, than any other in England. There are two biographies of Goldsmith which it will naturally be compared, Prior's and Forster's, both of them works of merit, but neither Irving's in respect to felicity in conveying to the living impression of Goldsmith's character and of depositing his image softly in the mind, as an good-natured affection. Prior is invaluable for, not only in regard to facts but epistolary correspondence, and displays in his style of composition no single word-forsaken; but he has little juice in mind and dry of mind, and exhibits no vision into Goldsmith, no capacity to clutch the living of his character. Forster's biography is a more intellectual pretensions; and the narrative of Goldsmith's life, the criticism on his various works, numerous anecdotes relating to the politics and of the time, are done with an ability we could expect from a man of Forster's mental powers and splishments: but unfortunately the subject which his mind had little real sympathy, and, accordingly, the whole book, as far as it refers to Goldsmith, is affected and sentimental. The style is of Carlylisms and Macaulayisms, and further by a sickly cant of sympathy with the poor—it bears evidence of being written by a man in comfortable circumstances. But Irving is, in all constitution, sufficiently like Goldsmith to know him thoroughly, and his biography, therefore, with truth and consistency of dramatic delineation, any parade of knowledge or sentiment. With refinement of thought, and simplicity of narration, he exhibits the gradual growth of Goldsmith's mind under the tutelage of experience, and so the representation, that the dullest eye cannot miss the essential features of the character, and the art admiring them.

It is needless to say that the style is lucid, and pure, with that "polished want of polish" perfection of the words, which indicates a master in the art. The spirit breathed over the work is genial and kind, and while it throws a charm around Goldsmith, it makes the reader in love with Irving. The selection of Goldsmith's letters and writings, introduced into the narrative of events in his life, and qualities of his do not stand apart from the biographer's text, but seem to melt into it, and form a vital portion of the work. Irving has avoided the fault of the other biographers, in not admitting extraneous matter, and every thing which does not strictly relate to Goldsmith's sketches of men, and descriptions of English manners, which he introduces, are all illustrative of the circumstances and position of his author. Among the remarks on Johnson, Langton and Topham, and the account of the Literary Club, are the most interesting.

In the last chapter of the volume, Irving sums up, with accuracy and discrimination, the various qualities of Goldsmith, and presents, with a loving pen, his claims

upon the reader's esteem. We cannot refrain from quoting the concluding remarks, both for their beauty and justice. "From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly toward the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson, 'for he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say, 'let them be remembered,' since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and so familiarly ejaculated, of POOR GOLDSMITH."

Bulwer and Forbes on the Water Treatment. Edited, with Additional Matter, by Roland S. Houghton, M. D. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is published especially for the benefit of literary and professional men, to whom the editor dedicates it. As it is addressed "to those who think," there is a natural disposition on the part of the reader to think with the editor. The most entertaining piece in the volume is Bulwer's letter, in which the author of Pelham, after describing the melancholy condition of his health under the regular practice, gives his experience as a Water Patient. The other articles are more elaborate and learned disquisitions on Hydropathy, written by physicians; and whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the merits of the water cure as a medical science, he cannot fail to obtain much valuable information about bathing, and many strong inducements to look after the health of his skin.

Story of a Genius, or Cola Monti. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a little story somewhat after the manner of Miss Sedgwick's delicious juvenile tales, evidencing not merely a laudable purpose in the moral, but no mean powers of characterization, and a considerable knowledge of practical life. Cola, the slight dark-eyed Italian boy, the genius of the story, and Archibald McKaye, the youth marked out for a mercantile profession, are both well delineated; and the idea of bringing them together as natural friends is an anticipation of that union between artist and merchant which we trust will soon be more common in real life.

The Child's First History of Rome. By E. M. Sewall, Author of *Amy Herbert*, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Miss Sewall has performed, in this little volume, a difficult task, showing throughout that she understands what few authors of children's books seem to comprehend—a child's mind. A series of histories, composed on similar principles, would be a positive and permanent addition to the literature of youth. The authoress, not being "above her business," but having her audience constantly in her mind, has succeeded in avoiding every thing which would make her narrative obscure to children, and her style mirrors events in the light they ever appear to boys and girls. The account of the death of Cleopatra is one out of many examples of this felicity. In the following extract the very tone of a child's mind is caught and expressed. "Shortly afterward an officer arrived from Octavius. The first thing he saw when he entered the room was Cleopatra, dressed in her royal robes, stretched lifeless upon a golden couch. She had killed herself by means of an asp, a kind of serpent, which was brought to her in a basket of figs, and the sting of which was deadly. Iras was lying dead at the feet of her mistress; and Charmian, scarcely alive, was placing a crown upon her head. 'Was this well done, Charmian?' inquired the messenger of Octavius. 'Yes,' replied Charmian, 'it is well done, for such a death befits a glorious queen.'"

The volume, in addition to the simplicity of its narrative, bears evidence of having been compiled from good authorities; and if extensively read by the juvenile public, will be likely to make most children more informed in regard to Roman history, at least, than the majority of parents.

A Lift for the Lazy. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Few readers will have modesty enough to acknowledge publicly that this brilliant volume is addressed to them, but doubtless a great many, convicted by conscience, will take a sly peep into it to see if it really meets their wants. In truth, the author has contrived to embody in it much curious information, which the most industrious scholars have either forgotten or never acquired. It contains about five hundred scraps of knowledge, collected from a wide field of miscellaneous reading, some of which are valuable, some quaint, some sparkling, and all entertaining. We have only space to extract one specimen of the author's style, and that illustrative of his way of relating an anecdote. Under the head of "Congreve Rockets," he remarks, "These destructive implements of war were invented in 1803, by Sir William Congreve. On a certain occasion, when visiting Westminster Abby, in company with some ladies, his attention was directed by one of the party to the inscription on the great composer, Purcell's monument: 'He has gone to that place where only his music can be excelled.' 'There, Sir William,' said the young lady, 'substitute *fire-works* for *music*, and that epitaph will answer for yourself.'"

Scenes where the Tempter has Triumphed. By the Author of "The Jail Chaplain." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Here is a book, replete with morbidity and religion, in which a view of human nature is taken as it appears to an observer posted in a jail or on the gallows. There are nineteen chapters, each devoted to the narrative of a different person and a different crime, and each as interesting as one of Ainsworth's novels, and as moral as one of

Baxter's Sermons. A book which thus addresses two large classes of readers can hardly fail to succeed. We should think it an admirable text book for Sunday-Schools in Texas. It places before every criminal's eye a more or less distant view of the jail and gallows, and is thus really "an awful warning to the youth of America," and differs essentially from the "Pirate's Own Book," "The Lives of Celebrated Highwaymen," and other piquant books of the rascal department of letters.

The Stars and the Earth; or Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is a small volume of eighty-seven pages crammed with thought. It appears to have excited much attention abroad, and to have passed rapidly through three editions. The speculations of the author are grand and original, having a solid basis on undoubted facts, and conducting the mind to results of "great pith and moment." We have no space to make an abstract of what is in itself an epitome, but advise all our readers, who have thought on the subject of space and time, to obtain the work. Its style is a transparent medium for the thought, and its meaning stupidity itself can hardly miss. It requires neither a knowledge of mental or physical science to be comprehended, though it is an addition to both; and it removes some difficulties which have troubled all reflecting minds.

Retribution; or the Vale of Shadows. A Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Judged by its own pretensions as a tale of passion, this work has considerable merit, and is worthy of a more permanent form than the pamphlet in which it is published. The mode which the Harpers have adopted of issuing all novels in this uncouth shape, in order to reduce their price to twenty-five cents, is an unfortunate one for the success of a new novelist like the accomplished authoress of the present story. No man of taste, who has regard for his eyesight, is likely to read pamphlet novels, unless the author be celebrated; and the circulation of a book like the present, is therefore likely to be confined to persons who are not in the habit of discriminating very closely between one novelist and another, provided both be readable, and consume a certain portion of leisure time. Whenever an American author produces a work of fiction as meritorious in respect to literary execution as "Retribution," it ought to be issued in a form which will enable it to take its appropriate place in American literature.

History of the United States of America. By Richard Hildreth. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. 2. 8vo.

This volume ends at about the commencement of the Revolution. It is written in the same style, and on similar principles, as the first volume, which we noticed a short time ago. The work is, at least, worthy the praise of condensation, there being included in the present volume, a narrative of the events occurring in all "the Colonies during the period of a hundred years."

Letters from the Allegheny Mountains. By Charles Lummis. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this agreeable volume is well known as an essayist and tourist. The present work is mostly made up of letters originally contributed to the *National Intelligencer*, and, as a record of first impressions of scenery and manners, has a raciness and truth which a more elaborate treatment of the subject might have wanted.





pure mind, but an unsuspected character; and that to which I have referred is so intimately connected with what you suspect, that I shall take your virtuous indignation at what you imagined my allusion, as almost as applicable to my meaning as to your suspicions."

"What is it you mean, mother?"

"I mean, that with all the kindness of Adolph's manners—with all the respect he has shown for me, and his affection to you, he is tainted with the infidelity of the times, and not merely neglects the offices of the church, but ridicules the Christian religion."

"Never, mother, never; depend on it, some one has slandered Adolph to you."

"Does Adolph frequent, I will not say the *sacraments* of his church, but the church itself?"

"I see him frequently there."

"You see him there, my daughter, when he expects you are ready to return—but never does he assist in the services of the church?"

"I am not able to assert how often he attends the church, mother; but I think as frequently as most of the young men of this department, at least, of our village."

"That may be, my child, but it is of the general prevalence of irreligion in which it seems that Adolph shares, that I complain—and you know, my daughter, that following your father's advice, on his death-bed, I have said in the language of the King of Israel, 'as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"And God forbid, my dear mother, that I should hinder the fulfillment of your pious resolution, or be an exception in your religious family."

"And yet you will be, if you yoke yourself unequally with one who, if not a heretic, is only not *that* from his indifference to any religion."

"I will not, of course, assume that yoke without your approval."

"That is in a spirit of obedience; but, my daughter, it would be better if instead of limiting yourself not to marry any one without my approval, you would consent to advise with me as to some proper person among your acquaintance whom you *would* marry."

"My dear mother, the only equality in such a yoke of convenience would be the perfect indifference with which each would regard the other."

Louise was not a little shocked at the remarks made by her mother. She loved Adolph, and she knew well enough that he did not frequent the church, though she had never heard him ridicule religion, his respect for her and her religious habits would have prevented that outrage. But she could not shut her eyes to the fact that Adolph lived *out* of the influences of her church, and she knew well that her mother would never consent to her union with such a man. She mingled the subject in her prayers before she sought her bed, and gave the whole night to the anxiety which it caused.

Next day Louise opened her heart to Adolph, by expressing her fears that he had neglected the duties of his religion.

Adolph sought to evade the matter by some playful remarks, but he discovered that Louise was more than usually in earnest.

"Your mother is in this," said he.

"She is—and she adds, that I shall never marry a man who neglects the requirements of religion."

"Why, is she going to make a priest of me?"

"I hope not," said Louise; "for in that case we should be further from our marriage than we now are."

"What does she require?"

"She requires that you forbear, in the first place, any remarks against religion; and secondly, that you frequent the church, at least."

"I will do that to please her and you, at any rate," said he.

"You will do it from a higher motive, I hope," said she.

The result of the conference between Louise and Adolph was the promise on his part to be constant at church on all holydays, and to forbear any remarks which could be construed into a disrespect for religion and its ministers.

Louise retired gratified at what she had gained, but not without some sense of the unworthiness of the motives of her lover, and with many doubts whether she ought to depend on such a shallow change.

Adolph loved Louise—he promised readily—but he smiled in his heart at her seeming confidence. The truth was Adolph *had* ridiculed religion; not so much from any doubts of its truth, or any conclusions to which he had been led by argument, as by the necessity of improper association, the power of that state of mind that builds up skepticism as a sort of retreat from the stings of conscience. The moral principal of Adolph had suffered much from his associations.

It was a source of much gratification to Louise that Adolph kept his word—and Madam Berien could not deny that he was punctual in his attendance at the church, if not exceedingly edifying in his deportment. This brought Adolph more within the influence of Madam Berien's family, and that influence could not fail of being beneficial; he certainly was saved from much wrong if he was not influenced to do a great deal of what was right.

Such however was the force of example, that Adolph's habit of going to church seemed to be growing into a principle. And influenced by the delicate persuasion of Louise he even commenced a preparation for the sacraments. The progress in the work of piety was most gratifying to his betrothed, and even received some applause from her mother. The good woman was at length persuaded to give her consent to the union of her daughter with him, and the marriage was to take place immediately after Easter.

We need not speak of the happiness, and the bustle which such a consent produced in the family. With Louise it was a calm joy. It was to be the fulfillment of her heart's dearest wish. She had as she believed prepared herself for it by humble prayer and careful watching, and she had aided in fitting her lover to be her husband, by a gentle forbearance with his peculiarities, and delicate suggestions as it regarded his errors. He was a better man, more worthy of being the son-in-law of her mother.

Adolph felt that he had enough in Louise to make him forget the follies of his previous life, and though he had

not the most entire confidence in himself, yet he knew that with her vigilance and her delicacy he should be in little danger of being less worthy of her than he then was.

It is due to truth to say, that while Louise put confidence in the *resolution* of her lover, she did not feel that he was out of danger when out of her influence—danger not yet of open vice and profligacy, but of a neglect of religious duties and a resumption of those habits which had so nearly made shipwreck of him before. But he was not to be out of her influence—he was not to be removed from beneath her watchful eye. The marriage which was to take place in a few weeks would make him an inmate of her mother's house, where, indeed, already the sweetness of his disposition and his manly bearing had made him a favorite. So that Madam Berien, while she thanked God for the earnestness with which she had dealt with her daughter and his regard, confessed that his conduct now was irreproachable, and that even the religious sentiment seemed to be fully re-established in him.

It was near the close of a day early in April, that the family of Madam Berien was gathered around a table which seemed supplied with almost every thing but eatables. It was the finishing up of the wedding-dresses, and they had been about so long that there was no more pretence at concealing their uses, or hesitancy in referring to the ceremony and the time when they were to be used.

Madam Berien had just finished, for the twentieth time, a detail of the arrangements, when the curé arrived. He was always a welcome visitor at the house. His labors were lightened by the beautiful example of the family, and his wants in some measure supplied by their charitable piety. He was at home, for he felt that he might indulge there in any little sallies of wit and pleasantry, without the danger of having his language quoted to sustain irreverence; and he could speak of religion and its offices, with a certainty that those with whom he conversed sympathized with all his feelings.

In the midst of the appropriate merriment, in which real happiness rather than boisterous mirth seemed to predominate, a knocking at the door announced the approach of a stranger. He was ushered into the humble apartment, and presented the appearance of a veteran soldier of some consideration in the service.

"I have been directed," said the military visitor, "by persons in the village, to call at this house for citizen Adolph Lefevre. As my business is of an important kind, madam will, I hope, excuse my intrusion upon her domestic privacy."

Adolph rose, and announced himself as the person inquired for.

"In that case," said the visitor, "I have reason to be gratified with my call; the nation cannot fail to derive service from so finely proportioned a soldier. I bear, sir, to you a notice that you have been honored with a call to be mustered immediately into the service—as a conscript."

"A conscript! I am, sir, a conscript for 18—, but not of the present, nor even of the next year."

"I am aware, citizen conscript," said the military

gentleman, growing more and more civil as he meant to be more and more imperative, "I am aware of the year of your conscription, but the necessities of the grand army have compelled the emperor to anticipate a year or two; and you, who would otherwise have been no candidate for the cross of the legion of honor for two years at least, are now presented with the opportunity, which, of course, every Frenchman desires, of serving your country, without any such delay."

The officer presented Adolph with a paper which contained the order for his departure, fixed the day, and named the place of rendezvous; and then, with military grace, took leave of the family.

It is not possible to describe the misery which this order had brought into the family. Six months before, Adolph would have thought less of the dangers of the camp, and Madam Berien would have felt relieved by his departure; now, the thought of separation was terrible. The certainty seemed for a time to have paralyzed the family. The marriage was, of course, to be postponed.

"I could," said Louise, to the curé, "I could have sustained the blow better, had I perfect confidence in the strength of Adolph's power of resistance. It is not my disappointment that makes me weep; if I know my heart, dear father, it is the apprehension for Adolph's moral safety. He must be exposed to all the debasing influences of a great army, and to all the dangers of association with men who make a mockery of all that is holy in religion, and all that is decent in morals; and he must stand the taunts and jibes of some of those from whom he has recently been attracted. He will fall, assuredly.

"Let us pray for his endurance of the trial," said the curé.

"Let us find some one," said Louise, "that will assist to sustain his resolution of good, that will watch over him, and admonish him of his dangers."

"Who shall do that," said Father Rudolph, "but who e'er it may be, he turneth a sinner from his ways, and hideth a multitude of sins. It is a blessed office."

"Father," said Madam Berien, "are there now no chaplains in the army?"

"Alas, my child!" said the venerable curé, "war is not carried on now with that formality and parade which once distinguished it. The rapid movements of the troops give but little chance for religious impressions, and the morals of a camp seem to preclude the hope of any demand for clerical aid."

"How few of our army escape death or incurable wounds," said madam.

"Alas!" said Louise, "it is the camp more than the field that I dread; death or wounds are less injurious than the decayed morals."

There was trouble in the family of Madam Berien, trouble in the heart of Adolph. He was too young, too much a Frenchman of the time, to express an open regret at joining the army, and so he mourned his separation from Louise, and the disappointment of his marriage hopes, secretly. He dreaded the dangers of the association. He had really improved; he had begun to love virtue as he loved Louise; and he feared the

of the want of her influence in the cause
vement.

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h were to leave the village, was spent by
Madam Berien's; the curé was present
time.

ning the busy movement in the place del-
l were ready.

d only one word of farewell, one kiss to
r part was accomplished—and her heart
her as she placed upon Adolph's neck a
which she carefully hid beneath his dress.
boat that crosses the river some distance
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uniform of the regiment sat well upon
nly form; and as he stood on the boat and
ing glass with one of the principal dig-
he village, he looked as if he deserved
ad of worsted epaulets. One friend only
the youth—it was his faithful dog, Ponto,
in

THE CONSCRIPT'S DEPARTURE.

ent was mustered—it joined others—and
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was made to feel something of personal
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et as any thing less than one vast machine
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have found distinction, or acquired note,
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e identifying a drop in the ocean, or ex-
particle of matter to assert and confirm
le right to distinction.

of the progress and the victories of the
e knew exactly who were included in that
e, "one thousand killed and wounded;"
of Louise sunk within her as occasional
attles reached the village, with statements
rage, of admirable conduct, and of nu-
is. Letters were then not common from
least from private soldiers.

ed, and Louise obtained permission of her
it a relative at a distance; it was deemed
tunity to repair her health and spirits by
scenery and of company; and so she left
with more than usual evidence of grief at
r Louise, though affectionate, was not
e rarely anticipated danger in any under-
own; and such was her self-possession,
r suffered from any of those incidents of
so often disturb the nerves of more deli-

d been fought, and a German city yielded

to the arms of the French. The wounded were dis-
posed of in the hospitals, churches, and hotels of the
conquered city.

Adolph lay stretched out upon a well prepared bed
in a small chamber, quite apart from some of his
wounded brethren. A musket-ball had passed through
his body, escaping the vital parts, but producing a
wound which it was feared would, from the lack of
regular attendants, and the warmth of the weather,
prove mortal. He had suffered much, and his system
was not in a condition to aid nature; still he rather
improved. One morning, while he lay ruminating on
the change in his affairs, he saw the surgeon of the
regiment entering the room, followed by a young,
slightly-built person, who seemed to have very little
of the military in his movements or his dress; his face,
for a moment, sent back the thoughts of Adolph to the
home of his boyhood and youth; he started, as if some
sudden pain had seized him, but looking again, he heard
the name of the stranger announced. It was Klemm;
he was the secretary to the general commanding the city.

"I have come," said Klemm, sitting down beside
the bed of Adolph, "to assist in taking care of some of
our wounded."

"Of our wounded," said Adolph.

"Yes, *our* wounded; for, though my pronunciation
is rather German than French, I am a native and a
citizen of France, educated in Germany, and bearing
in my speech pretty strong proofs of my master's
powers of instruction, and my own of imitation. I have
left some of the volunteer nurses with others, and have
come to do my best by you. I have some acquaint-
ance with the art. Is this your dog?"

"Yes, this is Ponto the second; his predecessor,
whom I brought from the village with me, perished in
the same action in which his master received his pre-
sent wound; and long used to the company of a faithful
dog, I procured this, the nearest resemblance to old
Ponto that I could find, and have christened him after
his predecessor.

"And transferred your affections from the old to the
new companion?"

"Not entirely yet, but nearly, I think; he is likely
to inherit the love as well as the name of the de-
ceased."

"Love is a quality easily transferred, then?" said
Klemm.

"Why, yes; we soldiers, who are quartered in
favorable positions, do certainly find it a convertible
commodity."

"I will dress your wound," said Klemm.

When the office had been performed, and Adolph
was settled quietly down upon his well beaten pillow,
Klemm said, "It is now time for me to repair to my
duties at head-quarters, and you would better compose
yourself to sleep. Do you need the assistance of a
chaplain as well as a nurse?"

"To confess the truth," said Adolph, "I believe I
could about as well dress my wound myself, as to go
over some of those troublesome prayers with which
my boyhood was unutterably bored. I think, how-
ever, that a little sleep would be about as refreshing
as prayers."

Just as Klemm was withdrawing, Adolph called to him.

"Do I understand that you are to act as assistant surgeon or nurse in this building?"

"Yes."

"Then I think I shall recover, for I have felt no dressing like this since I was shot; and probably in a few weeks we may have a frolic together, for I perceived as they brought me hither that the place is not wholly destitute of females."

Considerable familiarity grew up between the wounded man and his nurse. The exceeding delicacy of the attentions of Klemm; his soothing care; his skillful application of all the prescriptions of the surgeon, created in Adolph a spirit of gratitude which then found expression in words, but which he hoped would have other exponents at a future time.

"I see you wear a token," said Klemm, as he took hold of the medal which had been placed round the neck of the soldier. "I should think that one who wore this would not fail in his daily devotions. Or is this a love token?"

"Well, rather more of love than religion, I imagine"

"Oh, then your heart has suffered as much as your body?"

"Why that might be the token of another's love for me, rather than of mine for her."

"That is true, indeed; the medal itself might have been bestowed as a token of love for you; but surely, if worn by you, it was worn as a token of love for another."

"Why, to say the truth, it has been worn without much thought any way; but if you will look at it, you will see that it has raved my life by breaking the force of a ball."

"It has certainly suffered considerably," said Klemm, as he gazed at the crushed medal.

"It is strange," said Klemm, some days afterward, when dressing the wounds of Adolph, "that you should wear a religious medal on your neck, and appear to be inattentive to services for which such things are worn, and even indifferent to the motives for which this particular one was given."

"Do you know the motive?" said Adolph.

"You told me some days since, that it was rather a token of love than religion."

"In which I think it proper to say I was wrong."

"You awaken in me a curiosity by your remarks which I certainly have no right to expect will be gratified."

Adolph, whose fault of character it was to yield to immediate influences, professed himself willing to explain, desiring it to be understood, however, that the names he should use with regard to the absent, should be fictitious. "My own follies are justly visited on me, but I have no right to connect respectable names with mine in this situation."

Adolph, changing the name of the village and that of Madam Berien's family, related to Klemm the circumstances of his life—his love for Louise, his irreligious habits, his restoration to propriety, his call to the army, and added that the evil associations of the camp had obliterated not only the sense of respect which he

had begun to feel for religion, but it had really led him back to skepticism; and his life in the army had of late been in accordance with his want of belief.

"Of course," said Klemm, "you retain your affection for things and persons of this world, notwithstanding your loss of belief in the doctrines that relate to that which is to come?"

"Not entirely."

"Have you ceased to love Louise—do you love another?"

"Neither; but I confess to you that as I released myself from the trammels which the religious opinions of Louise placed upon my mind and conduct, I felt less respect, and consequently less love for her."

"Does your respect and love go together?"

My love for her was almost entirely dependent on respect. She was my superior in education, my teacher in religion."

"And so she put on airs, did she—played the school-mistress?"

"I should certainly do injustice to her were I to admit the force of your query. She led me back into religious observances less by any thing masculine in her character than by the evident disinterestedness of her conduct, and the conviction that however little I might respect the requirements of religion, I certainly found the results of the outward observances of the rules the best for myself."

"Do you still love Louise?"

"Can I love her, and live as I have lived for these last six months? I ask seriously."

"I will answer that when I can ascertain how intimately your self-respect is connected with that respect which you say was the fount of your love for Louise."

"It is certain that for some months after I entered the army, my resolutions for good were well maintained, and I thought that my affections for Louise were augmented by absence. But I fell into the habits of those with whom I associated, and I soon found that they shared the opinions which my earlier companions professed; and I confess to you that my old skepticism returned, and though my sufferings here have certainly prevented me from the indulgence of dissipation into which I had fallen, yet I do not find that my religious belief has returned with my change of conduct."

"Probably not, your change of conduct, as you call it, is only the necessity of your position, and you have perhaps sinned as heartily here, within sight of death, as when you were in the full flush of health."

"And, by the way, Mr. Klemm, that is the unkindest remark you have made to me yet, and smacking the least of German accent of any sentence you have uttered. How much your voice resembles Louise's?"

"Do I resemble her much in other respects?"

"You are not as tall, and you are darker; beside, your shock of hair resembles her splendid head about as much as your guttural German does her pure French."

"Adolph," said Klemm, "in accents far more Germanic than those recently used, 'would you seek to renew your relations with Louise if you were now permitted to return?'"

"The only weakness which I ever knew in Louise

was her love for me, and that, I have occasion to know, would not allow her to marry me with my present vices."

"Could you not conform to the customs of her family without a change of opinion?"

"Would you advise me to do it?"

"Would you do it?"

"Klemm, you have seen too much of my character for me to affect to conceal much from you. I repeat it, I do not find myself disposed to any sanctimonious display of piety; I cannot and will not submit myself to the mortifying sacraments of the church. But if I could play the hypocrite, I would not deceive Louise if I could; and I suppose it is an evidence of my want of love for her now, that I will not do this to secure her as my wife. What say you?"

"I will answer you to-morrow," said Klemm, as he hastily left the room.

"All gone! all impressions of piety erased, all holy resolutions abandoned, all faith shipwrecked, all progress given up, all religion relinquished; yet what is that last sentiment he utters, 'I would not deceive her even to make her my wife.' Surely while the sentiments of religion are clouded, while their effect is denied, they are lying deep in the heart, buried, but not lost—silent, unseen, but surely not dead."

Adolph was recovering slowly, and his nurse sought to comfort him with the assurance that he would soon be allowed to return home upon a furlough.

"Why should I desire to return home," said Adolph, "a wreck of what I have been—a wreck in mind and body, my health ruined and my faith destroyed? I take back nothing which caused my departure to be regretted."

"You have heard, then, that Louise, apprised of your situation, has resolved to discard you?"

"No, I have not heard it, but I feel it; and, moreover, I cannot and will not impose upon her faith in me."

"I think if you could resolve to resume your religious duties there, notwithstanding all that has passed here, though she should know it all, she would receive you. But shall I invite a priest into your room?"

"To have me laughed at by the whole regiment. I have little to confess that I have not told you—nothing, indeed, that you may not fully understand by what I have said."

"But I have no functions to grant absolution, whatever you may confess."

"Has any one more than you have? Is not the whole system one of priestcraft? What do priests know more than I do, and for what are they seeking to bring me under their care, unless to augment their power, and increase their comforts?"

"Perhaps you have an inclination to listen to teachers of another creed? They are in the next town."

"Oh no, they are all alike in one thing, however they may differ in other matters, to rule others and help themselves."

"Was Father Rudolph of that class?"

"No, apparently not—but how do you know Father

Rudolph? Or how did you know that I was acquainted with him?"

Klemm bit his lip—"It is not difficult to ascertain who have been your friends, as in your delirium you were very free with their names."

"Did I repeat her name?"

"Only as Louise. But you are apparently set against the clergy."

"Yes."

"Have you thought really of their influence on your life. Have you considered that much of all that you call morals is indeed the effect of their religious teaching."

"That is *religion* not the *priest*."

"I speak for the *instrument*, I confess; but a clergyman is to religion what an army is to a *war*—and you might as well think of conducting a national contest without officer and soldier, as a moral, religious contest without a clergy. And I doubt whether you have any idea of religion, unless it be a sort of restraint upon certain actions and passions. You mean morals when you say religion, and as you have seen morals exist where there was no profession of religion or observance of prescribed devotion, you think that such a morality is an independent system. Let me correct that idea. I agree that we find morals without religion, but I do not agree that morals would exist without it, and thousands of our young officers (I heard some of them last evening) assert with philosophic gravity, that they are moral (they mean good) without religion. How vain—how short-sighted. They overlook the great fact that their morals are good habits founded on the religious teachings and practice of their mothers or priests, and that all the credit which they claim for their philosophy is due to Christianity, and that less settled in habits, or less reflective than they now are, they would fall with the first temptation that presented. What do you say to that Adolph?"

"I say nothing now—proceed."

"I will proceed to make a personal application. To whom was the virtue of your childhood and youth due? Certainly to your virtuous, religious mother."

"Did you know my mother?"

"What a question!"

"If not, how did you know that she was religious?"

"Because you said that in your childhood you were religious and had a mother. You gave me a knowledge of the cause when you stated the effect."

"But my mother was neither a *priest* nor a *religieuse*."

"No, but she frequented the sacrament of the church, and attended to the instruction of a priest, and thus became *religious*. But you admit that falling into bad company your morals became, if not depraved, at least vitiated, and that you began to despise religion when you neglected morals."

"But when I began to reform, certainly I did not owe my change of purpose to a priest, and I only intended the reformation in my morals."

"To whom then were you indebted for moral improvement?"

"To Louise."

"And did not Louise owe her instruction to the same

priest whom you had neglected? Nay, is it not probable that she applied to Father Rudolph for advice in the very matter of your reformation, and that he prescribed the condition on which she was to indulge her affections and encourage yours?"

"I cannot say that it was not so. But Louise was pretty independent in her manners, and would scarcely have asked the priest's advice with regard to a lover."

"Do you know any thing temporal of greater consequence than matrimonial engagements, or any relation more likely to have effect upon what you seem to think the priest has a legitimate right to meddle with?"

"I do not believe the priest interfered."

"I know he did."

"You *know*?"

"It is most natural that he should have done it. And now permit me to suggest still further, that while you owe the lessons which Louise gave you to the good father, you owe the reformation which you commenced to the remains of religious instruction in your heart. Undoubtedly it was your love to Louise that gave her influence over you, but it was religion that made her efforts successful."

"You confuse me—I do not assent, but I cannot now contend."

"I will leave you—leave you with this single remark, that not only did you owe your former reformation to religion, but there is religion now dealing with your heart, and your affection for Louise will return with the ready admission of religious instruction and the performance of religious duties."

"I think I love her now as well as ever,"

"Then I shall hear more to-morrow of your experience."

The night was one of nervous irritability, and poor Adolph presented to the surgeon the next morning, one of the worst cases of relapse in the hospital, and Klemm was early summoned to the room of his patient. The day was passed in painful aberration of mind, and short unrefreshing sleep.

The evening found the sufferer somewhat relieved."

"What can I do for you more?" said Klemm, as he smoothed down the pillow after assisting Adolph to acquire a comfortable position.

"That voice again!" said Adolph, "and no German."

"I have got clear of my German accent by conversing with you."

"Only at times," said Adolph.

"Can I do nothing more for you?"

"Nothing, I believe.—Did you prepare for the priesthood?"

"No. I had neither inclination nor vocation."

"I am sorry."

"Adolph you are very sick—sick, less from the pain of your wound than from the tumult of your mind. I am unable to assist you. Let me invite in a clergyman, who is in the hospital."

"Are there any here?"

"One. The terrible state of the wounded in some of the wards has compelled the officer to admit a priest."

"Is there contagious disease?"

"Yes."

"Do you not fear for yourself?"

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus.*"

"What's that?"

"Remember the words. I will call in the clergyman."

And before Adolph could either consent or refuse Klemm had left the room.

In a short time a priest entered the chamber of Adolph, and proceeded to make himself acquainted with the state of his penitent's mind, and then to attend to the duties of his sick call.

Adolph was calm and settled when Klemm returned, but not communicative.

Klemm then announced his departure a duty, and the fact that Adolph would, as soon as his strength would permit, be allowed to return home.

The parting of the friends that evening was truly affecting. Klemm was made to promise a visit to the village—"Though," said he, "I may make an impression on Louise unfavorably to you."

"I do not fear that," said Adolph.

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus,*" said Klemm. A German quotation which I will show you in the original, or at least explain to you when we meet in your village."

Klemm took leave of Adolph and Ponto, the faithful dog, and proceeded on his journey.

Men gather to see a regiment, a single company, or even a little squad depart for the camp—but few look out for the returning wounded—they come back singly and sorrowful. The wagon that was passing the ferry house nearly opposite the village in which resided Madam Berien, stopped for a moment, and a soldier, war-worn and wounded, stepped slowly from the vehicle, followed by his dog. He entered the house, and as he closed the door upon a small parlor, he found himself confronted by a female.

"Adolph!"

"Louise!"

"And your mother?"

"Well—all well."

"And Ponto," too, said Louise, as the affectionate dog, after reconnoitering round her, sprang up to receive his share of the caresses—"Ponto, too, come back."

"Yes. But this is not Ponto that left the village with me. How comes he to be so familiar with you?"

"Your wounds are better?"

"I am well nearly. I need only rest—only your kindness, and I shall be ready for another campaign," said he with a melancholy smile.

The boat awaited the passengers, and a few on the opposite shore were waiting for the

CONSCRIPT'S RETURN.

Adolph was received by the villagers on the shore with hearty welcome, and was conducted toward his former residence. As he entered the little hamlet, he turned slowly into the church, and at the foot of the humble altar poured out to Heaven the thanks which swelled up in his heart for his return. And near him one heart gushing with love and gratitude was breath-

ing out its thanksgiving that the wanderer had first sought the house of God.

The post-office the next day supplied a letter, without post-mark, giving Adolph an officer's commission for the gallantry that saved his colonel's life at the imminent risk of his own, and extending his furlough for a year.

"But Louise," said Adolph, "how your complexion has suffered since I saw you."

"I have been absent for some weeks."

"Yes, and these mountain relatives of yours always look of about the same color as one of their ripe grapes."

Adolph having now some position, and a source of reliance upon his good resolution, presented himself before Madam Berien to solicit formally the hand of her daughter.

The matter *had* evidently occupied the worthy lady's attention, as she consented at once, referred to an early day for the marriage, and desired that her own house might be the residence of her son-in-law and his wife.

"Surely, Providence is too good to me," said Adolph, when he announced to Louise the result of his negotiation.

"Has it ever failed you when you really relied upon it?"

"Did it not allow me to be sent to the army, and to suffer horribly. I do believe I should have died without Klemm."

"Has not your campaign resulted in the adoption of a sounder code of morals, a restoration to religious exercises, and the acquisition of rank, and in our almost immediate marriage. And will not Klemm be here at our wedding?"

"I hope so, but faith Klemm is such a well-made handsome little fellow, that I might wish him to tarry until after our marriage. I should not like to find him and you chatting German sentiment together in the German language."

"And why not, Adolph?"

"I might *fear* that the sleek little secretary would outshine the wounded lieutenant."

"Fear, Adolph! You would not *fear*."

"Why not?" asked he, with a smile.

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus*," said Louise, with a strong German accent.

"Good Heaven, Louise! where did you find that quotation, and where that accent and look?"

"Why, the quotation is from the Bible, and the accent is as true German as my grape-raising relatives know how to give."

No Klemm arrived as Adolph hoped, and so the bridal party set forward to the church where Father Rudolph was awaiting their arrival. The simple but interesting ceremony was concluded, and as the party rose from their last genuflection toward the altar, Louise whispered into her husband's ear:

"Klemm has come!"

"Where—where is he? Oh! how I long to have him share in the happiness which I enjoy, and he *will* share in it, for it is of his own producing. Oh! Louise, could you but know—but I have told you all I can tell; yet I cannot express what I feel for that young man's beautiful devotion to my good—to him alone, next to God, am I indebted for this day's unspeakable delight."

"I thought you owed it to *me*," said Louise.

"To you—to you indeed, that you are mine—but to him that I was made worthy of your acceptance. Dear Louise, I am *afraid* you must share—"

"Afraid, Adolph—'*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus*.'"

"Louise, you confound me—whose is that tone of voice—whose that arch look? Surely you are not yourself now?"

"Not this moment, Adolph. Just *now* I am Klemm!"

"The sacrifices of Louise had been accepted in Heaven—of course they were appreciated on earth, and "perfect love which casteth out fear," had lured the wanderer back to religion, and had been rewarded in its good performed and the power of doing good.

TO MY STEED.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Come forth, my brave steed, for the dew 's on the flowers,
And we will away with the speed of the hours;
The breath of the summer-time rides on the gale,
And health is abroad on each mountain and dale.

Come forth, for the lark is alive with his song,
And the bound of my pulses is life-like and strong;
It is gladness to see the wild fire of thine eye,
And feel thy light tread as the breeze rushes by.

Come forth, my own Arab, the Sun is asleep,
And the tears of the morning thy dark mane shall steep;
Thou shalt drink from the gushes of Summer's cool streams,
E'er the flow of the fountain is tipt with morn's beams.

Come forth to the greenwood whilst perfume is there,
And we'll start the wild deer from his slumbering lair;
The leap of the cascade, and dash of the spray,
Shall echo more faint as we hurry away.

Come forth, my brave steed—far truer art thou
Than the smile on the lip, or the light on the brow;
More faithful than promises lovers may breathe,
Or the garlands of fame that a nation may wreath.

Come forth—I am ready—hurrah for the hills,
Whilst the harp-string of pleasure with ecstasy thrills;
No hour like the morning—no scene like this
In all the wide world, for a moment of bliss.

JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Concluded from page 262.)

CHAPTER II.

The Sacrifice.

Ask any thing but that.

AN hour had not quite passed, when, as she sat alone in her little gayly-decorated study, with its walls hung with water-color drawings of her own execution, its tables strewn with poetry and music of her own composition, and her favorite books, and her own lute—her little study in which the happiest hours of her life had been spent, the first hours of her married life, while Jasper was all that her fancy painted him—his step came along the corridor, but with a slow and hesitating sound, most unlike to the quick, firm, decided tread, for which he was remarkable.

She noticed the difference, it is true, at the moment, but forgot it again instantly. It was enough! It was he! and he was coming once again to seek her in her own apartment; he had a boon to ask of her—he had promised to love her—he had called her “his dear Theresa.”

And now she sprung up, with her soul beaming from her eyes, and ran to meet him. The door was opened ere he reached it, and as he entered, she fell upon his neck, and wound her snowy arms about his waist, and kissed him fifty times, and wept silent tears in the fullness of her joy.

And did not his heart respond in the least to her innocent and girlish rapture; did he not bend at all from his bad purpose; was there no melting, no relenting in that callous, selfish nature; was, indeed, all within him hard as the nether millstone?

He clasped her, he caressed her, he spoke to her fondly, lovingly, he kissed, like Judas, to betray. He suffered her to lead him to his favorite seat of old, the deep, softly-cushioned, low arm-chair, and to place her foot-stool by his side, and nestle herself down upon it as she used to do, with her arms folded negligently across his knee, and her beautiful rounded chin propped upon them, with her great earnest eyes looking up in his face, like unfathomable wells of tenderness.

And he returned her gaze of fondness, unabashed, unembarrassed; and yet it was sometime before he spoke; and when he did speak at length; his voice was altered and almost husky. But it was from doubt how best he might play his part, not that he shrunk from the task he had imposed upon himself, either for shame or for pity.

“Well, my Theresa,” he said, at last, “have you thought whether you will make this sacrifice?”

“No, Jasper, I have not thought about it; but if you wish me to make it, I will make it, and it will be no sacrifice.”

“But I tell you, Theresa, that it is a sacrifice, a mighty and most painful sacrifice; a sacrifice so great and so terrible, that I almost fear, almost feel that it would be selfish in me to ask it of you.”

“Ask it, then; ask it quickly, that you may see how readily it shall be granted.”

“Can you conceive no sacrifice that you would not make to please me?”

“None, that you would ask of me.”

“Theresa, no one can say what another *might* ask of them. Husbands, lovers, brothers, have asked strange sacrifices—fearful sacrifices, at woman’s hands; and—they have been made.”

“Ask me, then, ask me,” she repeated, smiling, although her face had grown somewhat pale as she listened to his words, and marked his strangely excited manner. “I repeat, there is *no* sacrifice which you would ask of me, which I will not make. Nay more, there is none which I should think a sacrifice if it is to preserve your love to me, when I feared that I had lost it forever, though how, indeed, I knew not.”

“We shall see,” he said, affecting to muse with himself, and ponder deeply. “We shall see; you are a great historian, and have read of all the celebrated women of times past and present. You have heard of the beautiful Mademoiselle Desvieux, she who—”

“She who was the promised wife of the great, the immortal Bossuet; and who sacrificed her own happiness, freeing her lover from the claims she held on him, lest a wife should be a clog upon his pure yet soaring ambition, lest an earthly affection should weaken him from a higher love, and weaken the cords that were drawing him toward heaven! I have—I have heard of her! Who has not—who does not revere her name—who does not love her?”

“And what think you of her sacrifice, Theresa?”

“That it was her duty. A difficult duty to perform, you will say, but still her duty. Her praise is, that she performed it gloriously. And yet I doubt not that her sacrifice bore her its own exceeding great reward. Loving as she loved, all her sorrows must have been changed into exultation, when she saw him in after days the saint he became, the saint she helped to make him.”

“And could you have made such a sacrifice, Theresa?”

“I hope so, and I think so,” she replied, with a little hesitation. “But it avails not now to think of that, seeing that I cannot make such. She was a maiden, I am a wedded wife.”

“True, dearest, true. I only named her, to judge, by your opinion, of what I wish to learn, ere I will ask you. There was another sacrifice, Theresa, a very terrible sacrifice, made of late, and made to no pur-

pose, too, as it fell out—a sacrifice of far more doubtful nature; yet there be some who have not failed to praise it?"

"What was it—do you praise it?"

"At least I pity it, Theresa."

"What was it—tell me?"

"After the late rebellion at Sedgemoor. Have you not heard, Theresa?"

"No, I think not—go on, I want to hear it; go on, Jasper."

"There was a young man, a cavalier, very young, very brave, very nobly born, and, it is said, very handsome. He was taken after the route of that coward, Gray of Werk's horse—cast into prison, and, when his turn came, tried by the butcher, Kirke—you know what that means, Theresa?"

"Condemned," she said, sadly. "Of course he was condemned—what next?"

"To be hung by the neck upon the shameful gibbet, and then cut down, while yet alive, and subjected to all the barbarous tortures which are inflicted as the penalty of high treason."

"Horrible! horrible! and—what more, Jasper?"

"Have you not, indeed, heard the tale?"

"Indeed, no. I pray you tell me, for you have moved me very deeply."

"It is very moving. The boy had a sister—the loveliest creature, it is said, that trod the soil of England, scarce seventeen years of age, a very paragon of grace and purity and beauty. They two were alone in the world—parents, kinsfolk, friends, they had none. They had none to love but one another, even as we, my Theresa; and they did love—how, you may judge. The girl threw herself at the butcher's feet, and implored her brother's pardon."

"Go on, go on, Jasper!" cried the young wife, excited almost beyond the power of restraining her emotions by the dreadful interest of his tale, "and, for once, he granted it?"

"And, for once, as you say, he granted it. But upon one condition."

"And that was—?"

"And that was, that the young girl should make a sacrifice—an awful sacrifice—should submit, in a word, to be a martyr for her brother's sake."

"To die for him—and she died! Of course, she died to save him; that were *no* sacrifice, none, Jasper—I say none! Why *any* woman would have done that?"

"It was not to die for him—it was to sacrifice herself—herself—for she was lovely, as I told you—to the butcher."

"Ah!" sighed Theresa, with a terrible sensation at her heart, which she could not explain, even to herself; "and what—what did she?"

"She asked permission to consult her brother."

"And he told her that he had rather die ten thousand deaths than that she should lose one hair's breadth of her honor!" cried Theresa, enthusiastically clasping her hands together.

"And he told her that life was very sweet, and death on a gallows very shameful!"

"The catiff! the miserable, loathsome slave! the

filthy dastard! I trust that Kirke drew him with wild horses! The gallows were too good for such a slave."

"Then *you* would not have made such a sacrifice?"

"I—I!" she exclaimed, her soft blue eyes actually flashing fire; "I sacrifice my honor! but lo!" she interrupted herself, smiling at her own vehemence, "am not I a little fool, to fancy that you are in earnest. No, dearest Jasper, I would no more make *that* sacrifice, than you would suffer me to do so. Did not I make that reservation, did I not say any sacrifice, which you would ask of me?"

"Ay, dearest!" he replied gently, laying his hand on her head, "you do me no more than justice there. I would die as many deaths as I have hairs on my head, before you should so save me." And for the first time that night Jasper St. Aubyn spoke in earnest.

"I know you would, Jasper. But go on, I pray you, with this fearful tale. I would you had not begun it; but now you have, I must hear it to the end. What did she?"

"She did, Theresa, as her brother bade her. She sacrificed herself to the butcher."

"Poor wretch! poor wretch! and so her brother lived with the world's scorn and curses on his head—and she—did she *die*, Jasper?"

"No, my Theresa. She is alive yet. It was the brother died."

"How so? how could that be? Did Kirke then relent?"

"Kirke never relented! When the girl awoke in the butcher's chamber, with fame and honor—all that she loved in life—lost to her for ever—he bade her look out of the window—what think you she saw there, Theresa?"

"What?"

"The thing, that an hour before was her brother, dangling in the accursed noose from the gibbet."

"And God did not speak in thunder."

"To the girl's mind, He spoke—for that went astray at once, jangled and jarred, and out of tune forever! *There* was a sacrifice, Theresa."

"A wicked one, and so it ended, wickedly. We'll none of such sacrifices, Jasper. If we should ever have to die, which God avert in his mercy, any death of violence or horror, we will die tranquilly and together. Will we not, dearest?"

"As you said but now, may the good God guard us from such a fate, Theresa; and yet," he added, looking at her fixedly, and with a strange expression, "we may be nearer to it than we think for, even now."

"Nearer to what, Jasper? speak," she cried, eagerly, as if she had missed the meaning of the words he last uttered.

"Nearer to the perils of the law, for high treason," answered her husband, in a low, dejected voice. "It is of that I have been anxious to speak with you all the time."

"Then speak at once, for God's sake, dearest Jasper! speak at once, and fully, that we may know the worst," and she showed more composure now, in what she naturally deemed the extremity of peril, than he had looked for, judging from the excitement she had manifested at the mere listening to the story of an-

other's perils. "Say on," she added, seeing that he hesitated, "let me know the worst."

"It must be so, though it is hard to tell, Theresa; we—myself, I mean, and a band of the first and noblest youths of England—have been engaged for these three months past in a conspiracy to banish from the throne of England this last and basest son of a weak, bigoted, unlucky race of kings—this cowardly, blood-thirsty, persecuting bigot—this Papist monarch of a Protestant land, this James the Second, as men call him; and to set in his place the brave, wise, virtuous William of Nassau, now Stadtholder of the United Provinces. It is this business which has obliged me to be absent so often of late, in London. It is the failure of this business which has rendered me morose, unkind, irritable—need I say more, you have pardoned me, Theresa."

"The failure of this business!" she exclaimed, gazing at him with a face from which dismay had banished every hue of color—"the failure!"

"Ay, Theresa, it is even so. Had we succeeded in liberating England from the cold tyrant's bloody yoke, we had been patriots, saviors, fathers of our country—Brutuses, for what I know, and Timoleons! We have failed—therefore, we are rebels, traitors; and, I suppose, ere long shall be victims."

"The plot, then, is discovered?"

"Even so, Theresa."

"And how long, Jasper, have you known this dreadful termination?"

"I have foreseen it these six weeks or more. I knew it, for the first time, to-day."

"And is it absolutely known, divulged, proclaimed? Have arrests been made?" she asked, with a degree of coolness that amazed him, while he felt that it augured ill for the success of his iniquitous scheme; but he had, in some sort, foreseen her questions, and his answers were prepared already. He answered, therefore, as unhesitatingly as if there had been one word of truth in all that he was uttering.

"It is *all* known to one of the leading ministers of the government; it is not divulged; and no arrests have been made yet. But the breathing space will be brief."

"All, then, is easy! Let us fly! Let us take horse at once—this very night! By noon to-morrow, we shall be in Plymouth, and thence we can gain France, and be safe there until this tyranny shall be o'erpast."

"Brave girl!" he replied, with the affectation of a melancholy smile. "Brave Theresa, you would bear exile, ruin, poverty with the outlawed traitor; and we might still be happy. But, alas, girl! it is too late to fly. The ports are all closed throughout England. It is too late to fly, and to fight is impossible."

"Then it remains only that we die!" she exclaimed, casting herself into his arms, "and that is not so difficult, now that I know you love me, Jasper." But, even as she uttered the words, his previous conversation recurred to her mind, and she started from his arms, crying out, "but you spoke of a sacrifice!—a sacrifice which I could make! Is it possible that I can save you?"

"Not me alone, Theresa, but all the band of brothers who are sworn to this emprise; nor them alone, but England, which may, by your deed, still be liberated from the tyrant."

She turned her beautiful eyes upward, and her lips moved rapidly, although she spoke not. She was praying for aid from on high—for strength to do her duty.

He watched her with calm, expectant, unmoved eyes, and muttered to himself, "I have gained. She will yield."

"Now," she said, "now," as her prayer was ended, "I am strong now to bear. Tell me, Jasper, what must I do to save you?"

"I cannot tell you, dearest. I cannot—it is too much—you could not make it; nor if *you* would, could I. Let it pass. We will die—all die together."

"And England!" exclaimed the girl, with her face kindling gloriously; "and our mother England, must she perish by inches in the tyrant's clutch, because *we* are cowards? No, Jasper, no. Be of more constant mind. Tell me, what is it I must do? and, though it wring my heart and rack my brain, if I *can* save you and your gallant friends, and our dear native land, I will save them, though it kill me."

"Could you endure to part from me, Theresa—to part from me forever?"

"To part from you, Jasper!" no written phrase can express the agony, the anguish, the despair, which were made manifest in every sound of those few simple words. A breaking heart spoke out in every accent.

"Ay, to part from me, never to see me more—never to hear my voice; only to know that I exist, and that I love you—love you beyond my own soul! Could you do this, Theresa, in the hope of a meeting hereafter, where no tyranny should ever part us any more?"

"I know not—I know not!" she exclaimed, in a shrill, piercing tone, most unlike her usual soft, slow utterance. "Is this the sacrifice you spoke of? Would this be called for at my hands?"

"To part from me so utterly that it should not be known or suspected that we had ever met—ever been wedded?"

"Why, Jasper," she cried, starting, and gazing at him wildly, "*that* were impossible; all the world knows that we have met—that we have lived together here—that I *am* your wife. What do you mean? Are you jesting with me? No, no! God help me! that resolute, stern, dark expression! No, no, no, no! Do not frown on me, Jasper; but keep me not in this suspense—only tell me, Jasper."

"The whole world—that is to say, the whole world of villagers and peasants here, do know that we have met—that we have lived together; but they do not *know*—nay, more, they do not *believe*, that you *are* my wife, Theresa."

"Not your wife—not your wife! What, in God's name, then, do they believe me to be. But I *am*—I *am*—yes, before God and man, I *am* your wife, Jasper St. Aubyn! That shame will I never bear. The parish register will prove it."

"Before God, dearest, most assuredly you *are* my wife; but before man, I grieve to say, it is not so; nor will the register, to which you appeal—as I did, when I first heard the scandal—prove any thing, but against you. It seems the rascal sexton cut out the record of

our marriage from the register, so soon as the old rector died. He is gone, so that he can witness nothing. Alderly and the sexton will not speak, for to do so would implicate themselves in the guilt of having mutilated the church-register. Alderly's mother is an idiot. We can *prove* nothing."

"And when did you learn all this, Jasper?" she asked, calmly; for a light, a fearful yet most clear illumination began to dawn upon her mind.

"Last night. And I rode down this morning to the church, to inspect the register. It is as I was told; there is no trace of the record which we signed, and saw witnessed, on its pages."

"And to what end should Verity and Alderly have done this great crime needlessly?"

"Villains themselves, they fancied that I too was a villain; and that, if not then, at some after time, I should desire to profit by their villainy, and should then be in their power."

"Ha!" she said, still maintaining perfect self-possession. "It seems, at least, that their villainy was wise, was prophetic!"

"Theresa!" his voice was stern, and harsh, and threatening—his brow as black as midnight.

"Pardon me!" she said. "Pardon me, Jasper; but you should make allowance for some feeling in a woman. I am, then, looked upon as a lost, fallen wretch, as a disgrace to my name and my sex, a concubine, a harlot—is it not so, Jasper?"

"Alas! alas! Theresa!"

"And you would have me?—speak!"

"I would not have you do it; God knows! it goes nigh to break my heart to think of it—I only tell you what alone can save us—"

"I understand—it needs not to mince the matter; what is it, then, that can save us—save *you*, I should say rather, and *your* friends?"

"That you should leave me, Theresa, and go where you would, so it were not within a hundred miles of this place—but better to France or Italy; all that wealth could procure you, you should have; and my love would be yours above all things, even although we never meet, until we meet in heaven."

"Heaven, sir, is for the innocent and faithful, not for the liar and the traitor! But how shall this avail any thing to save you, if I consent to do it? I must know all; I must see all clearly, before I act."

"Are you strong enough to bear what I shall say to you, my poor Theresa?"

"Else had I not borne to hear what you *have* said to me."

"It is the secretary of state, then, who has discovered our plot. He is himself half inclined to join us; but he is a weak, interested, selfish being, although of vast wealth, great influence, and birth most noble. Now, he has a daughter—"

"Ah!" the wretched girl started as if an ice-bolt had shot to her very heart, "and you—you would wed her!"

"That is to say, *he* would have me wed her; and on that condition joins our party. And so our lives, and England's liberties, should be preserved by your glorious sacrifice."

"I must think, then—I must think," she answered, burying her head in her hands, in truth, to conceal the agony of her emotions, and to gain time, not for deliberation, but to compose her mind and clear her voice for speech.

And he stood gazing on her, with the cold, cutting eye, the calm, sarcastic sneer, of a very Mephistopheles, believing that she was about to yield, and inwardly mocking the very weakness, on which he had played, to his own base and cruel purposes.

But in a moment she arose and confronted him, pale, calm, majestic, most lovely in her extremity of sorrow, but firm as a hero or a martyr.

"And so," she said, in a clear, cold, ringing voice, "this is the sacrifice you ask of me?—to sever myself from you forever—to go forth into the great, cruel, cold world alone, with a bleeding, broken heart, a blighted reputation, and a blasted name? All this I might endure, perhaps I would—but you have asked *more* of me, Jasper. You have asked me to confess myself a thing infamous and vile—a polluted wretch—not a wife, but a wanton! You have asked *me*, your own wedded wife, to write myself down, with my own hand, a harlot, and to stand by and look on at your marriage with another—as if I were the filthy thing you would name me. Than be that thing, Jasper, I would rather die a hundred fold; than call myself that thing, being innocent of deed or thought of shame, I had rather *be it*! Now, sir, are you answered? What, heap the name of harlot on my mother's ashes! What, blacken my dead father's stainless 'scutcheon! What—*lie*, before my God, to brand myself, the first of an honest line, with the strumpet's stain of blackness! Never! never! though thou and I, and all the youth of England, were to die in tortures inconceivable; never! though England were to perish unredeemed! Now, sir, I ask you, are you answered?"

"I am," he replied, perfectly unmoved, "I am answered, Theresa, as I hoped, as I expected to be."

"What do you mean?—did you not ask me to do this thing?"

"I did *not*, Theresa. I told you what sacrifice might save us all. I did *not* ask you to make it. Nay, did I not tell you that I would not even suffer you to make it?"

"But you told me—you told me—God help me, for I think I shall go mad! Oh! tempt me no further, Jasper; try me no further. Is—is this true, that you have told me?"

Every word—every word of it, my own best love," answered the arch deceiver, "save only that I would not for my life, nay, for my soul, have suffered you to make the sacrifice I spoke of. Perish myself, my friends! perish England! nay, perish the whole earth, rather!"

"Then why so tempt me? Why so sorely, so cruelly try this poor heart, Jasper?"

"To learn if you were strong enough to share in my secrets—and you shall share them. We must fly, Theresa; not from Plymouth; not from any seaport, but from the wildest gorge in the wild coast of Devon. I have hired a fishing-boat to await us. We must ride forth alone, as if for a pleasure party, across the hills,

to-morrow, and so make our way to the place appointed. If we escape, all shall be well—come the worst, as you said, my own Theresa, at least we shall die together."

"Are you in earnest, Jasper?"

"On my soul! by the God who hears me!"

"And you *will* take me with you; you will not cast me from you; you will uphold me ever to be your own, your wedded wife?"

"I will—I will. Not for the universe! not for my own soul! would I lose you, my own, own Theresa!"

And he clasped her to his bosom, in the fondest, closest embrace, and kissed her beautiful lips eagerly, passionately. And she, half fainting in his arms, could only murmur, in the revulsion of her feelings, "Oh, happy! happy! too, too happy!"

Then he released her from his arms, and bade her go to bed, for it was waxing late, and she would need a good night's rest to strengthen her for the toils of to-morrow's journey.

And she smiled on him, and prayed him not to tarry long ere he joined her; and retired, still agitated and nervous from the long continuance of the dreadful mental conflict to which he had subjected her.

But he, when she had left the room, turned almost instantly as pale as ashes—brow, cheeks, nay, his very lips were white and cold. The actor was exhausted by his own exertions. The man shrunk from the task which was before him.

"The worse for her!" he muttered, through his hard-set teeth, "the worse for her! the obstinate, vain, willful fool! I would, by heaven! I would have saved her!"

Then he clasped his burning brow with the fingers of his left hand, as if to compress its fierce, rapid beating, and strode to and fro, through the narrow room, working the muscles of his clinched right hand, as if he grasped the hilt of sword or dagger.

"There is no other way," he said at length; "there is no other way, and I *must* do it—must do it with my own hand. But—can I—can I—?" he paused a moment, and resumed his troubled walk. Then halted, and muttered in a deep voice, "By hell! there is naught that a man cannot do; and I—am I not a man, and a right resolute, and stout one? It shall be so—it is her fate! her fate! Did not her father speak of it that night, as I lay weak and wounded on the bed? did I not dream it thrice thereafter, in that same bed? though then I understood it not. It shall be there—even there—where I saw it happen; so shall it pass for accident. It is fate!—who can strive against their fate?"

Again he was silent, and during that momentary pause, a deep, low, muttering roar was heard in the far distance—a breathless hush—and again, that long, hollow, crashing roll, that tells of elemental warfare.

Jasper's eye flashed, and his whole face glared with a fearful and half frenzied illumination.

"It *is*," he cried, "it *is* thunder! From point to point it is true! It is her fate—her fate!"

And with the words, he rushed from the room; and within ten minutes, was folded in the rapturous embrace of the snowy arms of her, whose doom of

death he had decreed already in the secrets of his guilty soul.

CHAPTER III.

The Deed of Blood.

*It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue.* BYRON.

Throughout that livelong night, the thunder roared and rolled incessantly, and from moment to moment the whole firmament seemed to yawn asunder, showing its inner vaults, sheeted with living and coruscant fire, while ever and anon long, arrowy, forked tongues, of incandescent brightness, darted down from the zenith, cleaving the massive storm-clouds with a crash that made the whole earth reel and shudder.

Never, within the memory of man, had such a storm been known at that season of the year. Huge branches, larger than trees of ordinary size, were rent from the gigantic oaks by the mere force of the hurricane, and whirled away like straws before its fury. The rain fell not in drops or showers, but in vast sheeted columns. The rills were swollen into rivers, the rivers covered the lowland meadows, expanded into very seas. Houses were unroofed, steeples and chimneys hurled in ruin to the earth, cattle were killed in the open fields, unscathed by lightning, by the mere weight of the storm.

Yet through that awful turmoil of the elements, which kept men waking, and bold hearts trembling from the Land's end to Cape Wrath, Jasper St. Aubyn slept as calmly as an infant, with his head pillowed on the soft bosom of his innocent and lovely wife. And she, though the tempest roared around, and the thunder crashed above her, so that she could not close an eye in sleep; though she believed that to-morrow she was about to fly from her native land, her home, never, perhaps, to see them more; though she looked forward to a life of toil and wandering, of hardship, and of peril as an exile's wife, perhaps to a death of horror, as a traitor's confederate, she blessed God with a grateful heart, that he had restored to her her husband's love, and watched that dear sleeper, dreaming a waking dream of perfect happiness.

But him no dreams, either sleeping or waking, disturbed from his heavy stupor, or diverted from his hellish purpose. So resolute, so iron-like in its unbending pertinacity was that young, boyish mind, that having once resolved upon his action, not all the terrors of heaven or of hell could have turned him from it.

There lay beneath one roof, on one marriage bed, ay, clasped in one embrace, the resolved murderer, and his unconscious victim. And he had tasted the honey of her lips, had fondled, had caressed her to the last, had sunk to sleep, lulled by the sweet, low voice of her who, if his power should mate his will, would never look upon a second morrow.

And here, let no one say such things cannot be, save in the fancy of the rhapsodist or the romancer; such things are impossible—for not only is there nothing under the sun impossible to human power, or beyond the aim of human wickedness, but such things *are* and

ve been, and will be again, so long as human passion is uncontrolled by principle.

Such things have been among ourselves, and in our own day, as he who writes has seen, and many of those who read must needs remember—and such things are that night at Widecomb.

With the first dawning of the dawn, the rage of the elements sunk into rest, the winds sighed themselves to sleep, the pelting torrents melted into a soft, gray mist; only the roar of the distant waters, mellowed into a strange fitful murmur, was heard in the general tranquillity which followed the loud uproar.

Wearied with her involuntary watching, Theresa lay asleep also, still clasping in her fond arms the miserable, guilty thing which she had sworn so fatally, and kept her vow so faithfully, to love, honor, and obey.

When the sun rose, the wretched man awoke from his deep and dreamless sleep; and as his eye fell on that innocent, sweet face, calm as an infant's, and serene, though full of deep thoughts and pure affections, he did start, he did shudder, for one second's space—perhaps for that fleeting point of time, he doubted. But it were so, he nerved himself again almost without an effort, disengaged himself gently from the embrace of the entwined arms, with something that sounded like another curse, and stalked away in sullen gloom, leaving her buried in her last natural slumber.

Two hours had, perhaps, gone over, and the morning had come out bright and glorious after the midnight storm, the atmosphere was clear and breezy, the skies were as crystal, and the glad sunshine glanced and twinkled with ten thousand gay reflections in the diamond rain-drops which still gemmed every blade of grass, and glistened in every flower's cup, when Theresa's light step was heard coming down the stairs, and her sweet voice inquiring where she should find Jasper St. Aubyn.

"I am here, answered his deep voice, which for the moment he made an effort to inflect graciously, and with the word he made his appearance from the door of his study, booted to the mid-thigh, and spurred; with long, heavy rapier at his side, and a stout dagger counterbalancing it in the other side of his girdle. He was dressed in a full suit of plain black velvet, without any ornament or embroidery; and whether it was that contrast made him look paler, or that the horror of what he was about to do, though insufficient to turn his cold heart, had sufficed to blanch his cheek and lips, he knew not, but, as she saw his face, Theresa started if she had seen a ghost.

"How pale you look, Jasper," she said earnestly; "are you ill at ease, dearest, or anxious about me? It will be the last, vex not yourself, I pray you; for I am at the least afraid, either of the fatigue or of the rage. For the rest," she added, with a bright smile, intended to reassure him, "I have long wished to see *la belle France*, as they call it; and to me the change will be but a change of pleasure. I hope I have not kept you waiting. But I could not sleep during the night for the thunder, and about daybreak I was overpowered by a heavy slumber. I did not even hear you wake me."

"I saw that you slept heavily, my own love," he made answer, "and was careful not to wake you, knowing what you would have to undergo to-day, and wishing to let you get all the rest you could before starting. But come, let us go to breakfast. We have little time to lose, the horses will be at the door in half an hour."

"Come, then," she answered, "I am ready;" and she took his arm as she spoke, and passed, leaning on him, through the long suit of rooms, which now, for above a year had been her home in mingled happiness and sorrow. "Heigho!" she murmured, with a half sigh, "dear Widecomb! dear, dear Widecomb, many a happy hour have I spent within your walls, and it goes hard with me to leave you. I wonder, shall I ever see you more."

"Never," replied the deep voice of her husband, in so strange a tone, that it made her turn her head and look at him quickly. A strange, dark spasm had convulsed his face, and was not yet passed from it, when her eye met his. She thought it was the effect of natural grief at leaving his fine place—the place of his birth—as an outlaw and an exile; and half repenting that she had so spoken as to excite his feelings, she hastened to soothe them, as she thought, by a gay and more hopeful word.

"Never heed, dearest Jasper," she said, pressing his arm, on which she hung, "if we do love old Widecomb, there are as fair places elsewhere, on the world's green face, and if there were not, happy minds will yet find, or make happy places. And we, why spite of time and tide, wind and weather, we *will* be happy, Jasper. And I doubt not a moment, that we shall yet live to spend happy days once more in Widecomb."

"I fear, never," replied the young man, solemnly. It was a singular feeling—he did not repent, he did not falter or shrink in the least from his murderous purpose; but, for his life, he could not give her a hope, he could not say a word to cheer her, or deceive her, further than he was compelled to do in order to carry out his end.

The morning meal passed silently and sadly; for, in spite of all her efforts to be gay, and to make him lighter-hearted, his brow was clouded, and he would not converse; and she, fearing to vex him, or to trespass on what she believed to be his deep regret at leaving home, ceased to intrude upon his sorrow.

At length he asked her, "are you ready?" and as he spoke, arose from the table.

"Oh yes," she answered, "I am always ready when you want me. And see, Jasper," she added, "here are my jewels," handing him a small ebony casket. "I thought they might be of use to us, in case of our wanting money; and yet I should grieve to part with them, for they are the diamonds you gave me that night we were wedded."

He took it with a steady hand, and thrust it into the bosom of his dress, saying, with a forced smile, "You are ever careful, Theresa. But you have said nothing, I trust, to your maidens, of our going."

"Surely not, Jasper, they believe I am going but for a morning's ride. Do you not see that I have got on my new habit? You have not paid me one compli-

ment on it, sir. I think you might at least have told me that I looked pretty in it. I know the day when you would have done so, without my begging it."

"Is that meant for a reproach, Theresa?" he said, gloomily, "because—"

"A reproach, Jasper," she interrupted him quickly, "how little you understand poor me! I hoped, by my silly prattle, to win you from your sorrow at leaving all that you love so dearly. But I will be silent—"

"Do so, I pray you, for the moment."

And without further words, he led her down the steps of the terrace, and helped her to mount her palfrey, a beautiful, slight, high-bred thing, admirably fitted to carry a lady round the trim rides of a park, but so entirely deficient in bone, strength, and sinew, that no animal could have been conceived less capable of enduring any continuous fatigue, or even of making any one strong and sustained exertion. Then he sprang to the back of his own noble horse, a tall, powerful, thorough-bred hunter, of about sixteen hands in height, with bone and muscle to match, capable, as it would appear, of carrying a man-at-arms in full harness through a long march or a pitched battle.

Just as he was on the point of starting, he observed that one of his dogs, a favorite grayhound, was loose, and about to follow him, when he commanded him to be taken up instantly, rating the man who had held the horses very harshly, and cursing him soundly for disobeying his orders.

Then, when he saw that he was secure against the animal's following him, he turned his horse's head to the right hand, toward the great hills to the westward, saying aloud, so that all the bystanders could hear him,

"Well, lady fair, since we are only going for a pleasure ride, suppose we go upward the great deer-park in the forest. By the way," he added, turning in his saddle to the old steward, who was standing on the terrace, "I desired Haggerston, the horse-dealer, to meet me here at noon, about a hunter he wants to sell me. If I should not be back, give him some dinner, and detain him till I return. I shall not be late, for I fancy my lady will not care to ride very far."

"Do n't be too sure of that, Jasper," she replied, with an arch smile, thinking to aid him in his project. "It is so long since I have ridden out with you, that I may wish to make a day of it. Come, let us start."

And she gave her jennet its head, and cantered lightly away over the green, her husband following at a trot of his powerful hunter; and in a few minutes they were both hidden from the eyes of the servants, among the clumps of forest-trees and the dense thickets of the chase.

At something more than three miles' distance from Widecomb House, to the westward, there is a pass in the hills, where a bridle-road crosses the channel of the large brook, which I have named so often, and which, at a point far lower down, was the scene of Jasper's ill-omened introduction to Theresa Allan.

This bridle-road, leading from the sparse settlements on Dartmoor to the nearest point of the seacoast, was a rough, dangerous track, little frequented except by the smugglers and poachers of that region, and lay for the most part considerably below the level of the sur-

rounding country, between wooded hills, or walls of dark gray rock.

The point at which it crosses the stream is singularly wild and romantic, for the road and the river both are walled by sheer precipices of gray, shattered, limestone rock, nearly two hundred feet in height, perfectly barren, bare, and treeless, except on the summits, which are covered with heather and low, stunted shrubbery.

The river itself, immediately above the ford, by which the road passes it, descends by a flight of rocky steps, or irregular shelvy rapids, above a hundred feet within three times as many yards, and then spreads out into a broad, open pool, where its waters, not ordinarily above three feet deep, glance rapidly, but still and unbroken, over a level pavement of smooth stone, almost as slippery as ice. Scarce twenty yards below this, there is an abrupt pitch of sixty feet in perpendicular height, over which the river rushes at all times in a loud foaming waterfall, but after storms among the hills, in a tremendous roaring cataract.

The ford is never a safe one, owing to the insecure foothold afforded by the slippery limestone, but when the river is in flood, no one in his senses would dream of crossing it.

Yet it was by this road that Jasper had persuaded his young wife that they could alone hope to escape with any chance of safety, and to this point he was leading her. And she, though she knew the pass, and all its perils, resolute to accompany him through life, and, if need should be, to death itself, rode onward with him, cheerful and apparently fearless.

They reached its brink, and the spectacle it afforded was, indeed, fearful. The river swollen by the rains of the past night, though, like all mountain torrents, rising and falling rapidly, it was already subsiding, came down from the moors with an arrowy rush, clear and transparent as glass, yet deep in color as the rich brown cairn-gorm. The shelvy rapids above the ford were one sheet of snow-white foam, and in the ford itself the foam-flakes wheeled round and round, as in a huge boiling caldron, while below it the roar of the cataract was louder than the loudest thunder, and the spray rolling upward from the whirlpool beneath, clung to the crags above in mist-wreaths so dense that their summits were invisible.

"Good God!" cried Theresa, turning deadly pale, as she looked on the fearful pool. "We are lost. It is impossible."

"By heaven!" he answered, impetuously, "I must pass it, or stay and be hanged. You can do as you will, Theresa."

"But is it possible?"

"Certainly it is. Do you think I would lead you into certain death. But see, I will ride across and return, that you may see how easy it is, to a brave heart and a cool hand."

And, confident in the strength of his horse and in his own splendid horsemanship, he plunged in dauntlessly, and keeping up stream near to the foot of the upper rapids, struggled through it, and returned to her without much difficulty, though the water rose above the belly of his horse.

He heard, however, that a fresh storm was rattling and roaring, even now, among the hills above, and he knew by that sign that a fresh torrent was even now speeding its way down the chasm.

There was no time to be lost—it was now or never. He cast an eager glance around—a glance that read and marked every thing—as he came to land; save only Theresa, there was not a human being within sight.

"You see," he said, with a smile, "there is no danger."

"I see," she answered, merrily. "Forgive me for being such a little coward. But you will lead Rosabella, wont you, Jasper?"

"Surely," he answered. "Come."

And catching the curb-rein of the pony with his left hand, and guiding his own horse with his right, holding his heavy loaded hunting-whip between his teeth, he led her down into the foaming waters, so that her palfrey was between himself and the cataract.

It was hard work, and a fearful struggle for that slender, light-limbed palfrey to stem that swollen river; and the long skirt of Theresa's dress, holding the water, dragged the struggling animal down toward the waterfall. Still, despite every disadvantage, it would have battled to the other side, had fair play been given it.

But when they reached the very deepest and most turbulent part of the pool, under pretence of aiding it, Jasper lifted the jennet's fore-legs, by dint of the strong, sharp curb, clear off the bottom. The swollen stream came down with a heavier swirl, its hind legs were swept from under it, in an instant, and with a piercing scream of agony and terror, the palfrey was whirled over the brink of the fall.

But, as it fell, unsuspecting of her husband's horrible intent, the wretched girl freed her foot from the stirrup, and throwing herself over to the right hand, with a wild cry, "Save me! save me, my God! save me, Jasper!" caught hold of his velvet doublet with both hands, and clung to him with the tenacious grasp of the death-struggle.

Even then—even then, had he relented, one touch of the spur would have carried his noble horse clear through the peril.

But no! the instant her horse fell, he shifted his reins to the left hand, and grasped his whip firmly in the right; and now, with a face of more than fiendish horror, pale, compressed, ghastly, yet grim and resolute as death, he reared his hand on high, and poised the deadly weapon.

Then, even then, her soft blue eyes met his, full, in that moment of unutterable terror, of hope and love, even then overpowering agony. She met his eyes, glaring with wolfish fury; she saw his lifted hand, and even then would have saved his soul that guilt.

"Oh no!" she cried, "oh no! I will let go—I will drown, if you wish it; I will—I will, indeed! Oh God! do not *you*—do not *you*—kill me, Jasper."

And even as she spoke, she relaxed her hold, and suffered herself to glide down into the torrent; but it was all too late—the furious blow was dealt—with

that appalling sound, that soft, dead, crushing plash, it smote her full between those lovely eyes.

"Oh God!—my God!—forgive—Jasper! Jasper!"—and she plunged deep into the pool; but as the waters swept her over the cataract's verge, they raised her corpse erect; and its dead face met his, with the eyes glaring on his own yet wide open, and the dread, gory spot between them, as he had seen it in his vision years before.

He stood, motionless, reigning his charger in the middle of the raging current, unmindful of his peril, gazing, horror-stricken, on the spot where he had seen her last—his brain reeled, he was sick at heart.

A wild, piercing shout, almost too shrill to be human, aroused him from his trance of terror. He looked upward almost unconsciously, and it seemed to him that the mist had been drawn up like a curtain, and that a man in dark garb stood gazing on him from the summit of the rocks.

If it were so, it was but for a second's space. The fog closed in thicker again than before, the torrent came roaring down in fiercer, madder flood, and wheeling his horse round, and spurring him furiously, it was all that Jasper St. Aubyn could do, by dint of hand and foot, and as iron a heart as ever man possessed, to avoid following his victim to her watery grave.

Once safe, he cast one last glance to the rocks, to the river, but he saw, heard nothing. He whirled the bloody whip over the falls, plunged his spurs, rowl-deep, into the horse's sides, and with hell in his heart, he galloped, like one pursued by the furies of the slain, back, alone, to Widecomb.

CHAPTER IV.

The Vengeance.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
The wanderer was returned. BYRON.

It was not yet high noon, when, wet from spur to shoulder with mud and spray, bloody with spurring, spotted from head to heel with gory foam-flakes from his jaded horse's wide-distended jaws, and quivering nostrils, bareheaded, pale as death, and hoarse with shouting, Jasper St. Aubyn galloped frantically up to the terrace-steps of Widecomb House; and springing to the ground, reeled, and would have fallen headlong had he not been caught in the arms of one of the serving men, who came running down the stone stairs to assist him.

As soon as he could collect breath to speak, "Call all!" he cried, "call all! Ring the great bell, call all—get ladders, ropes—run—ride—she is gone—she is lost—swept over the black falls at Hawkshurt! Oh God! oh God!" and he fell, as it seemed, senseless to the earth.

Acting—sheer acting, all!

They raised him and carried him up stairs, and laid him on the bed—on *her* bed—the bed whereon he had kissed her lips last night, and clasped her lovely form which was now haply entwined in the loathsome coils of the slimy mud-eels.

He shuddered. He could not endure it. He opened his eyes again, and feigning to recover his senses, chid

the men from his presence, and again commanded, so peremptorily, that none dare disobey him, that every servant—man, woman, maid or boy—should begone to the place he had named, nor return till they brought back his lost angel's body.

They believed that he was mad; but mad or sane, his anger was so terrible at all times, and now so fierce, so frantic and appalling, that none dared to gainsay him.

Within half an hour after his return, save himself, there was not a human being left within the walls of Widecomb Manor.

Then he arose and descended slowly, but with a firm foot and unchanged brow, into the great library of the Hall. It was a vast, gloomy, oblong chamber, nearly a hundred feet in length, wainscoted and shelved with old black-oak, and dimly lighted by a range of narrow windows, with dark-stained glass and heavily wrought stone mullions.

There was a dull wood-fire smouldering under the yawning arch of the chimney-piece, and in front of the fire stood an old oaken table, and a huge leathern arm-chair.

Into this Jasper cast himself, with his back to the door, which he had left open, in the absence of his mind. For nearly an hour he sat there without moving hand or foot, gazing gloomily at the fire. But, at the end of that time, he started, and seemed to recollect himself, opened the drawer of the writing-table, and took out of it the record of his wretched victim's marriage.

He read it carefully, over and over again, and then crushed it in his hand, saying, "Well, all is safe now, THANK GOD!" Yes, he *thanked God* for the success of the murder he had done! "But here goes to make assurance doubly sure."

And with the word he was about to cast the paper which he held into the ashes, when the hand of a man, who had entered the room and walked up to him with no very silent or stealthy step, while he was engrossed too deeply by his own guilty thoughts to mark very certainly any thing that might occur without, was laid with a grip like that of an iron vice upon his shoulder.

He started and turned round; but as he did so, the other hand of the stranger seized his right hand which held the marriage record, grasping it right across the knuckles, and crushed it together by an action so powerful and irresistible, that the fingers involuntarily opened, and the fatal document fell to the ground.

Instantly the man cast Jasper off with a violent jerk which sent him to a distance of three or four yards, stooped, gathered up the paper, thrust it into his bosom, and then folding his arms across his stalwart breast, stood quietly confronting the murderer, but with the quietude of the expectant gladiator.

Jasper stared at the swarthy, sun-burned face, the coal-black hair clipped short upon the brow, the flashing eyes, that pierced him like a sword. He knew the face—he almost shuddered at the knowledge—yet, for his life, he could not call to mind where or when he met him.

But he stared only for an instant; insulted—outraged—be, in his own house! His ready sword was in his hand forthwith—the stranger was armed likewise with

a long broadsword and a two-edged dagger, and heavy pistols at his girdle; yet he moved not, nor made the slightest movement to put himself on the defensive.

"Draw, dog!" cried Jasper, furiously. "Draw and defend yourself, or I will slay you where you stand."

"Hold!" replied the other steadily. "There is time enough—I will not baulk you. Look at me!—do you not know me?"

"Know you?—not I; by heaven! some rascal smuggler, I trow—come to rob while the house is in confusion! but you have reckoned without your host this time. You leave not this room alive."

"That as it may be," said the other, coolly. "I have looked death in the face too often to dread much the meeting; but ere I die, I have some work to do. So you do not know me?"

"Not a whit I, I tell you."

"Then is the luck mine, for I know you right well, young, sir!"

"And for whom do you know me?"

"For a d—d villain always!" the man answered, "two hours since, for Theresa Allan's murderer! and now, thanks to this paper, which, please God, I shall keep, for Theresa Allan's—husband!"

He spoke the last words in a voice of thunder, and at the same time drew and cocked, at a single motion, a pistol with each hand.

"You know too much—you know too much!" cried Jasper, furious but undaunted. "One of us two must die, ere either leaves this room."

"It was for that end I came hither! Look at me now, and know Durzil Bras-de-fer—Theresa Allan's cousin! your wife's rejected lover once, and now—your wife's avenger!"

"Away! I will not fight you!"

"Then, coward, with my own hands will I hang you on the oak tree before your own door; and on your breast I will pin this paper, and under it will write, 'HER MURDERER, taken in the fact, tried, condemned, executed by me,'

DURZIL BRAS-DE-FER."

"Never!"

"Take up your pistols, then—they lie there on the table. We will turn, back to back, and walk each to his own end of the room, then turn and fire—if that do not the work, let the sword finish it."

"Amen!" said St. Aubyn, "and the Lord have mercy on your soul, for I will send it to your cousin in five minutes."

"And may the Fiend of Hell have yours—as he will, if there be either Fiend or God. Are you ready?"

"Ay."

"Then off with you, and when you reach the wall, turn and fire."

And as he spoke, he turned away, and walked slowly and deliberately with measured strides toward the door by which he had entered.

Before he had taken six steps, however, a bullet whistled past his ear, cutting a lock off his hair in its passage, and rebounded from the wall, flattened at his feet. Jasper had turned at once, and fired at him with deliberate aim.

"Ha! double murderer! die in your treason!" and

the sailor leveled his pistol in turn, and pulled the trigger; had it gone off, Jasper St. Aubyn's days were ended then and there; but no flash followed the sparks from the flint—and he cast the useless weapon from him.

At once they both raised their second pistol, and again Jasper's was discharged with a quick, sharp report; and almost simultaneously with the crack, a dull sound, as of a blow, followed it; and he knew that his ball had taken effect on his enemy.

Again Durzil's pistol failed him; and then, for the first time, Jasper observed that the seaman's clothes were soaked with water. He had swam that rapid stream, and followed his beloved Theresa's murderer, almost with the speed of the stout horse that bore *him* home.

Not a muscle of Durzil's face moved, not a sinew of his frame quivered, yet he was shot through the body, mortally—and he knew it.

"Swords!" he cried, "swords!"

And bounding forward, he met the youth midway, and at the first collision, sparks flew from the well-tempered blades.

It was no even conflict, no trial of skill—three deadly passes of the sailor, as straight and almost as swift as lightning, with a blade so strong, and a wrist so adamantine, that no slight of Jasper's could divert them, were sent home in tierce—one in his throat, "That for your lie!" shouted Durzil; a second in the sword arm, "That for your coward blow!" a third, which clove the very cavity of his heart asunder, "That for your life!"

Ten seconds did not pass, from the first crossing of their blades until Jasper lay dead upon the floor, flooding his own hearth-stone with his life-blood.

Durzil leaned on his avenging blade, and looked down upon the dead.

"It is done! it is done just in time! But just! for I am sped likewise. May the Great God have mercy on me, and pardon me my sins, as I did this thing not in hatred, but in justice and in honor! Ah—I am sick—sick!"

And he dropped down into the arm-chair in which Jasper was sitting as he entered; and though he could hardly hold his head up for the deadly faintness, and the reeling of his eyes and brain, by a great effort he drew out the marriage record from his breast—Jasper's ball had pierced it, and it was dappled with his own life-blood—and smoothed it out fairly, and spread it on the board before him.

Then he fell back, and closed his eyes, and lay for a long time motionless; but the slow, sick throbbing of his heart showed that he was yet alive, though passing rapidly away.

Once he raised his dim eyes, and murmured, "They tarry—they tarry very long. I fear me, they will come too late."

But within ten minutes after he had spoken, the sound of a multitude might be heard approaching, and a quick, strong, decided step of one man coming on before all the rest.

Within the last few minutes, Durzil had seemed to lose all consciousness and power. He was, indeed, all but dead.

But at these sounds he roused like a dying war-

horse to the trumpet; and as the quick step crossed the threshold, he staggered to his feet, drew his hand across his eyes, and cried, with his old sonorous voice,—it was his last effort—

"Is that you, lieutenant?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"Have you found her?"

"She is here," said the young seaman, pointing with his hand to the corpse, which they were just bearing into the room.

"And he—ha! ha! ha! he is—there!" and he pointed, with a triumphant wafture of his gory sword, toward Jasper's carcass, and then, with the blood spouting from his mouth and nostrils, fell headlong.

His officer raised him instantly, and as the flow of blood ceased, he recovered his speech for a moment. He pointed to the gaping crowd,

"Have—have you—told them—lieu—lieutenant?"

"No, sir."

"Tell—tell them—I let me hear you."

"You see that wound in her forehead—you saw it all, from the first," he said, to the crowd, who were gazing in mute horror at the scene. "I told you, when I took you to the body, that I saw her die, and would tell you how she died, when the time should come. The time has come. He—that man, whose body lies there bleeding, and whose soul is now burning in Tophet, murdered her in cold blood—beat her brains out with his loaded hunting-whip. I—I, Hubert Manvers, saw him do it."

There was a low, dull murmur in the crowd, not of dissent or disbelief, but of doubt.

"And who slew master?" exclaimed black Jem Alderly, coming doggedly forward; "this has got to be answered for."

"It is answered for, Alderly," said Durzil, in a faint but audible voice. "I did it—I slew him, as he has slain me. I am Durzil Olifaunt, whom men call Brasse-fer. Do any of you chance to know me?"

"Ay, ay, all on us! all on us!" shouted half the room; for the frank, gallant, bold young seaman had ever been a general favorite. "Huzza! for Master Durzil!"

And in spite of the horrors of the scene, in spite of the presence of the dead, a loud cheer followed.

"Hush!" he cried, "hush! this is no time for that, and no place. I am a dying man. There is not five minutes' life in me. Listen to me. Did any of you ever hear me tell a lie?"

"Never! never!"

"I should scarce, therefore, begin to do so now, with heaven and hell close before my eyes. Hubert Manvers spoke truly. I also saw him murder her—murder his own wife—for such she was; therefore I killed him!" He gasped for a moment, gathered his breath again, and pointing to the table, "that paper, Hubert—quick—that paper—read it—I am going—quick!"

The young man understood his superior's meaning in an instant, caught the paper from the table, beckoned two or three of the older men about him, among others, Geoffrey, the old steward, and read aloud the record of the unhappy girl's marriage.

At this moment the young vicar of Widecomb entered the room, and his eyes falling on the paper, "That is my father's hand-writing," he cried; "this is the missing leaf of my church register!"

"Was she not—was she not—his—wife?" cried Bras-de-fer, raising himself feebly on his elbow, and gazing with his whole soul in his dying eyes at the youthful vicar, and at the horror-stricken circle.

"She was—she was assuredly, his lawful wife, and such I will uphold her," said the young man, solemnly. "Her fame shall suffer no wrong any longer—her soul, I trust, is with her God already—for she was innocent,

and good, and humble, as she was lovely and kind. Peace be with her."

"Poor, poor lady!" cried several of the girls were present, heart-stricken, at the thought of own past conduct, and of her unvarying sweetness. "Poor, poor lady!"

"Hubert—Hubert—I—I have cleared her—clear her character, I have avenged her death; lay me beside her. In ten—ten minutes I shall be—C—bless—bless you, Hubert—with Theresa! A—arr He was dead. He had died in his duty—which justice—truth—vengeance!

SUMMER'S NIGHT.

BY SAM. C. REID, JR. AUTHOR OF "SCOUTING EXPEDITIONS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS," ETC.

The busy hum of day has passed,
And countless millions with the sun
Have set, for wo or weal the cast—
What's said is said—what's done is done.

And with the purple and the gold
There sinks many a soul to rest;
Hopes are wrecked—all fates are told—
The rich made poor, the poor made blessed.

Twilight's beauteous mantle now
The earth enwraps, near and afar—
Casts her influence o'er each brow,
While peeps from heaven a single star!

That star to some is life and hope,
To others though, despair and gloom—
Each twinkle reads the horoscope
Of life, from cradle to the tomb!

Night now takes Twilight by the hand
And leads her to her own blue sphere,
Then calls forth her sentinel band—
At once ten thousand stars appear!

Hail, Queen Goddess! then shout the band
As, rising in her silvery car,
The Moon, with sceptre in her hand,
Bids Night her veil aside to draw!

Now blessed are they who can enjoy
An hour of such a summer's night—
Speak, ye dungeons, life's alloy,
Ye sick, diseased, ye barred of sight!

Oh! for a crevice in the wall,
To let one ray of moonlight in,
'T would ease their hearts, and hope recall,
While they repented of their sin.

And restless, turning on his bed
The wasted form cries out with pain,
As raising up his fevered head,
Oh, God! that I were well again.

And oh, the blind! none feel for ye,
Shut out from scenes so lovely bright,
Most painful thought—they cannot see—
Their night is day—their day is night!

The streets are crowded with the gay,
The voice and laugh of girls are heard,
Mellowed by the silver ray
Of happy thought or witty word.

Speak! ye millions, who joy and gaze
Upon the silvery charms of night,
Can ye a tear of sorrow raise
For those deprived of scenes so bright?

But why ask ye? no themes like these
Your thoughts make sad—of other things
Ye think, while onward wafts the breeze
And the night bird sweetly sings.

And yet, there is many a heart
To whom the moonbeams give no light,
Those strings with wo do almost part,
Swept rudely by the cold world's blight.

No soothing ray melts o'er their souls,
No breeze lulls sweetly o'er those chords,
That beat and sigh, like sea o'er shoals,
For sympathy's kind, loving words.

A blue spot in a stormy sky,
From which a star gleams purely bright,
Is like the smile or tearful eye
To those whose hearts are dark with night.

Then feel for th' pris'ner, sick and blind—
E'en the forest-rose, the desert-tree,
The sprig of grass, kissed by the wind,
Receive its kindest sympathy.

Oh, Summer's night—man's Eden hours!
All Nature thrills with thy delight,
Th' greenwood, rocky streams and flowers,
Th' murmur'ing sea, th' beach, the mountain heights

Then give thy soul's gratitude to Him
Who made the orb "to rule the night,"
And with the prayer of Cherubim
Pour forth thy heart's inmost delight.

And learn to feel for another's wo,
While to Heaven thou breath'st thy prayer—
Foul prejudices from thy breast forego,
And let sympathy reign ever there.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It was a dreary night
In the latter years of time,
When a man, with shrunken limbs
And a forehead white with rime—
With the rime of weary hours
Whose paths were not of flowers—
And a beard of snowy white,
Walked slowly through the night.

Pale Hecate, overhead,
Shone coldly on his brow;
His eye was sunken and dim,
His cheek had lost its glow,
But his step, so full of pride,—
The manhood of his stride,
Gave this antiquated thing
The appearance of a king.

The moon went sadly down
To a level with his way,
And the heavens became oppress'd
With vapors dark and gray
As Saturn, with his beard,
And glass, and scythe, appeared:
The old man journeyed on,
Growing weaker and more wan.

Like a shadow, on his path
With a silence, such as dwells
In the desolate dell of death
Where we hear not even our knells,
Did Saturn slowly pass
With his fatal scythe and glass:
The traveler looked not back,
But kept steadily on his track.

From the earth which lay below,
Until then so black and dumb,
Came the roar of many a gun,
With the roll of many a drum,
And the mingling strains of lute,
Clarion, cymbal, fife and flute;
And among them, like a knell,
Rose the clamor of a bell!

The wanderer heard the sound,
And with patient, suffering eyes
Gazed reproachfully on high,
Through the dark, un pitying skies;
But Saturn raised his steel
And the old man ceased to feel;
And they laid along his bier
The cadaverous Old Year.

THE COTTAGE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

How pleasing it is, in this world of digression,
To pause, and to ponder some period fled;
The home of my infancy made an impression
Which only will perish when mem'ry is dead.
That rough, rugged farm, how dear did I love it,—
The barn by the orchard, and spring by the rill;
No spot upon earth which I so much covet,
As that where our Cottage once stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Beside its broad hearth-stone, at evening, I've listened
The tale that my grandfather told of the wars;
He'd speak of his battles, while tears his eyes glistened,
And prove what he stated, by showing his scars!
'T was then that my young heart beat high for the glory
Of siding some measure, Fame's parchment to fill,—
By giving in song, or relating in story,
My love for that Cottage, which stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The time-honored Cottage, that stood on the hill.

That time-honored Cottage—no dream or delusion—
For 'neath its old roof dwelt affection and friends;
The seat of contentment and quiet seclusion,
Where goodness found favor, and evil amends.
What would I give could I once more regain it,
And have the same feelings my bosom to fill?
Alas! it's in ruins—love cannot retain it—
Tears gush for that Cottage which stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Though parted by distance, those scenes of my childhood
Rise fresh in my mind, when to them I recur—
I fancy I visit the vale and the wildwood,
Where flowers yield perfume, like India's myrrh;—
And then, in the warmth of the deepest emotion,
I stand as in youth on the banks of that rill,
And hear in its gurgle a song of devotion,
With mine, for the Cottage that stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

THREE PICTURES: SUNRISE—NOONDAY—NIGHT.

BY CAROLINE G—.

"Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults, and leaps toward the light,
In every drop it says 'Aspire!'
Striving for more ideal height."

"Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate!" J. R. LOWELL.

AN artist was passing slowly through the thoroughfare of a great city, where for a few days he was sojourning.

He was a young man, and the few years of his life, if they had proved heavy and sorrowful in experience, had at least left no dark impress on his forehead. His figure was strikingly elegant, and the face manly, and very beautiful; it might well have been taken to represent the Genius of Thought, so calm, elevated, and ennobled by spiritual excellence was it.

The artist was a poor man, you could guess that by the worn garments in which he was attired, for from the figure, bearing, and whole appearance of the youth, it was evident that he was not of that class of geniuses who affect shabbiness in personal appearance, in the name of eccentricity.

And he was an ambitious young man, too. A glance into his studio, where constantly and diligently he toiled in his vocation, had told you that. It would seem by the constant emendations he would make, and by the finished style he labored to impart to all he did, that nothing short of superior excellence or perfection in his art, would satisfy him.

He has come into the open air this morning, not because he is wearied with his work, for it is a source of continual delight to him—neither in search of amusement, but to ponder on a thought which has long harbored in his mind—three pictures should be his fame. From his quiet studio he would send into the world a moral lesson that should delight and instruct, and leave in the world an abiding moral influence. Not only did Martin Gray long to win for himself a proud name on the earth, but with the poets and the preachers he would fain lift up his voice and teach—he also would be a priest and a reformer, and by his works he would testify to the infinite beauty of holiness and virtue.

The artist's heart beat joyfully as he revolved this idea in his mind—his hope was high—his hand was skillful.

"If my name only ranks with the masters' some day—if I can do some real and substantial good in my generation! I cannot labor too hard to secure these ends," he said to himself as he passed, unconscious of the noise and confusion about him, along the street.

Mechanically turning at the first corner, Martin moved on to quarters of the city where the strife and confusion of life were more subdued.

At once he stood silent, as though changed suddenly to marble, then a heart-cheering cry of joy and surprise burst from him, and "I have found it! I have found it!" he cried—"here is sunrise at last!"

There were children playing in the street, poor little children, boys and girls, whose only play-ground was that hot and dusty place. But in the person of one, the quick eye of the artist detected extraordinary beauty, though decked in rags almost as extraordinary.

The unconscious child was a girl, six or seven years of age, faultless in form and feature, the very embodiment of one of Martin Gray's ideals.

It was not solely the exquisite loveliness of the child's face, though the shape and coloring were perfect—but beside the dark rich hair, which fell in such unheeded profusion on the shoulders of its little mistress—and beside the deep, sapphire-blue of the large languid eyes, and the classic regularity of every feature, there was an expression, a *soul look*, which intensified her natural beauty, and stamped her as the owner of an intellect whose range was far higher than that reached by any of her playmates.

"Tell me your name, little angel," said the artist, in the excitement of his delighted surprise.

"My name is Alice Flynn," was the prompt answer, accompanied by a smile and frank look of inquiry, which read very plainly "what is *your* name—and what do you want of me?"

"Have you a mother? Where does she live? Go with me to your home—I must speak with her."

The child answered these queries by at once leaving her playmates—the artist followed her quickly, and in a few moments they entered a narrow byway. Passing a short distance through it, little Alice paused before a shabby old frame house, which seemed every day on the point of bidding an eternal farewell to all things terrestrial.

"This is the place where we live, sir," she said, with the sweetest voice in the world; "will you come in?"

"The little girl is yours, ma'am, I believe," said Martin, as he stood in the presence of what seemed to him an ogress—a gigantic woman who certainly could lay but little claim to beauty, when compared with the "child-angel" who called her mother.

"Yes—she was n't lost was she? Or was she up to mischief in the street, just tell me that?"

"No, no—nothing of the kind," said the artist quickly—but not in the least daunted by the washer-woman's unamiable greeting—"I was struck with her appearance—and now that I have at last an opportunity of accomplishing an object I have long contemplated, I trust you will not object."

"Lord, sir, what is it ye want—speak it out quick can't ye—my work is waiting for me, don't ye see? Do you want the child's front teeth, or her hair? I've sold her hair twice to a barber, but her teeth—"

"You mistake me," exclaimed Martin Gray, sharply, for he was disgusted with the cruel words of the old beldam. "I am an artist—I would like to take her likeness—will you permit me to do so?"

"No! what would you do with it? The girl's about spoiled now with people's telling her how beautiful she is. To be sure the child *is* well enough"—this with a sort of brutish pride—"in looks, but beauty don't give us bread, and her good looks only spiles her—she's getting proud and hateful since people have told her so much about it, the little fool!"

"If that is so, I fear it is not the wisest course to let her play so much in the street with other little folks," said Martin.

This approach to advice aroused the woman's ire. "Where's she to be kept, I'd like to know that? A poor woman like me as *arns* her bread by the sweat of her face has little time to be looking about after the young ones. People like me can't keep their children to home like other folks, who have plenty of room in-door and out. So you see, young man, your advice aint worth much any how."

"Of course, madam, you know your own business best; but, seriously, you cannot mean to refuse my earnest request. I assure you it will be the greatest favor to me if you will suffer me to take the child's picture. I am willing to pay you for the privilege."

"Then it shall be done," said the woman, brightening up. "How much will you offer?"

"Two dollars," answered the young man, "and I will pay you more at some future day—but I also am poor."

Poor fellow, he spoke the truth indeed, for the two dollars were just half the contents of his old faded purse at that moment.

"Well, she may go for that. Here Alice, you're gwine to have your face painted—let me brush you up a little."

"No—no, I pray madam, leave her to me. I will take her to my studio as she is; I would not have her appearance changed in the least—the drapery of the child does not need any alteration, I will bring her to you again in an hour."

"Well, she'll be safe enough, I 'spose, go on."

"Are you going to paint my face, sir? What for? Will it hurt me?" asked Alice Flynn as she, with Martin, passed along the streets hand in hand.

"Not your *face*, child," answered the artist, "I'm going to paint a face *like* yours—that is all."

"What for?"

"To hang up in my room, and then perhaps to sell it some day for a great deal of money."

"Sell me! sell my face!" and the little innocent

laughed, and wondered why any body should want to buy a face like hers!

Martin, too busy with his own thoughts, made no answer to her many exclamations of astonishment and wonder. Two steps at a time, with the girl in his arms, did the delighted youth ascend the three steep and narrow flights of stairs which led to the poor little attic room he dignified with the "name, style, and title" of studio.

A barren place it seemed to little Alice Flynn, for such a nice gentleman to live in—indeed scarce a whit better than her own poor home was it.

"Are you poor, too?" she asked, with childlike confidence—and a most unchildish and unnatural sadness was in her voice as she spoke.

"Yes, I am poor—I paint pictures for a living, Alice. I shall not grow rich in a day," said the artist, and his words were uttered with not quite the usual, light-hearted happy tone.

Probably my reader will not soon, if ever, see the original painting executed on that day which ever after remained a date so memorable in the recollections of Martin Gray. Let me, therefore, here state that the sunrise was a portrait quite dissimilar to those we usually see of young children.

"Now lie quietly, Alice, for a moment," said Martin. He had placed her on the ancient lounge, the only reasonable piece of furniture in the room. "Now close your eyes—ah! not *so* close, let them be half open, as though you were just waking up—now I will paint a picture the world shall wonder at! Yes, I also will make a sunrise!"

Quietly and motionless, as though bereft of life, the child lay and watched the artist's movements; in him she forgot herself, consequently had none of that intense consciousness of expression so often perceivable in the portraits of people who become immortalized, and perpetuated on—canvas!

What a sight to see! the lonely desolate places where the impoverished children of Genius, the painters, sculptors, and poets, have with patient but almost hopeless toil wrought out their wonder-works!

Oh! eyes whose range of vision was circumscribed by four contracted walls, have looked on scenes of rarer and richer beauty than travelers in many climes have seen; and voices, husky, tuneless with want and grief, have breathed, even when tortured with the death-agony, songs, that the world has hushed its mighty voice, and its tumultuous heart to hear; warriors have conquered on battle-fields, whose inspiration was the song that burst from the dying son of poverty, while pain and fever prostrated him, who kept back by force of mind the advance of death, until the strain of glory should be fully and perfectly conceived!

An hour passed, and not for one moment had the hand of the artist paused—it is enough to say that even he was satisfied with the progress he had made in those swift-winged sixty minutes.

Upon the easy couch Alice had fallen asleep, unperceived by the young painter—he awakened her with some regret, but the time he had promised to keep her with him was passed, and Martin had little inclination to brave the wrath of the mother's tongue. Thought-

fully he led the child to her home, and when he parted with her there, it was with a heart full of sorrow, for he knew that a life of hardship, and want, and temptation, was in store for the beautiful girl.

"Poor and handsome," thought he—"God protect her! To be sure it would be a sad sight were the innumerable host of poor people all hideously ugly—and as to the necessity of the thing, such folks would seem to require the simple pleasure of being admired, inasmuch as they are debarred from participating in all amusements and enjoyments that cost money, and beauty costs nothing. And yet Heaven have mercy on the poor family that boasts of a beauty! as surely as the sunshine, pride will creep in under the door-sill or by the window, and certainly in a covert manner. The pretty daughter must be prettily dressed, even at the expense, and by the self-denial of the more plainly gifted remainder of the family. Then come struggles, heart-bitterness and envy—God be thanked if hatred and malice do not also come! Now there's that little Alice Flynn—if she were only my sister, or one over whom I had the shadow of control! Oh! that I were only rich! She ought to be educated! Heavens! what a smile—and what a mind she has—she thinks! God defend her!"

Indulging in such thoughts as these Martin had passed again through the crowded streets, quite unmindful of all things save that one high project he had conceived, which now, he for the first time felt convinced might be really performed. Once more we find him before his easel, and how he labored there! Six days, morning and evening, he worked on his creation, and Saturday night saw him looking upon it with such intensity of satisfaction, as betokened a very happy heart—for it was finished, and his heart and his mind had declared it "very good!"

The following week there was to be an exhibition of the paintings of native artists in New York, and to the rooms prepared for this purpose Martin conveyed his work, and it was not perhaps without a thrill of pride that he placed it among the multitudinous proofs of genius there.

The sunrise was unframed, and having been among the last brought in, it occupied an obscure and unfavorable position. But Martin surveyed it with the eyes of a lover—he knew its superior merit, and he fancied that others would behold it in just such a light. But Martin was destined to be disappointed not a little; during the first days of the exhibition, while the rooms were filled to overflowing, but little attention was attracted toward his portrait. Sometimes it was so fortunate as to attract an exclamation of surprise, and a momentary glance of admiration—and once or twice a group of young people stopped a moment to honor it with examination, but there were works of well-known artists which must be criticised and applauded—there were "first attempts" of rich and fashionable men which must be praised—and besides, it was on the whole taken for granted by universal consent, that the best pictures occupied the most prominent stations, and that those condemned to the back-ground must necessarily be only passably good or mediocre.

By degrees Martin began to take these facts into

consideration—and then it was only by great effort he managed to keep his hopes alive, that some good fate was yet in store for his darling.

An early hour on the morning of the fifth day found him once more attracted to the rooms, he would endeavor to secure for his child a position more prominent, for some of the paintings had been already removed by their masters.

But two persons were there when he entered. They were a lady and gentleman in deep mourning, and they were standing before *his* sunrise! Passing up the long hall slowly, with his eyes directed to the thickly covered wall, where he saw what only an artist could, the outwritten, burning hopes of a multitude of men, he contrived to keep watch of the two who remained so long motionless and speechless before the pictured child.

"Do you know the author of this work, sir; and if it is for sale?" asked the stranger as Martin drew near.

"I have an acquaintance with the artist," answered he, "but the painting, I think, is not for sale."

"Why should it be placed here then?" asked the gentleman quickly, and with great evident disappointment.

"Because, sir, there is something dear to the heart of the author of a work, beside the money which the sale of it would bring. I feel at liberty to answer you frankly as you have asked—the artist hoped that by this work attention might be attracted to his skill, for he is a young man necessitated to labor, and, as yet, altogether unknown in his profession."

"I admire the genius of the young man, he will succeed in making himself known beyond all doubt. But perhaps I might offer for this picture a sum great enough to satisfy even him."

There was a silence, and there was in the lady's eyes such a beseeching look as she glanced from the picture toward Martin, that his determination was almost vanquished, but he looked down and said:

"The painting is my work—I cannot part with it at any price."

"It is yours! and you will not sell it! Mr. Artist, you do not, cannot know how much you refuse us! We had a child, a darling little girl, she was an angel to us—he is lost to us, is dead, young man!—and this portrait! it is so like her, at any cost I would secure it. Name your price, high as you value your beautiful work, consider that to us it is infinitely more valuable! the hours of labor you have spent upon it have endeared it to you—it is more to us though than even that, it is life to us, for it brings *her* back again?"

The lady trembled as her companion pleaded with the artist so earnestly. It was not in Martin Gray to deny a plea so sad and so heartfelt. "It shall be yours," he exclaimed, "permit me to retain the work but a few days, and it shall then be returned to you."

A thankful glance of the tearful eyes of the bereaved mother was what Martin thought at that moment a full reward.

"God bless you, sir! you have made us happy! If five thousand dollars is any compensation, they are yours!"

That was another kind of reward! The young ar-

tist thought both invaluable; and it was with a light heart that with the picture in its case, he carried it once more to the attic studio.

CHAPTER II.

Martin Gray's fortune was made, and ever after was he a firm believer in presentiments, for the *Sunrise* had in very truth been the making of him. In the midst of his good fortune, the generous heart did not forget the poor child whose beauty had so materially aided his genius. Previous to his departure for the old world, he placed a well-filled purse in the hands of the mother, saying, "Your child is an extraordinary girl. This money will be sufficient to secure her a good education—pray do not neglect it, for she will be an honor and a great help to you some day. Promise me that you will keep her out of the street as much as is possible, and that you will send her to school. I am going abroad, when I come home again she will be many years older than now, nearly a woman. Give me your promise she shall be sent to school."

"Yes, she shall go, and as to keeping her out of the street, I s'pose I might as well undertake to—Well, yes, I'll try my hand at it."

"Be kind to her!"

Martin traveled abroad; he studied in Italy—he studied in Germany—he journeyed through nearly all Europe. Among artists, and artist-patronizers, the success of his first exhibited picture was well-known, the *Sunrise* was every where commented upon, and the papers liked to talk of the young artist Martin Gray, of his skillful hand, and generous heart!

But during the years of labor and study spent abroad, his one great idea remained unaccomplished. The second picture which he had designed as a continuation of the *Sunrise*, was untouched. The imagination was not to be suffered to do the work in this instance either—but the second work, even as the first had been, should be a portrait.

Still his hands had not been idle. In Paris his studio (it was not there an attic!) became a point of interest and fashionable attraction, and in Hamburg the American artist dwelt neither in poverty nor obscurity. The walls of his rooms were adorned with evidences of his capabilities, and beside the honors heaped upon him, in a pecuniary point of view, his labors had made his fortune.

Years passed on, and Martin was at home again; at home and among a multitude of friends, though when seven years ago he sailed from the great city he might easily have counted the voices that came to bid adieu and God-speed. But fame and fortune wonderfully enhance the feeble interest felt in the once poor son of Genius—so Martin Gray proved it. His friendship was sought for as most honorable, his words were quoted, his dress and style imitated—fair ladies trilled his songs, (for he was something of a poet, too,) and as a "lion" the young exquisite was pronounced by fathers, mothers, and daughters, as perfect, charming, and altogether unexceptionable.

"Well, what in the way of amusements, Frank?" asked the artist, as arm-in-arm with a city gallant, he

strolled along Broadway a few days after his arrival in New York.

"What! not heard yet that *Alice* gives a musical entertainment to-night? My good fellow you 'argue yourself unknown' by such unseemly ignorance," gayly said his companion, the Hon. Francis Dundas.

"Indeed, I must confess to ignorance; who is this great singer, *Alice*—some newly risen star, is she not?"

"Yes—but the few who have heard, say a star that bids fair to prove on closer examination of the first magnitude, and that even an artist's eyes can detect no defect in her matchless beauty."

"And which point of the compass does she hail from?"

"Oh! she is a native of our city. Her rare beauty some time since attracted the attention of old H—, the millionaire—he does something toward educating her; she turns out a woman, or girl of uncommon talents, and has determined to become a public singer. I am told her history is a complete romance, wanting nothing of tragedy or comedy to make it irresistibly interesting."

"A singer—a genius—and a beauty! we will hear her by all means!" exclaimed Martin enthusiastically. And they did hear her.

It was not a "grand entertainment." The singer *Alice* was the sole performer. She had preferred that it should be so, that her merits and powers, whatever they were, might be estimated at their worth.

Small and select was the audience before which she appeared; it was composed of people of refined taste, who could fully appreciate all the excellencies of style and manner, and whose approbation a young debutante might rejoice to win. How young she was! how truly and perfectly beautiful! There was a slight flush on her cheek which was else pale as marble, that told how strongly the chords of her brave heart were struck. She sang—oh! the voice whose tones filled the high hall was like that we hear in dreams, when angels come to keep watch over us, chanting through the long hours of the night! During the whole first part of the concert there was intense silence, for there was an intense gratification felt by the audience that was deeper than could be uttered, and the smiles, and tears, and breathless interest evinced, were to the maiden tributes more acceptable than tumultuous applause had been.

"She is a wonder!" "a miracle!" "what a voice!" "what a style!" "and then to think she is only seventeen or eighteen!" Such and like exclamations escaped from every heart as "*Alice*" withdrew at the close of the first part from the saloon.

Frank Dundas turned to his companion—

"Well, Gray, what do *you* think of her? Your wits seem wandering."

"I am lost! it is divine! I have never seen or heard her equal. Tell me, what did you say is her name; the face haunts me; I could swear I have seen it before."

"Tut! swear not at all. It's not likely you have ever seen her before to-night. Perhaps she corresponds with some fairy-queen or lady-love born of your own

prolific fancy. Is it not so? I can well conceive such a thing possible, though I'm neither poet nor artist."

Martin bowed to save himself from the necessity of a reply, for he was deep in thought, and through the obscurity of the distant Past his memory was striving to grope her way.

After a few moments the singer appeared again in the saloon.

"Did you say her name is Alice?" asked Martin Gray, as his eyes for the second time rested upon her. "Alice—Alice what?"

"I have never heard—he is only known by that name. She does not need so many cognomens as we less gifted individuals, and I suppose intends that the world shall know without being told further, who is meant when the singer *Alice* is spoken of."

"Dundas, I have seen that face before, you may depend upon it—will you believe it? during all my residence in Europe I have sought with desperate earnestness, but in vain, for a face just such as hers."

"Pray wherefore? Are you not the sworn foe of all lady-loves save the sweet goddess of painting?"

"Hush! love has had nothing to do with my search—pretty faces are to be found every where; and though an artist, I am free to say the man who marries a woman for her beauty is a poor fool. Did you ever see my picture called *Sunrise*, painted seven or eight years ago?"

"Remember it? Why, my dear fellow, to be sure I do, and what a grand lift it gave you before the 'darling public'; I would be stupid indeed to forget that picture or its author. A copy of it has been the best ornament of my room for years!"

"Well, perhaps you know—though of course you could not, for I never spoke of my intention to another—but ever since that picture was finished, I have determined to make it one of a series, by painting two others, one of such innocent loveliness arrived at womanly perfection, and the third was to be the image of crime, or beauty ruined; and the three I hoped to offer a moral lesson to the world. Never till to-night have I seen one worthy to take the second place in the series. I see her now, and I have an impression that amounts almost to a conviction, that this woman is that child."

"She lives on Tenth street. If it is your wish we will visit her to-night when the concert is finished, or to-morrow—perhaps, however, you would prefer calling upon her alone?" said Frank Dundas with a hearty co-operating look of voice and manner.

"By all means accompany me—we will go in the morning, and I will lay my life on it, that singer's name, when a child, was Alice Flynn!"

At eleven the following morning the lady was alone in her simply furnished apartment, in a boarding-house on Tenth street. The beauty which had dazzled all who beheld her on the previous night, did not owe any thing to dress or to lamp-light, it bore the inquisitive glance of the sunshine well.

Alice received her guests, the Hon. Frank Dundas, and the artist Martin Gray, with a grace and ease of

manner which delighted them. She spoke with the enthusiasm of youth of the art in which she was so great a proficient, and every word she uttered revealed a mind well cultivated, refined, and innately noble.

A half hour passed speedily by, but the Honorable gave no sign of an intention to depart. The artist, who had surveyed her as he would an exquisite production of art, first rising to take his leave, said—"I have a favor to urge, madam, it is a very great one; I am painting a series of portraits, will you permit me to take yours as a representation of Noonday?"

"It would be a very poor representative of the glory and majesty of the theme you have chosen. Pardon me, I must decline an honor so unmerited."

"Permit me to judge that," said Martin Gray earnestly. "It is an idea I have long desired to carry out; I wished to make the picture an exact likeness, and therefore sought a beauty that was perfect, so there should be no work left for my imagination—now that the object of my long search is found, do not deny me this great privilege. If you will only accompany some of your friends to my studio, by showing to you the *Sunrise*, I can better explain what it is I wish; or perhaps you will suffer me either now or to-morrow to escort you thither."

"To-morrow," she answered, "I will come. Ere then you may, I trust, find one elsewhere to represent your ideal."

"That is utterly impossible. To-morrow, then, before the rooms are filled with visitors, I shall look for you," said Martin, with a decidedly grateful accent and look, and the young men walked slowly away.

CHAPTER III.

The Noonday was nearly finished. The city was ringing with the surpassing beauty and the matchless voice of the young singer Alice. And Martin Gray's numerous and powerful friends every where declared that the picture on which he worked so diligently, would add the greenest leaf to his glory-wreath.

The artist loved his picture—loved he the original? No! he could have worshiped the canvas on which that matchless face was impressed, but when he looked on Alice, and listened to her beautiful words and the so musical, delicious pronunciation, though he saw and heard with the most enthusiastic admiration, it was still only that of the artist—the *man's* heart was untouched.

He had never shown to her the "child-angel." After his call upon "Alice," so strengthened was become Martin Gray's persuasion that it was the Alice of by-gone recollections, that he feared to hazard the display of the portrait to her.

Let us see if his precaution was a wise one.

It was the last sitting. On the following day the lady was to depart with a distinguished company of singers, on a long professional tour through the Western and Southern cities. She had risen, for the hour was passed, and stood looking for the last time on the beautiful works of the artist, which adorned the room.

"Do you remember," said Martin, approaching her, "I promised to show you the portrait which I called

the Sunrise, pardon me that I have not done so before, this is the one."

He raised his hand and turned to the light a small picture, which for the few past days had looked upon the wall.

A broken exclamation of surprise, rather than the usual tribute of warm praise, escaped the young creature.

"Did *you* paint this?" she asked. "Pray tell me when and how?" she added, recovering her self-possession immediately.

"I was a youth, very poor and needy, having some talent, and a great deal of taste for sketching and painting. Very unfortunately, as I thought, I was forced either to altogether resign this employment so delightful to me, or to pursue it in order to supply myself with food and clothes. To me it must not be a pastime—I could not hesitate long—it became my profession. But I had, what to you may seem an inconceivable dislike to painting faces merely as a workman paints letters on a sign. I imagined that it was just as easy to win the smiles of dame Fortune by picturing only the exceedingly beautiful, and giving them emblematic names, and I was not altogether wrong. Passing one day through the streets of this very city, I came upon a group of children playing—one of that little band struck me as being nothing short of perfection, I could think of nothing as I looked on her, but how beautiful a sunrise!—how splendid will be the day that ensues! At my request the child guided me to her home, it was a poor one, and therein bore a great resemblance to my own. The mother consented that I should take the child's likeness, and—this is it, I never saw the little one again. Afterward, as I have told you, for many years I traveled in Europe, but though constantly on the look out, I never found a Noonday worthy to follow a Sunrise like this child's. I thank you, madam, that I have in you, and in my own city, at last found what Europe could not show me."

"May I ask," said the lady, with face slightly averted from the gaze of Martin Gray, "may I ask the name of the girl?"

It was the question which of all others the artist most wished her to propose, and he watched her closely, as in a careless tone that belied his glance, he said—

"I remember it very well—it was Alice Flynn!"

"Thank you—it is indeed a lovely picture! You have amply deserved, sir, all the honors that are, or can be awarded to you."

Martin Gray attended her to the carriage that stood in waiting, but Alice the songstress did not look upon him till she gave him her hand in parting, when he saw her face, then, the artist knew he had not been deceived; she was pale as death.

A few months afterward, came from a city far to the South, a letter to our *hero*, its contents were a five hundred dollar note, and these words:

"The child for whose education you so generously provided when both she and yourself were poor and unknown, would fain convince you that with increase of years, and fortune, and happiness, she has not forgotten—that she is not ungrateful. All the good that

has fallen to her in this life she is glad and proud to trace directly to you, to that one act of well-timed charity. May the God of Heaven for ever bless you. The 'Sunrise' and the 'Noonday' of your life you have made unspeakably glorious, may the night be without a cloud, and complete in its magnificence!"

It required no shrewd *guesser* to determine for Martin Gray the author of this brief note. The cities of the South were at that very moment vying with each other in lauding the Northern songsters, and the queen of beauty and of song, the lady "Alice"—and the artist rejoiced in her brilliant success, and waited with impatience till he should see and speak with her again.

In the years when honors thickly clustered around his brow, when Fortune had laid many of her choicest gifts at his feet, there was yet one thing wanting to complete his happiness.

There were few homes on earth so beautiful as his, and his wife and children (for Martin in course of time became an old man,) were all that the heart of man could desire. There were no lines betokening care, or a fierce strife with the world, on the artist's handsome face. He had labored, and that constantly, it is true, but his had not been a wearying toil, rather such as had been intensely satisfying. The visions of beauty with which he mentally surrounded himself, had never been frightened away by rough and harsh experience—to him even as in his youth, "all things beautiful were what they seemed!"

Many enchanting, perfect works had gone forth from the rooms of Martin Gray into the world, but there were two original ones for which he rejected every offer, however extravagant. Copies and engravings of them had been given to the public, but the canvas on which his fingers worked while his eyes were gazing on the loveliest and most perfect specimens of beauty to his mind conceivable, were precious beyond all price to him.

The series had not been completed, for Martin Gray had never seen a human being fearfully beautiful, and irrevocably fallen, whereby to represent the "Night." And as years passed on, his heart more earnestly and continually hoped that he never might.

The great artist is dead. The passing visions of a beautiful fancy have forever flitted away—"he sleeps the last sleep"—but his works live after him. They live to speak to us of their creator—to tell us of his goodness, of the deep unfathomed spring of human love within his heart. He sleeps, but he has left a name that is cherished by his country, and his genius is a source of national pride. How well is he remembered and loved by those who knew him! And the students in his own glorious art, with what enthusiasm and reverence do they cherish a memory of him!

During his widow's life his studio remained as he had left it—it was a Mecca to which for years pilgrims most devout resorted. To many that artist's rooms were sacred places; standing in them they breathed the air of inspiration, and held sweet communings with the spirit of the Beautiful.

Of the sublime lessons, and they were many, which spoke forth from those walls, there was one that made the gazer shudder and turn pale. No one gazing on

the three faces which were separated from all other paintings wrought by the same hand, could have resisted the conviction that the artist had meant, ay, and that he had succeeded in conveying to the mind of the gazer, a deep and awful moral lesson, for the "Night" was with the "Sunrise" and the "Noonday!"

It was marvellous, it was dreadful to trace the great resemblance between the likeness of the angelic little child, the incomparably beautiful maiden, and the splendid, but fallen woman!

The same bright curling hair, the same deep, sapphire eyes, the fresh bloom on the fair cheek, the graceful form—they were unmistakable. But oh!

there was an expression on those features of the eldest woman, that the innocent child and the guileless maiden could not have interpreted—it was a bold, defiant look, that told it was a sorrowful and an ever-to-be-lamented day that saw her come before the world to wrestle for its honors—a very siren, but ah! how weak to strive against its sinful allurements, its awful temptations.

They are one and the same, said every heart that gazed upon them. Reader, *they were!* For the "Night" was also a *portrait*, and the last work of Martin Gray!

Alas! alas! sweet Alice! splendid and courted Alice! wretched and ruined Alice!

THE MISANTHROPE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SPEAK no more!

Thou canst not comfort me. I'd rather hear
The serpent's hiss than speech from a false heart.
There was a time thy voice had power to calm,
And lay the fiend within me: Let me rest
Lonely and cursed amid my wretchedness;
I have ventured all and lost—'t was Destiny!
There are dark spirits moving through the world,
Casting a saddening influence over all
Within their vortex: Such perchance is mine;
With its wild, fitful struggles, and its gleams
Now good, now evil, stronger with my strength
The eclipse of Heaven's brightness. Who can read
The unknown language of the human heart,
Though writ in fiery characters? Where the power
To judge an erring creature, when the thoughts,
Hidden even to himself, cannot be fathomed
Save by Omniscience? In thy hollow hand
Measure the waters of the depthless sea,
Or with far-seeing vision through the expanse
Of yonder firmament of Heaven, speak
Of that which is to be, though yet unseen
In its bright pages: Easier task for man
Than judge his brother justly. To myself
I am a mystery, why not to thee?
The waters of my heart are deeper far
Than plummet ever sounded. Oh, dark Future!
Thy veil once lifted, will the power be given
To note their secret depths. Why have I trusted
But to be deceived? and not by man alone!
Why have I ever loved, if but to love
Has been to bind myself upon the wheel
Of wretchedness? The punishment of gods!
Why should I ask for sunshine on my heart,
If with it, it must wither? ask thyself.
Reading thine own heart's secret, thou may'st learn
How much I needed sympathy. My path,
Now filled with rankest weeds, might have been pure
Under thy smile and teaching. Now, too late!
To wrestle with the world for an existence,
Bowed, but not crushed by Fate, is of itself
Enough to turn the heart to bitter gall,
And make if curse, where, in its sunnier hours,
It might have shed a blessing. Fortune's smile,
Unto the favored, clothes the earth with flowers;
Its frown, alas! will make the brightest spot

Black as a demon's glance—its fruit as bitter
As the Dead Sea's—and like it naught but ashes!

The meanest thing,
Infuriated in the hunter's toils,
Turns at the last with fierce and vengeful cry
To battle with its foe; and some there are,
Lost to all hope, in their own quivering flesh
Implant their poisonous venom, choosing thus
To be themselves their executioners,
Than fall upon the spear of might and wrong.
Such do I fear myself: That I have been,
In happier days, a lover of my kind—
Heart as capacious, hand as firm and true,
As ever graced the proudest in the land.
I have been thus—Answer! what am I now?
I have found coldness where I looked for love—
Ingrates 'mid friends—the half-averted head,
With the neglectful glance, that seemed to say,
Thou art not of us now! Half-way to meet
And pay back scorn by scorn, keener than that
The eye of man e'er threw upon me—thus
Was I ever—thus will ever be:
Though it heap coals of fire upon my head,
And writhe me with its tortures, still my soul,
Strong in its desperate fury, asks no boon
But hate, to be repaid by darker hate—
Failing in that, to die unwept, unsung.
Madness is not my portion—I shall live!
And from the chaplet round the brow of Fame
Yet seize, perchance, a leaf. Love in my heart
Is not yet all extinct: what it has been,
Brighter and purer than the present hour,
Has fled forever! Yet I cannot live
Unloving and unloved. But hand in hand
With my ambition, upward must it rise,
Subordinate, yet true unto the truthful.
Into the channels where deceit has crept—
Into the hearts unfaithful—o'er the paths
Of those who have repaid my love with guile,
The blast of my sirocco hate shall sweep,
Sudden to rise and swift to overthrow.

Such are my thoughts.
Would they were written on my brow, that all
Might read the tale untold. My story 's brief.
'T is the twin passions—they have mastery,
And sway my pulses of life.

There are brief moments
 when I lie sleeping, and my mind
 in its dominion, far removed
 from cares and struggles, soars aloft
 amid its tortures, then forgotten,
 the dark Future; with untiring wing,
 as the young eaglet, seeks the sun
 and truth, and wisdom: or retiring
 to the brilliant, unforgotten past,
 every foot of earth contains a portion
 of reality, seeks out its mate,
 and have wrestled with the storms of Time
 the victor's crown: or, from the page
 of spirits, who have left a deep
 and failing well of giant thought,
 my flickering lamp of life, nor dream
 a world elsewhere, but in the visions
 of enchanters have raised up for Time!
 O sayings on ye, noble-hearted men!
 O to this saddened soul of mine
 brought strength and hope! Earth has not
 so rare, as those ye thickly scatter
 wind for your posterity.

To me your voices,
 O midnight, in the garish day,
 and gently come: I trust in you—
 be faithful: Rest forever with me.
 O the lore of Israel—the sound
 of harps by Grecian wizards strung—
 O the echoes!—the ever-burning page
 of the brighter days—the undying song
 of Shakespeare—and the noble strains
 of minds drinking their inspiration
 from a pure fountain—all the mighty line—
 O ye this distant shallow generation,
 O ye of Time!

Sweet friends!
 henceforth must nestle in your loves,
 never lost. When forgotten,
 O of period, 'mid the worldly strife
 of things, how sinks my spirit,
 O 'mid the iron bars of forms.
 O hope of happiness in life,
 O not bound up with the mighty past.
 O the future, dark.
 O comforters are for the happy few.
 O I am I. I stand alone.

Alone, for judgment?
 O and wild my passions—full of sins,
 O and bitter. Who shall succor me?
 O to love—I found it hollowness.
 O to hate—I found it bitterness.
 O bition—and it smiled upon me
 O to my grasp:—unto a future,
 O my heart refuses its belief.
 O to learned deceit, nor schooled myself
 O hypocrite. What I am, I am!
 O to sin of man—Hypocrisy—
 O to mate with me: Would that it could.
 O, I would not suffer as I must.
 O to veil myself thus from men's eyes,
 O in the thing I am not, I might live
 in this world's love. But let that pass.
 O to bend my knee, or lose one spark
 of my heritage—my manhood's truth—
 O to be on the vampires of the world,
 O to be on the blood of noble things.
 O enough the strife's unequal? Let me fall,
 O my ruined hopes; the shrine profaned
 the inner temple, is to me

Dearer than all now opened to my soul;
 So let me die with prayer upon my lips,
 And like old Israel's stricken one, pull down
 A glorious desolation in my fall!

Wild are my thoughts, oh God!
 And wilder still the passionate heart that beats
 With a fallen angel's power. There liveth not
 Among earth's myriads, a more restless spirit,
 So formed for good or ill!

I have been gentle,
 Loving and kind to all. My curse has been
 To feel the unkind thought—to doubt all truth—
 Of woman and of man. Naught's left me now
 But shaken confidence and cheated hopes,
 A long and drear account to be repaid
 With interest manifold. The restless fire
 That has preyed upon my brain, and blasted life—
 Destroyed my peace, and made me stern and strong
 As the avenging fury, must recoil
 Upon the heads of those whose path has been
 In triumph o'er my heart.

Shall I then spare?
 Who spared me where I trusted most? Whose hand
 Clasped firmly mine? Speak! whose kind word,
 When sorrow was upon me, came unto me,
 As it should come, in peace, and bid me hope?
 The butterflies that thronged around my steps,
 But to fly from me when the sun went down?
 I think of them, not to give blow for blow,
 But to tramp out their false hearts' heath my heel.
 They left a sting behind—but yet I live!
 Ay! they shall feel I live.

Their loss was naught.
 The serpent's tooth was nearer to my heart
 That tortured me to madness. I had loved;
 Thou knowest it. Call it love—idolatry!
 For it was my religion. All but that—
 Power, wealth and friends—I could have lost,
 Hadst thou but trustfully still kept thy vow,
 Calming the raging fever of my brain!
 Well! when these painted lizards crawled aside,
 And I clung, like the wretched mariner,
 Unto a straw, I deemed a plank, for life.
 Whose voice came o'er the deep and angry sea,
 Bidding me be of faith and hope? Speak, now!
 What! art thou voiceless? Nearer, bend thine ear!
 Nay, shudder not—there's "a method in my madness!"
 I would not shriek it out aloud, for fear
 The sound might create revelry in Hell!

Not the one I loved.
 Not hers, whose every thought was mine—not hers,
 Who should have searched my deep, unquiet heart,
 And soothed it in its agony. Oh no!
 Too hard a task to ask this boon of her,
 Whose dearest thought seemed but to learn the way
 To help to crush—not save.

Oh God! forgive me!
 How much of sorrow, sin and shame, my life
 Would have been guiltless of, had but the one—
 The only one of earth—reached forth her hand,
 And with that hand, her heart, to lift me up
 And keep my manhood pure.

It was a dream!
 I only deemed it but her duty here;
 I may have asked too much! 'Tis over now.
 The sharpest strife is o'er, and I must be
 Sufficient to myself. The past can ne'er
 Recall itself to me, but with my tears,
 That have been tears of blood. Would that the fate
 Of the Olympus-stricken Niobe

Had been mine also—that I had been marble.
 Oh charity! oh love! how much we need
 Thy softening power. Ye, whose hearts are bowed
 Before a great Creator; ye, whose thoughts
 Should be all purity—cannot ye feel
 The power given you to soothe and calm
 The troubled souls of weary-hearted men,
 Who wrestle, like the Titan, 'gainst the power
 Of the Omnipotent! Hurling ever back
 Against the thunderer's bolts, an avalanche,
 Cleft from the cloud-topped hills of human pride,
 The settlements of a world of hate and scorn.

So fades my life,
 And with it, all the poetry of youth,
 The summer of existence—lost forever.
 As fleeting as the bubble, Reputation—

As false as social ties—delusive all—
 The mirage of the world.
 In this, my deep communing with myself,
 New strength has come upon me. Oh, my soul!
 Gird on thy armor of Indifference,
 And forth into the world to toil and strive,
 Bearing thy secret ever present to thee,
 Lest weak Humanity should tamely yield
 Unto its earlier promptings: Up and work!
 There is a pathway left for Lucifer;
 All portals are not closed. Up, up, the time
 Is present now; fearless and bold press on;
 Stay not for counsel or impediment,
 But, like the Roman matron's chariot,
 Pass recklessly upon thy destined course,
 Though Nature's holiest ruin stops the way.

ALICE VERNON.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

THERE is many a bright star gleaming,
 In memory's distant sky,
 And their soft light is streaming
 On days long, long gone by.
 And often hover round me

The loved and lost of yore,
 Ere cankering care had found me,
 Or life's young dream was o'er!

We see at early morning
 Soft hues steal o'er the sky,
 Its eastern arch adorning,
 To glad the raptured eye,
 But deem not their complexion,
 Like flowers in joyous spring,
 Is caused by the reflection
 From passing angel's wing!

E'en thus, our thoughts concealing,
 We watch o'er woman's cheek
 The hues of beauty stealing,
 With hearts too full to speak,
 And little think those blushes,
 Like June's young roses fair,
 Come when some angel brushes
 His loving pinions there!

O, fair young ALICE VERNON,
 To thee fond memory turns,
 As loving sun-flowers turn on
 Their stems when noon-day burns!

We roamed the woods together
 In life's young break of day,
 Ere clouds and wintry weather
 Had shadowed o'er our way!

Bright were thy braided tresses,
 As braided sunbeams are,
 And like a glimpse of Heaven
 The smile that thou didst wear.
 That smile still haunts my memory
 Like tale of fairy land,
 And oft in dreamy mood I see
 Thy form before me stand!

Sweet, laughing ALICE VERNON,
 It seemeth strange to me,
 And yet they tell me Time hath laid
 His heavy hand on thee!
 I cannot deem thee faded,
 Though weary suns have set
 On weary, weary, weary days
 And years since last we met!

I feel it now—the fairest things
 Are doomed to pass away,
 And yet my heart the firmest clings
 To those that first decay!
 And so, sweet ALICE VERNON,
 I turn to thee always,
 As flowers their stems will turn on
 To drink the sun's bright rays!

SONG.

ON THE WIDE WORLD I AM SAILING.

On the wide world I am sailing,
 My bark is on the tide;
 The lead and the line are trailing,
 And the spread sail reaches wide.

With the ebb and flow I'm gliding,
 Adown the stream of Time;
 'Mong breakers oft I am riding,
 And o'er the wrecks of crime.

'Mid troubled waves wild dashing,
 When storms and tempests come;
 'Mid heaven and earth's wild crashing,
 My life-boat is my home.

Then out on the wild world roaming,
 In troubles or in sport;
 On the stream of Time wild foaming,
 My cold grave is my port!

AGNES.*

MAJOR ANSPACH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC FOURNIER.

(Concluded from page 286)



CHAPTER IV.

WE should be seriously grieved if the expression of which we made use at the end of the preceding chapter should lead the too credulous reader into a dangerous error.

The tendency of this edifying history is to prove, on the contrary, in the most simple and incontrovertible manner, that however man may subdue his passions and limit his enjoyments to the rigorous circle traced by fortune, it is sufficient that these passions exist, and that he is their slave, to disturb the most philosophical mind, and to excite tempests that are the more violent because concentrated in a narrow space. Of what import are the dimensions of the scene? A perturbation in a glass of water is a tempest full of horror to the fly who ventures to brave its dangers. Well, the worthy Major Anspach was this imprudent insect.

One fine day in April, when the air was soft and sunny, the descendant by the female line of the last dukes of Lorraine, having brushed with the greatest care his long brown overcoat and his black plush pannoons, sought, at his usual stately pace, his favorite

resting-place, and its perfumes. The frequenters of "Provence in Miniature," as that end of the garden is called. Children, nurses, young men and girls, were so well acquainted with the "man of the bench," that no one was permitted to usurp the seat which so long possession had consecrated to his use; what, then, was the painful surprise of the major on approaching his domain to find it occupied!

His first impulse was to take the affair in the simplest form of view, to go up and explain to the audacious invader of his privileges by what a continuous occupation he, Major Anspach, Baron of Phalsbourg, descended in the female line from the last Dukes of Lorraine, had acquired the exclusive right to sit in that angle of the wall, between the jasmine and the flowering roses.

But the necessity he would be under of divulging his birth was repugnant to his pride; and as the individual occupying the bench—*his* bench—was an old man like himself; long like himself, thin and unhappy like himself, and who appeared, like himself, not to enjoy many of the luxuries of life, and whose face,

like his own, bore traces of long suffering, and painful struggles with adversity; our worthy major contented himself by throwing upon the unknown the glance of an old lion—who on returning to his den and finding it occupied by another old lion dying, passes on—so our major. "It assuredly is only a temporary occupant," said he mentally—"a walk to the end of the avenue and he will have departed."

But he deceived himself—he wandered from walk to walk, from avenue to avenue, passing and repassing his "Paradise Lost," shooting fiery glances from his eyes upon the indiscreet possessor of the coveted seat; but this last, took no notice of the menacing looks of our unhappy and irritated old friend, and continued peacefully to sun himself whilst gazing with melancholy eye upon the joyous circle of young girls who danced up almost to his feet.

The sun neared the horizon—the shadows began to lengthen—and, at last, twilight overspread the landscape; then the unknown arose, and making a turn or two to relieve his limbs, slowly disappeared by the Rue St. Honore.

M. Anspach returned home in feverish exasperation.

On the following morning the sun again shone out beautifully, and our friend the major proceeded to finish elaborately his toilet. He had grown calm, and reason suggested that yesterday's intruder could have no motive, for two days in succession, to make him miserable; nevertheless the old gentleman was unhappy—for at his age a day lost is something!"

On arriving at the Tuileries, the first object to which he directed his longing eyes was his bench, and there again was seated his perverse old substitute. The major was astounded! He made a move as if to go and tear the invader from a place of happiness of which he was so unjustly deprived; but old age controls impulse, and the major felt that he could not depart from those rules of politeness which belonged to his rank and former position in society. It was a flagrant imposition it was true: there was even a kind of impertinence in the conduct of the intruder, who must have observed how much the major was chagrined by his adverse possession the day before.

All this was plausible, but it would not justify a quarrel: and, whatever the right of the major to the estate shaded with roses and jasmine, its assertion at first view offered something so absurd, and even ridiculous, that it hardly consorted with the dignity of the descendant by the female side of the last Dukes of Lorraine.

These reflections, which presented themselves confusedly to the mind of the major, as he wended his tedious way among the walks, did not however calm his irritation. He wandered without object among the cross-alleys of the garden, running against passers, and even the trees and benches, and chairs, like a dismasted ship at the mercy of winds and waves.

It was really painful to see that long overcoat trotting about, going, turning, and returning, its owner given up to a thousand diverse emotions, in which were intermixed chagrin, unhappiness and regret.

As often as this changeful temper brought the old man opposite to his lost Eden—that is to say, the bench

and bower of roses where imperturbably sat his rival, the major raised his eyes upward and heaved so lamentable a sigh that the passers by, not knowing the cause, were struck with wonder.

The next day Major Anspach returned, timid, nervous, breathless, and filled with inquietude—there again was the *executioner of his happiness!*

Once again in the morning M. Anspach dragged himself to the spot, without strength and without hope—he could scarcely raise his longing eyes from afar toward his terrestrial paradise, where, as usual, sat his tormentor, like the implacable angel of destruction; that impassive face, that form, as long, as thin, as venerable as the major's own, but infinitely more enduring in its cruelty—than the patience of its victim!

This excitement could not last without seriously affecting the major's health; he took to his bed; a burning fever raged in his blood; weeks of unconsciousness passed by, and a long convalescence only permitted him to walk slowly along the Boulevard, with cane, and umbrella to shade him from the influence of the raging Dog Star; he sighed deeply and constantly. When his thoughts rested upon his past happiness, the wounds opened afresh, and he would stand for a long time plunged in melancholy reverie, interrupted only by nervous tremblings and audible groans.

When, at last, he was entirely able to resume his walks, instead of revisiting the Tuileries, he studiously avoided them, and turning his course by the Rue du Bac, passed on to the Luxembourg; he wished to cheat his heart. But the effort was unsuccessful notwithstanding his heroism—the habits of old age are tenacious because they are egotistic. The Luxembourg presented no object that he loved, neither the people he was accustomed to see, nor the palace of his kings, which at times he had worshiped with stolen glances; neither the kindly memories of the past, suggested by the sight of objects on the other side of the river.

At the end of some days, the major felt that he would infallibly return to his bed if he continued to quarrel with his inclinations; but in the apprehension of again meeting his adversary—whom he had come to regard with a mixture of hatred and fear—he conceived a most extravagant project. It is necessary, in order to admit for a moment that such an idea could enter the mind of one with head as gray as that of the major, to reflect that the infatuation of the old man, instead of relaxing during the paroxysms of fever, and passing away with its weakness, only became concentrated and fixed as an incurable mania.

Whatever it was, he resolved to put it in execution the very day of its conception, if necessity forced him.

CHAPTER V.

"Palsambleu!" the old major exclaimed to himself, as he crossed the Pont Royal; "I have an idea that things have changed a little in three months in 'Little Provence,' and that my gentleman, tired of waiting to see my chagrin, has vacated his place—or at least some new rascal has taken it into his head to finish the other's work; that is, to disgust me with existence.

Bah! that's all nonsense, I shall find my little bench smaller than ever—if however Fortune is still against me—then, mille diables, I will show him that I am a Phalsbourg—morbleu!—a descendant of the Lorraines, corbleu!—a gray musqueteer!—bombs and cannon!—and we will see whether this fellow will keep his ground. It is indifferent to me whether I die by the stroke of a sabre, or of a little bench usurped. By the bye! how long is it since my last duel? Let me see! forty two years! Humph! that's rather a long interval for the honor of Phalsbourg. But that duel had great results, and cost me dear—one hundred thousand crowns! I would like to know whether my money went to the bottom of the sea with that Palissandre—whom may Heaven confound! When I think that we endeavored to cut each other's throats for that little sinner Guimard!—a little fool! who had no other merit, on my conscience, but that she was her mother's daughter—another adventuress who so completely turned inside out the pockets of the infatuated and unfortunate Soubise.”

Major Anspach hummed a tune as he lounged along with a most gallant air in the long brown *scabbard* which he called his overcoat, and which gave something so extravagant to his appearance, that the gatekeeper at the Tuileries had some remorse for letting him pass: nevertheless, the major, when he had entered the orangery, resumed his gravity and dignified deportment; besides, he stretched out his neck and held his head so proudly, that his length was increased beyond all conception, giving one an idea of the sword of a Swiss guard perambulating the garden.

The promenade offered that day every imaginable splendor—the sunlight danced upon the liquid surface of the fountains, and its red rays piercing the interstices of the foliage, bathed the atmosphere in glittering vapor—the rays of warm light striking upon the marble statues, started them as it were into being, while Reverie, with bended head, seemed to throw its somniferous influence over flowery meads and shaded walks—and Zephyr, escorted by voluptuous Idleness, sought each wooded recess like a nymph of Délos under the sacred laurel.

We dare not affirm that our ex-musqueteer sensibly enjoyed the delights of the garden, thus illumined by the morning sun as we have described them, for it is the opinion of philosophers that a less pleasure is swallowed up in a greater one—the little bench, its roses and jasmine, alone entered his thoughts, and at that moment for it alone he lived. His eyes on approaching it were directed timidly toward the little seat, and who can describe the bounding pulsation of his heart on perceiving it vacant! And besides, how much was it embellished since he last beheld it! the roses had climbed up and mingled with the jasmine, and formed a delicious bower of perfume and beauty, almost concealing the little bench in its deep recesses.

A hundred thousand pounds weight, and something more, slid from the heart of the dear old major, and enabled him for the first time in three months to breathe freely. His emotion was so great that his limbs tottered, and he was obliged to cling to an orange tree for support—tears sprang to his eyes—he tried to utter

some words to himself that he might hear his own voice, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses—but he could only bring forth inarticulate sounds whilst his chest heaved convulsively. He fell into a reverie. “The storm that lowered on his house” was about to be dissipated, and he had now only to combat the unhappy daughter of Memory—talon-fingered Regret!

In celebrating thus in thought his returning happiness Major Anspach resumed his march, and walked along with eyes cast down, as if overcome with his own pleasant thoughts, when he raised them he was within two feet of his Mecca. He suddenly bounded backward as if an adder had stung him, and then stood breathing wildly and with glassy stare—his rival was there!

The reader would be wrong to conclude that the ill opinion formed in the mind of Major Anspach regarding the unknown was a just one. The face of the old man was wrinkled like that of an old soldier of Italy, as painted by M. Charlet, giving evidence of years of hardship spent in the service of his country—and if his countenance was somewhat austere, that severity in his looks was softened by something of amiability and sweetness.

It was easy to perceive that he had suffered much and long. His person partook of the military rigidity of his countenance, the blue coat he wore over a white waistcoat buttoning to the throat, with nankeen pantaloons, and buckled shoes, indicated a fashion long gone by, and its well-brushed surface, though worn, presented to the eye a tout ensemble which claimed the respect of the stranger. In a word, there existed between the unknown and the major so many points of resemblance, that it required the blind aversion which had taken possession of the latter to prevent a feeling of the warmest sympathy springing up between him and his antagonist: but far from perceiving these symptoms of a poverty noble and proud in his rival, and which should have inclined him to stretch out the arms of a brother rather than those of an enemy, the descendant of the Phalsbourgs, blinded with rage, could scarce recover himself sufficiently to salute the stranger with a touch of his beaver of very sinister augury.

The unknown returned the salutation with much urbanity and self-possession.

M. Anspach, this duty to politeness performed, mechanically as it were, drew his hat down over his eyes and made a step forward.

At this gesture his rival smiled, and looked around him as if to make his visiter comprehend that it was impossible from the narrowness of his quarters to offer him hospitality.

M. Anspach observing this pantomime, smiled also, but it was a bitter smile. He made incredible efforts to recover his voice.

“I believe I see in you a lover of the Tuileries,” observed he of the blue coat, bowing gracefully, “and that you have come, like myself, to enjoy here the fine weather?”

“It is three months since I have enjoyed it, sir,” the choking major answered, rolling his eyes.

“True—I have remarked your absence.”

“Ah!” growled M. Anspach de Phalsbourg.

That "*ah*," was a little fiendish.

"You appear to suffer," rejoined he of the blue coat, "and are fatigued," he added, without offering, however, to yield his seat.

"You are right," replied the major, all at once recovering the use of his epiglottis. "Yes, sir! I *am* fatigued—no one was ever more fatigued."

The major made a pause as if gathering himself up for an encounter—then stepping up boldly under the very nose of his adversary, continued:

"Hear me, my very *dear* sir. I have not the honor to know you, but I take you to be an honorable man; besides, your exterior pleases me; you suit me well, and I should be pleased if you will permit me the honor of cutting your throat."

The blue coat drew back in astonishment, mingled with fright; he began to think he had to deal with an insane person, but the major, interpreting the movement, continued—

"Do not judge the horse by his harness"—assuming at the same time a port full of dignity and well-bred self-possession; "You will have in me an antagonist not unworthy of the sword of a man of honor—and if reasons altogether personal did not at present oblige me to ask as a favor the permission to conceal my name, you would learn that I was of a blood which has never dishonored the veins through which it ran."

"Then, sir," replied the unknown, in a tone almost serious, "I am delighted by the accident, whatsoever it may be, that brings us together; for the name I bear, though I boast not of it, is one of the most esteemed in Angoumois."

"This meeting is delightful!" chimed in the major.

"Nevertheless," resumed our blue coat, rising as he spoke—"perhaps you will do me the pleasure to explain to me to what unexpected cause I owe the honor of your challenge?"

"You shall have it in few words. You have not formally insulted me, I acknowledge, but you have nearly killed me—and I plainly perceive from the course you have taken that you will eventually accomplish it. I prefer to anticipate my end."

The unknown re-acted himself; for the idea returned that he was conversing with a lunatic. But this time the major, appearing to comprehend most perfectly the suspicions of his enemy, shrugged his shoulders and smiled in disdain, as he said—

"I hoped that your age, sir, would have prevented any precipitate judgment concerning my motives; but I see that I was mistaken, for you appear to partake of that vulgar prejudice which puts beyond the pale of a just opinion all that apparently outrages the conventionalities of social life. Be pleased, then, to excuse the strangeness of my address, and I dare hope that you will reconsider your opinion, when you know the just grounds I have to seek the honor of a meeting with you."

The composed and self-possessed manner with which these last words were spoken, struck the unknown, and he again stood up, while the major, throwing a rapid glance over the blue coat, continued—

"I believe, sir, you are in a condition to feel some sympathy for those whom fortune has not deigned to

favor. I can, then, without a blush acknowledge to you that I am one of her victims. Happily, I have not received in the New World, where I passed many years, severe lessons of wisdom and moderation without profiting somewhat by them. I have been twice entirely ruined, and yet am consoled by my philosophy. Returning from America, I saw myself neglected—even repulsed—by my royal masters, to whom I had consecrated the best years of my life—a king—princes who have not deigned to extend the hand of friendship to an old and faithful servant, and who let him grow old in indigence and want. Well, I am still resigned, and for more than ten years have lived without complaint, in a state bordering on the extremest misery. But you know, sir, that man's strength is not inexhaustible—there is a point beyond endurance—it is to that point you, sir, have brought me—"

"I, sir? I?"

"You will see, sir. The necessity I was under to contract my desires has conducted me, little by little, to a modesty of enjoyment which will astonish you. Our desires increase with fortune; but a wise man has strength of mind enough to diminish them in inverse ratio to his misfortunes. Mine, sir, are concentrated upon an object so humble that I might well believe it beyond the caprice of destiny. The object of which I speak is the little bench where you are seated—where, since the 17th of April, you, sir, have come to seat yourself each day, a little earlier than it was my custom to come out to rest myself. For two years I have taken a fancy to this spot in the garden. I love that bench—that shade—those flowers. In summer I come here in the sweet morning hour, peacefully to enjoy the perfume of these honeysuckles. In autumn—in winter—the smallest ray of sunshine upon the corner of the garden wall reflects its heat upon that narrow bench, making it a delightful resting-place for the worn out frame of an old man. What shall I say? This sweet resort obtained soon such an empire over me, that I had but one end—but one desire to gratify—the least sunshine upon the roofs which my garret overlooks—the least smile of heaven had for me, a poor old man, more intoxicating charms than ever glance of a mistress to the most devoted lover. It was a real passion—a love with all its joys and delicious griefs—a cloudy or a rainy day threw me in despair, and I felt all the torments of absence from the thing I loved—but was the morrow beautiful, I made the most brilliant toilet I could imagine, and ran to my little bench, convinced that I should find its pleasures increased."

"Is it necessary to tell you now, sir, that since the 17th of April you have driven me from my paradise, and that you have become my executioner!"

"I have but little more to say but that when I was a gray musqueteer I would have killed any one who raised his eyes toward my mistress; you, sir, have done more than raise your eyes toward her—you have robbed me of her—you have taken my little bench. It is more than an insult. It is, believe me, a murder—an assassination. Then, sir, give me again that seat; assure me on your honor that you will respect my right in future, or name your place and weapons."

The unknown listened to the major with increasing interest; the impress of a thousand contrary feelings flitted by turns across his countenance, and an observer might have remarked at times that lively combats were going on within.

When M. Anspach ceased to speak, waiting the answer of our blue coat, the latter walked backward and forward for some time in silence, a prey to a visible sorrow, which the major could not but respect.

At length he stopped, and fixing upon the major a grave and melancholy look, replied—

"I am an old soldier, and the alternative you offer is not repugnant to me. I, too, for three months have had the habit of resorting to this sweet spot, and to it I have consecrated the last enjoyments of a life without happiness.

"You speak of your misfortunes," added he, with a serious smile; "mine do not cede to them in number or severity: I was noble and wealthy before the Revolution, but on my return, after a long absence, I found France republican, and I too became a republican from love to her. My nobility was opposed to public opinion—I renounced it. My wealth appeared to insult the public poverty—I offered my entire fortune upon the altar of my country. The enemy menaced our frontiers—I hastened to join the phalanx under Moreau. I gave my all to France—my name, my blood, my fortune. But Bonaparte appeared, and nothing remained for me to offer to the expiring Republic but my tears and my despair. Advances were made to me—I rejected them. They would have restored my fortune and my rank—I preferred my honor and my misery—and it was only in 1815, when France made a last effort, that I prepared to die at Waterloo. Alas! much better would it have been to have died there! Prisoner, and designedly overlooked in the exchanges, (for you are aware that it could not be forgiven to a count to have fought for France,) I was banished to the end of Russia, dragged to Tobolsk, and abandoned there without resources to all the horrors of nakedness and hunger.

"How I escaped from those deserts would not interest you. Heaven has permitted me to revisit France, and here I am a mark for the resentments of the throne; regarded as a traitor to the monarchy, and condemned by those who to-day might aid me."

The old man on concluding these words slowly crossed his arms upon his breast, his head drooped, as if memory remounted the lapse of years of misfortune, and without apparent consciousness of the presence of his interlocutor.

The major, let us say it to his praise, had equally lost sight of the subject of their quarrel. Touched by this recital, which awakened in his heart sensibilities somewhat moss-grown by age, he approached the unknown, and placing his hand upon his arm, said in a voice filled with emotion—

"Providence has had its secret designs, my dear count, (for I perceive you bear that title,) in permitting two-unfortunates such as we are to cross each other's path; and if I experience something soothing to my pain in listening to the recital of your sorrows, it is in thinking that you have met the only person in the

world capable of sympathizing with you as you deserve."

"You forget, my dear sir," replied the blue coat, smiling blandly, "that we have to cut each other's throats to-morrow."

The major hung his head in confusion.

"Hear me," said the old soldier of the Republic. "I do not really think that this affair is important enough to fight about. Confess, besides, that such pastime does not become our age. Ah! there was a time I did not say so! In coming from the theatre, I as willingly went to fight at the Porte Maillôt as to laugh at the Café Procope. Sir, would you believe it, he who speaks to you has fought and been wounded, and afterward voyaged six thousand miles to seek his antagonist, and all because one evening Mademoiselle Guimard, the younger, let her handkerchief fall!"

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Major Anspach, making a start of surprise, "you said—you—ah! mon Dieu!"

"What do I see! you tremble—you become pale—do you know any thing of that unhappy affair? Ah! sir, if it is true, that you do, render me a service that I will never forget—tell me what has become of Major Anspach?—but now I think of it, you said you had been a gray musqueteer under the Comte D'Artois—perhaps you have known the major—you certainly must have been acquainted with him—ah! speak. I only possess six hundred francs of revenue, but I would give it all only to see the major once more before I die."

"You are then the Chevalier De Palissandre?" murmured the grand-nephew of the Guises by the female line, who had fallen upon the little bench from a faintness he in vain endeavored to overcome.

"I inherited the title of count on the death of my two brothers, but you, sir—may I believe—my eyes do not deceive me!—those features! Oh, speak once more—you are—"

"Yes, count. I am—I am your ancient rival—"

"Oh, joy! Heaven is just—it would not let me perish without seeing him once more. Oh! if you knew, my dear baron, how often since your departure from France—your flight I may call it—I have cursed the ill-fortune which did not allow me to arrive in London in time to join you—I was acquainted with the rascality of your banker, and not wishing to entrust to his hands the fortune which you had left in your carriage, I hastened after you to inform you of it—to advise you of your danger of loss through him in time to remedy it. Missing you there, I did not feel myself relieved of the obligation to seek you. I followed you to the Havana—I pursued your traces, but meeting contrary winds and tempests, the vessel in which I embarked failed to overtake you, and I was obliged to renounce the dearest object of my life."

"Well, chevalier—that is to say, sir count—pardon me the neglect. Take the hand I offer you, and let us bless the good fortune which permits us to meet in our unhappy circumstances, in which we both have need of the friendly offices of the other."

"What the devil do you say, D'Anspach," cried the count, crushing in his own the offered hand of the

major. "What do you say about unhappy circumstances. There are none hereafter for you, my friend—you are rich, devilish rich—I believe, devil take me! that you are a monstrous millionaire!"

The old major fixed his eye on De Palissandre in stupid astonishment.

"Notwithstanding your surprise, it is nevertheless true," continued the count, "for despairing of ever seeing you again, I took the only course which remained, which was to wait until you should yourself return to seek your 300,000 francs. But not wishing to resemble the bad servant in the parable who buried his talent in the earth, and not believing your money safe in France, I returned to London, placed your little fortune in the hands of one of my friends connected with the East Company—and remember, major, that forty years have passed away since that! May I go to the devil, if I can pretend to tell you what the honorable baronet has done to multiply your francs; but his son, who succeeded him in business fifteen years ago, and with whom I have corresponded since my return from Russia, wrote me the other day that the funds invested in the house of Ashburton & Co. amounted to nearly eight hundred thousand pounds sterling—twenty millions of francs! It seems like a fairy tale!"

We will not attempt to paint the expression upon the face of Major Anspach. He remained for a long time without speech or color—his eyes shut—like a man half-killed by some overwhelming blow, and who seems bewildered in his mind—at length his features regained their natural appearance, his cheeks their color; he drew a long sigh, opened his eyes, and saw before him M. de Palissandre anxiously watching the effect of the crisis—stretched out his arms and threw them around the neck of his old friend, shedding torrents of tears.

When the first effervescence of feeling was a little

subdued, the major seized the hand of the count anew. "Hear me, Palissandre—if you do not promise me to submit yourself without the slightest remark to my wishes, I take to witness my great grand-aunt, who was cousin in the eighth degree removed of Monsieur de Guise le Balafre, that I will go to London, receive my millions, and on my return will throw them into the sea. Ma foi! it will only be the second fortune old ocean owes to me."

"Sarpejeu! speak then!"

"Well, then, we will live together—be happy—be rich together—and *both shall have new suits of clothes!*—and when we have lived long enough, I hope Heaven will put an end to us both at the same time. I shall give immediate orders for the purchase, at whatever cost, of the lands of De Phalbourg and our Castle de Palissandre. Then we shall have two fine estates, and you will see what lots of nephews and nieces, who do not know us to-day, will spring out of the earth as it were, expressly to continue the rank and blood of the two noble houses. We shall not want for heirs, depend upon it!"

The two friends again embraced each other—the treaty was concluded.

Then the count and baron, with arms interlaced, marched from the Tuileries with a step which would have done honor to two voltigeurs of Louis Quinze—

And the little seat?

We feel ashamed to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Yes, dear lady reader, Major Anspach in departing forgot to salute even with a parting glance that little embowered seat, perfumed with jasmine and rose—the object of so much tender regard, and for which a single hour ago he was willing to risk cutting throats with a stranger. Alas! Mademoiselle, love will not last forever even at sixty years! Nevertheless, it must be confessed the little bench, like your sex, soon obtained consolation.

THE BROKEN REED.

BY S. S. HORNOR.

MANY a maiden, if she knew
The sorrows of an injured wife,
Would robe herself in sable hue
When entering on married life.

Oh, man! be careful how you deal
With one so tender and so pure;
Remember that a wife can feel
A wound for which there is no cure.

Like to the fond, confiding dove,
Howe'er so gay and blithe before,
Repel the promptings of her love,
Her spirits sink to rise no more.

Teach her but that she loves in vain
And life becomes a worthless part;
The streams of love rush back again
And choke the fountains of the heart.

Though she may flourish for awhile,
The counterfeit of what she's been,
The secret sadness of her smile
Tells, but too plainly, death's within.

'T were better she were never born
Than feel the shaft of anger dealt;
The deep contempt, the bitter scorn,
That many a suffering wife has felt.

Remember you're her only stay;
And every slight and insult shown
Will fester unto deep decay,
Until the grave shall claim its own.

Then, with affection trifle not,
Nor smite the breast you should protect,
Lest mem'ry sad should haunt the spot,
Where lies the victim of neglect.

SELF-DEVOTION.

BY GIFTIE.

UPON the margin of a blue stream that ran singing through a lonely valley among the green hills of New England, there stood in the olden time, a low cottage, built of logs, and half covered with woodbine and wild honeysuckle. The small patch of Indian corn near it hardly deserved the name of a garden, and the dense forests that surrounded it, showed that as yet civilization had penetrated but little way into the wilds of the new world. Yet the variety of wild flowers which, transplanted from their native glades, blossomed around the low doorway, and the air of neatness that pervaded the rude establishment, proved a degree of refinement greater than was usual among the Indian tribes.

It was now the hour of twilight, and not a sound was heard save the low murmuring of the wind as it swept through the dark recesses, and swayed the tangled branches of the mighty forest-trees. In one of the two small rooms into which the cottage was divided, an aged Indian and his squaw were seated beside a rude couch, where lay the form of a dying woman. Her delicate complexion and light hair betrayed her English origin, and she was still young, and had once been beautiful, though her face bore the traces of a wo more heavy than the weight of years. Yet peace was there, and the smile of calm resignation which rested upon her features, told that not in vain had been the sorrow which had bowed her to the grave. At the foot of the couch stood a missionary—one of those holy men whose lives of toil and suffering were passed in the vain endeavor to counteract the effects of the vices introduced among the Indians by their foreign oppressors.

The chieftain lifted his head from his breast and said, in a low tone, "She is passing away. The fair flower we would have cherished upon our hearts is withered."

At these words the dying woman opened her eyes, and a smile broke over her pale face as she said, "Mourn not for me, kind father; and thou, tender mother, weep no more. Ye would not keep a bird from its native sky, that its song might cheer you. Even like a bird my spirit would spread its wings that it may fly away and be at rest."

The Indian mother raised her eyes wildly and wrung her hands as she gazed on her adopted child. Then swaying her body to and fro, she murmured in the half singing half wailing tones of an Indian lament, "Will not our hut be very desolate, my bird, when thy song is hushed; and who will bring us light like the light of thy starry eyes. Shall we not miss thy voice at eventide when we kneel to the God thou hast taught us to worship. Leave us not—leave us not, for our life goes with thee to the grave!"

The missionary raised his hands to heaven, and a

lofty faith spoke in his voice, as he said, "Mourn ye not, nor weep. The exile departeth for her native land, the wanderer for her father's house. A light is fading from your path, but another star shall soon be added to the Redeemer's crown. The flower ye would have cherished hath drooped amid these alien skies, but it shall bloom in fresher beauty in the Paradise above."

As he finished speaking, the dying lady placed in his hands a manuscript, bidding him read it when she was dead; and then, with one farewell look of love on the kind faces that surrounded her, she closed her eyes wearily, and crossing her small white hands upon her breast, she composed herself as if to sleep. There was a long silence, broken only by the low wailing of the Indian woman, as she murmured in an under tone, "The way is long, the way is dark; oh, bird of the bright eye, thou soarest out of sight! who shall tell us the path to the spirit-land when thy singing voice is hushed. Wo for us! wo, wo—for the way is dark!" gradually these low moans seemed to reach the ear that was fast closing to earthly sounds. The lips of the dying moved, as if in a vain effort to speak, and at length, in faint tones, she whispered, "They shall be gathered out of every kindred and tribe and nation, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. I know—I know that my Redeemer liveth." A brilliant smile lighted her whole face with an expression of triumph, as she uttered these words of hope, and even in speaking them, the spirit fled.

That evening the missionary opened the manuscript. It read as follows:

"You have been kind to me, and have respected the sacred silence of the sorrow which has worn out my life. There are moments when every heart yearns for sympathy, and the long closed fountains of the soul flow again. Such a mood is on me now, and therefore I open to you this long-sealed heart.

"Of my childhood I will say little, save that it passed like a fairy revel. Heiress of unbounded wealth, and last of a long-descended and honorable family, I was loved with a lavish and doating fondness, until a sudden and terrible disease, that cut down my parents in the pride and glory of their days, left me an orphan. From that grief, which, for a time, was so violent as to threaten the destruction of life and reason, I never fully recovered. Even when change of scene, the progress of time, and the natural elasticity of youth had so far changed me, that I appeared to have forgotten my sorrow, there lay ever upon my heart the shadow of the tomb. After a time I was sent to reside with my aunt, at the north of England. She was waiting in the castle gate to receive me when I arrived there, and beside her rode her only son—my Cousin Gerald.

"How slight a thing may seal the whole future of our lives. We greet with a careless word and a momentary glance those whose fate is to color our own forever, and then pass on unthinking that henceforth our destiny is fixed. And yet the first time I saw him his image was stamped on my heart. Sorrow, change, wrong, despair have passed over it—but that image is there still. As I write, the curtain of the past seems drawn back, and again I greet thee, Gerald Bellamont. Again I meet the gaze of those flashing eyes—I hear the low, rich music of thy voice, and I feel the floods of deep, unquenchable love, rising in my soul for thee—thou loved so vainly.

"Days, weeks and months passed on, and we spoke not of love, perchance knew not that the fatal spell was upon us. But at last the dream was broken—the hours of peaceful affection passed away. Gerald left us for a tour on the Continent, and with the struggle of that first parting came the knowledge of all that we were to each other—came the tumult, the trembling, the fearfulness of love.

"At first the tedious hours were relieved by frequent letters from him, so full of tender affection, and withal so overflowing with youth and enjoyment of the new scenes around him, that even my fond heart was content to have him absent. Then letters came more seldom—then ceased altogether—and then, in the midst of our wonder and anxiety, he appeared suddenly in his old home; but so changed from the merry-hearted boy to the reserved, thought-stricken man, that my timid nature was abashed, and I dared not question him concerning the change which I *felt* had come over his inmost being.

"We were wedded; and if I detected, even amid the bridal festivities, a shade of sadness on my husband's brow, I strove to console myself with the hope that now he was mine—mine forever; the love so deep, so self-sacrificing, which I would every moment lavish upon him, could not but chase away the bitter memories which oppressed him. Residing on my own estate near London, our house was the resort of the noble and the gay; and amid the exciting whirl of this new life, little time was left for anxious thought. I entered into the pleasures which surrounded me with the zest of a young and joyous heart; and for a few months life was filled with sunshine—and the hours flew swiftly away; ah! why came so soon that night of agony on which there dawned no morrow.

"I was dressed at last—ready for the fancy ball. My costume, which had been selected by Lord Bellamont, had been pronounced perfect by my maids, and even my fastidious taste could suggest no improvement. After one parting glance of satisfaction at the mirror which reflected my brilliant figure, I descended to the library, where I knew Gerald waited for me, expecting to be welcomed with that smile of admiration which woman so highly prizes from the lips of love. To my surprise, Gerald did not turn at my entrance; and as I approached the window where he sat, I found him gazing at a small picture, with which he was so intently occupied as to be unconscious of my presence. It was a full-length female figure. She stood with one

arm thrown across a lyre, and one raised to heaven. A long, dark curl had strayed from her bandeau of pearls and rested on her neck, and the hair was parted back smoothly from her high brow. The face was passing beautiful, with a fire in the dark eyes, and on the small mouth, an air of lofty determination which might have become a priestess at the altar of sacrifice. Beneath was written—Leonore St. Clair.

"As I stood behind him, hesitating how to break his reverie, Gerald started up suddenly, and tearing the picture to pieces, threw the fragments out of the window, where the night wind scattered them far and wide. He watched them with a look made up of scorn and grief, and was turning away with a sigh, when he first saw me standing near him. A deep flush passed over his face, and he looked earnestly, almost sternly at me for a few moments. I was as much confused as himself, though I scarce knew why, but I had sufficient command of myself to ask some question about the picture—I know not what. Folding me in his arms, he kissed me again and again before he answered. 'I will tell you about it some time—do not ask me now. I thought it destroyed long ago, until by accident I found it to-night. It is a relic of something I must forget—I would gladly forget;' and he pressed me passionately to his heart, with words of deep tenderness. Was I mad, was I blind, that even then no foreboding whisper told my heart its doom. Yet at that moment I thought only that he was unhappy; and when I saw him smile again, the suspicion fled, that for a moment had disturbed me, and, gayest of the gay, proudest of the proud, I mingled with the throng which filled the saloons of Lady Gordon.

"Late in the evening, as leaning on the arm of Lord —, I wandered from room to room, seeking refuge from the crowd and the oppressive heat, we found our way into the library, where but few had collected. As we entered, we were greeted by a strain of music so sweet and thrilling, that I involuntarily pressed forward to listen. On a sofa near us the musician was seated. One arm, exquisitely moulded, and white as snow, was thrown across a harp, as she drew from the strings a few simple notes. She was dressed in white satin, which was not more purely beautiful than her complexion, and was without ornament, save a few pearls that gleamed among the braids of her raven hair, and on her bosom she wore a single white rose—its leaves were withered. The instant I saw her, I had a dim recollection of having seen that face before, and while I was striving to recall the time and place, she commenced singing. Never heard I music like the melody she uttered. It might have been thought the voice of an angel chanting the songs of heaven; but, alas! though the voice was of heaven, the song was earthly. She sung of love—not the happy love of that better land, but sad, broken-hearted, such as woman's hath too often been—utterly vain and hopeless.

'I love thee not—and yet thy name,
A word, a thought of thee,
Can flush my cheek and thrill my frame,
Almost to agony.

'And rarely do I think of thee,
Save at some lonely hour,
When memories of the buried past
Come over me with power.

'Or when upon the moonlit air,
I hear the sound of song,
Or a low music, like thy voice,
Borne on the wind along,

'Touches some fragment of the chord
That lies all shattered now,
Stirring its thrilling tones to tell,
Of thy forgotten vow.'

"At this moment I was startled by a deep sigh near me, and looking up, saw Gerald standing in the deep shadow of the window recess. He was gazing on the singer, who sat directly before him. The lady heard the sigh—their eyes met, and the glance which flashed from them, spoke volumes. For a moment she seemed confused and agitated, then with a look of proud anguish, and a voice that faltered not in its clear, low tones, she finished the song.

'Farewell—farewell! My dearest hope
Is that we ne'er may meet;
That passing years may teach my heart
To scorn thee, and forget.'

"Her lips quivered, and her pale cheek became crimson as she concluded, and I fancied tears trembled in the depths of her dark, radiant eyes. She turned her face toward Gerald, and for a moment they continued gazing on each other with a look full of sorrowful love, of agony and despair. It was not till she had left the room that I found strength to speak. 'Who is she?' I asked. The answer told me the whole story. It was Leonore St. Clair.

"When and how he had met her I knew and thought not. It was enough to know that she loved him—that his whole soul was given to her, and that I—oh God! I was unbeloved. My brain seemed to burn, and my heart ceased to beat—and yet I did not faint. There is a fearful strength in woman's heart, of which she is unconscious till the hour of her uttermost agony. Turning from the brilliant scene, I passed through the window into the garden. There was one walk which had been left unlighted, and thither my steps were bent. It led to a small temple, which had been erected to Cupid, and a lamp that hung over the altar, showed the figure of the sleeping boy; but the recesses of the temple were in deep shadow. I entered, and threw myself on a seat in the darkest corner. Was it *chance*, or was it ordered by the mysterious Providence which revealed to me the fearful secret that was to blight my happiness forever.

"As I lay there striving to still the tumult of my thoughts, footsteps approached, and Leonore St. Clair entered, followed by my husband. She cast a hurried glance around, but saw me not, and then turning to him, said, haughtily, 'Leave me, rash man. Is it not enough that you once cold and cruelly deceived me, but must you thus force yourself into my presence, and revive the memory of feelings I deemed long since dead. Leave me—I command you!' and she motioned him

away with an impatient gesture. I leaned forward to hear the reply. 'Say not so, Leonore. Hear me—nay, turn not away, for you must hear me. Long ere I knew you I was betrothed to another. She was gentle and beautiful; oh, dearest, can you blame me that I shrunk from breaking her kind and faithful heart. Would you have taken my hand if it were stained with her tears? Would you have accepted a dishonored name? Too well I knew you, too deeply had I read your noble nature to dream of doing aught but to bow in silence to my sad destiny. Nay, more, deeply, wildly as I loved you, until that last day we spent together on the Rhine, I knew not that I was beloved in return; I had been told you were the promised bride of another. Then, when I first knew that you were free, and I—I bound to another; I cannot speak of this—I cannot think of it; sometimes I fear I am going mad.'

"I did not hear her answer, for as he spoke he drew her to the steps of the altar, and they sat down together. They conversed some time in a low tone, and I heard the sound of weeping. At last they rose, and as the light fell full on their faces, I saw they were both fearfully agitated. 'She drew her hands from his with a look of passionate despair. 'Go, now,' she said, 'go, while I have power to bid you leave me. God knows I shall never forget you; but from this moment we must never, never meet again.'

"'I go,' he replied, sadly; 'yet ere we part, Leonore, I ask one kiss—the first, the last. Let me press you once to this heart, and it will be nerved to endure all things.'

"She fell into his arms—he clasped her to his bosom, and I saw their lips meet. Another moment and he had turned from her. 'Farewell!' he said, in a low, hoarse tone. 'Farewell, forever' was the response.

"She remained standing until the sound of his steps had died away, and then flung herself down heavily on the marble floor. Even in that first hour of misery I felt no hatred of her. I longed to creep to her bosom, and mingle my tears with hers, and echo the sobs that came thick and gaspingly from her lips. After a while she rose slowly, and leaned against the altar, while words came from her lips, faint at first, and broken, but growing louder, till I could distinguish them. 'To die—to die! It would be but a moment of agony, and then all is peace. Why should I tremble. What can the world be to me henceforth but a living tomb. And he—the vainly loved; ah! Gerald, were I gone forever—couldst thou not soon learn to forget me? For thy sake, beloved, I dare die.' As she spoke she took from her bosom a small phial, and as it passed before the light, I saw it was full of a red liquid. Almost involuntarily I sprang forward and dashed it to the ground as she raised it to her lips. 'Do not—do not commit murder!' I whispered breathlessly. She gazed at me wildly for a few moments, pressed her hands to her brow, and sunk fainting to the floor.

"I supported her till she revived, and with her first breath of consciousness she asked my name. I did not reply. Just then we heard voices calling her. She sprang up hastily, and I was astonished at her self-possession—for I was new in the school of misery;

she, poor thing, knew what it was to smile, while her heart was breaking. For a while she buried her face in her hands, and when she looked up, save a slight trace of tears round her eyes, all trace of emotion had vanished from her features. Seizing my arm as I stood leaning for support against a pillar, she drew me forward to the light, saying, in a tone too proudly bitter ever to be forgotten, 'You have seen and heard much—more than could have been wrung by years of torture from the proud heart of Leonore St. Clair. Yet when you see me, you shall know how bravely a strong soul can sustain itself when all its hopes are crushed, and life is a burden. You shall see how my calm, haughty mien shall fling defiance at you if you choose to publish my secret. Tell me, girl—who are you?'

"I am the wife of Gerald Bellamont."

"With a start of horror and a faint cry, she dropped my arm and fled from the spot.

"Do you wonder that I can think and write of this with calmness. I tell you there have been moments when, as the flood-gates of memory were opened, and the buried past came rushing back over my soul, I have cried out in my agony, and prayed to drink of the blessed fountain of Lethe, and forget forever. But this is past now. A higher faith hath taught me the meaning of this fearful lesson, and a higher hope sustains me than was ever born of human love. Truly earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

"The night was far spent ere I reached my home. My husband came soon after. I heard him enter his chamber, and for a long time I listened to the sound of his heavy steps as he paced the floor. At last he threw himself on the bed, and then all was still. Nature could endure no more, and I fell asleep. Wild and terrible were the visions that flitted around my couch. I was in a vast banqueting-hall, and with me the companions of the last night's revel. Again I saw the flowers, the lights, the bright, happy faces, and again the dancers whirled by me. The night waned, the stars went out one by one, and daylight shone in on the dying lamps; yet still those wild revelers flew by me. The sun rose up and shed his fervent beams upon us. The flowers faded, and the faces of the dancers grew wan, and one by one they dropped down and died. The twilight crept over the hills, and night came on—not radiant with stars, and redolent with the breath of flowers, but horribly dark—the realization of impenetrable gloom. And slowly from out of that blackness came forth the form of a woman, clothed in white, and grasping a lyre, from the strings of which she drew forth no sound. Over her head a veil was thrown, hiding her face, and descending in wavy folds to her feet. She moved not, breathed not—all was still as the silence of the tomb.

"Light rose no more upon me, but I saw all things in that deep darkness more distinctly than ever. Years passed over me. I saw the finger of Time smite the walls of my prison-house, and they crumbled to dust. The grass grew up from the decaying floor, and became longer and longer, till its dull rustling answered to the moaning wind. From the dust of those beings, once so full of life and loveliness, the ivy weed sprang and wound itself round the roof-

less pillars till the vast charnel-house was green and beautiful as a garden.

"Then there came around me, as I stood there in my awful solitude, faces and forms that looked out fitfully from the darkness, and then disappeared. They wandered around, they stood beside me, some gazing on me with pale, spiritual faces, bright, yet mournful in their loveliness, and some with the countenances of fiends, that laughed horribly at my desolation. And there was one form that took its place beside that marble figure, and fixed upon me the glance of its dark eyes, reaching forth its hands as if in vain efforts to approach me. Amid a thousand phantoms I should have known him—it was *Gérald*.

"I had borne all things else in my dreadful destiny, but I could not bear the mournful expression of that dear face. Tears, blessed tears came to my relief. I sprang forward, the fetters that had bound me seemed broken, and I would have flung myself into his arms, when suddenly that long, motionless figure interposed itself between us, and as her hand swept the lyre-strings, there came from them a strain of unearthly melody. It was repeated from the distance, and on its pealing echoes there came the sound of voices mingled with the tramping of many feet, and forth from the darkness there came, two by two, a band, clothed in garments of sable blackness, and girdled each with a girdle of living fire; and on the girdle, and on the forehead of each were written, in letters of blood, these words, 'forever and forever.' They passed slowly by, and in passing each turned and looked at me. I shuddered at the sight, for it was like the faces of the damned.

"Suddenly I felt myself seized and borne onward by an invisible force. Then there rose on the air a low, wailing anthem, that might have been the dirge of a lost soul, and as it grew louder and nearer, directly before me there seemed as it were a great curtain rolled up, and I was in a vast cathedral. We stood before the altar; around me were ranged that band of fearful ones, with their burning girdles, and before me the priest, dressed in his pontifical robes, and wearing still that cincture of living fire. The marriage ceremony proceeded—it was finished, and I turned to receive the bridal kiss. The person at my side turned also, and I saw his face—it was *Gerald*. With a cry of joy I sprang forward to his embrace, when suddenly there came that marble form between me and my beloved. She fell into his arms, she was pressed to his heart, she received the kiss which should have been mine alone. Then rose again that strain of dirge-like music—then pealed the shouts of fiendish, mocking laughter; the whole scene vanished from my sight; I felt the ground pass from under my feet, and from the immense distance I heard a voice cry, 'Come, come, come—come to the judgment of the deceived and the deceiver.' With these words I felt myself borne swiftly through the air. A giant's strength would have been vain against the force which held me—I was powerless as an infant.

"We passed with the speed of a whirlwind through the region of clouds and storm, and left star after star behind us, till we reached the bounds of the visible universe. Still there appeared system after system of

worlds, each with its suns and stars, and still our flight was onward—onward, while ever and anon there came through the blue ether, the echo of that awful summons, ‘Come, come, come!’ At length we reached the bounds of inhabited space, and entered the lone fields of chaos. And now faintly there came upon my vision another star, which seemed flying on its way as if pursued by the spirit of wrath. We approached it rapidly—it was a world on fire. I saw forms that wandered to and fro, striving in vain to fly from their torments—‘hateful, miserable, and hating one another.’ They ran to and fro, they plunged into rivers that rolled in sullen billows through that world of despair, and shrunk back howling, for the waves were of liquid fire. They glared horribly on one another with their fiery eyes, and raised their hands with deep curses to where, in the lurid sky above them, burned in blood-red letters, the curse of their awful sentence, ‘forever and forever!’

“Upon the verge of this fiery world we paused, and for a few moments there was a deep and fearful silence. Then the band of dark spirits opened their ranks and led forth the form of a man. It was Gerald. I saw them hover with him over the fiery abyss. I saw his impotent struggles to escape; and breaking from the power that held me, I cried, ‘I am thine, beloved—take me with thee—in the midst of guilt and anguish, thine, still thine!’ An instant more and I should have reached him, when, with a wild laugh, *that* form came again between us. Slowly she raised from her features the shadowy veil—it was the face of Leonore. With a sharp cry, I started from her. The spell which had bound me was broken. In mercy I awoke.

“Trembling, scarcely daring to think it all a dream, I drew aside the curtains to look around, and beheld my husband standing before me. He was frightfully pale and haggard, his eyes were dim and bloodshot, and startled at his appearance, and for a moment half forgetting the dreadful secret I had learned, I threw my arms around him, and drew his face down to mine. A deeper shade passed over his brow, and he sighed heavily as he pressed his lips to my cheek. I could not return the kiss. I could not speak. Perhaps he did not notice my silence, for in a few moments he told me that he had received letters requiring his immediate presence in France, and had made preparations to leave in a few hours. Some more words he spoke, but I knew not what they were, and then clasping me convulsively to his heart, he bade me try to sleep again, and left me.

“Sleep—oh mockery! What had I to do with sleep or rest, while I bore within me the blight of a sleepless woe. How may I tell of the weary days that succeeded. At first there were hours of frantic misery—tears of wild and passionate despair. Then came the silent sorrow—the dull heart-aching that so slowly and surely wears out the life. Had I loved Gerald less, I might have called pride to my aid—I should have felt resentment or jealousy, but judging him from the fullness of my forgiving heart, I had none of these emotions, which might have nerved me to forget my wrongs. Once after that fatal night I saw Leonore at the Opera, where I had been carried by the solicitations of my

friends. She was fearfully changed. The rich fullness of her form was gone, the bloom had faded from her cheek, and her eyes were dim, as if she too had wept tears of vain sorrow. She sat among her gay and splendid companions, silent, motionless, abstracted.

“That night I returned home to find a new affliction. Lights were flitting to and fro, and the servants avoided me as I entered—for none cared to tell me the sad tidings. Lord Bellamont had returned home violently ill, and when I entered his bed-chamber, I found the physician already there, striving to rouse him from the stupor into which he had fallen. Sorrow and sickness had written deep lines on that dear face, and even amid the weakness of delirium he seemed to battle with the strong heart’s agony. Seven days I sat beside his pillow. I faltered not—I wearied not. Seven nights I saw the twilight steal over the hills, and the moon fade from the sky, and I slept not. Naught but a love like mine could have endured these torturing vigils. My whole being resolved itself into one intense thought of him—one fervent prayer that he might not go down in the noonday of his life and beauty to be a dweller with the dead. For myself—my resolution was taken. I would no longer be the living mildew on his brightest hopes—the fetter that bound him from all he loved best. Ah, woman’s heart is strong, and He who formed it for love and sorrow, alone knows how much it will endure ere it break.

“Religion forbade that I should for his sake give up this mortal life, else I would willingly have died, but I could give up the *life of life*—sacrifice all that made earth joyous or beautiful—break the tie that bound him to misery and to me. I could leave him. Poorly as he had requited my love, he was still the chief pleasure and glory of my existence. Even then to hear his voice, to watch the return of health to his enfeebled frame, to gaze upon his face in silence and unheeded, was the sole happiness left me, and that, even that I gave up for his sake. Ah, Gerald, could I know that when free thy heart turned back once, only once, after the lost one, I would not regret the sacrifice. Alas! it was vain—all in vain. Let me hasten on, lest my brain grow wild again with these fearful memories.

“My preparations were soon made. Fortunately for my purpose, one of the servants had some relatives who were to emigrate to America, and I had at his request, supplied them with the requisite means. I sent for him, and with a calmness at which I even then wondered, I told him I wished to send under his care a young friend, whom I requested him to treat with respect and attention, as grief for the loss of a friend had made him slightly insane. He promised to take the charge, and appointed the place where I should meet him, suspecting nothing of my design. Why should he? Too well had that fatal secret been kept; my nearest friends knew nothing of what had passed.

“The parting hour came too quickly. I was calm, for there was neither hope nor fear in my heart. I only knew that I must leave Gerald, and what else remained to me in life. I stained my face till I was dark as a gipsy, and cut off the long, silken tresses of which I was once so proud. Then clothing myself in the

garments of my page, I secreted about my person a small amount of money, and taking a bundle of clothes in order to sustain my assumed character, I was ready to depart. At the threshold of the door I paused, and unable to go without seeing him once more, I stole softly to the room where my husband lay sleeping; I knelt by his couch, over which the moonlight fell brightly, and gazed into his face with that earnest look which a drowning man might give of earth and sky ere the blue waters closed over him forever. As I gazed, the sleeper stirred, a smile passed over his face, and he spoke my name. That one word unnerved me. Tears rose to my eyes, and hope, which I had deemed long since dead, sent her low, thrilling whisper through my heart. For a few moments I was swayed with conflicting emotions, as visions of past days rose before me. It was not long. Again came the thought of the last few months of sorrow, and I could no longer doubt. Rising with a new resolution, I went to the table that stood near and wrote a few lines—the transcript of my heart's despair.

"Farewell, Gerald—I know all; I can no longer endure to be the cause of woe to you, whom I love far more than life. Ere you read this I shall be gone from you forever. Be happy, for I shall never return from that last resting-place to cast a shadow over your soul. God knows I blame you not. It was sufficient of blessedness for me that I was worn a little while on your heart, though I be now cast aside like a withered weed to perish."

"Folding the letter, I laid it on the pillow. Still he slept, but the smile had faded from his face, and I bent over him and pressed on his lips one last kiss—the seal of my sacrifice. The touch disturbed him, and I paused to catch the words that he spoke, as he turned restlessly on his pillow—the last words I might hear from him. It came—the word was 'Leonore.'"

"Silently, as if that word had been a curse to cling to me through life, I turned and left him. Without a pause I tracked the mazes of the garden and the park—heedless, tearless, miserable. As I came near to the Park Lodge, lights were glancing in the cottage, and a carriage stood at the door. The children were already seated in it, and soon the parents came to the door, and as I leaned exhausted against a tree, I saw the parting, and heard the sound of low sobbings, of blessings, and of prayers. Alas! I had departed, unblest, unwept. I know not what spell was in the sound, but in a moment I was collected and firm, and entering the carriage I wrapped myself in my cloak, and as they asked me no questions, we rode in silence from the spot which contained all that was dear to me on earth. Morning was breaking before we reached the vessel, whose sails were spread, and her deck crowded with passengers. A short time sufficed to place us among them, and in a few moments the anchor was weighed, and the vessel dropped down the river.

"After this there is a long, long period of which I remember nothing. The various incidents of our voyage and our arrival in the new world, passed before me like the vague and changing scenes of a dream. The necessity for action taken away, my whole being sunk into a sort of apathy, and heart and mind seemed

palsied. From this state I was roused by finding that preparations were being made to send me back to England, and a vague horror seized me at the thought, though I had no recollection of the past. With the cunning of insanity, I made no objection to the plan, but one day, unnoticed, I rambled away from the village, and for many days wandered on through the woods without aim or motive, save the vague fear of something behind. I remember reaching at last the top of a high hill, amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and there night closed around me, dark and mirky, and beneath the pouring rain I lay down on a bare rock and slept. There I was found next morning by the Indian chief whose wigwam has from that time been my home. A long sickness which ensued reduced me to the brink of the grave, and for many weeks I was insensible to the care of my kind nurses, but their simple skill and constant attention at last triumphed over the violence of disease, and I awoke to reason and—wo is me—to a recollection of the long hidden past.

"It was Gerald—it was my husband! Merciful heaven! after so many years of painful separation did we meet again!

"I had been sick and weak for some days, and my Indian father had led me forth one sunny morning into the green old woods, where I reclined, concealed by flowering shrubs, upon the mossy trunk of an old tree. Suddenly we heard the tramp of horses, and winding along the narrow path came a band of armed men, and their leader was Lord Bellamont. His face was stern and pale, and there lay the weight of years which were not his, in the thin, gray locks which floated over his brow; yet at the first glance I knew him, and rising almost unconsciously, I followed after him. Mile after mile I went on unheeding, and my kind protector accompanied me without a question, for he saw that a great purpose nerved my feeble frame. When the noontide heat had passed, we reached the top of a small hill, and in an open level plain below, we saw hostile armies arrayed for battle. One long hour I watched the waving of that snow-white plume, hither and thither among the soldiers, till at last it was struck down. Horribly distinct even now is the agony of that moment, when my straining eye was fixed on that spot with an intensity which through the confused mists of the fight never for one instant wavered. When the course of the conflict swept the armies further down the plain, I rose and went to the spot. I knew him—ghastly and bleeding as he was, and God gave me strength to know that he was dying, and yet to endure.

"A few hours after he opened his eyes, and the pain of his wounds seemed relieved. I had laid him on my own bed, and was kneeling beside him. 'Fay for me,' he said, faintly, 'for I must die, and there is guilt on my soul.' I bowed my head lower, and tears fell from my hot and aching eyes. As I listened to that well-remembered voice, all the wild joy of our first love came rushing back over my soul, and overpowered by the recollection, I fainted.

"When I recovered, they told me that the minister

we had sent for had arrived and was with Gerald. I crept silently into the room, and stood concealed behind a screen, which had been arranged to protect the sufferer from the draught of air. He was speaking in a low, mournful tone, but I heard every word distinctly. 'It was a wild, and sad, but not a guilty love,' he said. 'My own heart would have scorned me, had I brought shame on the young head I have bowed even to the grave with a weight of sorrow too heavy to be borne. I looked upon Ella in her young beauty, and strove to forget the dark, spiritual eyes of Leonore. We were wedded—Ella and I—and when I spoke the bridal vows, it was with a heart as pure as if she whose destiny had been so fatally linked with mine, was what she now is, an angel in heaven, I loved her; but that hopeless and ideal passion was only part of my remembrance of the beautiful scenes of sunny Italy; and while those sad thoughts chastened all present joy, they interfered not with the love I bore for Ella. Perhaps, had I understood better the deep, thoughtful nature of my gentle and joyous bride, I had after a while forgotten Leonore. But, wrapped in painful musings, I heeded not the manifestations of her sensitive nature, and regarded her only as the play-fellow of my thoughtless youth—too airy and brilliant to understand my saddened heart.' He paused for a few moments, and then continued, in an agitated tone, 'We met once more—Leonore and myself—oh, that I had died ere that evening. I knew not of her presence until I heard her singing a plaintive melody, and before it ended, she met my impassioned gaze. I saw the thrill of agony that shook her frame, and when she left the room, I followed; for the sight of her suffering maddened me. Then were wild words spoken—words which left lightning traces on more than one heart and brain. There were tears which seared as they fell—there was one long kiss, when our two souls rushed into one, and fell back, crushed and bleeding, from that fearful embrace. There was one wild, despairing farewell, and we were parted forever. The next morning I left England, and for months wandered over the Continent like a spirit of unrest, till at length wearied and sick with that heart-sickness which no art can cure, I returned home to die. Ella was absent when I reached my home. I remember being seized with a sudden fainting as I entered the room, and then all is a vague dream, till I awoke one morning as from sleep, and found myself weak as an infant. Then, as I slowly recovered, I first became aware of the exceeding strength of woman's love. My wife, who, like an angel of mercy, had watched over my sick bed, whose gentle and patient tenderness had endured all things without a complaining word; oh, my father, spare me the recital of what followed—he knew all—she left me, that I might once more be free; she hoped I might be happy.'

"For a long time he was silent, and when he spoke again, his voice was feeble and broken, and he wiped the large drops from his brow.

"There is but one scene more. I sat alone in my deserted house, and prayed to die, for my grief was too heavy to be borne. Suddenly a carriage drove to the door, and a letter was handed me. It contained

but few words, but those few I can never forget. 'The time is come when without guilt thou mayest look upon me.' The love which men give the dead, even the living may forgive. Now, when past away from thee forever—now only may I say—I love thee!"

"I descended to the carriage, and they drove me to the door of a large mansion, where I was met by General St. Clair. His face was sad but stern, as he seized my arm, and simply saying it had been the last request of Leonore, he led me to a darkened room, and left me. On a couch near the window lay a form covered with a heavy pall. I raised it, and saw Leonore reclining there in the perfect beauty of repose. I knelt beside her, and pressing her cold hand to my aching heart, spoke her name. But the dark lashes moved not on her cheek—never more might those glorious eyes flash forth their welcome at my coming—never more would those pale lips open with words of greeting. She was dead, and the guilt of a double murder lay upon my soul.'

"Again there was a deep silence, and I heard the slow, labored breathing of the dying man. The priest bent over him, saying 'Son, there is mercy for the guiltiest—despair not.'

"I do not despair,' replied he, fervently speaking with effort. 'The time for that passed away with the hour when calmed and humbled I knelt at the altar of my God, whose dealings with me even then I understood not, and consecrated my life to his service.'

"Thine hour is come. Son, art thou ready to depart?"

"There was one hope,' he replied, faintly, 'one last hope that my fatal life might end in peace. But God hath ordered otherwise, and it is well.'

"What was that hope?" asked the priest.

"I heard not long since that Ella was not dead. That she escaped to this new world. I hoped to find her, and solace her for years of suffering by my deep devotion. Oh, my God!" he added, suddenly clasping his hands together, 'why couldst thou not grant this last prayer of a broken heart. To see her, to hear her say that I am forgiven—to die upon her breast—'

"I could restrain myself no longer, and rushed forward, exclaiming, 'Gerald, my love, my husband! behold me here, loving thee, forgiving thee, even as when for thy sake, I left thy country and thy home!' I sunk, half kneeling, on the floor beside the bed. He gazed on me a moment in speechless wonder, and then, with the supernatural strength of life's last effort, lifted himself from the pillows, and clasping his arms around me, drew me close, close to his heart. Oh, the blissful repose, the unmingled ecstasy of that moment. Forgotten were my wrongs and my sorrow—the agony behind, and the desolation before—the coming and the bygone despair.

"Closer and closer grew his embrace, and his face touched mine. 'My wife, my bride—receive the last kiss of him who is now wholly thine!' I raised my head, and his cold lips pressed mine. I felt his form sink slowly beneath me, and the clinging arms relax their hold. I knew that the spirit had fled, and thanked God for that one hour of bliss which left me alone again on earth."

Here the manuscript ceased suddenly, and though the hand of the writer must have been weak indeed, some words had been added, apparently at a later date, for they were illegible.

A CASE OF GOLD FEVER.

BY JOHN JONES.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

MR. EDWARDS PERLEY was not a man of wealth, although, at different periods of his life, he had been the owner of property valued at from one hundred thousand dollars to half a million. But this property being either in Texas land scrip, South Carolina gold mines, Western town lots, Mulberry trees, Maine wild lands, or other people's promises to pay, Mr. Perley had never been able to realize what was so nearly a splendid fortune within his grasp. The revolution in Texas destroyed the value of Mexican grants, in which he had become largely interested, and the sale of square leagues of the "best cotton land in the world," not only ceased suddenly, but the bills received for previous sales came back upon him dishonored. This was a sad damper on the golden hopes of the enthusiastic Mr. Edwards Perley. For a couple of years he had been selling land scrip from Bangor to New Orleans; and had been out on the Red River twice, during the time, with a surveying company, whose business it was to locate the little league-square lots. On these expeditions, he had become rather intimately acquainted with alligators and ague, and, on his return, deemed it no more than prudent to keep himself quiet until he regained his complexion, and the healthy roundness of his limbs and features. Mr. Perley worked hard in this matter; but it suited his temperament. He was no plodding genius, content to count sixpences first, then shillings, and so on until dollars began to appear. Not he. In that slow way to wealth he could not walk.

Just as Mr. Perley, who valued his property at hundreds of thousands of dollars in the present, and looked upon it as possessing an annually duplicating quality—just as Mr. Perley had selected a beautiful site for building a palace in New York, and had decided upon the plans submitted by a distinguished architect, the troubles in Texas destroyed the value of his scrip, and down he went to ruin like a collapsed balloon; and dozens of his confiding friends went with him.

But Mr. Edwards Perley had too much native buoyancy of character, too much hope in life, to be put down by ill-natured fortune after this summary manner. In the wreck and ruin in which he was involved, he managed to get hold of a plank on which to float ashore. With a few hundred dollars, which he had contrived to save, under a self-enacted "homestead exemption" law, he opened an exchange office in Wall street, on a very small scale. Though his business operations scarcely reached, for a time, the aggregate of hundreds per day, there were not a few of his acquaintances who believed his transactions to be limited only by thousands; and they were indebted to him for their ideas on the subject. Give a man the reputation of doing a large business, and business will

be sure to come. So it was in the case of Edwards Perley. Talking and boasting were of great use to him. In a few years he was getting along, as the saying is, "swimmingly." But, like the man who, after creeping along for a week in a stage-coach, grows impatient if the cars do not make thirty miles an hour instead of twenty, Mr. Perley, as soon as affairs became prosperous with him again, grew dissatisfied with what appeared a slow accumulation, and began to look around him for some good speculation. He was not long in finding what he sought.

But it is not our purpose to follow Mr. Perley through the various stages of his Carolina gold and Morus Multicaulis fevers; nor to minutely detail his operations in Western lands and town lots. As it had been in Texas land scrip, so it proved in all these. The visionary speculator, who sought wealth for its own sake, and was too eager for its possession to be willing to give back to society an equivalent of useful acts, after running a wild course for a few years, again tripped and fell. This time he found it much more difficult to recover himself. But with an elasticity of feeling that few possess, he went hopefully to work, and by dint of magnifying his own peculiar abilities, and his knowledge of business, induced a shrewd, calculating Yankee, who had a few thousand dollars, to join him in business.

For a year or two, Perley was content to move on slowly. After that, he grew ambitious and restless again. The fire had not burned out; it was only covered for a while. Of Jenkins, his partner, he had no very high opinion. He considered him a mere plodding genius, whose mind was in no way suggestive. He would do for a well beaten track, but for enterprise he was nobody. So he thought. But Jenkins had rather more shrewdness than his partner gave him credit for. He belonged to the class of men who think a great deal before they act, and who, therefore, rarely make mistakes in business matters. He understood Perley "like a book," and was, therefore, prepared to counteract, judiciously, all his efforts that were not wisely directed. Reactions of this kind becoming, as business grew into importance, more and more frequent, Mr. Perley felt restless under them, and often lamented that affairs were not entirely under his own control.

This was the aspect of things when the golden saw from California startled the most sober-minded with its tale of wonder. Perley believed every word of the first account, while Jenkins coolly took the liberty of doubting the whole story.

"It's preposterous," said he.

"But look at the official nature of the intelligence," urged Perley.

"Officials can lie as well as other people. It's all a speculation to get settlers out there. Do n't tell me of gold scattered about as thick as jack-stones."

Perley maintained the other side of the question, and soon had the satisfaction of pushing most abundant confirmations into the face of his partner.

"Well," said Jenkins, "what of it? Suppose there is gold there? It does n't make me any better off."

"But it will make you better off, if you seize the advantage now offered to every energetic and truly enterprising man."

Mr. Jenkins opened his eyes rather wider than usual; then shrugging his shoulders, he answered:

"My business creed is—'Let well enough alone.'"

"And mine," replied Perley, "is to seize upon every advantage that offers."

At this point the conversation was interrupted, and as neither party, for good reasons, thought it advisable to renew it, the subject did not come up between them for several days. During this time Perley could think of little else but California, and the golden harvest it presented; and the more he thought of it, the more fully satisfied was he that an immense fortune might speedily be realized by trading in that region. What was in the way, when blankets sold for ten dollars each, a pair of boots for double that sum, flour for sixty dollars a barrel, and every thing else in proportion?

"The fact is, Jenkins," said he, renewing the subject not many days after the first conversation, "we must make some of this hay while the sun is shining."

"The golden hay, you mean."

"I do."

"How are we to make it?"

"By going sickle in hand to the field, and reaping with the rest."

"Suppose the field should be reaped before we get there?"

"That cannot be. The gold region is a thousand miles in length and several hundreds in breadth. There is enough for all who will go for the next ten years."

"I must beg leave to doubt that," coolly replied Jenkins. "It's all a feverish imagination. Gold dazzles the eyes and keeps men from seeing in a clear light."

"But, my dear man," said Perley, "look at the facts and judge for yourself. Take Governor Mason's statement."

"Very well. Suppose we believe all the governor says, what then? Why, the man who finds an ounce of gold a day has to pay about sixteen prices for the necessities of life, and so is no better off than the man here who earns a dollar in the same time. The only way in which he can accumulate gold is to live like a savage."

"But, I would n't go to *dig* gold!"

"Go! Surely you do not think seriously of going?"

"I certainly do."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Perley. We are doing exceedingly well and our business is growing. Last year it doubled, and is in a fair way of doubling itself again this year."

"But what is such a rate of increase to the golden gains that are now offered? Nothing—nothing."

Mr. Jenkins could not talk as fluently as his partner, and was in this instance, as he had been once or twice before, silenced but not convinced.

Daily there came some fresh intelligence touching the gold deposits in our new possessions, and the note of preparation for a speedy flight was sounded in all directions. The newspapers teemed with exciting statements, and every man you met in the street, on 'change, or in the social circle, had something to say about California. Daily the fever increased, and particularly with Mr. Edwards Perley, until he began to be slightly delirious. But, though the epidemic raged all around him, Mr. Jenkins remained calm and cool. If any one talked to him about California, he shook his head with an emphasis that left no doubt as to the state of his mind.

"My California is here," he sometimes replied. "Wait for ten years, and see then who is best off. If gold is so abundant as they say it is, and obtained so easily, I shall benefit as well as those who dig for it. 'Come easy, go easy,' you know. The man who picks up a pound of gold won't value it as much as he who earns it by the sweat of his brow, and will part with it far more easily. So, after all, the gold will flow from the hands of those who gather it freely, through all the channels of trade, and we who continue in the pursuit of useful employments, will be likely to reap the most abundant harvest."

"All this," Perley said, "was little better than nonsense. 'Give me a bird in the hand, and you may have two in the bush.'"

"Just my own sentiment," returned Jenkins. "I have the bird in the hand here, I can't let it go for two in the bush away out on the Pacific."

Still the fever went on increasing.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Perley, as he was about leaving the store one afternoon, "I wish you would drop down to my house this evening, I want to have some talk with you."

"Very well," replied the partner. So about eight o'clock he called down.

"I want to see you in order to have a more serious talk about California," said Perley. "I am satisfied that the subject has not had in your mind the consideration it demands, and that if you saw it as I do, you would not be so insensible to the extraordinary advantages that are now offered."

Jenkins felt in no mood for argument or controversy, though his mind was as clear as a bell, and his purpose as immovable as ever. So he bent his head in a listening attitude, and looked up from under his drooping eyelashes, willing to listen, but firmly resolved not to be started from the rock upon which he had fixed himself.

The first proposition made by Perley, after eloquently setting forth the advantage of turning all their capital and energy into this new field, was to charter a vessel, put their whole stock of goods on board, and take a flight to San Francisco. But the wonderful profit to be made did not in the least tempt his phlegmatic, long-headed partner, who was beginning to calculate the amount of advantage he might gain in the approaching dissolution of co-partnership—for to that he saw it would come.

"You will not go," said Perley, on receiving a positive negative to this proposal.

"No, not for twice the inducement. I am not going to risk my life, nor abridge my comfort, in a wild enterprise like this, when I am doing well at home."

Perley leaned back, looked to the ceiling, and mused for some moments.

"Very well," said he, "if you are unwilling to assume so great a risk, let me go out with an adventure, and you remain at home."

But Jenkins was growing wider awake every moment. Having once entertained the idea of getting rid of his partner, and coming into the undivided advantage of his business, he had no notion of agreeing to any thing short of that. So he affirmed, in his quiet way, that he would have nothing to do with the gold bubble in any form.

"Then we must dissolve," said Perley, half fretfully. He was restive under the check-rein of his cool-tempered partner.

"As you like about that," was imperturbably answered. It would have taken an eye well skilled in the signs of human emotions to have detected, in the immovable face of the calculating Yankee, the smallest indication of pleasure. Yet his pleasure was great.

The proposition thus made and agreed to, was forthwith carried out. As Perley was determined upon a dissolution at all hazards, and, as his partner affected entire indifference, the odds were altogether against him, and he was compelled to accept of any arrangement that suited the other. So excited was he about California, and so eager to get off, that he accepted, as his half of the business, a portion of old, and, to a great extent, unsaleable stock, and shipped it by the first vessel that sailed for Monterey and San Francisco. Its real value in the New York market was about five thousand dollars; its estimated value in the settlement ten thousand, and its prospective value as an adventure at the gold diggings fifty thousand. Above this, three thousand dollars in cash were paid to Mr. Perley. Two thousand were left for the support of his family, and one thousand he took with him.

Three weeks after the vessel in which he had shipped his goods sailed, the impatient Mr. Perley, who neither thought nor dreamed of any thing else but gold, and who already saw himself surrounded with heaps of the precious lumps and scales from Feather River, left New York in a steamer for Chagres. As to what Chagres was really like, and as to the real nature of the journey across the Isthmus, Mr. Perley had no correct notion. He had thought of a town with comfortable accommodations, and when those around him talked of canoes and mules as the means of transportation to Panama, something elegant, like a Venetian gondola, or a richly caparisoned animal, was present to his imagination. A few mud huts, with their naked inhabitants, was all he found, upon being disgorged, with some two hundred others, in the rain, to join a congregation of nearly a hundred others, who had arrived on the day before, and who were awaiting the return of canoes from Cruces.

Mr. Perley, like most men of his class, never gave as much attention to little things as prudence required.

The man who could not waste time and precious thought on so insignificant an article as a linchpin, was about as wise as Mr. Perley in many of the affairs of life. His friends had nearly all asked him in regard to his outfit.

"Oh, that is all right!" or, "I've taken good care of that," he would unhesitatingly answer. Yet, on reaching Chagres, he had neither tea, coffee, sugar, bread nor meat in his possession. He had money, and this he knew to be all powerful in procuring supplies of any kind; at least, such had been his experience in life. But he was about coming into some new experiences. Neither food nor lodgings were to be had from the natives at Chagres, for "love or money." Such a sudden influx of Yankee gold diggers was a thing altogether unanticipated and unprovided for, and those who came had, therefore, to provide for themselves.

A week was spent at Chagres before Mr. Perley was lucky enough to procure passage up the river in a canoe, with one of the five trunks of merchandise he had brought with him in the steamer—the remaining four were left behind, with instructions to have them sent over to Panama as quickly as possible. He never saw or heard of them afterward! During this week the poor man nearly starved, for all he could get to eat was an occasional hard biscuit from some fellow passenger. It rained nearly the whole time, and night and day he was in the open air. Wet to the skin, when affirmed of Mr. Perley, was about as literally true as ever the saying was or will be. In this plight, with a fever of rather a more serious character than the gold fever, our adventurer embarked in a canoe, for the privilege of sitting in one end of which, or lying flat on the bottom, for three or four days, he paid the moderate price of fifty dollars, and then thought himself lucky. For a hundred dollars more he was to share the scanty food of his traveling companion, who, wiser than he, had more accurately counted the cost, and prepared himself for the contingencies of the journey.

On the day after leaving Chagres, the sun came out from beneath a veil of clouds, and poured its hot rays upon the head of Mr. Perley. Under this he wilted down like a leaf before the fire. On the second day he was so ill that he could not hold up his head; and by the time he reached Cruces, instead of being in a condition to take his place on a mule's back, he was utterly prostrate in body, and delirious with fever. Seeing this, and considering him as good as dead, his companion, after possessing himself of his money and trunk, gave the natives who had brought them up twenty dollars to take him back to Chagres in their canoe.

When distinctly conscious once more, Mr. Perley found himself on shipboard, with the rush of waters around him. He was as weak as an infant in body, and almost as weak as an infant in mind. Ideas came confusedly, and faded ere he was able to separate the tangled mass. In a few days he was enough recovered to connect his thoughts, and to call up events to the period of his embarking from Chagres. Beyond that, his memory did not serve him. He soon after became

apprized of the fact that he was on his way to New York, and might expect to be there in less than a week.

On arriving at home, Mr. Perley was as one who had risen from the grave. News of his illness, with a prophecy of his certain death, had reached New York by a previous arrival. Slowly recovered the disappointed man, and as health came flowing once more along his veins, his thoughts were again turned toward El Dorado, whither he had sent an adventure, and from which he yet hoped to realize a splendid fortune. Of his five trunks and the money he had taken with him no traces remained. Even he had some pretty well grounded doubts of ever seeing them again; and in this matter his doubts only foreshadowed the truth.

A month after Mr. Perley's return to New York, he was preparing to start again, although thousands and thousands had gone before, and were choking up all the avenues of communication to the Pacific and along the coast. His friends urged him not to risk his life again; but his goods were on the way to San Francisco, and here was his only chance to realize a fortune. So he got himself ready for another flight. But just as he was on the point of starting, the vessel in which he had shipped his goods returned to port, so

much damaged by a storm as to be unfit to weather the Cape. When she put to sea she was scarcely equal to the voyage, and insurance could only be effected at very high rates. A heavy leak had damaged, more or less, a great portion of the cargo, among which were the goods of Mr. Perley. This damage, so far as Mr. Perley was concerned, was assessed at one thousand dollars, and paid. The balance of his goods were sold off at auction, in a spirit of recklessness engendered by a temporary despondency, for two thousand dollars more. And thus ended Mr. Perley's California expedition!

Disappointed, disheartened and almost beside himself, the unfortunate man wandered about the city in a state of irresolution for a month or two; while his old partner, the cool, shrewd Yankee, was rejoicing over the fine business which had come exclusively into his hands, and saying to himself—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." At last Mr. Perley's organ of Hope became again active; and, as intelligence from the gold region came with so many drawbacks, he concluded to try his fortune once more at home, and so, with the three thousand dollars that remained, started his old exchange business in Wall street, where he may now be seen counting his uncurrent money, and sighing over the smallness of his gains.

THE OLD WOODEN CHURCH ON THE GREEN.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

THEY are all laying hands on the things I loved best,
They are all closing up my dim past,
They are all heaping sods upon Memory's breast,
Till but little is left me at last;
But I sometimes look back to the things of old time,
And I think of the things that have been,
And the memory comes, like a nursery rhyme,
Of the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

It is little and old in this plentiful age,
It has neither a steeple nor bell,
It is bowing its roof to the pitiless rage
Of the storms it has battled so well;
It is guiltless of glass, and the paint's washed away
In the storm and the sunshine, I ween,
For no kind hand attends, for this many a day,
To the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Beneath the mossed roof the small swallow-nests hang,
And the bees hive and swarm in the eaves,
And the loosed shutters swing with a sorrowful clang
When the wind through the old church-yard grieves;
Neglect and decay are around the old walls,
Dark ruin looks over the scene,
Oh, sad is the sound of the lone foot that falls,
Round the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Yet I'd rather to-day they should crumble away,
Earth's proudest and loftiest pile,
Built up as a mock for neglect and decay,
To stand while the broad heavens smile—
Than tear off one shred from its moss-eaten roof,
Or call it the shabby and mean,
For we're all, when grown old and neglected enough,
Like the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

And I hear the sweet voices that chanted within,
Oh! many a summer ago,
Still chanting the hymn when the eve closes in,
Though they echo from heaven, I know;
And I sit in the pew where they sat by my side,
And as back in the shadows I lean,
I hear the low prayers that echoed and died
In the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

I will weep when it falls, I will smile while it stands,
As winter on winter goes by,
Protected by naught but invisible hands,
Till I sleep in its shade when I die;
Let them bury me there in a mound poor and low,
When the blast of the winter is keen,
That the winds that wail over me pass as they go
The Old Wooden Church on the Green.

MY FIRST LOVE; OR THE NIGHT-KEY*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ALTHOUGH a stricken bachelor, I cannot speak without emotion of my first love. An eastern philosopher says—it is with first love as with a first cigar; one precipitates himself upon it, luxuriates to the utmost in the draught, and when it is over, is sensible of a melancholy unlike that induced by any other loss. I suppose I may consider myself particularly fortunate, having felt no reaction after my first cigar, and finding equally harmless consequences from my first love. I do not mean to say that I was so happy as to find the passion returned; ah, no! for then—I should have been a Benedict. I mean that I imbibed all of bliss which belongs to the feeling, without hazarding the loss of my peace; I enjoyed it while it was permitted to last, with but a few trifling drawbacks, and that without stirring a fountain of remorse or regret to sprinkle with bitterness my future years.

In the winter of 18— I chanced to lodge in — Place, in the establishment then kept by Mrs. —. My apartment was on the third floor, and overlooked the street; the room immediately back of it, which I used for my books and papers, looked into a small court, and commanded a view through the windows opposite, of the parlor on the second floor in the rear, which was occupied by the young lady to whom my attention was devoted. She and her mother had been inmates of the house but a short time, when the sight of her, seated at her embroidery-frame near the window, took my heart captive at once. She had long, fair ringlets, that seemed touched with gold when the light fell on them; her complexion was beautifully fair, with a rose-like tint in her cheeks; the bright line of her lips disclosed pearly teeth, and she had the finest turned neck and shoulders nature ever fashioned to put art to shame. But her hand—that small, white, dimpled hand, which she often held up in my view, while selecting a shade of worsted, threading her needle, counting the stitches, or practicing any of the little coquetries of her work! No sculptor could have rivaled the perfection of that hand. Those taper fingers drew the string which sped Cupid's arrow to my heart. I often tried to draw that hand, and as often gave up the task in despair, for it never was still long enough. Sometimes I saw it wandering over the strings of her guitar; for almost always, of an evening, she played and sung, and then, after having watched her tuning it, how I hated the envious curtains that were so closely drawn to shut out paradise from my longing eyes. For hours I would stand at my window, having no other occupation than feeding the pigeons that gathered about the frame, observing her by stealth as she worked or watered the flowers that lived under her care, or petted a delicate canary-bird, whose cage hung on the wall outside. I

had no pleasure so great as that of gazing upon her; yet I could plainly see that my devotion was unmarked, for she was near-sighted, and could not, at even a short distance, perceive that she was so earnestly regarded. To that circumstance, in all probability, I owed the liberty I enjoyed.

I always retreated from the window when her mother approached, for she had eyes that rivaled those of a lynx. She was tall, moreover, with black eyes and hair; rather robust in person, and with an unmistakable air of hauteur, which proved quite as effectual as she could have wished in keeping people at a distance. Her voice was naturally harsh and imperious, though usually subdued in its tones, except on occasions when sudden irritation caused the speaker to forget her dignity. Even in her gentlest moods it had a latent sharpness that twanged uneasily on my ears, especially when I remembered how necessary it was to secure the favor of this haughty lady, in order to advance a step toward the accomplishment of my hopes with the lovely daughter.

Thus, then, stood the case; I was desperately, irremediably in love with this young girl; ready for any venture to win her, but uncertain how to commence an acquaintance, for I was not even among the privileged number of her visitors. We lodged under the same roof; we sat at the same table, though at different ends of it; but I knew no one of whom I could ask an introduction to her; and I felt, alas! that my position in life did not quite entitle me to enter the list of her suitors without such formalities as might smooth over a surprise. I was a painter; rising in my profession, it is true, and numbering many friends, but as yet, having fortune only in prospect. Mrs. Elwyn, for that was the name of the mother of my charmer, was independent, though not rich; and having in early life moved much in fashionable society, and been much admired, was very proud, and would scarcely have owned among her acquaintances one who depended on the labor of hands or head for a maintenance. Neither she nor her daughter ever entered the common drawing-room; and those of the lodgers who knew her slightly, spoke of her as distant and unsocial, except to the favored few whom she thought worth cultivating, on account of their possession of worldly advantages. She was precisely the sort of woman on whom I would never have wasted an act of courtesy, had she been the mother of any other daughter. But in the fair Gertrude there was such a bewitching unconsciousness of her own superiority, such an appealing, eloquence in silence, to the sympathy of those around her—such an air of child-like humility, mingled with just enough of the graceful pride of woman, as completed the fascination her beauty had begun, and inspired one with a wish to please even her repulsive parent. I saw

* Herlotzsohn, in his *Experiences*, relates a story similar to the following.

her not only at meals, but occasionally out of the house, at concerts or the Opera. To me she was the soul of the music, and the finest symphony of Beethoven would have been lifeless without her. At church I met her now and then, and sometimes walking; but Mrs. Elwyn never vouchsafed me the most distant bow of recognition. She seemed by intuition to guess my bold wishes and frown upon them. Gertrude was always modestly looking down; but at intervals the fringe of her blue eyes would be suddenly lifted, disclosing a world of witchery beneath, to be quickly veiled again, as if she knew she was transgressing. It was the evidence of this consciousness on her part that fanned my love continually into a brighter flame, and caused me to revolve various expedients to secure to myself the enjoyment of her society.

I thought of painting her picture as she sat embroidering at the window, and sending it as a present to the mother; but I lacked as yet, sufficient confidence in my talent for the art, in which I was but a student, and the terror of her condemnation, both of the artist and the lover, was too formidable to be encountered. A dread of her cold penetration prevented me also from putting in execution a cherished project; that of offering my services to teach the beautiful Gertrude Italian, which I knew she wished to acquire. The very day I had mustered up courage to resolve on the experiment, I heard that Mrs. Elwyn had hired a teacher—a dark-visaged, whiskered fellow, whom, from that moment, I wished in the dungeons of Spielberg.

Was there ever a more hopeless case of love; yet I was not unhappy, for I had the privilege of seeing her, unawed by fear of interruption; and my passion was not yet so encrusted with selfishness that it demanded more. I lived in the present, and hope colored the future with rosy light; even the feeling of disappointment was but momentary. I almost dreaded a change, though I knew this could not satisfy me long, and that a wilder, more impetuous, and less amiable stage was to follow. Already the first sweet, sparkling foam of the cup had been quaffed; beneath was that which bewilders the brain and steals away the senses.

I had been reading one night till past midnight—for strangely enough, I had a taste for novels after the beginning of the romance of my life—when my attention was arrested by hearing a carriage stop in the street before the door. Presently the bell rang, not very gently. A short pause, and it was again rung; while I was conscious of a twinge of sympathy for the late comer; for the night was piercing cold, and the wind came in hoarse blasts, rattling the window-panes, and sending a chill through the bones. The contrast offered by my snug apartment, with its crimson curtains and chintz-covered sofa, and the dying glow of the embers thrown on the Venetian rug, was peculiarly suggestive of ideas of comfort. I thought how hard it must be for the porter to be summoned out of his warm bed in the little chamber at the back of the court, and judged the applicant for admission at such an hour justly punished by delay.

Again, and again, and yet again sounded the bell, each time with a more prolonged and angry pull, as if

the person at the door, with patience exhausted, was resolved to take the house by storm. A thought darted like lightning through my brain. I had seen Miss Elwyn that evening, in full dress, passing with her mother through the hall. They had gone to a party—they had returned late. I sprang to the window—threw it open; and sure enough, though it was too dark to distinguish any object, I heard with sufficient distinctness the shrill, complaining tones of the mother.

By good luck I was still dressed, and I lost not an instant. Snatching up the light, I hastened down two flights of stairs, to the front door. My heart beat; my breath came quickly; I felt as if the crisis of my life were at hand. I should meet her face to face; I should speak to her—should render a service that demanded acknowledgment, and might open for me a vista of happiness; I grasped the handle of the door, and with trembling hands unlocked and opened it; there was a rush of wind, and—my light was extinguished.

"You sleep like a night-watcher, sir!" screamed the angry voice of Mrs. Elwyn, as she pushed her way in. "To keep us standing half an hour in the cold! We might have caught our death! You deserve to lose your place; I shall make complaint of you in the morning, depend upon it."

While she spoke, the daughter's silken mantle brushed past me, and her gloved fingers pressed something into my hand. I had no time to explain; I could not have uttered a word; my breath seemed to forsake me, and my silly bashfulness held me motionless, as if chained to the spot. I stood there till the ladies had ascended the first flight of stairs—the mamma grumbling as she went—still grasping mechanically in my hand what the fair Gertrude had placed therein. Ere long, however, my self-possession returned; I ascended to my room, lighted the candle, and examined the gift. My beloved had presented me with half a dollar.

It was quite evident that both had mistaken me for the unlucky porter, at that time snoring in his dormitory; and that the gentle girl had bestowed the coin by way of consolation for her mother's chiding. I kissed the piece of silver which had come from her hand, and was a token of the benevolence of her heart. A ray of hope gleamed from its polished face. The matter must necessarily be explained; the mistake must be rectified. This would lead to an interview; and I would trust fortune for the rest.

After due deliberation, I came to the conclusion that as the affair in some points wore a comical aspect, it would be best to present it in that light. I took my pencil and hammered out some poetry, which was to be sent with the half dollar to the fair donor. Under the veil of a sprightly and facetious effusion, I thought, more could be said, than in a grave note; and no offence could be taken at verses meant for a *jeu d'esprit*, describing the feeling experienced when the coin touched my palm, as "shocking"—which word terminated the line—imperative necessity called for a rhyme—it ran as follows:

"Oh, had the gift been but a glove—or stocking!
Such token from *thy* hand a joy had given,
I would not barter for the joy of heaven!"

I was not much used to writing poetry; but on reading over the missive, it struck me as combining humor and sentiment in a manner peculiarly felicitous. The lines could not fail to make an impression; she would, perhaps, reply; all would fall out as I wished, and I should look upon that night as the most fortunate of my life. I mended a crow-quill, and copied the verses neatly on rose-colored paper, resolving to send them the first thing in the morning. She would then see they had been written impromptu. It was late when I threw myself on the bed, and late when I awoke. No benevolent genius warned me in the visions of slumber.

The next day I folded the money and verses together, and dispatched the package to my charmer by the maid. I was frequently at my post of observation; but not once did I catch a glimpse of her at the window. The guitar was silent—the embroidery-frame untouched. Toward evening I waylaid the chamber-maid, and having crossed her hand with a piece of silver, inquired particularly how my dispatch had been received.

"Why, sir," was the answer, "the young lady only laughed, and showed the paper to her mother; and Mrs. Elwyn threw it into the fire, and said as how she wondered how you could have had the impudence; but she expected you did not know any better."

A blight fell upon my hopes; I had evidently committed an error. That unlucky "stocking!" it was that which had played me false—which had offended the lady's sense of propriety—which had suddenly let down a partition-wall between me and the accomplishment of my hopes. But through the chinks of that now impassable barrier, Gertrude appeared lovelier than ever. A thousand wild projects floated through my brain. I would hire bandits to assail her; would rush in time to the rescue, and be wounded in her defense. I would play the incendiary, and bear her in triumph through the flames; I would get up a quarrel, and fight a duel for her sake. But these were only feverish fantasies—castles built in the air—which melted in the cold current of reality. I could perceive plainly that at table, when I stole a glance at her, Mrs. Elwyn had grown colder and statelier than ever. She never honored me by a look, and, worse than all, Gertrude did not appear. It was not till after two days I learned, by mere accident, that she had taken cold on that eventful night, and was indisposed.

But ill luck cannot last always. The beautiful girl soon reappeared at meals as blooming and radiant as usual; and, oh joy! again I was so happy as to behold her seated at the window, and watch the movements of her delicate fingers over the strings of her guitar. Here was a bliss of which no frowning matron could deprive me. One day, too, as in my eagerness to drink in the tones of her music, I had softly opened my window, and was imprudently leaning forward, rapt in a trance of bliss, I saw an unmistakable smile on her lips. Yes, she smiled; and though at the same moment she drew back, and let the guitar slide from her lap, my heart was thrilled by the knowledge that she was at last aware of my secret. What woman could be insensible to homage so delicate and unob-

trusive. Hope once more stirred within me. The next morning I bribed the maid to leave on her table, as if by mistake, a just published number of the "Home Journal," in which was a poem of rare beauty, which aptly expressed my admiration and my love. I had ventured to draw a light pencil line around the verses, which I hoped she might perceive and understand. My little ruse succeeded. A servant brought me the paper in the evening, saying it had been left by mistake in Mrs. Elwyn's apartment; but it bore evidence of having been carefully read.

It was not safe to venture often on such expedients; but the fourteenth of February was at hand; and the most timid lover might avail himself of its privileges. Valentines of all descriptions, for all stages of the tender passion, were to be had at the fancy stores; and a little alteration made them original. On the morning of the festival, one, delicately painted on embossed paper, and glowing with sentiment, was dispatched to the fair Gertrude, and was followed by one for each day of the week succeeding. I received none in return—but I was not discouraged; it was enough that mine were read.

I was now at the height of my content; for there was a charm in the sort of mystery that enveloped our intercourse, the more delightful to me, because I had the authority of all the romances I had ever read, for believing that it was the best nourisher of affection. Fancy would invest with a thousand gifts and graces, the lover whom she knew not, yet whose devotion was breathed into the air around her. Flowers would succeed verses as the messengers of the heart; I should grow bolder in time, till every obstacle was triumphed over. Such would have been the natural course of things but for the awkward interruption which brings me to the conclusion of my story.

I had gone one evening to a supper given by a bachelor friend, and returned late from the scene of mirth and revelry. As I walked rapidly down — Place, for the night was chilly, and the street covered with snow, I saw two ladies alight from a carriage in front of Mrs. —'s house. I hastened my pace; a thrill of joy penetrated my breast; it was she—my beloved, with her mother; and both were, by a happy chance, destined to be obliged to me. I sprang up the steps, murmured a "good evening," and drew out my night-key. I was surprised to find how much courage, nay, even pride, I derived from the possession of this little instrument. Briefly apologizing to the ladies for thus venturing to save them the trouble of summoning a servant, I thrust the key in the lock, and turned it with all my force. It snapped violently; I drew out the fragment, and, to my horror, discovered that in my haste, I had not used the night-key, but the key of my chamber.

"I really—beg ten thousand pardons," I faltered—"it was the wrong key—"

"The key is broken!" cried the shrill voice of Mrs. Elwyn. It is dreadful to be kept standing here!" She pulled the bell furiously.

In affright I pulled it also; the porter's hurried steps were presently heard in the hall, and he was rattling at the lock.

"Open the door!" cried the lady, impatiently.

"I cannot unlock it!" said the man within; "there must be something in the key-hole."

"The broken key!" screamed Mrs. Elwyn, with an angry glance at me; "so officious, to insist—"

"Mother!" pleaded the soft, low voice of Gertrude; for she saw that the dame was forgetting herself.

"It must—it can—I will run for a locksmith!" I exclaimed. I saw that the carriage had driven off.

"And we are to stand here alone, perhaps to be insulted by any drunken vagabond!" cried Mrs. Elwyn. "But go—nothing else can be done. Make haste—why do you wait?"

A locksmith lived in the next street; I flew thither; by chance he was still up, and as soon as his tools could be collected, he hastened to the spot. There stood the angry lady, her teeth chattering with cold, her mantle covered with the snow-flakes that had begun to fall, murmuring at the delay; her daughter was leaning in silence against the side of the door; and within could be heard the grumbling of the porter. I could not see Gertrude's face, even if I had been calm enough to read its expression.

The skillful locksmith, with the ready tact of his profession, soon comprehended the difficulty, and having tried to pick the lock, decided that it must be done from the inside. A ladder was in requisition, to enter by the window above. Mrs. Elwyn was in de-

spair at this intelligence, and broke out into complaints and reproaches, intended for me, which I heard but imperfectly, as I ran to borrow a ladder of some firemen in the neighborhood. It was brought by two of the company, who were followed by several others eager to learn what was going on. These were joined by some late idlers, while the windows of the adjoining and opposite houses, as well as those of our own, were thrown open, and a multitude of heads thrust out to see what was the matter. A pretty scene for the crowd-hating, aristocratic, haughty Mrs. Elwyn! For once, unmindful of her dignity, she stood giving voluble directions to the locksmith, already at the window, calling to him with flurried emphasis, to be careful not to throw down the flower-stand, or break the vase full of goldfish—which articles belonged to her. As for me, my only feeling was one of absolute despair, for I knew that my transgression, with its consequences, was unpardonable. We obtained entrance at last, and I heard the farewell of my love in the indignant rustle of Mrs. Elwyn's mantle, as she swept up stairs. A day or two after she and her daughter departed on a visit to Washington, and when they returned, took lodgings elsewhere. I heard in a few months of Gertrude's marriage, but felt no sorrow, for the spell was broken. That midnight scene, with the mortification it caused me, was a harmless termination to my First Love.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

Guard. What work is here? *Charmian*, is this well done?
Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess,
Descended of so many royal kings. SHAKESPEARE.

AUGUSTUS CESAR. DOLABELLA.

Augustus. Dead! say'st thou? Cleopatra?

Dolabella. She sleeps fast—

Will answer nothing more—hath no more lusts
For passion to persuade—nor art to breed
Any more combats. I have seen her laid—
As for a bridal—in a pomp of charms,
That mocked the flashing jewels in her crown
With beauty never theirs. Her bridegroom one
Who conquers more than Cæsar—a grim lord
Now in the fullest possession of his prize,
Who riots on her sweets; seals with close kiss
The precious caskets of her eyes, that late
Held—baiting fond desire with hope of spoil—
Most glorious gems of life; and, on her cheek,
Soft still with downy ripeness—not so pale,
As sudden gush of fancy in the heart
Might bring to virgin consciousness—he lays
His icy lip, that fails to cause her shrink
From the unknown soliciting. Her sleep
Dreams nothing of the embrace, the very last
Her eager and luxurious form may know,
Of that dread ravisher.

Augustus. If it be true,
She still hath baffled me. conquest sure—
My triumph incomplete! I come her else,
The proudest trophy of a my.

In royal state to Rome. Give me to know
The manner of her death.

Dolabella. By her own hands,
That conscious still, commended to her breast
The fatal kiss of Nile's envenomed asp;
That subtle adder, that from slime and heat
Receives a gift of poison, whose least touch
Is a sure stoppage of the living tides.

Augustus. Her death commends her more than all her life!
'T was like a queen—fit finish to a state,
That, in its worst excess, passionate and wild,
Had still a pomp of majesty too proud
For mortal subjugation!
Most profligate of harm—
That, under laws of more
Her passions into powers,
Best fruits for the posess
Much evil
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That mocked all mortal rivalry, she knew
 To dress the profligate graces in her gift—
 Generous to very wantonness, and free
 Of bounty, where Desert might nothing claim—
 That Virtue's self might doubt of her own shape,
 So lovely grew her counterfeit. O'er all,
 Her splendor, and her soul's magnificence.
 The pomp that crowned her state—luxurious shows
 Where Beauty, grown subservient to a sway
 That made Art her first vassal—these, so twinned
 With her voluptuous weakness, did become
 Her well, and took from her the hideous hues
 That else had made men loathe!

I would have seen
 This princess ere she died! How looks she now?

Dof. As one who lives but sleeps; no change to move
 The doubts of him who sees, yet nothing knows,
 Of that sly, subtle enemy, which still
 Keeps harbor round her heart. Charmian, her maid,
 Had, ere I entered, lidded up the eyes,
 That had no longer office; and she lay,
 With each sweet feature harmonizing still
 As truly with the nature as at first,
 When Beauty's wide-world wonder she went forth
 Spelling both art and worship! Never did sleep
 More slumberous, more infant-like, give forth
 Its delicate breathings. You might see the hair
 Wave in stray ringlets as the downy breath
 Lapsed through the parted lips, and dream the leaf
 Torn from the rose and laid upon her mouth
 Was lifted by that zephyr of the soul
 That still kept watch within—waiting on life
 In ever anxious ministry. Lips and brow—
 The one most sweetly parted as for song—
 The other smooth and bright, even as the pearls
 That, woven in fruit-like clusters, hung above,
 Starring the raven curtains of her hair—
 Declared such calm of happiness, as never
 Her passionate life had known. No show of pain—
 No writhed muscle—no distorted cheek,
 Deformed the beautiful picture of repose,
 Or spoke th' unequal struggle, when fond life
 Strives with its dread antipathy. Her limbs
 Lay pliant, with composure, on the couch,

Whose draperies loosely fell about her form,
 With gentle flow, and natural fold on fold,
 Proof of no difficult conflict. There had been,
 Perchance, one pang of terror, when she gave
 Free access to her terrible enemy;
 Or in the moment when the venomous chill
 Went sudden to her heart; for from her neck
 The silken robes had parted. The white breast
 Lay half revealed, save where the affluent hair
 Streamed over it in thick disheveled folds,
 That asked no further care. Oh! to behold,
 With eye still piercing to the sweet recess,
 Where rose each gentle slope, that seemed to swell
 Beneath mine eye, as conscious of my gaze,
 And throbbing with emotion soft as strange,
 Of love akin to fear. Thus dwelling still,
 Like little billows on some happy sea,
 They sudden seemed to freeze, as if the life
 Grew cold when all was loveliest. One blue vein
 Skirted the white curl of each heaving wave,
 A tint from some sweet sunbow, such as life
 Flings ever on the cold domain of death;
 And, at their equal heights, two ruby crests—
 Two yet unopened buds from the same flower—
 Borne upward by the billows, rising yet,
 Grew into petrified gems, with each an eye
 Eloquent pleading to the passionate heart
 For all of love it knows! Alas! the mock!
 That Death should mask himself with loveliness,
 And Beauty have no voice, in such an hour,
 To warn its eager worshiper. I saw—
 And straight forgot, in joy of what I saw,
 What still I knew—that Death was in my sight,
 And what was seeming beautiful, was but
 The twilight—the brief interval—betwixt
 The glorious day and darkness. I had kissed
 The wooing bliss before me, but that then
 Crawled forth the venomous reptile from the folds
 Where still it harbored—crawled across that shrine
 Of Beauty's best perfections, which, meseemed,
 To shrink and shudder 'neath its loathly march,
 Instinct with all the horrors at my heart.

Augustus. Thus Guilt and Shame deform the Beautiful!

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

BY HEINRICH.

STARS are twinkling bright above us,
 Music calls us on;
 Shades of eve that guard and love us,
 Veil the hallowed lawn;
 Hand in hand,
 All the band,
 Dance we till the breaking dawn!

Hark! the gently swelling measure!
 Twine the magic rings!
 Dance, while lasts our nightly pleasure,
 While the bluebells ring;
 And above,
 'Mid the grove,
 Nightingales in chorus sing.

Far away all human voices!
 Spirits far away!
 Naught but Fairy Elf rejoices
 Where the Fairies play;
 Play and dance,
 'Neath the glance
 Of the moon's reflected ray!

Faster! Faster! Night is waning;
 All must end with night.
 Russet clouds of morn are staining
 Phoebe's silvery light;
 Siate's, hark!
 'T was the hark!
 Fairies! Fairies! Take to flight.

THE TWO COUSINS;

A MAS-SA-SANGA LEGEND OF WESTERN CANADA.

BY G. COPWAY, OR KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

There lived among the hills of the North two most close friends, who appeared to have loved each other from the hour of their earliest childhood. In the spring they lived by a beautiful lake, in autumn on the banks of a noble river. In appearance they were very similar, apparently of the same age as they were of the same size. In their early days a good old woman attended to their wants, and cared for their wigwam. Together they strolled among the green fields and shared the results of their ramblings. Years passed by, and manhood came. They used larger bows and arrows. One day the old lady took them to her side and said—"The nation to which we belong, and now I want you to fast, that you may become great hunters. So they fasted.

In the spring advanced they killed a great many wild animals and kept the old woman of the wigwam busy. In the latter part of the year they killed large numbers of animals, with the furs of which they clothed their wives and themselves. In their journey one day they made an agreement, to the effect, that if they fasted the gods were kindly disposed to them, he would inform the other.

In the fall they were far from the rivers, but yet they went toward the north, where, as they knew, the game most resorted to.

During that winter they killed a great many, as also in the month of March ensuing.

In the close of one of their hunting expeditions, they were on their feet toward their home, at which they were at a late hour. As they approached, they heard the sound of several voices besides that of their wives. They listened. They knew that strangers were in the wigwam, and entering beheld two beautiful damsels, seated in that part of the wigwam in which they generally rested during the night. The young hunters the young women appeared very strange and modest. At length the old lady said to the young men—

"Wesetook—my children—I have called these young women from the south, that they may aid you in taking care of all the meat and venison you bring home, for I am getting old and weak, and cannot do much as I used to. I have put them by your side, that they may be your companions."

In the last words were spoken they looked upon each other, and soon left to wander by themselves in the forest around. They consulted together as to whether they should comply with her request. One said they should leave the wigwam. The other said they left there would be no one to supply their food and grandmother. And they finally agreed to remain in the wigwam and pay no regard to the new-comers.

*

They slept side by side every night, and agreed that if either should begin to love one of the young strangers they would inform the other, and would then separate forever. In February they obtained a vast amount of game, as the bears having retired to their winter-quarters were easily found and captured.

It was observed one evening that one of the young men gazed very intently at one of the strangers, and the next morning as they went out he asked the other whether he did not begin to love the young damsel who sat on his side of the birchen fire. He replied negatively.

It was observed that one of the cousins appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought every evening, and that his manners were very reserved. After a fortunate hunting-day, as they were wending their way home with their heavy burden of bear and deer, one accused the other of loving the young woman. Tell me, said he, and if you do, I will leave you to yourselves. If you have a wife I cannot take the same delight with you as I did when we followed the chase.

His cousin sighed and said, I will tell you to-night as we lie side by side. At night they reasoned together and agreed to hunt. If they did not meet with success, they must separate.

The next morning they went to the woods. They were not far distant from each other. The one who was in love shot only five, while the other returned with the tongues of twenty bears. The former was all the time thinking of the damsel at home, while the latter sought out his game with nothing else to divert his mind.

On their return home the lucky man informed his grandmother that he should leave the next day, and that what he should kill on the morrow must be searched after, as he should not return to tell them where he had killed the game. His cousin was grieved to find that his mind was made up to leave, and began to expostulate with him to change his determination, but he would not be persuaded to do so.

The next day, the young man who was to leave bound a rabbit-skin about his neck, to keep it warm, and having painted himself with red and yellow paints he left; his cousin following just behind, entreating him not to go. "I will go," said he, "and live in the north, where I shall see but four persons, and when you look that way you will see me."

They walked side by side until he began to ascend, and as he did so, the other wept the more bitterly, and entreated him more perseveringly not to leave him. The cousin ascended to the skies, and is now seen in the north, Ke-wa-din Ah-nung (North Star,) still hunting the polar bear; while the other wept himself to

naught before he could arrive home, and now he answers and mocks everywhere everybody. He lives in craggy rocks, and his name is Bah-swa-nay (Echo.)

The young maidens lived for a long time in the south under ambrosial bowers, awaiting the return of their

lovers, until one fell in love with mankind, and the other yet lives in that country, awaiting the return of her lover, where

—“she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly washed in dew.”

UNFADING FLOWERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THIRTY years ago, a small, barefooted boy, paused to admire the flowers in a well cultivated garden. The child was an orphan, and had already felt how hard the orphan's lot. The owner of the garden, who was trimming a border, noticed the lad, and spoke to him kindly.

“Do you love flowers?” said he.

The boy replied, “Oh yes. We used to have beautiful flowers in our garden.”

The man laid down his knife, and gathering a few flowers, took them to the fence, through the pannels of which the boy was looking, and handing them to him, said as he did so,

“Here's a nice little bunch for you.”

A flush went over the child's face as he took the flowers. He did not make any reply, but in his large eyes, as he lifted them to the face of the man, was an expression of thankfulness, to be read as plainly as words in a book.

The act, on the part of the man, was one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely thought of again; but, by the child, it was never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, privation and suffering, both in body and mind, the boy grew up to manhood. From ordeals like this, come forth our most effective men. If kept free from vicious associates, the lad of feeling and mental activity becomes ambitious, and rises in society above the common level. So it proved in the case of this orphan boy. He had few advantages of education, but such as offered were well improved. It happened that his lot was cast in a printing office; and the young compositor soon became interested in his work. He did not set the types as a mere mechanic, but went beyond the duties of his calling, entering into the ideas to which he was giving verbal expression, and making them his own. At twenty-one he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character. At thirty-five he was the conductor of a widely-circulated and profitable newspaper, and as a man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all men enter into who are ambitious to rise in the world, the thoughts do not often go back and rest, meditatively, upon the earlier time of life. But after success has crowned each well-directed effort, and the gaining of a desired position, no longer remains a subject of doubt, the mind often brings up from the far-off past most vivid recollections of incidents and impressions that were painful or pleasurable at the time, and which are now seen to have had an influence, more or less decided, upon the

whole after life. In this state of reflection sat one day the man we have here introduced. After musing for a long time, deeply abstracted, he took up his pen and wrote hastily—and these were the sentences he traced upon the paper that lay before him.

“How indelibly does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind. We meet, as we pass through the world, so much of rude selfishness, that we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely feel its effects. But spontaneous kindness comes so rarely, that we are surprised when it appears, and delighted and refreshed as by the perfume of flowers in the dreary winter. When we were a small boy, an orphan, and with the memory of a home forever lost too vivid in our young heart, a man, into whose beautiful garden we stood looking, pulled a few flowers, and handed them through the fence, speaking a kind word as he did so. He did not know, and perhaps never will know, how deeply we were touched by his act. From a little boy we loved the flowers, and ere that heaviest affliction a child ever knows—the loss of parents—fell upon us, we almost lived among them. But death separated between us and all those tender associations and affections that, to the hearts of children, are like dew to the tender grass. We entered the dwelling of a stranger, and were treated thenceforth as if we had, or ought to have, no feelings, no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh command came daily and almost hourly to our ears; and not even for work well done, or faithful service, were we cheered by words of commendation.

“One day—we were not more than eleven years old—something turned our thoughts back upon the earlier and happier time when we had a true home, and was loved and cared for. We were once more in the garden and among the sweet blossoms, as of old, and the mother, on whose bosom we had slept, sat under the grape arbor while we filled her lap with flowers. There was a smile of love on her dear face, and her lips were parting with some word of affection, when, to scatter into nothing these dear images of the lonely boy, came the sharp command of a master, and in obedience we started forth to perform some needed service. Our way was by the garden of which we have spoken; and it was on this occasion, and while the suddenly dissipated image of our mother among the flowers was re-forming itself in our young imagination, that the incident which we have alluded to occurred. We can never forget the grateful perfume of those flowers, and the strength and comfort which the kind words and the giver imparted to

our fainting spirit. We took them home, and kept them fresh as long as water would preserve their life and beauty; and when they faded, and the leaves fell, pale and withered, upon the ground, we grieved for their loss as if a real friend had been taken away.

"It is a long, long time since that incident occurred; but the flowers which there sprung up in our bosom, are fresh and beautiful still. They have neither faded nor withered—they cannot, for they are unfading flowers. We never looked upon the man who gave them to us that our heart did not grow warm toward him. We know not now whether he be living or dead. Twenty years ago we lost sight of him; but, if still among the dwellers of earth, and in need of a friend, we would divide with him our last morsel."

An old man, with hair whitened by the snows of many winters, was sitting in a room that was poorly supplied with furniture, his head bowed down, and gaze cast dreamily upon the floor. A pale young girl came in while he thus sat musing. Lifting his eyes to her face, he said, while he tried to look cheerful,

"Ellen, dear, you must not go out to-day."

"I feel a great deal better, grandpa," returned the girl, forcing a smile. "I am able to go to work again."

"No, child, you are not," said the old man, firmly; "and you must not think of such a thing."

"Do n't be so positive, grandpa." And as she uttered this little sentence, in a half playful voice, she laid her hand among the thin gray locks on the old man's head, and smoothed them caressingly. "You know that I must not be idle."

"Wait, child, until your strength returns."

"Our wants will not wait, grandpa." As the girl said this, her face became sober. The old man's eyes again fell to the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth from his bosom.

"I will be very careful and not overwork myself again," resumed Ellen, after a pause.

"You must not go to-day," said the old man, arousing himself. "It is murder. Wait at least until to-morrow. You will be stronger then."

"If I do not go back to-day, I may lose my place. You know I have been home for three days."

"You were sick."

"Work will not wait. The last time I was kept away by sickness, a customer was disappointed; and there was a good deal of trouble about it."

Another sigh came heavily from the old man's heart.

"I will go," said the girl. "Perhaps they will let me off for a day longer. If so, I will come back. But I must not lose the place."

No further resistance was made by the old man. In a little while he was alone. Hours went by, but Ellen did not return. She had gone to work. Her employer would not let her go away, feeble as she was, without a forfeiture of her place.

About mid-day, finding that Ellen did not come back, the old man, after taking some food, went out. The pressure of seventy years was upon him, and his steps were slow and carefully taken.

"I must get something to do. I can work still," he muttered to himself, as he moved along the streets.

"The dear child is killing herself, and all for me."

But what could he do? Who wanted the services of an old man like him, whose mind had lost its clearness, whose step faltered, and whose hand was no longer steady? In vain he made application for employment. Younger and more vigorous men filled all the places, and he was pushed aside. Discouraged and drooping in spirit, he went back to his home, and there awaited the fall of evening, which was to bring the return of the only being left on earth to love him. At night-fall Ellen came in. Her face, so pale in the morning, was now slightly flushed; and her eyes were brighter than when she went out. The grandfather was not deceived by this; he knew it as the sign of disease. He took her hand—it was hot; and when he bent to kiss her gentle lips, he found them burning with fever.

"Ellen, my child, why did you go to work to-day? I knew it would make you sick," the old man said, in a voice of anguish.

Ellen tried to smile and to appear not so very ill; but nature was too much oppressed.

"I brought home some work, and will not go out to-morrow," she remarked. "I think the walk fatigued me more than any thing else. I will feel better in the morning, after a good night's sleep."

But the girl's hope failed in this. The morning found her so weak that she could not rise from bed; and when her grandfather came into her room to learn how she had passed the night, he found her weeping on her pillow. She had endeavored to get up, but her head, which was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she fell back under a despairing consciousness that her strength was gone.

The day passed, but Ellen did not grow better. The fever still kept her body prostrate. Once or twice, when her grandfather was out of the room, she took the work she had brought home, and tried to do some of it while sitting up in bed. But ere a minute had passed, she became faint, while all grew dark around her. She was no better when night came. If her mind could have rested—if she had been free from anxious and distressing thoughts, nature would have had some power to react, but as it was, the pressure upon her was too great. She could not forget that they had scarcely so much money as a dollar left, and that her old grandfather was too feeble to work. Upon her rested all the burden of their support, and she was now helpless.

On the next morning Ellen was better. She could sit up without feeling dizzy, though her head still ached, and the fever had only slightly abated. But the old man would not permit her to leave the bed, though she begged him earnestly to let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had brought home, was wrapped in a newspaper, and this her grandfather took up to read some time during the day.

"This is Mr. T——'s newspaper," said he, as he opened it, and saw the title. "I knew T—— when he was a poor little orphan boy. But, of course, he do n't remember me. He's prospered wonderfully."

And then his eyes went along the columns of the paper, and he read aloud to Ellen such things as he thought would interest her. Among others was a re-

miniscence by the editor—the same that we have just given. The old man's voice faltered as he read. The little incident, so feelingly described, had long since been hidden in his memory under the gathering dust of time. But now the dust was swept away, and he saw his own beautiful garden. He was in it and among the flowers; and wishfully looking through the fence stood the orphan boy. He remembered having felt pity for him, and he remembered now as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, though thirty years had intervened, the light that went over the child's face as he handed him a few flowers that were to fade and wither in a day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered while he read; and when he came to the last sentence, the paper dropped upon the floor, and clasping his hands together, he lifted his dim eyes upward, while his lips moved in whispered words of thankfulness.

"What ails you, grandpa?" asked Ellen, in surprise.

But the old man did not seem to hear her voice.

"Dear grandpa," repeated the girl, "why do you look so strangely?" She had risen in bed, and was bending toward him.

"Ellen, child," said the old man, a light breaking over his countenance, as though a sunbeam had suddenly come into the room, "it was your old grandfather who gave the flowers to that poor little boy. Did you hear what he said?—he would divide his last morsel."

The old man moved about the room with his unsteady steps, talking in a wandering way, so overjoyed at the prospect of relief for his child, that he was nearly beside himself. But there yet lingered some embers of pride in his heart; and from these the ashes were blown away, and they became bright and glowing. The thought of asking a favor as a return for that little act, which was to him, at the time, a pleasure, came with a feeling of reluctance. But when he looked at the pale young girl who lay with her eyes closed and her face half buried in the pillow, he murmured to himself, "It is for you—for you!" And taking up his staff, he went tottering forth into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office, writing, when he heard the door open, and turning, he saw before him an old man with bent form and snowy head. Something in the visitor's countenance struck him as familiar; but he did not recognize him as one whom he had seen before.

"Is Mr. T—— in?" inquired the old man.

"My name is T——," replied the editor.

"You?" There was a slight expression of surprise in the old man's voice.

"Yes, I am T——, my friend," was kindly said.

"Can I do any thing for you? Take this chair."

The offered seat was accepted; and as the old man sunk into it, his countenance and manner betrayed his emotion.

"I have come," said he, and his voice was unsteady, "to do what I could not do for myself alone. But I cannot see my poor, sick grandchild wear out and die under the weight of burdens that are too heavy to be borne. For her sake I have conquered my own pride."

There was a pause.

"Go on," said T——, who was looking at the old man earnestly, and endeavoring to fix his identity in his mind.

"You do n't know me?"

"Your face is not entirely strange," said T——. "It must have been a long time since we met."

"Long? Oh yes! It is a long, long time. You were a boy, and I unbent by age."

"Markland!" exclaimed T——, with sudden energy, springing to his feet as the truth flashed upon him. Say—is it so?"

"My name is Markland."

"And do we meet again thus!" said T——, with emotion, as he grasped the old man's hand. "Ah, sir, I have never forgotten you. When a sad-hearted boy, you spoke to me kindly, and the words comforted me when I had no other comfort. The bunch of flowers you gave me—you remember it, no doubt—are still fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded. They are as bright and green, and full of perfume as when I first hid them there; and there they will bloom forever—the unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad you have come, though grieved that your declining years are made heavier by misfortune. Heaven has smiled on my efforts in the world. I have enough, and to spare."

"I have not come for charity," returned Markland. "I have hands, and they would not be idle, though it is not much that they can accomplish."

"Be not troubled on that account, my friend," was kindly answered. "I will find something for you to do. But first tell me all about yourself."

Thus encouraged, the old man told his story. It was the common history of loss of property and friends, and the approach of want with declining years. T—— saw that pride and native independence were still strong in Markland's bosom, feeble as he was, and really unable to enter upon any serious employment; and his first impulse was to save his feelings at the same time that he extended to him entire and permanent relief. This he found no difficulty in doing, and the old man was soon after placed in a situation where but little application was necessary, while the income was all-sufficient for the comfortable support of himself and grandchild.

The flowers offered with a purely humane feeling, proved to be fadeless flowers; and their beauty and perfume came back to the senses of the giver when all other flowers were dead or dying on his dark and dreary way.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



LABRADOR AUK, OR PUFFIN. (*Fratercula Arctica*.)

have already remarked that there are but two of the true Auk. The Puffin belongs to the *Fratercula*. Of the singular figure of this engraving gives a true representation; of its Selby gives the following account, which is cited by other writers who have described it. Though the Puffin is found in very high latitudes, its distribution through the Arctic Circle is extensive only known to us as a summer visitant, and in the south, making its first appearance in the of its breeding stations, about the middle of July, and regularly departing between the 10th and 15th of August. Many resort to the islands, such as are covered with a stratum of vegetable matter, and here they dig their own burrows, from which being any rabbits to dispossess upon the parcels they frequent. They commence this in about the first week in May, and the hole is gradually excavated to the depth of three feet, often in any direction, and occasionally with two en-

When engaged in digging, which is principally performed by the males, they are sometimes so busy in their work as to admit of being taken by the same may also be done during incubation. At this period I have frequently obtained specimens by thrusting my arm into the burrow, though at the risk of receiving a severe bite from the powerful hooked bill of the old bird. At the farther end of the hole the single egg is deposited, which in

size nearly equals that of a pullet, and, as Pennant observes, varies in form; in some instances one end being acute, and in others equally obtuse. Its color when first laid is white, but it becomes soiled and dirty from its immediate contact with the earth: no materials being collected for a nest at the end of the burrow. The young are hatched after a month's incubation, and are then covered with a long blackish down above, which gradually gives place to the feathered plumage, so that at the end of a month or five weeks they are able to quit the burrow, and follow their parents to the open sea. Soon after this time, or about the second week in August, the whole leave our coasts, commencing their equatorial migration. At an early age the bill of this bird is small and narrow, scarcely exceeding that of the young Razor-bill at the same period of life; and not till after the second year does this member acquire its full development, both as to depth, color, and its transverse furrows.

"In rocky places, they deposit their single egg in the holes and crevices. The length of the bird is about twelve inches. The half of the bill nearest the head is bluish; the rest red. The corners of the mouth are puckered into a kind of star. The legs and feet are orange. The plumage is black and white, with the exception of the cheeks and chin, which are sometimes gray. The young, pickled with spices, are sometimes considered dainties."

THE LITTLE AUK. (*Mergulus Melano Leukos*.)

The Little Auk, or Sea Dove, is an example of the genus *Mergulus*. It braves the inclemency of very high latitudes, and is found in immense flocks on the inhospitable coasts of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Melville Island. Here they watch the motion of the ice, and when it is broken up by storms, "they come down in legions, crowding into every fissure, to banquet on the crustaceous and other marine animals which lie there at their mercy.

"The Little Auk is between nine and ten inches in

length; the bill is black and the legs inclining to brown; the plumage is black and white; and in winter the front of the neck, which is black in summer, becomes whitish. It lays but one egg, of a pale, bluish green, on the most inaccessible ledges of the precipices which overhang the ocean." Such are the accounts of the naturalists and voyagers who have visited the arctic regions. With its name of Sea Dove, its apparently delicate structure, and its daring and heroic habits of life, it affords a most inviting theme to the poet.

PLEASANT WORDS.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. PROV. xvi. 24.

MANY truths the Wise man gives
To his sons and daughters,
As pure and useful, strong and bright,
As streams of living waters;
But one I choose from all the rest.
And call it now the very best.

Pleasant words, he says, are like
A comb of fragrant honey;
The savings-bank of thriving bees,
Whose cells contain their money,
Where they, in little space, lay up
The gains of many a flowery cup.

"Sweet to the soul," they gently soothe
In days of bitter anguish;
"Health to the bones," they cheer the sick
And lift the heads that languish;
And with their care-dispelling chime,
They touch the heart at any time.

O! let us then ask God to plant
In us His flowers of beauty,
And teach us to watch over them
With humble, patient duty;
Sweet flowers that grace both age and youth,
Love, meekness, gentleness and truth.

For, as honey is not found
Where no flowers are blowing,
So, unless within our hearts
Love and truth are growing,
No one upon our lips will find
"Pleasant words," sincere and kind.

But, unlike the fragile flowers,
Who die—as soon as ever
They have given their honey up—
The more that we endeavor
To lavish kindness everywhere,
The more we still shall have to spare.

"Pleasant words!" O let us strive
To use them very often;
Other hearts they will delight,
And our own they 'll soften;
While God himself will hear above,
"Pleasant words" of truth and love.

"Pleasant words!" The river's wave
That ripples every minute
On the shore we love so well,
Hath not such music in it;
Nor are the songs of breeze or birds,
Half so sweet as "pleasant words!"

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

MOURNFULLY toll the bell :
Gently bear earth to earth ;
Solemnly chant the knell ;
Death claims a mortal birth.

Virgins, strew early flowers,
Plucked from the snow in spring ;
Emblems of her sad hours—
Smiling while withering.

She was a gentle one :
Pure as a seraph's tear ;
Too soon her task was done ;
Born but to disappear !

Low chant her requiem ;
Close o'er her breast the sod ;
Angels, teach her your hymn,
While winging her way to God.

PASSING AWAY.

BY ANNIE GREY.

'T is written on the early flower,
By a single faded leaf ;
'T is written with terrific power
Upon the burning cheek.

'T is written with an iron pen
Upon that old man's brow ;
And mark its tyrant impress when
It touched thy darling now.

'T is written on the fleeting smile
And on the falling tear ;
'T is seen upon that old quaint dial,
And in the grave-yard near.

'T is written in thy mother's touch,
And in thy father's care ;
These may not—though they love thee much—
They may not linger here.

Here, too, we see on friendship's bond
Its shadowy impress laid ;
The love we deemed so true, so fond,
Its own dark grave hath made.

Yet surely there is one thing here
Which may not pass away—
'T is early love, so fond, so dear,
It cannot yield its away ?

Oh ! mark the eye averted now,
And list to that scornful word,
And see the cherished broken vow—
E'en this hath the mandate heard.

'T is written, then, on all things here,
On smiles, on tears, on joy, on wo,
On that we prize, on that we fear,—
All teach alike that we must go.

THE UNDIVIDED HEART.

AFTER THE MANNER OF AN EARLY ENGLISH POET.

BY MYRRHA.

WHEN the rich merchant sendeth out his store,
To multiply in foreign lands and seas,
He scattereth it to every friendly shore,
And spreads his sails to every favoring breeze.
Then, if one bark, more luckless than the rest,
Should chance make shipwreck on some fatal coast,
Seeing he is of many more possesset,
He comforts him, although that one be lost.
But one rich argosy holds all my store—
If harm befall that one, what comes of me ?
Must I in beggary wander evermore,
Subsistence craving of cold charity ?

How should I bear to think upon the day
When Fortune's gifts were showered upon my head,
Would not my misery more heavy weigh,
In view of happiness remembered ?
Then let me rather trust my life also,
In that one ship where all my riches be,
That wheresoe'er she goeth I may go,
And toss with her upon the faithless sea.
Then, if the tempest bow the sturdy mast,
And horrid billows sweep the shuddering deck,
When every help and every hope is past,
Calmly I'll perish with my treasure's wreck.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PARTING YEAR.



"Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carl, so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?"
"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused;
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax;
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem mine hours, the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand grains shiver;
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou shalt part forever.

WALTER SCOTT.

The waning year is, to most minds, a season of reflection. And it is good to pause and think, occasionally; to glance along the receding vista of months, and review our actions ere too great a distance makes their memory indistinct. Time seems to linger on his journey, to pause by the crumbling ruins of earthly things, and point us to the past, that we may gather therefrom lessons of wisdom for the future.

And now, as we stand on the verge of the parting year—as the last line in its record of events is about being written, it is but to obey the dictate of reason to let our thoughts run back. Time we cannot recall, nor change the past. What we have done is done forever. Then, why, it may be asked, turn our thoughts thitherward? Why not look in hope to the future? It is that we may look to the future with brighter hopes, made more certain through repentance and good resolutions.

What we are is of more, far more importance to us than what we seem to others, or what we have gained in worldly goods. Our thoughts, then, as we review the

days and weeks in the closing circle of months, should linger rather upon the purposes and acts of our moral life, than upon the impression we have made upon others, or the amount of earthly treasure we have gathered in from the harvest-fields of the world. A good reputation may be lost through slander; riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; but of the heart's conscious rectitude no event external to ourselves can rob us. It is true gold, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and of which not even death itself can rob us.

In turning back our thoughts upon the past, then, let us examine all our acts in the light of their prompting ends. There is no act without a purpose, and the purpose gives quality to the act. A selfish and bad end makes an act evil, which might be innocent if done with a good end. A man may pursue his worldly business with the same energy and success that marks the course of his neighbor, and be all the while laying up treasure above, while the latter gains nothing but the treasure on earth, which, in a few years, passes into the coffers of another, while he, naked and poor as he came into the world, recrosses the mortal bourne, and is seen no more among his fellows. The great difference lies in the end with which each prosecutes his daily calling. A good end keeps in view what is just to the neighbor, while a selfish end causes a man to disregard and even trample upon other's rights.

As time points his trembling finger to the past, let each one, then, carefully review the history of the year, so far as himself is concerned, and, in reviewing it, look earnestly at the purposes which have governed his various actions. These, in their accumulations, are to make the future happy or miserable. Gold gained in a total disregard of other's rights or feelings, never has nor never will bring happiness; for, in the acquisition, the mind takes

an evil form in accordance with its purpose, and such a form precludes the possibility of happiness. Honor and fame acquired in like manner, will as certainly bring pain and disappointment.

The great question then is—How far have I advanced in the year toward that true humanity which is built up into a beautiful form, through good purposes coming forth into good deeds? Just so far as this true humanity has been attained, *and no further*, has the waning year been a well spent and profitable year.

Is your mind not satisfied with the review measured by this standard? Let the fact be wisely improved by a better life in the future. Begin the next year with this higher standard in your mind, and resolve to live up to it as far as is in your power.

There is one reflection connected with this theme that should produce a strong impression. It is our present that makes our future. What we purpose and do to-day throws forward its effect upon our coming years. And this is the result of every day's life. What would not some of us give if we could change the rebuking past? But, alas! what is done is done forever. The present with its deeds flits by and becomes the unchangeable past. We may repent of our wrong doings, but repentance cannot extract the sting from memory. With this thought, which should alone prompt to right living in the future, we close our brief sermon; commending its teachings to the wise and simple, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned, with the hope that it may be like a nail in a sure place, or, like apples of gold on pictures of silver.

THE POLITICAL WORLD FOR 1849.

BY J. R. CHANDLER.

It seems meet that we should take some note of the times in which we live, and not allow a whole year to pass without a record of some of those startling incidents by which it has been distinguished. We do not pretend to publish "the news"—we do not mean to make commentaries upon the political changes which are constantly occurring. There are papers specially devoted to such matters, and they do their duty with fidelity and satisfaction. We, however, think it proper (useful we mean, and therefore proper,) to give a simple abstract of great political changes and convulsions that have occurred in 1849. It may instruct some; it will probably send many more to the records of the times to gain minute information of such startling affairs. Some it may lead to reflect upon the mutability of human productions, and the causes which have wrought out such remarkable effects. Others will probably be ready, while they mourn over the suffering and kindle at the bold steps and courageous conduct of the uprising oppressed, abroad, to rejoice at the peace and happiness secured to our own beloved country by the institutions of republicanism which we enjoy, and to inquire whether such signal advantages are not worth a vigilance that shall detect the first movement, or the dangerous neglect that may jeopard the liberties of the people and the peace and prosperity of the country.

We desire to sit down and make a small daguerreotype view of the nations abroad, that our Magazine may close the year 1849 with such a picture as would make ordinary readers, even the ladies, who are only *ordinary* as they are the *general* readers of our book, understand the changes which are yet to take place. But we are compelled to write nearly a month before we nominally publish, so that much may transpire between the inkstand and the reading-desk; much that may change the whole complexion, the features even of European politics, and

cast either a shade or a light across the Atlantic. Again, while we sit down to adjust our instrument to catch the manners living as they rise, to receive and fix the forms of nations upon our plates, they, instead of awaiting their little moment, to give a perfect image, start into some revolution and thus mar the picture which we would have strong, clear and distinct. The troubles which beset the whole of Italy a year ago are, if not settled, at least becoming less. The affairs of the various independent governments seem to be so directed as to insure a return to something like the position they held more than two years since.

In Rome, whence the Pope had been driven by the revolutionary power, the French army in Italy established itself, after a free use of its heavy batteries. For a moment it seemed that nothing more was intended than the restoration of the Pope to his temporal power. But either the President of France had a concealed motive in sending Oudinot with an army into Italy, or the uplifted voice of the liberal portion of Europe caused him to declare that he wished to prevent Austria and Spain from gaining influence in Rome, and he desired with the return of the Pope, to see the government (under his holiness) secularized.

Meantime the Pope, at Gaeta, apparently enjoying all the distinction which his elevated position as spiritual and temporal chief could claim, has been far from happy. He has seen into the motives of France, and cannot be ignorant now of the spirit, the interested spirit, likely to influence other nations which may undertake to restore him to Rome with all his former power. Nay, it is evident that he is now weighing the consideration whether it is best for his spiritual mission, and his temporal comforts and honors to receive back such rule—he sees that the times have changed, and he is evidently pausing to see how he may change with them without exposing himself to the outrages to which his former liberal movements exposed him.

VENICE that held out against the Austrian forces was compelled to capitulate. She loses the distinction which she had retained, and her condition as a free port is lost. Austria has even desired to build up Trieste at the expense of Venice. It should be remarked, however, that the political offences of the Venetians have been more leniently dealt with than had been anticipated. The leaders of the revolt were removed to Corfu by the French before the Austrians entered the city. Venice and Venetian Lombardy are again the appanages of the Austrian crown.

There was an attempt at a revolt in the IONIAN ISLANDS, a quasi republic under the protection of Great Britain. The disturbance took place in Cephalonia, and the political outbreak was the occasion for a band of ruffians to undertake to plunder and assassinate. A leading citizen of Argistile was, with his family, burnt to death. Vigorous measures were adopted by Mr. Ward, the high commissioner of the British government for the Ionian Islands, and finally order was restored.

FRANCE—The year 1849 opened upon France in the enjoyment of the *force* youth of Republicanism, with a President elected almost unanimously by the people, and with a National Assembly almost ready to expire by its own peculiar organization. A new Assembly was elected and was organized in May, and early in June the President, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, sent to that body his message, which, for the first time in European history, contained a statement of the situation of the country minutely set forth, and was thus far republican. Unfortunately the President took occasion to set forth his own views and determinations in a tone far more in accordance with those of his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, than like that of those

who should supply his model—the Presidents of the United States.

It may be noted that the revolutions of France have been very costly, and her debt has been fearfully augmented by the convulsion that drove Louis Philippe from the kingly throne and placed Louis Napoleon in the presidential chair.

The election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency did by no means secure the tranquility of France; so many men leading various sections, that united only *against* one portion, were unprovided with power when the union was to be in *favor* of one man, that sooner was the president installed than those who had done most to make a place for him were willing to do more to get him out of a place. And it cannot be denied that the movements of France, or rather of Louis Napoleon, for really he seems to be France, upon Rome, were not at first calculated to conciliate the Red Republicans, and are now as little likely to satisfy the opposite party each will remember its peculiar cause of dislike, but neither will keep in mind its occasion for approval. The truth is, France is not yet essentially republican in its system. The people of France would, by a large majority, vote to fight for a republican form of government for their country but they do not seem to comprehend the true policy of a republic, and it may be doubted whether the tendency of single legislature, and the weight of Paris is not toward centralization—most *anti* or at least *unrepublican*. France must look to the federation of her departments. The president of France has made various tours in *is* republic, and has been received with various degrees of respect and courtesy, as his principles were more or less approved, or, perhaps, as the people were more or less republican or monarchical in their views. And it may be remarked, that every where he has taken occasion to say that "order, system, and conservatism," were necessary to the prosperity of France; an idea well enough in the abstract, but evidently considering the speaker and the hearers, intended to intimate that France needed less revolution among the people, and more permanency in her executive. When he visited the neighborhood of Ham, where he had been for a long time a prisoner, on account of a rebellion against the established government, he was reminded by some obsequious citizens of his sufferings and his deliverance. But instead of launching out into a tirade against tyranny in general, and especially that which confined him there, he took occasion to preach homily in favor of established power, and confessed his error in being one of those who rose against it. Fenelon, when he ascended the pulpit to denounce his own book, did not assume more self-condemnatory air, nor did he more regret his offences against ecclesiastical rule, than did Louis Napoleon *his* outrage upon the kingly government and this, too, in presence of a people that had assisted within two years to put down a king, and had, by their votes, elected him to office, in the place of that king.

France has placed herself, or was placed by her president, in a very delicate position, with regard to other European powers, by her interference in the Italian contest. She now complains that the Pope does not acknowledge the services which she has rendered, (he certainly seems to be very ignorant of any advantage which France has wrought for him,) while the president declares that Rome must be secularized, and must grant a *full* amnesty to political offenders. France has her attention now drawn toward the peculiar situation of affairs between the Porte and the Emperor of Russia, in which England and France seem to understand each other.

While the continent of Europe has been embroiled for the last year in all kinds of contests, Great Britain seems to

have enjoyed unusual tranquillity at home. The imperial parliament repealed the old navigation laws which had been operative for two centuries. By the new enactments greater freedom is given to vessels of other countries to trade between the several ports of Great Britain and in other countries where reciprocal commercial treaties are established, the ships of Great Britain will have similar advantages.

Peace is not productive of historical interest, and we have only to say that Great Britain has settled her troubles in the East by defeating the Indian forces raised against her power; and she has commenced her troubles in the West, by sanctioning certain laws passed by the parliament of the Canadas to remunerate those who lost property in a former rebellion. The truth is, there has grown up a strong and violent hostility between the English residents in Canada and the French; and the latter, with some of their allies, having a majority, passed the law for indemnity which the governor, Lord Elgin, signed; and this brought against him the English party. The Home Government sanctioned the action of his lordship, and this has led some of the English party to talk of throwing off the English yoke, and uniting Canada with the United States. It is probable that Great Britain has held Canada about as long as is possible—and perhaps quite as long as is profitable.

The Queen of Great Britain has, with her husband and children, attended by a numerous court, been visiting to Ireland and Scotland, and has been eminently successful in conciliating the people of these parts of her empire, and has done more to restore kind feelings and establish herself, than all the arms which she could have sent against the disaffected. She is at once popular and powerful, and sustains a bad system by her gentleness and her sterling worth.

It is to the glory of Great Britain that in all the disturbances in Europe of late, she has sought, by her intervention, to save the people from the consequences of a bloody war, and in all cases she has appeared as the friend of the weakest side, her mediation was not often accepted. In the case of the unhappy war between Prussia and Denmark, about the miserable affair of Schleswick Holstein, her offer was accepted, and peace was restored.

Denmark. We have little to say of this kingdom excepting that by her superior naval force she redeemed her credit, somewhat impaired by the success of the Prussians on the land and the effective blockade induced her enemy to listen to the proposition of Great Britain to mediate. The result was the settlement of the difficulties about Schleswick Holstein.

Prussia. The attempt to create a federative government in Germany has not yet proved successful. Various plans have been proposed, and a constitution, not unlike that of the United States, was nearly adopted. But when the states which are to compose the federation have been so long entirely independent, and have exercised the privileges of complete sovereignty they do not readily yield up their independence, and hence, after moving toward a union, they start off, alarmed at the chance of being lost sight of in the shadow of the larger states. The intention of forming a confederacy is still cherished, and may be realized. Prussia must, of course, have a leading voice in such a movement. But the power of the continental monarchs rests, and must continue to rest, upon the army and consequently war, that weakens the nation, must, for a time, give strength to kings. But as the strength which is imparted to the human system by the use of opium, it will destroy in time what it was intended to support.

Austria has had a sort of triumph; her arms have been successful in Italy, and, with the aid of Russia, she has

put down the rebellion in Hungary. Yet Austria is weaker now than before her triumphs, and is regarded with less favor, more hatred, more contempt than formerly. The necessity of changes in her government; the necessity of destroying her own rebellious cities; the necessity of applying to Russia for help, have taught that power to feel that it is not only vulnerable, but that it is perishable. And a few more such convulsions, even though Russia interfere, will dismember the Germans, and set free her injured dependencies.

Hungary. The brilliant effort of Hungary to cast off the yoke of Austria promised for a time to be gloriously successful. The character of Kossuth was so beautiful, his manners so conciliatory, his plans so wise, and his power with the army so complete, that the world was prepared to hail and welcome the old kingdom back to independence. Austria was defeated. Her armies were beaten, and the rickety old tyranny appealed to Russia for help—to Russia, the last refuge of tyranny that exists. And Russia poured her *rubles* down upon the plains of Hungary, and corrupted one of the generals that had been entrusted with power; and then she sent her herds of *serfs* and generals to receive the concessions which she had purchased. And so Hungary sinks back into a dependence upon Austria, liable at all times to be claimed and fleeced by Russia.

We had wished, we confess, that Hungary would have freed herself—but she must abide her time. Bem, Kossuth, and many other generals, with numerous companies of soldiery, escaped into the Turkish dominions, under a pledge of safety from the Sultan. But Russia, true to her principle of pursuing her offenders, demanded these unfortunate fugitives. The Sultan became alarmed, and asked the Hungarians to renounce their faith, and adopt Mohamedism, and then they would become citizens, and might not be claimed. Some assumed the turban, others refused. But it is probable that Russia will find occasion in these and other matters to make war on Turkey; if so, France and England must look to what they have called the balance of power in Europe.

It is worthy of remark, that while Russia is settling the disturbance in Hungary, the western principalities of Turkey seem to be uniting with Greece to assert some of the rights of man. We know not what will result—but it appears as if there was going forth a voice which is crying “*war—war* to tyranny and oppression!” Its denunciation may indeed serve to make the hand of power clutch more closely the neck of its victim, but the grasp must be spasmodic—strong, perhaps stronger than formerly, at least, the neck is growing more sensitive—but the grasp will be loosed, and the people will be allowed to go and form their own government and enjoy their own rights.

There have been few changes on this side of the Atlantic. The most important movements have been in California, where the tide of immigration attracted by gold and retained by a new feeling of civicism, has swollen into the materials for a new government. The opinion entertained at one time that the attempt to form a territorial government for California would embarrass the National Administration by giving rise to the question of the extent of slavery, by the application of what is called the “*Wilmot proviso*,” seems to have subsided by the project of inducing California to make application at once for admission into the Union as a *State*, of course the Wilmot proviso would have no operation on such an appeal.

No changes of consequence have occurred in South America. Improvement in the sciences, peace, and order will strengthen republican institutions, and republican feelings, and we may hope that prosperity and happiness will ere long be the lot of those whom Providence has placed in a Heavenly climate and on a most productive

soil, but whose stimulated passions have made a hell of their country, and denied to the soil the produce which it might have brought forth.

Excepting the fearful prevalence of cholera in various parts of the country, the UNITED STATES have continued in the enjoyment of political, moral, and social blessings; and we may hope that Providence will continue to smile on the efforts of its patriots to sustain the institutions with which their country is blessed, and to make each citizen sensible of the vast advantages he enjoys over the subjects of foreign powers. And if God, who hitherto has poured out his choicest favors on our beloved land, should vouchsafe his blessings hereafter, we may see her wielding power for the good of mankind, and teaching other nations the true use of government. Not doubting but this will be the case, we think we see down the vista of time our country becoming the mild dictator to the world, and her peaceful government sheltering the injured from other lands and correcting the injurer. And while such a prospect is held out we may look, as the cause and consequence thereof, for peace and moral worth, and

From Darien to Davis one garden shall bloom

When war's wearied banners are furled,

And the far-scented zephyr that wafts its perfume
Shall silence the storms of the world.

PROSPECTIVE!—1850.

MY DEAR JEREMY,—Have you ever taken a long-bill on the wing of a July morning? Not a note at eight months, flying in the market at a heavy discount—but a genuine long-bill, an old woodcock, springing up at your feet with whistling and whirring wings, and doing his uttermost to get out of the way, without waiting for the formality of invitation expended upon a certain Mr. Tucker? “You have not.” Well, I shall not attempt the task of teacher after HERBERT, but you can have no conception of the cool head and steady nerve required to do it well. To an old hand, with dog and gun, with a constitution inured by exercise, it is the glory of the world's excitements, and as far above the lust of money-getting, as poetry is above note-shaving.

I took my tramp this summer, of three months, among the hills and marshes where this bird—which is a bore in one way only—loves most to congregate, and saw our old friend, “the iron pump” of copper notoriety looking as dry as his purchasers and quite as rusty. I could not resist the impulse to take a crack at him, at forty yards, with my double-barrel, as at an imaginary copper-head. The excavations looked like the ready-made graves of speculators, who somehow or other had not come there to be buried. The very faces of the rocks had been twisted into grimaces, and seemed with their yellow eyes to be grinning at one; so shouldering my gun, and whistling to give strength to an imaginary band playing

“Over the river to Charley,”

I went down into the valley, and took vengeance for bills long dishonored, upon bills that I honor long.

But, Jeremy, we cannot submit to the “*vagabond propensity*,” as the old farmers call it, of roaming with dog and gun over mountain and meadow, though the morning dew has made the air redolent of sweets, and from every bush and blade of grass nature has hung her pearls invitingly, and lit up, as with the blaze of a torch, the gum and maple trees; though the pure air and fresh water have given health to eye and cheek and vigor to the frame, we must away to the turbulent city, and within its pent up streets and among its crowded artisans and tradesmen wrestle for bread, and shutting out from the heart its

glimpses of heaven and repose in the country, grapple with toil, work on, and hope on! Yet with a sure and an abiding trust and faith.

With the opening of the New Year the periodical campaign brings thought and labor. What a world within itself is this business in Philadelphia alone—how stirring the competition—how diverse the interests—how various the success. The unparalleled rise in the business within one short year has been the result of diligent application. The publishers have most gloriously bought their own success, and have raised their works to such a point of beauty and excellence that money can go no further. The spirit of a just competition has urged each man to do his very uttermost to give his readers all that can by possibility be crowded, in the way of beauty and excellence, into his work. Every dollar received goes back in renewed outlay, in costly embellishments and articles. Nothing in Europe at twice their price can at all approach the illustrated American Monthlies in the beauty and costliness of their appointments. At the head of *all* stands

"GRAHAM"—Proud—Imperious—Supreme. He has no long line of broken promises to come up in judgment against him, but for ten long years has steadily gone on increasing in the face of all opposition, until he now stands unapproachable and alone, among the highest class of literary monthlies in the land. There are others of a lighter class—successful—highly successful—but his is the proud honor of having lifted the tone of his literature, and the quality of his engravings, up to the highest European standard of excellence in all respects. There is yet another class, who deal in promises—and promises only—whose best numbers come up to the meanest promise only of their printed circulars, but who go on crowding promise upon failure to redeem, until the virtues of their acts are lost in the fog they raise—fortunately their works also. More than a score of such have we seen entombed—some we have helped to bury—but they come again, like the locust, annually, and swindling a few dupes out of their money, annually die. This is the class which does business altogether by

THE SUCTION AND PUMPING PROCESS.



From this party, we shall no doubt be favored, with very extravagant-looking show-bills, and plenty of them—long bills drawn upon the credulity of people who fill an imaginary subscription list, and are very liberal in remittances, and whose wonderful sagacity in waiting until 1850, will be duly heralded, and in type announced. The existence of any periodical of the slightest pretension to elegance or ability, not having been heard of before, and only known among that benighted class, whose urgent literary tastes would not allow them to suffer and to wait.

Having seen our friends of "The Suction and Pumping Process" fairly in the field, let us survey the ground. On the whole, things look rather brilliant; a number of

"new volumes with superb inducements," are already announced, and with the usual cheering before starting, the entertainments for 1850 promise to be rich and various beyond parallel. Ingenuity, it seems, is not exhausted, nor are novelties entirely run out. What have we here?

One of the ladies' magazines actually promises to "*cut-strip*" all its cotemporaries! A novel sort of assertion, truly, for a genteel ladies magazine; yet a proceeding, one would think, that cannot be carried very far with any sort of propriety. The grace of modesty and the delicacy of its position alike forbid it. Such things, if really attempted, will drive the meeker and weaker brethren entirely from the contest. We may—but scarcely can—tolerate the pretty

large liberties which have been taken with the dresses of ladies elsewhere in engravings and fashion plates. Let it stop here. Give us models of art, even if they are a little nude; we can stand that—but this is touching on the province of the model artists; and as the *elder* magazine, we cannot allow it—positively. Jeremy, if you have any influence with these people, stop this thing, I pray you.

Phew!—but what is this?"

It appears that under cover of fire-works, with sky-rockets, blue-lights, shooting-stars, or something of that sort, we are to have a grand conflagration, perhaps immolation of fashionable and pretty women; for another ladies magazine, audaciously—in order to offset the other, we suppose—promises, "*a blaze of beauty throughout the year.*"

Heavens! "can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder."

And this is actually put out in the bills, before a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, and the police look on, and are silent!

Ah! this comes home to "our hearts and our bussums." What do we read? "All the distinguished writers and authors of this country and Europe are engaged." The deuce they are? Oh Lord!—Our office then may be closed, during business hours hereafter, we suppose.

Overlooked, by George!—News! news! "The acknowledged Blackwood of America, 1850." Now is that old vagabond coming back again, after having enjoyed our hospitalities for two seasons—'42 and '43?

If Blackwood were to come in spirit shape, this I think would be his story, Jeremy:

"You see I was coming along, when a tall fellow, our old friend, cries, 'How are you, Mr. Blackwood?'"

"Come in here," says he, seizing my elbow, and in an instant I found myself deceived, swindled, jostled in among the wrong set. A parcel of puritanical looking dogs, sitting cheek by jowl, with long gowns, play actors, medical students, penny-a-liners, seedy old boys and silly school girls. I suppose they took me for a Mormon or a Shaker, or perhaps a clown, and dragged me in, to add to the novelty of the collection. But Scotch manners would n't allow me to be rude, so I said, very politely, to the tall gentleman, if that is whisky-punch you have on the stove, I'll take a tumbler of it. Heavens! you should have heard the yell that went up, and seen the horrible faces; so seeing the way the wind set, I gave one or two of them a knock over the skull with ebony—bestowed my parting benediction upon the whole company—ladies excepted—and came at once to head-quarters."

Now, Jeremy, I don't know what you may think of this business, but I say I have been silent long enough under various aggressions, and hereafter, I take the cudgel and trounce any son of a gun who poaches on my manor. Why do you know that people have the audacity to say that theirs is the *oldest* magazine, when the Casket, which we bought, and on which Graham was based, started in 1826, and had its colored fashions and wood engravings printed on tinted paper long before any of them opened their eyes. The mezzotints I was the first to put to magazine use on a large scale; and Burton's Magazine, which was incorporated with this, gave the first that Sartain ever did for a magazine of large circulation; and yet these young fellows, with the down yet upon their chins, affect the experience of years, and learnedly talk about teaching their grandfather how to snuff. I care nothing about this, but that it has gone far enough; and they will after a while begin to believe their own stories—a bit of self-deception that it is a pity they should be subjected to.

But, Jeremy, we live in a funny world, and even with

our criminal code, and prison discipline, I fear me, the moral reformer has a vast work to do. The shades of right and wrong, as worked up in the woof of practical life, are not of colors which contrast very strongly. They form rather the figures of a kaleidoscope. Is there not a little gambling done, in the way of "specimens" in literature, as well as in "specimens" in copper? Do the samples shown as "inducements" always honestly represent the real article afterward put upon the purchaser? Oh! very nice, rigid and self-complacent moralist, "with good fat capon lined," why are thy hands held up in such affected holy horror at thy brother, who has stumbled and fallen, "because he has done this thing;" when printed records of thy falsified pledges and assertions, fill the post-towns of the country, the Union over! The lie in type and upon record, is it less venal, because multiplied by thousands, than that by word, which pains upon the unsuspecting a sinking fancy stock! Let the canting, praying hypocrite, of all trades, go down into his own heart, and clear it of its "dead men's bones, and all uncleanness," before, with bastard honesty, he casts a stone at his most desperate brother.

Ah, Jeremy, is there not a thriving business done, by men professing to be respectable, by "The Suction and Pumping Process," in most of the trades of life—even in the very honorable business of manufacturing and selling goods. Ay! in the thousand well dressed, painted living lies, that stare at you in the streets, and from behind counters, and impose upon the ignorant—is there no rascality? When goods are put upon the poor and ignorant hired girls at high prices—the remnants of shabby gentility—are the shopkeepers honest do you suppose? In the poisoned rum, that is sold for good (God defend us!) and which sends destitution, misery, and crime into the hovels of the poor—is there no weight of damnation, past finding out? Is every marble palace, with steeds prancing at the door, the monument of a good man's well spent life; has every stone and carved niche been paid for by money honestly earned? Are the laces, and feathers, and gold and jewels, that flash upon us and glitter in the sun, *all*, always the well-earned rewards of honest and praiseworthy toil? Much of the money thus lavishly displayed, and on which an insolent pride fattens and corrupts, may it not be the legitimate reward of a sin that would taint the fingers of a thief? Hold up thy head, young brother, and keep thy heart pure; all is not lost! the courage to dare, the power and will to do are thine! Up! and against wrong and oppression of every shade, set thy face as a flint, and with conscious might and truth, press on! The world is before thee where to choose—it is thy battleground! Do nobly, and thou art man—meanly, a more creeping thing than a worm; upon whom every coward braggart will set his heel. Aye on! there is yet to come—thank God—a reckoning-day, of motives and of actions, when assumption shall be stript—deceit exposed—the hollow heart laid bare, and when the secret sin of pride and self-complacency, dragged from its hiding-place, shall be thrust, blazing into its face.

My dear Jeremy, there is a consolation in this—we shall see one of these times, every man's motive for the acts he has committed revealed—whether it is only the poor devils cast down, forsaken, down-trodden and despised, that die in the ditch, who are damned; or whether he only is on his way to heaven—the sleek and lucky moralist who dozes over his wine—who thinks he can pave his way to heaven with ingots, however got, that shall be saved. That will be a sight worth seeing, Jeremy, for it will open the eyes of the Universe, and make all things even. We can afford to wait for even this, can we not? It will not be long.

G. R. G.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo.

This edition of Browning is almost a fac-simile of the beautiful London edition, published by Chapman & Hall, the only real difference between the two being that the American reprint costs less than half as much as the London original.

Browning, for the last four or five years, has been steadily advancing to fame; and having overcome by the pure strength of his genius all outward and some inward obstacles, is now widely recognized as a new force in English letters. Next to Tennyson, we know of hardly another English poet of the day who can be compared with him. He possesses striking excellences both of thought and diction, but he is so indisputably an originality, that he is compelled to create the taste which appreciates him. Like almost all the poets of the new school, he is "high contemplative," scorns rather than courts the means of popularity, and is more pleased by conquering one reader than by enticing many. In his distaste for the stereotyped diction and ideas of English poetry, he is apt to go to the opposite extreme of obscurity. There is a beautiful willfulness, a delicious bit of the devil, in him; accordingly many of his verses seem thrown off in an imaginary boxing match with professors of square-toed rhetoric and critics of the old school. This independence and pugnacity are sometimes carried to that extreme of recklessness, which indicates self-conceit and supercilious arrogance, rather than a wrestling with the difficulties of expression. "Sordello," a poem which the author has now suppressed, was a tangled mass of half-formed thoughts and half-clutched sentiments, tottering dizzily on the vanishing points of meaning; and the publication of such a piece of elaborate worthlessness was an insult to public intelligence which would have consigned to deserved damnation, any poet who did not possess sufficient genius to retrieve his reputation.

In his best works, Browning appears as a poet gifted with a large reason and a wide-wandering imagination; but his reason and imagination do not seem to work genially together—are sometimes in each other's way—and in their operation they sometimes strangle each other. He thinks broadly and deeply, and he shapes finely; but the thought does not commonly seem born *in* music, but rather born *with* music; and he often gives the idea *and* the illustrative image, instead of the idea *in* the illustrative image. Sometimes, in reading him, we wish he would abandon poetry for metaphysics, so sure and clear is his analysis and statement of mental phenomena; and then again some magnificent comparison, metaphor or image, or some exquisite touch of characterization, makes us wish that he would abjure metaphysics, and cling to poetry. Compared with Tennyson, his nature would be called hard, and be said to lack mellowness and melody. That sensuous element in poetry, which proceeds from fusing thought, sensation, and imagination—the spiritual and physical—into one sweet product, "felt in the blood," and felt along the brain, he does not appear to have reached; but then the burning words, struck off like sparks from the conflict of flint and steel, which come from him in his periods of real excitement, seem to the reader sufficient compensations for his comparative absence of softness and harmony. He may not delight so much as Tennyson, but he gives the mind a wider field to range in, inspires a

manlier feeling, and indicates a greater capacity. The very fact that all his works are cast in a dramatic form, even though the dramatic element is often more formal than real, shows that his mind has a healthy affection for objects, and steadily resists its own subjective tendencies.

The first poem in the collection is "Paracelsus." This is an attempt to exhibit the influence on character of knowledge disjoined from love, by a delineation of an aspiring and noble nature, smitten by a restless thirst to know, and ruined by "the lust of his brain." The poem is not poetically conceived; its central idea is not organic, not the germinating principle of the whole, but rather an abstract proposition logically developed; and, accordingly, the mechanical understanding not the vital imagination is predominant throughout. Besides, though it exercises the brain not unpleasantly, it hardly gives poetic pleasure; and so far from comfortable is the general impression it leaves, that the reader recurs to it only for deep or delicate thoughts and imaginations which are separately beautiful. As a whole, it is not philosophical enough for a treatise, nor beautiful enough for a poem.

"King Victor and King Charles" is a drama containing four characters moderately well conceived and discriminated, but evincing dramatic genius not much above Bulwer's, though profounder in sentiment, and richer in imagination. The most dramatic passage is where Polyxena seizes her husband's hand, when he is on the point of yielding to a weak amiability of nature, and conjures him to sacrifice her happiness and his to duty. It is the passage commencing—

"King Charles! pause here upon this strip of time,
Allotted you out of eternity!"

"Colombe's Birth Day" is a sweet and beautiful dramatic poem, abounding in intellectual wealth. The characters of Colombe and Valence are vigorously drawn. The scene between them in the fourth act, where he confesses his love, is grand and exhilarating as an exhibition of character and passion. But the idea of the play, that of representing the triumph of love over wealth and rank in a woman fully susceptible of the charms of the latter, is the animating life of the piece. We hardly know, out of Fletcher and Shakespeare, a play where fidelity to a sentiment is represented with such ethereal grace.

In "Luria" and "The Return of the Druses," an intimate acquaintance is shown with the best and worst parts of human nature, and the development of the characters indicates that the author's dramatic skill grows with exercise. Luria is a noble character, original in conception, and finely developed from "within outwards." "A Soul's Tragedy" has many marked excellences of thought, and diction, and exhibits one of the most hateful qualities in human nature, with a blended dramatic coolness and individual abhorrence, singularly felicitous.

The "Dramatic Lyrics" are very striking, and are full of matter. "Count Gismond," "Porphyria's Lover," "The Confessional," "The Lost Leader," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," we should select as, on the whole, the best. The latter, written for little William Macready, exhibits the peculiar vein of humor in which Browning excels, and of which we have indications all over his works. The commencement we will venture to extract:

"Rats!"
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.
Split open the kegs of the salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chatts,
By drowning their speaking
And shrieking and squeaking,
In fifty different sharps and flats."

But the grandest pieces in the volume are "Pippa Passes," and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." The latter, in the opinion of Dickens, is the finest poem of the century. We think there can be detected in it that hardness of touch which characterizes the other dramas, but the depth and pathos of the matter, and the approach to something like impassioned action in the events, make it wonderfully impressive. Once read it must haunt the imagination forever, for its power strikes deep into the very substance and core of the soul. Thorold's adamant pride, and Guendolen's sweet woman's sympathy, and Mildred's awful sorrow, can never be forgotten. Mildred's repetition, in moments of agony or half-consciousness, of the lines—

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me—and I fell—"

exceeds in pathetic effect any thing in English dramatic literature since the Elizabethan era.

We hardly know how to express our admiration of "Pippa Passes," making as it does the "sense of satisfaction ache," with its abounding beauty. In this piece the author's nature seems for once to have become fluid, and gushes out in melodious thought and passion. Pippa herself is one of poetry's most exquisite creations, and, among her many "passes," those she makes into the hearts and imaginations of a thousand readers, ought not to be overlooked. The design of the play is new, and it would be difficult to state in an intellectual form the source of its charm. Its completeness is in its seeming incompleteness. The grandest scene is that between Ottima and Sebald, the fine audacity of which carries us back to the elder period of the English drama. The greatest instance of imagination in Browning's works is contained in this scene. We give it below:

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

The dedication of "Pippa Passes" is beautifully ingenious:

"I DEDICATE
MY BEST INTENTIONS, IN THIS POEM, MOST ADMIRINGLY,
TO THE AUTHOR OF "ION,"—
MOST AFFECTIONATELY TO
MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD."

We trust that the elegant edition of Browning, which we have here noticed, will make him widely known in the United States. The volumes are in Ticknor & Co.'s best style, both as regards type and paper.

Physician and Patient, or a Practical View of the Mutual Duties, Relations and Interests of the Medical Profession and the Community. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a timely production, written by a man who appears to have sterling honesty as well as sterling sense, and devoted to a subject as interesting as any which can engage the attention of the community. We hope it will attract sufficient attention to insure its extensive circula-

tion, and bring it within the notice of all families. The author grapples with his subject thoroughly, and almost exhausts it. Owing to the various forms, genteel and vulgar, which quackery has assumed in our day, no person, intelligent or ignorant, is safe from some one mode of its operation, as it has contrivances for every age, disposition, grade of mental development, and social station. Dr. Hooker has gone elaborately over the whole matter, and has really given the philosophy as well as the facts of empiricism, both as it exists out of the profession and in it. He does not spare those physicians who follow medicine as a trade, instead of pursuing it as a profession, "and study the science of patient-getting to the neglect of the science of patient curing," while in showing the processes of the quack in experimenting on the credulity of his victims, he has done an essential service to the health of the community. We can but reiterate the hope that the volume, full as it is of practical wisdom, will be extensively circulated, and do its part toward enlightening the most quack-ridden people on the face of the earth.

History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second. By David Hume. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 12mo.

This edition of Hume is uniform with the same publishers' edition of Macaulay. It is neatly printed in good sized type, and is placed at a price sufficiently cheap to bring it within the reach of the humblest reader. It is reprinted from the last and best London edition, and is prefaced by Hume's delightful autobiography. It is needless to inform our readers that the work is a classic, and ranks with the greatest historical works ever written in this world. But though its fame is wide, we doubt if the generality of the reading public give it their attention. This is really abstinence from pleasure as well as instruction, for Hume is among the most fascinating of narrators. His style is simple, clear, racy, and flowing, beyond that of almost any English historian, and being but a translucent mirror of events and reflections, it attracts no attention to itself, and therefore never tires. The wonder of the book is its happy union of narration and reflections and the skill with which every thing is brought home to the humblest capacity. It belongs to that class of works in which power is not paraded, but unobtrusively insinuated in thoughts carelessly dropped, as it were, in the course of a familiar narration of interesting incidents. "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is cursed hard writing." The easy style of Hume is an illustration. The reader, at the end, feels that he has been keeping company with a great man, gifted with an extraordinary grasp and subtlety of mind, but during the journey he thought he was but chatting with an agreeable and intelligent familiar companion.

Success in Life. The Merchant. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The present volume is the first of a series of six, in which the authoress intends to indicate the rationale of the successful merchant, lawyer, mechanic, artist, physician and farmer, illustrating each department by biographical anecdotes. We have here, as the leader of the series, a volume on The Merchant. The style is gossiping, without much pretension to beauty or correctness, but the matter indicates a shrewd mind and extensive miscellaneous reading. There is one chapter devoted almost wholly to Robert Morris, a man whose amplitude of mind comprehended both statesmanship and commerce, and whom Burke might have adduced in proof of his assertion, that he had known merchants with the large conceptions of statesmen, and statesmen with the little notions of

pedlars. Mrs. Tuthill chats very agreeably of Morris, and among other anecdotes of him, gives a laconic letter he wrote to some French officers in the American army, on their insolently demanding an immediate settlement of their arrears of pay. Here it is, and it is a good example of cutting knots which cannot be untied: "Gentlemen,—I have received this morning your application. I make the earliest answer to it. You demand immediate payment, I have no money to pay you with." We extract this letter as a model to those of our readers who are often puzzled, under similar circumstances, to hit upon the right mode of announcing such uncomfortable demands to perform the impossible.

Sketches of Life and Character. By T. S. Arthur. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth Street, 1849.

Mr. Arthur's name, as a delineator of American character and manners, and an earnest and sincere advocate of sound, uncompromising morality, is already familiar to the reading public, not only in the United States but in Europe. His object, in every production of his able pen, is well understood to be utility—utility in the highest sense of the word, that which has reference to man's eternal well-being. In his lighter as well as in his graver effusions, the same exalted object is always kept steadily in view. He writes to improve the characters and exalt the aim of his readers. This is the secret of his wide-spread popularity. Men love and respect those who exhibit a steady, consistent, and persevering adherence to principle. In the princely mansions of the Atlantic merchants, and in the rude log-cabins of the backwoodsmen, the name of Arthur is equally known and cherished as the friend of virtue, and the eloquent advocate of temperance.

The work before us is a judicious selection made by the author himself, from his most popular tales. His numerous admirers will rejoice in an opportunity to possess themselves of so considerable a number of his best performances, not in the fugitive shape of articles for the journals, but in an elegant volume of over four hundred octavo pages, richly illustrated with engravings, and handsomely got up in every respect. We predict for this volume a very extensive sale, and particularly recommend it as a highly appropriate gift-book in the present holiday season. As it is a subscription book, it will be sold only by agents. Mr. J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, is the publisher, and persons at a distance can order it from him.

History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. De Lamartine. Translated by Francis A. Darivage and William S. Chase. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an admirable translation of a work requiring something more than a knowledge of French to be well translated. The spirit is rendered as well as the letter. The book itself, will outlive all of Lamartine's other productions, from its connection with a great historical event, even if it were not invaluable as a psychological curiosity. No reader who penetrates into its animating spirit, curious to discover in Lamartine's individual character the source of its miraculous self-content can resist the impression that the author considers himself so much a god, that he would not be in the least surprised if a band of fanatics should erect a temple for his worship. No man, whose nature was not in his own estimation raised above human nature, could possibly have the face to present such a work as the present to the public eye. It is a sentimental

apotheosis of the writer. The reader finds the narrative of the events of the revolution altogether inferior in interest to the exhibition of Lamartine, and he is lost in wonder as he thinks what must be the character of a nation in which such a man could be lifted into power. The author, beyond any man we have ever known through history, fiction, or actual life, can fasten his gaze on himself as mirrored in his self-esteem, and exclaim, "thou art beautiful and good." Old John Bunyan, in descending one day from the pulpit, where he had preached with tremendous power, was accosted by an old lady with the compliment, "Oh! what a refreshing sermon!" "Yes," replied Bunyan, "the Devil whispered in my ear to that effect as I came down." Now this devil is at Lamartine's ear all the time, but Lamartine mistakes him for an angel.

The Puritan and his Daughter. By J. K. Paulding. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Paulding back again to the land of romance, even though he enters it with a somewhat jaunty air, and a somewhat scornful toss of his head. There is a bitter, if we may not call it saucy, brilliancy about our author, which we think is rather a recommendation than otherwise, and in the present volumes he has exhibited it to his heart's and gall's content. The work is dedicated, in a humorously reckless and critic-defying preface, to the "most high and mighty sovereign of sovereigns, King People," and scattered through the novel are abundant pleasant impertinences, sufficiently marked by individual whim and crotchet, to stimulate the reader to go on reading, even should the interest of the story flag. We have only had time to dip into the work, here and there, but have read enough to know that it "means mischief," and that it has more than Mr. Paulding's common raciness and plain speaking.

The approach of the holidays is, as usual, marked by the advent of new publications.

Among the most beautiful that have been laid upon our table are *The Life of Christ*, by the Rev. H. HASTINGS WELLS, and a new edition of Dr. Johnson's admirable *Rasselas*. These works are published by Messrs. HOGAN & THOMPSON, in the most finished and approved manner, conforming in style to *Paul and Virginia*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, issued by the same gentlemen last year. We cannot speak too highly of the typographical execution of the volumes before us, or the magnificent binding in which they are enclosed. Both are superb, and reflect credit alike on the publishers, and the artists who have invested with new charms, two volumes which deservedly merit a place in every library.

The Poet's Offering, is the title of a splendid volume of nearly six hundred pages, edited by Mrs. HALE, and published by Messrs. GREGG & ELLIOTT. It is beautifully illustrated, and will, we think, prove one of the most popular gift books of the season—for it is a gift book—as the fair editor justly remarks, on a new plan, the contents of which are of more value than the cover, and she does not assume too much, when she declares that in this volume will be found the most perfect gems of genius the English language has preserved since the days of Spenser. More than four hundred authors are quoted, and in the arrangement of the book, great care has been taken to exhibit the peculiar excellencies of each writer. That Mrs. Hale has acquitted herself admirably in the execution of an arduous undertaking, is an unquestionable fact, and her efforts have been nobly seconded by the liberality of the publishers, in sparing neither labor nor expense to prepare for the public taste a most beautiful, valuable, and acceptable volume.

